

Girls and Young Women in Zambia, Who Have Lost Their Parents to AIDS:
Attachment and/or Resilience?

by

Penelope Fenske

B.A., British Columbia Open University, 2002

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Abstract

This study considered if Zambian girls and young women who had lost parents to AIDS described themselves in resiliency terms, where did their resilience comes from, and how did I think it related to attachments they reported in the context of their life histories. I conducted semi-structured life history interviews with 18 participants (13 – 22 years old), who lost parents to AIDS, before 15 years of age. The analysis included a description of the life histories of four representative participants, a content analysis, which revealed 12 concepts that emerged from the data, and my interpretation, connecting the themes to attachment and resilience theory. I found that all but one of the participants reported having the capacity to keep going and credited this strength to a supreme spiritual being (God), and it seemed that they viewed God, as a surrogate attachment figure, who provided them with their necessities.

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Dedication

To my daughter, Simone Klein,
and to all the daughters of Kaunda Square and Machaya Village

Chapter One – Introduction

As a child, youth, and family worker hailing from South Africa, I am profoundly concerned about the impact of HIV/AIDS (human immunodeficiency virus/acquired immune deficiency syndrome) on 12 million children who have lost their parents, in Sub-Saharan Africa (UNAIDS/WHO, May 2006). Although only 10% of the world's population lives in Sub-Saharan Africa, 64% of the world's population living with HIV is found there, and they face the greatest demographic impact from the pandemic (UNAIDS, 2004; UNAIDS/WHO, May 2006). Hence, I focused this study on those who have lost their parents to AIDS in Sub-Saharan Africa and on Zambian girls and young women, specifically.

There were several reasons why I concentrated on the plight of Zambian girls and young women, whose parents have passed away from AIDS. At the time of my study, Zambia had an HIV prevalence rate of 17%, and of the 11,668,000 inhabitants of Zambia, there was an estimated 710,000 (6%) children, who had lost one or both parents to AIDS (UNAIDS, 2007; UNAIDS/WHO, May 2006). Although in Zimbabwe (8.5%) and Swaziland (6.4%) a greater percentage of the population were children whose parents have passed away from AIDS than in Zambia, Zambia appeared to have the least financial resources available for HIV/AIDS relief. Of the countries in Sub-Saharan Africa, Zambia was the most impoverished, at that time, with 87% of the population living on less than two US dollars a day (UNAIDS/WHO, May 2006).

Traditionally, the collectivist culture of Zambia expected the extended family to care for children who have lost their parents; thus, the burden of supporting children, whose parents have died from AIDS fell, primarily, on the extended family (Clay, Bond,

& Nyblade, November 2003; Deininger, Garcia, & Subbarao, 2003; Yamba, 2002). Studies report that as a result of coping with AIDS-related sickness, the incomes of already impoverished Zambian households dropped by 80% (UNAIDS, 2004). As resources were very limited, relatives often were unable to absorb additional dependents, and many children who had lost parents (11%) were left to care for their siblings and themselves (Clay et al., November 2003; Deininger et al., 2003). Relatives were more likely to accommodate girls whose parents had passed away, in exchange for housework, to nurse sick relatives, for agricultural labor, or for their marriage dowry than boys (Clay et al., November 2003).

The majority of children, in Zambia, whose parents had passed away from AIDS, would “have no hope of obtaining formal education” (National HIV/AIDS/STI/TB Council, 2005, p. 15). Even though schooling was mostly free in Zambia, if a student’s Parent Teacher Association (PTA) fees or exam fees were not paid, or a student did not have a school uniform or the required books, such a student was not allowed to attend school (Cholo, personal communication, October 2005; T. Muchenje, personal communication, October 2005; Z. Muchenje, personal communication, July 2005). As family incomes were strained, foster children were not able to attend school (Clay et al., November 2003).

In Zambia, girls were less likely than boys to go to school because they were expected to do housework, care for siblings, and sell produce at the market (Clay et al., November 2003). Additionally, Zambian girls and young women who lost their parents were vulnerable to sexual abuse, and practices like polygamy and rape within their extended families and communities, which put them at high risk of HIV infection

(University of Zambia, July 11, 2002; ZDHS, 2002). They also had low status, were stigmatized, maybe rejected by their extended family or community (although somewhat less often than boys who have lost parents to AIDS), and seemed to be abandoned in many ways (Bond et al., 2003; Clay et al., November 2003; ICRW, 2002a; ICRW, 2002b; Manda, Kelly & Loudon, 1999; ZDHS, 2002).

Research Goals

In spite of multiple losses and difficult circumstances, Zambian studies found that many Zambian children and youths whose parents have died from AIDS were exceptionally resilient; Clay et al., November 2003; Family Health International, July 2003). The authors of these studies defined resilience as not engaging in harmful activity such as drug abuse or prostitution to meet one's needs and coping with adverse circumstances by spirituality, social support, sharing their feelings, and fantasizing about revenge and consolation (Clay & Chiya, personal communication, October, 2005; Clay et al., November 2003; Family Health International, July 2003). Furthermore, North American studies indicated that resilience appeared to be associated with attachment (Masten & Coatsworth, 1998). The research question of the present study was if Zambian girls and young women who had lost parents to AIDS described themselves in resiliency terms (such as "strength," "capacity," "cope," or "keep going"), where did their resilience come from, and how did I think it related to the attachments they reported in the context of their life histories.

Although attachment behavior is evident in Zambia as it is anywhere else, the expression "attachment" was unfamiliar in Zambia, and I could not find an indigenous definition of attachment. Therefore, in writing this thesis, I made use of Mary

Ainsworth's (1973) definition of attachment: Close, enduring bonds with others that begin with proximity to one's primary caregiver in infancy and develop throughout one's life.

In regards to resilience, western researchers usually base their definition on internal or external criteria (Masten, 2001). Some researchers consider internal criteria for resilience such as psychosocial wellbeing or lack of distress. Other researchers examine external criteria such as academic achievement or absence of delinquency and then there are researchers who base their definition of resilience on both internal and external criteria. Clay et al. (November 2003) based their definition of resilience on both internal and external criteria. For the present study, I also wished to consider both internal and external criteria for resilience and defined resilience as the strength or capacity to keep going in spite of serious threats to adaptation and/or developmental outcomes, as reported by the participants in response to their interview questions (Masten, 2001; Masten & Coatsworth, 1998).

Masten and Coatsworth (1998) wrote that an inference of resilience requires two major judgments. First, there needs to be a demonstrable threat or risk to developmental outcomes or adaptation by multiple factors such as child abuse, homelessness, trauma, death of parent, and poverty. Second, there needs to be a judgment about the quality of adaptation or the child's competence in spite of her circumstances.

For this study, I sought the counsel of indigenous Zambians and Zambian academics, and my fieldwork was accountable to a Zambian co-supervisor, Sue Clay, researcher with International HIV/AIDS Alliance in Zambia. I sought their guidance to help me avoid engaging in research, where I collect, rearrange, represent, and redistribute

information belonging to people of another culture, for the sole gain of the west and myself and to help me be sensitive and responsible about the impact of my activity on the studied community (Tuhivai Smith, 2002). I endeavored to report their context and accounts in a respectful and appropriate manner. It was my hope that I might afford greater understanding to the readers of the circumstances of Zambian girls who have lost parents to AIDS and, ultimately, benefit a challenging situation that concerns me.

Significance of the Study

Although considerable attention had been given to important issues such as HIV/AIDS prevention, treatment, and maternal/child transmissions, more research was needed on the state of Sub-Saharan children who have lost parents to AIDS (Hanssen & Zimanyi, 2002). Understandably, Western agencies offering assistance focused primarily on meeting material needs of children affected by AIDS, while a secondary focus tended to address the education and transferable skills of the children (Deininger et al., 2003). While the psychosocial needs of these children were important, the survival demands were so great that these agencies were unable to adequately address the psychosocial needs of children affected by AIDS.

Much discussion had taken place within Zambia regarding the psychosocial needs of vulnerable children, whose parents passed away from AIDS (Nkandu, personal communication, October 2005; Manda et al., 1999). However, with a gross national income of US \$890 per capita, at the time of the study, Zambia was an impoverished nation without the financial means or infrastructure to adequately address the needs of the children without parents (UNAIDS, 2007). As a result, the long-term issue of the care and nurturing of children in families and communities impacted by HIV/AIDS had been

neglected. I hoped my study would yield useful information and contribute to existing efforts to respond to psychosocial and emotional needs of children, who have lost their parents to AIDS. It would be beneficial for agencies to know how to respond to such children's psychosocial needs in ways that help them to cope and perhaps even thrive.

Masten and Coatsworth (1998) wrote that a child's proximity to her caregiver is one of the most powerful predictors of the child's response in the context of severe trauma related to war or natural disasters, and Family Health International (July 2003) and Clay et al. (November 2003) found many impoverished Zambian children, whose parents have died from AIDS, exceptionally resilient. However, Masten and Coatsworth (1998) cautioned that a close relationship with a caring parent is one of several factors known to be associated with resilience and is not necessarily a causal influence. There may be situations where a combination of risk factors like a pandemic, extreme poverty, and stigmatization make for significant vulnerability in an individual, and resilience is not evident despite a close enduring bond with caregivers (attachment). Alternatively, there may be individuals who are resilient in spite of suffering abuse and poverty and not experiencing an attachment relationship with their caregivers (Egeland, Jacobvitz, & Sroufe, 1988).

Although there had been a myriad of studies on attachment in the west, only a handful of studies on attachment in Southern Africa had been published at that time, and there were no studies on attachment and children who had lost parents to AIDS in Sub-Saharan Africa nor of the factors that may foster resilience in the millions of parentless children in Sub-Saharan Africa. Researchers, who had studied attachment cross-culturally, found that attachment behaviour is heavily overlaid with cultural prescriptions

because cultures all over the world engage in attachment behaviours in a variety of ways, at different times in the lifespan, with various caregivers, and different numbers of caregivers (Bretherton, 1992). When relationship bonds occur in a child's development has differential power, and there is need to be sensitive to cultural variations of caregiving in how both resilience and attachment are understood. Bretherton suggested that researchers of attachment develop ecologically valid, theory-driven measures, tailored to specific cultures and based on a deeper knowledge of parents' and children's culture-specific folk theories about family relationships and attachment.

There also appeared to be little research on resilience in Sub-Saharan Africa. Ungar (2003) encouraged the use of qualitative methods to increase our understanding of the concept of resilience. He noted that qualitative research addresses two specific shortcomings noted in the resilience literature: the arbitrary selection of outcome factors and the challenge accounting for the socio-cultural context in which resilience occurs. The intent of this study was to contribute to the body of research with a qualitative investigation of the question: If Zambian girls and young women who had lost parents to AIDS described themselves in resiliency terms, where did their resilience come from, and how did I think it related to the attachments they reported, in the context of their life histories.

Terminology

While all 78 language groups of Zambia, with their varying cultural norms, have a word for children whose parents have passed away, traditionally, the Bantu (people) communities (the largest indigenous people group of Sub-Saharan Africa, to which a majority of Zambian language groups belong) of such a child or youth would not call her

an “orphan” or even consider the child or youth “orphaned” (Manda et al., 1999). In this tradition of the greater Bantu of Zambia, the term “orphan” signified a child or youth, who had no one to care for her. In the collectivist culture of Zambia, children and youths were viewed as belonging to the community, and Zambian children and youths usually addressed their aunts and uncles as mother and father and respected them as such (T. Muchenje, personal communication, October 2005; Silavwe, personal communication, April, 2006). Accordingly, if a child or youth lost her parents, relatives would take her in and view her and raise her as their own (Manda et al., 1999). Previously, such children and youths were accorded privileged status in their community, as a way of compensating for the loss of their parents.

In recent times, these social traditions were lapsing due to HIV/AIDS and the related stigma, financial burden, and lack of family resources available to support additional dependents (Manda et al., 1999). AIDS was often misunderstood in rural areas, where victims of the disease and their families were thought to be bewitched. Children and youths, who had lost parents to AIDS might be stigmatized and blamed by relatives and guardians for the assumed promiscuity of their parents, for using up the meager resources available, and for potentially being infected themselves.

On the one hand, Manda et al. (1999) cautioned that the use of the term orphan appeared to be at variance with Zambian traditional, collectivist cultural use, harmful to community development, family structures, and the development of children. On the other hand, Sub-Saharan literature and agencies employed the term “orphaned and vulnerable children” (OVC), and distinguish between “single” and “double-orphaned children.” “Single-orphaned” children referred to those who have lost only one parent,

while “double-orphaned” children were those who have lost both. Nevertheless, I preferred to avoid the term “orphan.” Instead, I used the terms, “children or youths/girls and young women, whose parents have died/passed away from AIDS,” “children or youths/girls and young women, who have lost parents to AIDS,” or “children or youths/girls and young women, who have lost parents.” Zambian children and youths, who have lost parents to AIDS, have experienced the declining health and death of a parent as well as shunning by their community; calling them “orphans” may compound the stigma they have already experienced (Manda et al., 1999).

Overview of Thesis

With this understanding of terminology in mind, I move onto the next chapter, which deals with the related literature on attachment and resilience for the study. Following this, the methods chapter outlines the research design, expands on semi-structured life history interviews and ethnographic strategies employed, introduces the participants, articulates interpretation and ethical issues, and describes data collection methods. Thereafter, a chapter describing of the method of analysis is followed by the three results chapters, one consisting of a content analysis, a second consisting of description, and a third consisting of my interpretation of the participant’s stories. The final chapter includes a discussion of my findings.

Chapter Two - Related Literature on Attachment and Resilience

Attachment

The originator of attachment theory, John Bowlby (1969, 1973), first became intrigued by the role of early child-parent interaction in personality development while volunteering in a residential school for maladjusted children. After studying psychiatry and psychoanalysis, he diverged from his psychoanalytical colleagues because he felt they put too much emphasis on the child's fantasy world. He preferred to focus on the observable behavior of infants interacting with their caregivers.

Bowlby (1969, 1973) theorized that early interactions with primary caregivers were encoded as mental representations that he called internal working models of self and others. He identified two key features of these working models of attachment. The first is whether the infant perceives the primary caregiver as one who generally responds to her or his appeals for support and protection. The second is whether the infant perceives himself or herself as one to whom the primary caregiver is likely to respond in a helpful way. The first feature concerns the child's image of others, while the second feature concerns the child's image of self. Bowlby's theory was, however, developed from his insightful observations of children in a particular context: children in institutional settings in London, who suffered deprivation of care or prolonged separation from their parents. To have wider application, his foundational theory needed to be examined in other cultures and contexts to increase our understanding of culture-specific theories about family relationships and attachment.

Bowlby's colleague, Mary Ainsworth, began testing his new theory of attachment by observing 28 mothers and their unweaned infants in Uganda, between

1954 and 1955 (Ainsworth & Bowlby, 1991). Ainsworth observed Ganda infants' actively seeking contact with their mothers, when they were hungry, alarmed, or their mothers moved away. She saw infants benefit from their mothers being a safe haven and a secure base from which they could explore the world. Based on her observations, she created three categories into which she grouped the babies she observed: Insecurely attached, securely attached, and nonattached. According to Ainsworth, babies that were insecurely attached to their mothers cried a lot even when their mothers were present, infants that were securely attached cried little unless their mothers left, and babies that did not seem attached could be taken from their mothers without displaying any distress or disturbance. Because the infants that did not appear attached were the youngest in her sample, Ainsworth later deduced that they might yet develop attachment, as they matured.

While still pondering the data from the Ganda study, in 1967 Mary Ainsworth embarked on an exceptionally thorough, second naturalistic observational project (Ainsworth & Bowlby, 1991). Observing 15 mother-infant pairs during the Strange Situation (Ainsworth & Wittig, 1969) laboratory procedure she had devised, she classified mother-infant relationships into one of three categories (secure, anxious-avoidant, or ambivalent-resistant) determined by the infant's response to their parent's return after separation (Ainsworth & Bowlby, 1991). A secure infant appeared generally happy when the parent returned, a child classified as ambivalent-resistant seemed generally ambivalent when the mother returned, and a child with an anxious-avoidant attachment style avoided or ignored the parent when he or she returned.

Mary Main (1996) built on Ainsworth's work on attachment by focusing on the

infants that were unclassifiable in Ainsworth's original system. She examined 200 videotapes of infants' reactions that did not correspond with one of Ainsworth's three classifications during Strange Situation. Main observed that the majority of these infants exhibited a diverse array of conflicted behaviors in the parent's presence, and she developed a fourth, insecure-disorganized-disoriented category for these infants.

Comparing her data from the Uganda and Baltimore studies, Ainsworth (1977) noted that a higher proportion of Ganda infants seemed to have secure attachment to their mothers than did their American counterparts. The Ganda infants also displayed intense separation protests more frequently than did their American counterparts. She reasoned that this might be because Ganda infants spent far more time in close proximity to and had more physical contact with their mothers than did the Baltimore infants. In addition to other culturally specific variables, she also observed that a majority of the Ganda infants were breast fed, whereas the majority of the Baltimore infants were bottle-fed. Ainsworth attributes the higher portion of secure attachments in the Ganda participants due to their specific childcare practices and close bodily contact between mother and infant. The presence of multiple caregivers, in Uganda, appeared to promote the development of a secure attachment between mother and infant, with the quality of the relationships being the critical factor.

Ainsworth's work subsequently raised the important cross-cultural issue of the universality of certain attachment arrangements and researchers continued to find that attachment practices in non-western cultures differed from those found in the West (Van Ijzendoorn & Sagi, 1999). For example, Van Ijzendoorn and Sagi described child rearing among the Gusii, of Kenya, which has the same tribal roots as the language groups in

Zambia. The Gusii mothers shared their childcare tasks and responsibilities with their infant's older siblings, who cared for the infants during a large part of the day. The mothers provided most of the physical care and were responsible for their child's health, whereas the older siblings' care was limited to social and playful interactions. Morelli and colleagues (1991) examined the parenting practices of the Efe people of the Democratic Republic of Congo, a neighbouring country of Zambia. They observed that care and nursing of Efe infants was shared among the women of the community. Although this practice extended infants' maternal relationships beyond those with their biological mothers, the infants were able to distinguish their own mothers from other caregivers.

Attachment research in nonwestern cultures demonstrates that attachment is related to the community's childcare arrangements, which reflect both the circumstances of the community and their cultural values in regards to child caregiver roles and arrangements of family life (Morelli et al., 1991; Rogoff, 2003; Van Ijzendoorn & Sagi, 1999). In Zambia, attachment may be fostered through mothers breastfeeding their infants, singing spiritual songs to their children, carrying their children on their backs, and working with their children as well as the amount of attention given to children by their caregivers and community, children co-sleeping with family members, and maternal aunts acting as additional mothers, (J. Mann, personal communication, November 5, 2004).

In the mid nineteen eighties, various western researchers began to explore attachment in adults. For instance, George, Kaplan, and Main (1985) developed the semi-structured Adult Attachment Interview (AAI) designed to elicit a participant's

recollections about relationships with parents and other attachment figures during childhood. The interviewer asks about childhood experiences with parents, significant separations and losses during childhood, and the current state of the child-parent relationship. Thereafter, the interview scores are used to assign the adult to one of three major attachment classifications: dismissing, preoccupied, autonomous, and their sub-categories. Coders designate participants to the dismissing category if they appear to limit the influence of attachment relationships in their thoughts, feelings, or daily lives. The preoccupied category is assigned to individuals who appear confused and preoccupied with or by past relationships within the family. The autonomous categorization is given to individuals who seem to value attachment relationships, regard attachment-related experiences as influential, and are relatively independent and objective about relationships. The scores of the AAI are based on the coder's evaluation of the participant's descriptions of her childhood experiences, the language used by the participant to describe her past experiences, and whether she is viewed to be able to give an integrated, coherent, believable account of her experiences and their meaning.

In 1987, Hazan and Shaver devised a brief self-report measure of adult romantic attachment style modeled on Ainsworth's infant attachment typology. The Love-Experience Questionnaire (LEQ) asks adults to indicate which attachment style (secure, anxious-avoidant, or anxious-ambivalent) best described them in their romantic relationships. According to Hazan and Shaver, the three infant attachment styles described by Ainsworth are manifest in adult romantic relationships.

Later, Bartholomew and Horowitz (1991) showed that adult attachment, like infant attachment, could best be characterized by four styles (secure, fearful, preoccupied,

dismissing), rather than three. It became evident to Bartholomew that the four categories could be portrayed as two dimensional, with one dimension being view of self (positive versus negative) and the other dimension being view of others (positive versus negative). Bartholomew and Horowitz developed the Relationship Questionnaire (RQ) to yield continuous and categorical self-reported ratings of the four attachment styles. For secure individuals, models of self and others are both generally positive. For preoccupied individuals, the model of others is positive, but the model of self is not. For dismissing individuals, the reverse is true: the model of self is positive, and the model of others is not. Fearful individuals have relatively negative models of both self and others. Nonetheless, all of the above measures of adult attachment examine attachment from a western perspective, which may not adhere within a different cultural context.

According to Bowlby's (1973) attachment theory, a secure attachment is likely to be perpetuated to adolescent and adult relationships, and Zambian children and youths who have lost parents to AIDS appeared to be distrustful of adults (Clay et al., November 2003). Waters and his colleagues' (2000) study supported Bowlby's theory that attachment patterns remain stable; however, they also found that attachment patterns could change if life events alter caregivers' availability and responsiveness. In their study, the attachment classification of participants who experienced the loss of a parent, life-threatening illness of parent, or abuse by parent changed.

The attachment relationships between caregivers and children are a protective influence on human adaptation and development in both favorable and unfavorable environments (Masten & Coatsworth, 1998). Masten and Coatsworth described this natural, yet powerful protective system for child development found in ordinary parents:

...a close bond with an effective parent is related to better outcomes among children with ordinary lives as well as among children who face the threats of marital discord (Rutter, 1990), child maltreatment (National Research Council, 1993), homelessness (Miliotis, 1996), or multifaceted high risk (Werner & Smith, 1982). Similarly, when there is severe trauma exposure related to war or natural disasters, proximity to the caregiver is one of the most powerful predictors of child response (Garmezy & Masten, 1994; Wright, Masten, Northwood, & Hubbard, in press). (p. 13)

Research on resilience also documents the protective role of a secure attachment between caregivers and infants (Masten & Coatsworth, 1998). Therefore, I now turn to the literature on resilience.

Resilience

During the nineteen seventies, the study of resilience emerged from the study of risk, as pioneering researchers observed children, who were flourishing in the midst of adversity (Masten & Coatsworth, 1998). Resilience research pioneers such as Anthony (1974), Garmezy (1974), and Rutter (1979) wrote about how invulnerable or competent children responded to stress and disadvantage. These early resilience researchers hoped to learn from such children how to reduce risk, promote competence, and shift the course of development in more positive directions. More recently, resilience researchers have begun to focus on protective factors and processes (Benson, Leffert, Scales, & Blyth, 1998; Ungar, Clark, Wai-Man, Makhnach, & Cameron, 2005). Internal protective factors that consistently appeared in the western literature include social competence, problem solving skills, autonomy, and a sense of purpose and a future (Benson et al., 1998;

Garnezy, 1985; Masten 2001; Werner & Smith, 1992). Many western researchers argued that caring and support in the family, school, and community are critical external protective factors (Benson et al., 1998; Garnezy, 1985; Masten 2001).

On the surface, Zambian girls and young women, who have lost parents to AIDS, appear to lack many of the protective factors defined in Western literature on resilience. What was not yet understood was why many, nevertheless, are described resilient in the Zambian research literature. The description of protective factors in the western research literature may be too narrow, or it may be that these conditions do play a role but current literature fails to recognize the forms in which they are found in Zambia or in other non-western countries and cultures.

Recently, resilience researchers have introduced an ecological interpretation of resilience (Ungar et al., 2005). Ungar and his colleagues wrote:

Resilience is both an outcome of interactions between individuals and their environments, and the processes, which contribute to these outcomes. Outcomes and processes are both influenced by children's context (the well-being of their community as well as the capacity of social institutions such as schools and the police to meet children's needs) and culture (the values, beliefs, and everyday practices) associated with coping (Boyden & Mann, 2005; McCubbin, Thompson, Thompson, & Fromer, 1998; Sonn & Fisher, 1998; Wolkow & Ferguson, 2001).
(p. 288)

Resilience research based on an ecological framework demonstrates that resilience is a characteristic of the individual as well as a quality of that individual's environment, which provides the resources necessary for her or his positive development despite

adverse circumstances (Ungar et al., 2005).

Previously, resilience researchers viewed culture as either the focus of detailed examination of how cultural minorities vary in their functioning from majority groups in western societies or as a confounding variable (Boyden & Mann, 2005). As Ungar and his colleagues (2005) commented, “we have not adequately understood people’s own culturally determined indicators of resilience” (288). The International Resilience Project (Ungar, et al., 2005) is a qualitative and quantitative study of culturally determined indicators of resilience among youths aged between 12 and 23 years from 14 communities in 11 different countries. The number of communities from different countries participating in this study increases as time passes.

In writing about their qualitative study, Ungar and his colleagues (2005) described seven tensions that resilient youths find a way of simultaneously resolving according to the strengths and resources available to the youths individually and within their family, community, and culture. The seven tensions are access to material resources (food shelter, clothing, education, employment opportunities), relationships with significant others, identity (defined as a personal and collective sense of purpose and spiritual and religious identification) power and control (defined as being able to care for self and access health resources), cultural adherence, social justice and equality, and cohesion (feeling a part of something larger). Uniquely, this study of resilience embraces culturally embedded definitions of positive development found in both western and non-western countries and among indigenous and non-indigenous peoples. However, we may still need to understand resilience from the perspective of the community members of a particular individual culture, like that of the children without parents in Sub-Saharan

Africa.

A study that found children without parents to be resilient in the Sub-Saharan context is the *Zambian Children's Study*, which documented Zambian children's experiences of stigma and discrimination related to HIV/AIDS and tuberculosis (TB; Clay et al., November 2003). Of the 78 children who participated in this qualitative study, 46 had lost their parents. Nearly all the children came from a background of poverty and unemployment resulting in limited resources, hunger, limited health-care, and high prevalence of HIV.

Clay and her colleagues (November 2003) wrote that suffering multiple losses could result in a negative impact on a child's self-esteem, sense of worth, sense of belonging, and identity. Zambian children, who have lost their parents to AIDS, may lack support and guidance and suffer depression, and could find it difficult to form attachments and adult relationships. Nonetheless, most of the children in their study had developed strategies for coping with their circumstances. These included a belief in and praying to a supreme spiritual being, talking to friends, sharing their feelings, and fantasizing about revenge and consolation.

Is it possible that Zambian girls and young women, who have lost parents to AIDS, were resilient because of the secure attachment bond with their caregivers, in their early years, prior to the death of their parents? Perhaps, their original secure mental models remained intact and enabled them to cope with the adversity they later faced. The present study was my effort to understand if Zambian girls and young women who had lost parents to AIDS viewed themselves in resiliency terms, where did their resilience come from, and how did I think it related to the attachments they reported in the context

of their life histories. The methodology I used for this study is described in the next chapter.

Chapter Three – Method

The research question for this study was if *Zambian girls and young women* who had lost parents to AIDS described themselves in resiliency terms (such as “strength,” “capacity,” “cope,” or “keep going”), where did their resilience come from, and how did I think it related to the attachments they reported in the context of their life histories. While engaging in this study, I wanted to be sensitive and responsible about the impact of my activity on the studied community and report their context and accounts in a respectful and appropriate manner. My hope was that I might afford greater understanding to the readers of the circumstances of *Zambian girls* who have lost parents to AIDS and ultimately benefit this challenging situation that concerns me.

On reflecting on what I knew of the cultural norms of the community with which I wanted to engage the exploration, I became aware that, for the study to be meaningful, the research design needed to be qualitative. There are examples of western and non-western studies using qualitative methodologies to study both attachment and resilience in non-western communities. These include Ainsworth’s (1991) naturalistic observation of attachment in Uganda, Clay et al. (November 2003) and the Family Health International (July 2003) study of resilience in *Zambian children*, and Ungar, et al.’s (2005) study of resilience among youths in many different countries.

Ungar (2003) wrote that the use of qualitative methods helps us understand resilience from perspectives of individuals from a non-western culture, in a manner that compliments their cultural norms, for the following reasons:

1. Qualitative methods are well suited to the discovery of the unrecognized protective factors found in the every day lives of research participants, such as the

female youths, who participated in the present study.

2. The use of qualitative methods facilitates thick rich description of the participants' experiences in the very specific contexts of their lives.
3. Qualitative methods elicit and empower the marginalized 'voices' of participants like the Zambian girls and young women who have lost parents to AIDS and offer unique localized definitions or constructions of positive outcomes.
4. Qualitative methods promote tolerance for these localized definitions or constructions by avoiding generalization but facilitating transferability of results.
5. Qualitative methods require a researcher to account for bias due to her/his own social location.

Narrative Style Life History Interviews

Because of the oral traditions of the community in Zambia with which I had planned to conduct the study, I initially intended to use conventional narrative style life history interviews in conjunction with borrowed ethnographic strategies (described later) to generate the data for this inquiry about the experiences of attachment and resilience of the participants, but learned that narrative style life history interviews would not work in this context. Over the last 25 years, the concepts of narrative and life story have emerged in the social sciences, earning a place in theory and research in various disciplines such as psychology, psychotherapy, education, sociology, anthropology, child and youth care, and history (Lieblich, Tuval-Mashiach, & Zilber, 1998). Blumenfeld-Jones (1995) wrote, "A special characteristic of narrative inquiry is that it appears to inhabit both social science and artistic space" (p. 26):

People are storytellers by nature. Stories provide coherence and continuity to ones

experience and have a central role in our communication with others....One of the clearest channels for learning about the inner world [of individuals] is through verbal accounts and stories presented by individual narrators about their lives and their experienced reality. In other words, narrative provides us with access to people's identity and personality....We know or discover ourselves, and reveal ourselves by the stories we tell. (Lieblich et al., 1998, p. 7)

Conducting narrative style life history interviews in this community with oral traditions was my first choice of methodology because I thought participants' stories would provide coherence and continuity to their experiences, being a clear channel for me to learn about their inner world, and aid my access to their identity and personality (Lieblich et al., 1998). Additionally, constructing a narrative during their interviews might also aid participants in linking events, revealing patterns, and making sense of past experiences (Smart, 2006).

In narrative enquiry, the researcher collects the data in storied form, such as a life story (Lieblich et al., 1998). The narrative style life history interview characteristically begins with the interviewer asking a single narrative-seeking question, carefully designed to elicit the full narrative (Wengraf, 2001). A typical life history narrative initiating question is "Will you please tell me the story of your life starting with everything you know about yourself as a baby and those who cared for you?" (Hyde, 2005; Vanelli, personal communication, November 2004; Wengraf, 2001). Conventionally, this single narrative seeking question is not followed-up, developed, or specified in any way during that first session of the interview (Vanelli, personal communication, November 2004; Wengraf, 2001). After posing this initial question, the interviewer usually simply

witnesses the participant's story, and interviewer interventions are limited to facilitative utterances such as "uh-huh" and "mm" and non-verbal support. During the second interview, the interviewer may ask for more story about topics that were raised in the initial narration, following the order in which they were previously raised and using the words and of the interviewee in respect of these topics (Wengraf, 2001). "The question is strictly for more story, designed to elicit more narrating about the topics initially raised" (p. 120).

However, I struggled to elicit a lengthy narrative from the pilot and first interviewees, and I learnt from both of them that it would be helpful for me to ask smaller questions. I also heard from the community that the girls who had lost their parents rarely had an opportunity share their stories of loss and thus they were unused to doing that. This may have been due to their location on the status hierarchy. I was hesitant to deviate from my original plan to conduct narrative style interviews because I did not want the participants' life stories to be influenced by questions that I asked and the manner in which I asked them. Nevertheless, I did not want to waste any more interviews, and I wanted to enable the participants to tell their life stories in the way they felt comfortable telling it. Consequently, I deviated from my original intent of conducting narrative style interviews and, in conjunction with borrowed ethnographic strategies, decided to conduct semi-structured life history interviews instead.

Semi-Structured Life History Interviews

Fetterman (1989) wrote that life histories of individuals could be particularly illuminating to researchers. According to Watson and Watson-Franke (1985), what each participant's life history will directly tell us is her own perspective on and understanding

of her experience within the context of her own culture.

Linden and Klandermans (2007) offer an example of asking semi-structured questions in life history interviews. They conducted life history interviews with thirty-six extreme right activists in the Netherlands (1996-1998). The first interview began with the question when and how the participant became involved in the movement. Subsequently, it moved to questions about what it is like to be actively involved in the movement and whether the interviewee occasionally had considered quitting activism. The researchers wrote, "Life history interviews are like travels through time as the interviewee is asked to go back in the past" (p.185).

Hyde's (2005) life history interviews of homeless youths in Los Angeles began with basic demographic questions. Similar to the present study, she then asked participants to describe the earliest memory they had of their childhood. She also asked the participants questions about the circumstances surrounding the memory to help facilitate the conversation. Hyde frequently asked clarifying questions and probed for details. The interviews generally progressed in a chronological manner with participants disclosing significant relationships and experiences they had in their lives.

Wengraph (2001) cautioned:

Semi-structured interviews are designed to have a number of interview questions prepared in advance but such prepared questions are designed to be sufficiently open that the subsequent questions of the interviewer cannot be planned in advance but must be improvised in a careful and theorized way to what they say in response to your initial question. Most of the participants' responses cannot be predicted in advance. (p. 5)

As I was interested in understanding if the participants described themselves in resiliency terms, where did their resilience come from, and how these dynamics related to the attachments they reported in the context of their life histories, I reviewed and reflected on the literature on attachment, resilience, and cross-cultural research (in keeping with University of Zambia's ethical requirements outlined below). With this in mind, I prepared 32 semi-structured life history interview questions (see Appendix A for questions plus brief explanations). The 31 additional questions were designed to follow the initial narrative generating question, support the participants in telling their story, and elicit further life history narrative related to attachment and resilience. During each interview, I did not always ask the questions in the same format or order nor did I necessarily ask all the questions listed in Appendix A. Rather, the flow of the each interview dictated the order of the questions, the manner I posed the questions, as well as which questions I asked.

Empathic Reflection

The second diversion from my planned conventional narrative style life history interviewing involves empathic reflection. I realized that unless I verbally reflected back what I thought I was hearing, the interviewee could not know or let me know whether I accurately understood her experience. Feeling cautious about breaking from narrative convention and the cultural norm by introducing a foreign practice, I discussed the idea with my Zambian co-supervisor, Sue Clay (personal communication, November 9, 2005). Sue Clay agreed that it would be beneficial to my participants, and reassured me that it was a concept Zambian professionals were trying to introduce into the community to help children deal with their losses. The following qualitative literature further supported my

use of empathy in this study.

Carl Rogers (1980) defined empathy as follows: “The state of empathy, or being empathic, is to perceive the internal frame of reference of another with accuracy and with the emotional components and meanings which pertain thereto as if one were the person, but without ever losing the “as if” condition” (pp. 210-211). Empathy is naturally associated with therapy. In his article, “Living stories, telling stories, changing stories: Experiential use of the relationship in narrative therapy,” Richert (2003) suggested, “the therapist must attempt to step back from her or his own perspective or at least to recognize the limitations imposed by that perspective and to do the hard work of listening actively to the client in an attempt to appreciate reality as the client lives it” (p. 196).

Kenyan psychologist, Augustine Nwoye (2006), who is experienced in dealing with stress and multiple losses, especially related to HIV/AIDS within an African context, developed an African paradigm for therapy. He wrote, “The practice, structure, and philosophies of family therapy are grounded on African family values and the principles and orientations of traditional African psychology” (p. 1). These principles and orientations of traditional African psychology include treasuring of children; African children expressing anger when they or family members are mistreated; socialization of children “to fit well into the traditional social fabric”; family hierarchical structure; emphasis on seniority and showing respect and obedience to elders; psychosomatic illnesses of children as an indirect comment on being unjustly treated by their own parents; uncles and aunts acting as indigenous family counselors; and the effect of urbanization and industrialization. I hoped to understand the participants of this study within this frame of reference. Nwoye described how he actively engages in empathic listening in his work, which enabled him to attune to his clients’ feelings of pain during

their narration.

Although therapy was not the objective of life history interviewing, thoughtful empathic reflection was beneficial in the context of this study, as it helped me to step back from my own perspective, to test whether I successfully did the hard work of listening actively to the interviewee, and acceptably grasped the reality of the interviewees' lives from their perspective. According to Burns and Grove (1993), the qualitative researcher needs to cultivate and use empathy and intuition deliberately. My use of empathy techniques for this study could also be supported by Comerford's (2005) writing on "Engaging through learning - learning through engaging: An alternative approach to professional learning about human diversity":

Embedded in and deeply connected to the engagement process is a dialectic between the power of empathy to facilitate connection through emotion and the mediating force of cultural meanings....Empathy allows learners to take experience, the raw materials of learning, into themselves on an interior level and bridge difference....Empathy is a constitutive aspect of the engagement process involving the use of emotion to connect to another across difference. The "as if" quality of empathy allows for close emotional understanding, providing the emotional equivalent of thick description, without forcing universalizing commonalities on other dimensions of social experience and identity. (p. 120)

Initially, I found that reflecting empathically interrupted the narrative flow, so I adjusted the frequency of my verbal empathic reflections until I optimized the balance between empathic reflection and narrative flow. Thus, I began the interviews with the initial narrative generating question, listened attentively to my participants, and

encouraged their ongoing narrative with nods and “uh-huhs,” interjecting with occasional empathic reflection. I waited for the participants to continue if they paused, and when they appeared unlikely to continue with their story, I probed for meaning with questions or requests such as “tell me more,” “help me understand,” “how did that help,” “give me an example,” and “how was that” (Artz, email communication, October 2005). Hatch and Wisniewski (1995) wrote that the researcher and participant need to work closely together to come to a shared understanding of the participant’s story for the work to be well done. Thereafter, I offered the next semi-structured life history question, and so on. Additionally, I endeavored to listen to the respondents with cultural and emotional attunement. In order to do this, I borrowed strategies and techniques commonly used in ethnography.

Borrowed Ethnographic Strategies

Having spent the first 35 years of my life in Sub-Saharan Africa living, working, and socializing with the Bantu, the indigenous culture of Southern Africa is more familiar to me than the social culture of Canada, where I have resided for the last 14 years. Nevertheless, because Zambia is not my country of origin and the indigenous culture of Southern Africa is not my own, I thought it best to integrate some strategies borrowed from ethnography, while I conducted the life history interviews. I hoped these strategies might help demonstrate my respect for the culture in which I planned to work and diminish perceived status and difference between the participants and myself.

Typically, ethnographic research combines participation in the lives of people under study with observation and recording of data (Fetterman, 1989). Participant observation means immersion in the studied culture and requires close, long-term contact

with the people under study:

Ideally, the ethnographer lives and works in the community for six months to a year or more, learning the language and seeing patterns of behavior over time. Long-term residence helps the researcher internalize the basic beliefs, fears, hopes, and expectations of the people under study. The simple, ritualistic behaviors of going to the market or to the well for water teach how people use their time and space, how they determine what is precious, sacred, and profane. (Fetterman, 1989, p. 45)

In the case of the present study, close, long-term contact with and participation in the lives of the communities of Kaunda Square or Machaya Village was not possible because of budgetary and related time constraints. According to Fetterman (1989), the researcher cannot conduct ethnography in such situations but can apply borrowed ethnographic strategies to the study. The strategies I borrowed from ethnography are outlined below.

Because I wanted to ensure I had a good understanding of the Zambian context and cultural norms, I used the ethnographic strategy of preparing for the trip a year before leaving for Lusaka to conduct the fieldwork, (Fetterman, 1989). To help me proceed with cultural attunement, sensitivity, and respect, I consulted with Zambians informants, including two 18-year-old Zambian women (one, who was adopted by a Canadian family at 18 months, and one, who was fostered by the same family at 8 years of age) living in Victoria, who return to Zambia biannually. My informants offered guidance on the cultural norms, how to build relationships and comfort levels, how to interact non-verbally, how to phrase questions, how best to compensate the participants and their guardians, and how to ensure that the participants feel respected and heard. In addition to

studying historical and contextual information and the cultural norms, I also learned to greet and exchange common courtesies in three indigenous Zambian languages. For me to demonstrate respect for the cultural norms of the community in which I conducted my research, I needed to remain open to different ways of doing things included remaining aware of status structures and seeking a way to show respect for them within the framework of ethical practice.

It was important for me to spend time within the context prior to data collection because this afforded me increased knowledge and a deeper understanding of the cultural norms and context as well as the opportunity to connect with community members. Tendai Muchenje, who has a diploma in social work and in counselling, became more than my guide, and from our first meeting happily became my cultural tutor, interpreter, and research assistant. He shared in more detail and demonstrated how to actually do those things the Zambian informants had recommended. His cultural advice seemed appropriate judging from the feedback I received from community members. For instance, he showed me how to greet elder women by “shrinking” below their height by bending my knees and at the same time clapping cupped hands perpendicular to one another, and saying, “Muli kabotu, Mummi” (“How are you elder woman?” in Lenje). A group of elder women, who I greeted in this manner, happily let us know, “He has taught you good manners.”

For the two months I was in Lusaka, I attempted to immerse myself in the culture of Lusaka, reduce perceived differences, and observe as much as possible to help me understand the participants’ experience within their context (Fetterman, 1989). For instance, I lived in a very modest (by North American standards) cottage in which was

across the road from the township where I conducted the interviews. As was the social norm, community members were welcome to and did drop into my cottage at any time, and I enjoyed their surprise visits. Fetterman writes that people forget their “company” behavior in time and fall back into familiar patterns of behavior.

Additionally, I adopted Zambian norms of modesty, which meant that I did not wear lipstick, nail polish, or perfume, which was frowned upon by the indigenous community (Banyard, personal communication, August 2005; Z. Muchenje, personal communication, 2005). I also did not wear trousers or shorts and always wore skirts long enough to cover my knees. Tendai Muchenje, my Zambian research assistant, took me to a store at the market in Kaunda Square to purchase a chitenge (a sarong, worn by most Zambian women, particularly when in their home community or village), which I wore whenever I was in Kaunda Square or Machaya village. Once introduced to the market, I bought my fresh produce and groundnuts from there. Making use of the public transit was one aspect of my cultural immersion. On my journeys, I observed how people interacted with one another and engaged in many informative conversations.

While in the field, I tried to be aware of my own cultural biases and to be mindful not to view what I heard, observed, and learned from my own cultural paradigms. In an attempt to learn more about the life and world of the participants, I accepted every invitation I received from community members. Continuously requesting more information about what I saw and heard helped me understand the community’s life and world from their perspective. Questions like, “I want to learn about...” “Help me understand what this means?” and “How is that for you?” helped elicit clarifying information. From my training and experience in counselling, I learned that I was not the

expert on other individuals, and if I wanted to understand their lives, feelings, and perspectives, I needed to hear from them (Toh, personal communication, 2003).

Fetterman (1989) suggested that being introduced by a community member acting as an intermediary eases the researcher's access into the community. He advises that the facilitator may be a chief, principal, director, teacher, tramp, or gang member, and should have some credibility with the community. Fortunately, Tendai Muchenje was just such a facilitator for me. He was known in the community, and he spread the word around the community about the study and assisted me in connecting with community leaders, who also supported my research. Fetterman wrote, "A strong recommendation and introduction strengthen the fieldworker's capacity to work in a community and thus improve the quality of the data" (p.44). There were times, however, when I wondered about the influence of Tendai's status over the participants. For instance, I found that when Tendai was not present at an interview, some of the participants appeared more open, offering more narrative.

According to Fetterman (1989), the most important element of fieldwork was my being there – to observe, to ask questions, and to write down what I saw and heard. In my study, I borrowed the ethnographic technique of beginning research, analysis, and data collection simultaneously. Fetterman stated that life histories of individuals could be particularly illuminating. It is the participant's perspective of reality that is at the heart of most ethnographic research.

Lastly, Fetterman (1989) wrote that verbatim quotes are extremely useful in presenting a credible report of the research, and I employed this strategy as well. These quotations will allow readers to assess the quality of the work: Do the reported results

appear to the reader to represent the thoughts expressed by the participants in the transcripts of their interviews, and did I use such data appropriately to support my conclusions? Therefore, I needed to select quotations that I thought were characteristic of the context described. Fetterman stresses that the insider's perception of reality is instrumental to understanding and accurately describing situations and behaviors. During the study, I carefully listened to and described the perception of the participants, the community members, and the Zambian informants in my report. Once I had completed the document, I sought and received feedback on the completed document from two young Zambian women who had lost parents and a Zambian informant.

According to Denzin and Lincoln (2000), we need to ask ourselves about our own participatory responsibility:

Historically, participants are left carrying the burden of representations as we hide behind the cloak of alleged neutrality.... We interrogate in our writings and coproduce the narratives we presume to collect, and we anticipate how the public and policy makers will receive, distort, and misread our data. Critical ethnographers have a responsibility to talk about their identities, why we interrogate, what we do, what we choose not to report, how we frame our data, on whom we shed our scholarly gaze, who is protected and not protected as we do our work. (p. 109)

Accordingly, for me to have the integrity that I desired in my research, it was important that I tried to remain reflexive in my approach and examine the research process critically. Consequently, I considered the influence of my presence and questions on the participants and their community and wrote transparently about my experience and

influence as the researcher, as opposed to endeavoring to eliminate the effects of the researcher on the research; and I submitted my endeavors to the feedback and input of my committee, participants, and informants (Bentz & Shapiro, 1998).

In sum, I borrowed the following ethnographic strategies for the study in order to be effective, acceptable, and appropriate while in the community conducting the semi-structured life history interviews. I began preparing for the trip a year before leaving for Lusaka to conduct the fieldwork. I consulted with Zambians informants, who offered guidance on the cultural norms. A community member, Tendai Muchenje acted as an intermediary while I was in Lusaka. Immersing myself in and observing the culture of Lusaka as much as possible helped me to understand the participants experience within their context. While in the field, I observed, asked questions, and wrote down what I saw and heard. My data collection and analysis began simultaneously, and I used verbatim quotes in my report.

Participants

Participant recruitment was done by word of mouth – the cultural norm in Zambia (Z. Muchenje, personal communication, 2005). After my visiting with Kaunda Square community leaders and the headmen of Machaya village to ask their permission to conduct the study, they offered to inform the community and potential participants about my study. As I was interested in understanding the experience of female youths, who had lost their parents in childhood, I let them know I was interested in interviewing girls and young women over the age of 13 years whose parents had passed away before the participants were fifteen years old (the age of adulthood in Zambia; Central Statistical Office, Zambia, April 2003). Thereafter, participants approached the community leaders,

my research assistant, or me about being involved in the study.

The participants were 18 girls and young women aged between 13 and 22 years, who lost one or both biological parents to AIDS. Seven of the participants had lost both parents, while the rest had lost only their fathers. All were without regular income, regular meals, health care, and stable housing, and had limited personal belongings. Usually, they shared a home with a few other families. Because of limited financial resources available for education, only one of the participants had achieved grade 11 (by 19 years of age), four had attained grade 10, one of the participants had obtained grade 9 (by age 19), one had completed grade 8 (by age 16), and two of the participants had obtained grade 7. The rest had less formal education, particularly those living in Machaya, where the adults in the community appeared to discourage their children from going to school because of their suspicions about individuals introducing education to their community (Muchenje, T, personal communication, October 2005; Sikwale, personal communication, October 2005).

At the time of their interviews, 13 of the participants lived in Kaunda Square, an impoverished neighborhood of Lusaka, which is the capital city of Zambia. Ten of the participants living in Kaunda Square were born in Lusaka. One of the three participants living in Kaunda Square was born in Kasama, the small (population of 200,000) capital city of the Northern Province of Zambia; one was born in Livingstone, a tourism town on the southern border of Zambia; and one was born in the small town of Lundazi in the Eastern province. Five participants lived in Machaya Village, a scattered group of huts, 15 kilometers north of Lusaka. Of these five, three had been born there, while one was born in Lusaka and the other was born in Kasama.

Nine of the participants who lived in Kaunda Square completed their interviews in English – the national language of Zambia. Four of them required their interviews to be interpreted from English to Nyanja (the indigenous language spoken in Lusaka) and all the interviews done in the village were interpreted to Lenje (the indigenous language of the area), Bemba (the indigenous language spoken in the south), or Nyanja. Nyanja, Lenje, and Bemba are all language groups of the Bantu people

Interpretation, Translation, and Transcription

My having interviews interpreted was a learning process for me, which led to complications I had not anticipated. Before I began working with the interpreter, I explained my requirements to him. I explained that during the interview I needed him to translate what I said into the language each interviewee preferred and then translate their response into English in a word-for-word fashion for my understanding. Following that, I asked the next question for him to interpret, and so on. I also requested that he observe the emotion the interviewee may be expressing and include that in his interpretation to me. During our debriefings, which followed each interpreted interview, I checked how he was feeling about the interview, allowed him an opportunity to share his perceptions, and offered feedback from my observations of his interpretation. For instance, he appeared to be offering suggested responses to the participants, during an early interview, which I asked him to resist doing during our follow-up debriefing.

As I completed each interview, I began transcribing it that evening. However, that being a lengthy process, I managed to transcribe only seven interviews while I was in the field. I prioritized transcribing the interviews of the participants with whom I most wanted to do follow-up interviews, and chose these seven above the others because there

was more that I felt needed to ask, understand, or clarify. While transcribing the first interpreted interview, during this initial transcription process, I noticed that some of the indigenous words with which I was familiar were not included in the interpretation. Consequently, I asked the interpreter to go through the recording with me and discovered that he had summarized that participant's Nyanja narrative when he interpreted it into English. Once again, I reiterated the importance of him interpreting in a word-for-word fashion, so as not to lose any data. It was possible that his guiding and summarizing may have had some subtle undertones of power as a male in that context.

When I returned to Victoria, I employed Simon Silavwe, a Zambian man living in Victoria, to interpret and transcribe the interpreted interviews in a semantically meaningful way, while retaining as much of the original data as possible. Two early, interpreted interviews seemed odd, at the time; the interviews were very short and the participants appeared hesitant to respond. While reading Simon's translations of these interviews, I found that the interpreter had moved onto the next question - often at an inappropriate time - before interpreting their response for me. As a result, these two narratives were disjointed. The rest of the translated interviews appeared to flow better.

Simon also assisted me with the remainder of the transcriptions. All the English transcriptions were typed word-for-word and nonverbal expressions were included in brackets to retain as much as possible of the original narrative, and I reviewed all his work, while listening to the interviews. For the quotations, the transcriptions were carefully transformed into written format to retain the original sense of the data but allow for comprehensibility. In addition working out interview problems, and being mindful of translation and transcription issues, I also needed to adhere to ethical requirements

described below.

Ethical Considerations

Not only did I obtain ethical approval from the University of Victoria's Human Research Ethics Board, but I also obtained ethical approval from University of Zambia's (UNZA) Ethics Committee. As the ethical requirements of the two institutions differed slightly, I needed to find a way to satisfy both (see Appendix B for ethical approvals). For instance, the University of Victoria hoped for confidential participant recruitment by means of recruitment posters and anonymous sign-up sheets, whereas word-of-mouth was the norm for disseminating information in the collectivist culture of Zambia. The University Victoria's Ethics Committee allowed me, instead, to ask the community members with whom I had been networking to put the word out in the community and request that potential participants approach me. A few of the western ethics requirements, which were considered unalterable, were not the cultural norm in Zambia, and I needed to carefully explain concepts, like confidentiality, privacy, and signed consent, to participating families the best I could. For example, once rapport was established between each family in the study and I, I gave the guardians the Guardian Information Sheet, explained these and the requirements of the study until I heard them express understanding, and I was able to answer their questions. Issues that were important to the University of Zambia's Ethics Committee were that I used up-to-date statistics from the UNAIDS website and Zambian peer reviewed references, and that I presented information on Zambia in a non-offensive manner. I sought to comply with all their requirements in this study.

For interviews, Kvale (1996) suggested that the researcher establish an

environment where the participant feels safe to talk freely about her experiences and feelings but where the interview does not become a therapeutic session. I asked each participant to choose the place where she would like to share her story. Sometimes, the family would leave us alone in their tiny, hot, dark living room, and sometimes the participant would choose to sit outside under the shade of a mango tree, where I paused the interview if passers by came within earshot.

When each participant and I were in the private place she chose within her community, I explained the Informed Consent, the foreign concepts of confidentiality and privacy, and the requirements of the study to her. I observed her non-verbal and verbal communication for signs of confusion or understanding, answered all her questions, waited until I heard her reflect back her understanding of these concepts, and then I asked her to sign two copies of the Informed Consent, and gave her a copy to keep. I also followed Kvale's advice and provided the participants with a briefing about the purpose of the study before and a debriefing of main points learned by the interviewer following their interview.

It was important for this research experience to be meaningful to participants rather than an inconvenience. Therefore, I offered the participants an honorarium to compensate for their time, any inconvenience to them, and their contribution to the study. Each participant was given five small items, which the Zambian informants suggested they value - a pen, exercise book, toothbrush, soap, and a comb - worth about \$10 per participant (Banyard, personal communication, August 2005; Kumalo, personal communication, September 14, 2005; T. Mann, September 14, 2005; Z. Muchenje, personal communication, July 2005). I also compensated foster families with a long bar

of “Perfection” soap and a bag of salt for the time taken by the participants from household chores or earning their keep.

During the interviews, I tried to remain focused, giving my full attention to the participants’ words, tone, and expressions without gazing directly in their eyes, and sought to remain attuned to their emotions. If I observed signs of emotional discomfort such as pausing, looking down, or tears, or if a participant verbally indicated emotional discomfort, I immediately, gently offered the participant a break, the chance to stop and reschedule the interview, or the chance to stop the interview altogether. Five of the participants began crying during their interviews, chose to break for a few minutes during which I quietly soothed them and waited until they indicated they felt ready to continue. Additionally, I offered the participants access to follow-up counselling through Family Health Trust in Kaunda Square or Mumbo Home Based Care near Machaya Village. I sought out these agencies prior to beginning the interviews to provide follow-up psychosocial support if necessary. Throughout the study, I sought to minimize the risk of emotional discomfort by treating the participants with respect, tenderness, and sensitivity, and maintaining their confidentiality and privacy.

During my fieldwork, I found that there were two ethical issues to which I needed to pay attention. The first was status as perceived by members of the community. I learned that Zambians adhere to a status hierarchy, which was determined by factors such as one’s gender, age, family situation, and skin color. Generally, males have higher status than females, with the oldest male having the highest status, while the females, who have lost parents to AIDS, have the lowest. My being a white visitor in my forties afforded me status above that of younger indigenous males, and I did whatever I could to reduce this

perception because I did not want the girls and young women to feel compelled to participate by my perceived status. The measures I took are outlined above in the Ethnographic Strategies section.

The second and related issue that I needed to navigate was the hope held by the community that I was a potential “donor” or had access to donors who could fund the youths’ education. To guard against the participants feeling compelled to participate, I found that I needed to continuously reiterate to participants, their families, as well as to community leaders that I was unable to offer anything besides making the participants’ stories known and possibly raising awareness of their plight. Regardless of my intentions and best efforts, it was evident from their responses to my question of what they wanted North Americans to know, that these young women held out a faint hope that engaging with me may bring with it financial relief or educational rewards.

Trying to convince participants with such great need for food, shelter, clothing, healthcare, safety, and to complete their education that I, who have access to the wealthy West, am unable to help them beyond raising awareness and sharing knowledge seemed unethical. In addition to raising awareness in the West and sharing my findings with the Zambian people, I later wondered about the possibility giving back to the girls and young women of Kaunda Square and Machaya Village, after the study, as a way of addressing this personal ethical issue. My attempts are briefly described in the discussion section.

Data Collection Procedure

To illustrate the role of the qualitative interviewer, Kvale (1996) used the metaphor of a traveler on a journey that leads to a tale to be told when returning home. He suggested that the interviewer use a method, engage in conversation, qualitatively

reconstruct what she sees and hears, and differentiate these discourses through her interpretation. His traveler metaphor refers to a postmodern constructive conversational approach to social research and includes conversation, narrative, language, context, and inter-relational knowledge as intertwined features.

As soon as I arrived in Zambia, I began observing the human interactions around me, listening to what people were saying, asking questions for clarification, and taking field notes of what I observed, heard, learned, and thought. I wrote these field notes while on the bus, resting at a coffee shop, or after I returned to my cottage in the evenings and referred to them later while analyzing the data and writing the report.

Spending time in the community before beginning the interview allowed me to follow the culture's protocols around respecting community leaders. My first duty was to meet with representatives of non-government organizations (NGOs) that served families affected by HIV/AIDS, community leaders, and the headmen of Machaya village to obtain their permission, support, and assistance in informing participants about my study.

When prospective participants or families approached me after hearing of my study, I visited with the families building rapport, until the family indicated readiness for their foster daughter to go apart for her interview, as suggested by the Zambian informants (T. Muchenje, personal communication, October 2005; Z. Muchenje, personal communication, July 2005). To help reduce discomfort or disparities, I followed the informants' suggestion to observe how the families interacted and to do likewise. To encourage participation, I shared some aspects of my own story first and showed them a small photograph album of my own childhood and family photos, as recommended by the Zambian informants (Banyard, personal communications, August 2005; Kumalo,

personal communications, September 14, 2005; T. Mann, personal communications, September 14, 2005; Z. Muchenje, personal communications, July 2005). Tonya Mann (personal communication, September 14, 2005) recommended that I build trust with the participant by asking the family questions about themselves not about their foster daughter – “the foster daughter needs to be allowed to speak for herself.”

Once the foster parent gave permission to go ahead, the participant chose a private place within her community, where she reported she would feel comfortable being interviewed. The interviews usually took place in a small dark living room in Kaunda Square or sitting on a grass mat under a mango tree in Kaunda Square or Machaya Village. Before beginning the interview, I checked which language the participant would prefer to use - her indigenous language or English. If she chose to be interviewed in English, I asked if she would rather the interpreter to leave us alone or remain with us. The interpreter was not present during the English interviews except for one. He was not present for that participant’s second interview during which she disclosed more information than she had in her first interview when he had been present.

After explaining the Informed Consent, I pointed out the small Panasonic digital voice recorder, which I used to record the interviews. None of the participants had seen one like it before, and I carefully explained how the recorder would capture their voice, that I would listen to their recorded voice and type out their stories, that what was recorded would remain confidential, and that I would protect their confidentiality by not using their names in connection with their stories. I then laid the recorder between us, switched it on when the participant told me she was ready, and began the interviews. When I returned to my cottage each evening, I downloaded the recorded interview as a

wave file from the digital recorder onto the hard drive of my notebook computer. While transcribing, I listened to the recordings on my computer using RealPlayer. To deepen my understanding and begin analysis, I transcribed as many of the interviews as I could while in the field and followed up these seven transcribed interviews with second interviews.

Summary

In sum, 18 Zambian girls and young women aged between 13 and 22 years, who lost one or both biological parents to AIDS, participated in adapted form of life history interviews, which consisted of 32 semi-structured questions. Fourteen of the participants lived in Kaunda Square, an impoverished neighborhood of Lusaka, while the other five lived in Machaya. Nine of the participants required their interviews to be interpreted into their indigenous language. During my time in Lusaka, I also employed borrowed ethnographic strategies for this study. I describe my method of analysis in the next chapter.

Chapter Four – Analysis

Having completed and transcribed the semi-structured life history interviews of the Zambian girls and young women, who had lost parents to AIDS, I now faced the decision of how to make sense of the data. I noticed that qualitative researchers usually analyze semi-structured life history interviews categorically (Hyde, 2005; Linden & Klandermans, 2007). In her study of why young people leave home and become homeless, Hyde (2005) identified categories that described key spheres of influence on the lives of participants and major life events from the transcripts of her life history interviews. In the Linden and Klandermans (2007) study of life histories of extreme right activists, the researchers coded and analyzed the data with the help of a coding scheme that built on the larger theoretical framework for the study.

In the case of this study, I planned to complete a content analysis on the transcripts of the life history interviews in the context of Wolcott's (2001a) three ways of making sense of descriptive data: description, analysis, and interpretation. I chose to follow Wolcott's prescription because in addition to completing a content analysis, I also wanted to recount intact life stories (description) and offer an interpretation so that my biases can be interpretatively declared and shown for their partiality. Wolcott suggested that it is customary to begin qualitative reporting with a descriptive or narrative presentational account before proceeding to the analysis and interpretation. However, for readability, I have written the content analysis first and followed with the description and then my interpretation.

Content Analysis

Wolcott (2001a) wrote that analysis typically builds on the description to expand

beyond a purely descriptive account and proceeds in some careful systematic way.

“Analysis addresses the identification of essential features and the systematic description of interrelationships among them – in short, how things work.” (p. 12). Wolcott suggested that content analysis, where data are grouped into categories (concepts), serves as a good example of analysis. I completed a content analysis by grouping the data from the transcripts into concepts.

I began by thoroughly reading through the transcripts, and then I created headings on an excel spreadsheet that represented demographic data, the questions I posed, plus any other pertinent concepts, which were not a direct response to interview questions, that I noticed while in the field, in their interviews, and during subsequent readings of the transcripts. Thereafter, I cut the responses to each interview question and other concepts that emerged from the transcripts and pasted these onto each participant’s row, under the appropriate heading, on the data spreadsheet. My next task was to examine each column of the spreadsheet for common concepts that emerged from the data. While writing up the analysis, I continually reread the data spreadsheet and transcripts to discover how the information I presented tied together.

In this content analysis, I included the transcripts from all the life history interviews that I conducted. When I compiled the data onto a spreadsheet, however, I was careful to exclude excerpts of the transcripts that included responses prompted by the interpreter’s suggestions. Furthermore, I did not go beyond reporting the concepts that emerged from the data but saved that for my interpretation, following Wolcott’s (2001b) advice: “Be factual in what you report; save the controversial or contestable for your interpretive comments” (pp. 32-35).

Description

According to Wolcott (2001a), qualitative researchers typically introduce their studies with a descriptive account, which addresses the question, “What’s going on here?” (p. 12). I decided to proceed with my earlier plan, mentioned in the method section, to honor the story telling traditions of the community of the study by completing a descriptive account from the transcripts of the semi-structured life history interviews of the participants. Wolcott explained that description remains close to the data as originally recorded and consists of observations made by the researcher or reported to the researchers by the participants. Wolcott said that the final descriptive account may repeat informants’ words so that the informant themselves seem to tell their stories. The data used for developing a descriptive account are not usually in storied form, while the purpose of a descriptive account is to produce stories as the outcome of the study (Polkinghorne, 1995).

Before beginning the descriptive account of the transcripts, I began examining the transcripts and found that they seemed to fall into three groups, each with its own characteristics and level of interpreter influence, previously mentioned. The first group of transcripts consisted of the four life histories of the girls and young women from Machaya Village. With ages ranging from 13 to 15 years, the participants of this group were the youngest, and they had the least exposure to education and English (see table 1). Therefore, it seemed to me that these participants were less likely to understand the questions that I posed in English and more likely to be influenced by the cultural norms of power, and be swayed by the interpreter’s suggestions and prompts than the participants of the other two groups.

Table 1
Participants from Machaya Village with Interpreted Interviews

Age (in years) at Interview	13	13	13	14	15
Grade	?	?	?	?	?
Deceased Parents	F	2	F	F	F

F = Father, 2 = Mother and Father

The second group consisted of the life histories of the four girls and young women from Kaunda Square who had their interviews interpreted. This was an older group with ages ranging from 14 to 18 years (see table 2). All the participants of this group had always lived in the city and had received more education and exposure to English. Additionally, they appeared to understand the questions that I posed in English and received fewer prompts and suggestions from the interpreter, and I assumed them to be less influenced by the suggestions of the interpreter than those living in Machaya.

Table 2
Participants from Kaunda Square with Interpreted Interviews

Age (in years) at Interview	14	14	16	18
Grade	7	?	?	?
Deceased Parents	2	F	F	F

F = Father, 2 = Mother and Father

The third group consisted of the nine girls and young women from Kaunda Square who I interviewed in English and whom I assumed were not influenced by the interpreter who was not present during their interviews, except for the first interview of one of these participants. The participants of this group were the oldest of the three groups, with ages ranging from 14 to 22 years, and they had the most education of all the participants with education levels ranging from grade 7 to grade 11 (see table 3). However, there were three younger girls in this group, two aged 14 and one aged 16, who seemed to have a limited grasp of the English language yet requested to be interviewed in English, and I struggled with these interviews, rephrasing questions over and over again

in ever simpler forms.

Table 3
Participants from Kaunda Square Interviewed in English

Age (in years) at Interview	14	16	16	19	19	19	19	21	22
Grade	?	7	8	9	10	10	11	10	10
Deceased Parents	F	F	F	2	2	F	2	2	F

F = Father, 2 = Mother and Father

To avoid the influence of the interpreter, language problems, and repetitiousness, I only developed descriptive accounts from the most comprehensive transcript from each of the three groups. I picked the one transcript from each group containing the richest description and none or the least interpreter suggestions and prompts. I also included the story of the only participant who directly told me that she did not feel like she had the strength to keep going because of her exceptional story. I synthesized each of these four stories into a chronological life story, included as much rich description as I could in each, and I allowed these four life stories to represent the stories of all the participants of their group.

In addition to including four life stories in the description chapter, I have made all the transcripts available in the appendices (Appendix C) for the reader who wishes to read the life histories of every participant. Wolcott (2001a) wrote about transcripts, “I do not feel that the place for them is in the body of the text... Overburdening the reader with data seems an academic cop-out on the part of a researcher holding too tightly to the belief that data speak for themselves” (p. 67)

Interpretation

Having written the four descriptive accounts, I turned to my interpretation of the data. Wolcott (2001b) suggested that one examine the data carefully and gather the requisite evidence before proceeding ever so tentatively to offer one’s interpretation.

Wolcott (2001a) wrote, “interpretation addresses processual questions of meaning and contexts” (p. 12). He described interpretation as deriving from the qualitative researcher’s efforts at sense-making, “a human activity that includes intuition, past experience, emotion – personal attributes of human researches that can be argued endlessly but neither prove nor disprove to the satisfaction of all” (Wolcott, 2001b, p. 33).

A way of approaching interpretation that Wolcott (2001a) suggested was to turn to theory. He wrote, “For interpretation, theory provides a way to link our case studies, invariably of modest scope, with larger issues. Linking power rather than explanatory power” (p.43). Lieblich and associates (1998) cautioned that interpreting narrative requires listening to three voices. The first is the voice of the narrator represented by the text, the second is the theoretical framework, and the third is a reflexive monitoring of the decision process of drawing conclusions from the material.

In writing my interpretation of the data, I bore in mind that I did not observe interactions between the participants and their caregivers but rather heard their narratives about their relationships. Further, I did not use standardized measures of attachment or resilience, so I avoided categorizing or labeling participants. Rather, I cautiously linked the concepts I identified in the data to the theoretical concepts of attachment and resilience, following Wolcott’s advice (2001a). Lieblich et al. (1998) remind us that there are usually no a priori hypotheses in narrative studies. Thus, I simply sought to understand if the Zambian girls and young women who had lost parents to AIDS described themselves in resiliency terms (such as “strength,” “capacity,” “cope,” or “keep going”), where their resilience came from, and how I thought it related to the attachments they reported in the context of their life histories. Results follow in the next chapters.

Chapter Six – Results: Content Analysis

For the content analysis, I examined the significant common concepts that emerged from the participants' responses to the 32 semi-structured life history interview questions as well as other concepts that emerged during the interviews that were not a direct response to the interview questions. In completing this analysis, I avoided going beyond what the participants reported, in accordance with Wolcott's (200b) advice. These concepts are elaborated below.

Mother and Father Original Care-Giving Dyads

When I asked the participants, "Who were the people that cared for you when your parents were still alive?" 15 of the 18 participants indicated that it was their mother and father who primarily cared for them before either of their parents passed away. For example, one of the participants said, "When I was born, I just was staying with my mummy and my daddy" (Transcript 8, p. 278, line 16). Another said, "My parents, them they cared for me fine" (Transcript 1, p. 147, line 16). One participant said, "Mom and dad used to buy us everything we wanted and take us to school and do all" (Transcript 2, p. 153, line 17). One of the girl's father passed away when she was still in her mother's womb, and she said her early caregiver was her mother. Two of the participants said their original care-giving team consisted mother, father, and grandmother, while both their parents were still alive. On examining the data, it seemed that the most common team of primary caregivers for these participants during their early years was the dyad of their mother and father. It is possible that most of the participants had attachments with both their parents in their early years and two of them had attachments with both parents and their grandmother

Care-Giving Role of Provision

While listening carefully to what the participants were saying about their caregivers and asking follow-up probing questions, I found that the participants from both Kaunda Square and Machaya Village appeared to hold a particular view of parental care-giving. In describing how their parents cared for them, 11 of the 18 participants made the following type of statements: “I do not know how she does it, for her to look after our meals, our going to school, it is not an easy task,” “they used to buy me shoes, clothes, and I ate well,” and “she used to take care of us in the good way that a mother should supposed to do, like washing our cloths, washing us, and giving us everything that we needed, somehow” (Transcript 12, p. 321, line 11; Transcript 1, p. 147, line 8; Transcript 6, p. 231, lines 4-5). The participants seemed to view the primary parental care-giving role as one where parents or caregivers provide basic necessities such as food, shelter, clothing, and education to those whom they were raising.

This view of parents as providers emerged in the participants’ statements about their losses as well. Eight of the participants said their greatest loss was their father, including two who had lost both parents. One said her greatest loss was both her parents. Six of these nine participants, who said their greatest loss was a parent or parents, related their loss to their current lack of provision, and so did four others who said their greatest loss was something other than a parent, such as education or way of life. “Most of the things have changed. I don’t have good clothes, not enough food,” said a 14-year-old girl living in Machaya village (Transcript 10, p. 309, line 15). Another 14-year-old, who had lost both her parents and lived in Kaunda Square said, “You look at yourself and see that your clothes are in rags, you still have to go to school with your friends paying while you

do not” (Transcript 11, p. 317, lines 14-16). A 22-year-old female from Kaunda Square, whose father had passed away, summed it up, “Sometimes it’s hard. Sometimes I used to think, ‘Why, why was I born?’ Sometimes, I was very, very tired of it. It was painful to see some other people had everything and all that but here, we don’t have” (Transcript 3, p. 167, lines 18-20).

Participants from both locations said subsequent caregivers had cared for them since their parents had passed away, and half of the participants indicated that they felt discontented with the care they received from their subsequent caregivers. For instance, a 13-year-old participant from Machaya Village said, “They don’t keep me well, they ask us to draw water, and they shout at us. I feel my heart pain” (Transcript 16, p. 374, lines 19-22).

I noticed that four of the participants, who expressed dissatisfaction with their new caregivers, related this to the concept of provision. For instance, one 13-year-old girl from Machaya, who had lost both parents, said, “The uncle I am staying with is brother to my dad, and he’s not such a good person, because when he buys things, he doesn’t buy for the things for me. For instance, when he buys bread, he just eats with his family. I won’t have a share. He ill-treats me” (Transcript 1, p. 145, lines 15-18). A 19-year-old who lived with her grandmother after losing both parents said, “Grandma, ah, as for grandma, she’s doing nothing. She’s just sitting on the mattress. She cannot manage money for grade ten. Sometimes, she has money, when she has been given by these people, still I’m without food” (Transcript 5, p. 209, lines 16-18; p. 210, lines 20-21). Participants’ dissatisfaction with their new caregivers appeared to be related to their disappointment with new caregivers not living up to role expectations of caregiver

providing basic necessities. If the participants' attachment to their primary caregivers related to the caregivers providing their basic necessities then it is possible that they did not have attachments with their subsequent caregivers.

Additional Caregivers

Seven of the 18 participants had lost both their mother and father to AIDS. One of the participants, who had lost both her parents, said her mother passed away when she was 4-years-of-age and one said when she was 5-years-old. Four of the seven participants, who had lost both parents, reported losing their mothers between the ages of 11 and 15. Eleven of the 18 participants had lost only their fathers. One said she lost her father before birth, and two reported losing their fathers while they were still tiny. The remainder of these girls lost their fathers between the ages of 5 and 15. In the data, I found that as parents passed away and family resources diminished, the number of subsequent caregivers taking care of the participants increased.

I heard five examples of grandparents sharing the care-giving role with the remaining parent, who was struggling. For example, a 22-year-old young woman in Kaunda Square said, "When my daddy died, we used to stay right here with my mummy and grandfather" (Transcript 8, p. 279, lines 12-13). Four of the participants, whose mothers were still living, told me that they were cared for by someone other than their mother due to their mother becoming blind, ill, or parents divorcing. For instance, a 14-year-old from Kaunda Square whose mother had become blind said to me, "When I was eight, my aunt came to get me" (Transcript 13, p. 330, line 24).

As the participants related their experience with caregivers, I discovered that subsequent primary caregivers were mostly grandmothers (nine) but also included

grandfathers, older siblings, aunts, and uncles. A 19-year-old from Kaunda Square who had lost both her parents told me, “So...so...so different from when my mom died. But in all, I got used to being with my sisters and brothers. I got used to them because they’re like my real parents. They’re like my mother and my father” (Transcript 3, p. 191, lines 5-9). An examination of the data revealed that usually the additional caregivers did not care for the participants simultaneously. Rather, the next caregiver took over as the previous caregiver ran out of resources, became ill, or passed away. Only six of the 11 participants, whose mothers were still alive, said that their mothers remained their primary caregivers after their fathers passed away.

Grandmothers

The participants’ life-stories revealed that grandmothers were the primary caregivers for a period of time to 10 of the 18 participants. The participants’ stories told how declining health or death usually interrupted their grandmothers’ care-giving roles. Four of these 10 participants, who lived with their grandmother for a time, described it as a negative experience. A 14-year-old girl, who lived in Machaya said, “We are staying at my grandparents’ home from the time my father died. My grandparents, they don’t keep me well. They ask us to draw water, and they shout at us. When I ask, sometimes she will answer and sometimes not” (Transcript 16, p. 375, lines 15-16; p. 374, lines 20-21; p. 376, line 12).

A 21-year-old participant from Kaunda Square, whose mother died when she was 4-years-old and father died 7 years later, remembered challenging times living with her grandmother:

My grandma didn’t like the idea of me going to school. She was kind of upset.

She would get mad at me. She would shout at me, even throwing my things away - my books. I used to quarrel with my grandma, and she hated me so much. She didn't like me. Whenever something had happened, she used to accuse me even when it wasn't me. Even if the person is there to say, "No. It's me, who did this," then she would say, "No, it's her." She threw my books away, and she's like, "I don't want you in this house. This is my house!" (Transcript 18, p. 418, lines 14-16; p. 419, lines 7-11; p. 422, lines 22-23)

Five of the 10 participants, who lived with their grandmothers, expressed their time with their grandmother as a beneficial experience. For example, a 19-year-old Kaunda Square resident, who lost her father when she was 5-years-old, described her relationship with her grandmother:

My father and my grandmother here are the ones who brought me up. My grandmother is something special. When you've got a problem, you'll tell her. She'll answer you and tell you something what to do with that problem. I learnt "pridement," being a grown up. Mm, other information I learnt that from her is how to be an example for better and her traditions. (Transcript 6, p. 228, line 17; p. 249, lines 9-11, 19-20)

A 14-year-old girl whose father had passed away and who lived with her aunty in Kaunda Square said, "My grandmother likes giving advice, and I miss her. Sometimes, I used to sleep with my mother, sometimes with my grandmother. We used to go to her. She used to tell us some stories" (Transcript 13, p. 332, lines 1, 17; p. 334, line 9). In the participants' narratives, grandmothers appeared to be responsible for passing on the oral and cultural traditions. On examining the data, I found that grandmothers played a

significant role in the lives of eight of the participants, whether the grandmother was a primary caregiver or not. These grandmothers were likely a safebase for the participants and an additional attachment figure.

Maltreatment by Subsequent Caregivers

Thirteen participants (nine from Kaunda Square and four from Machaya Village) described suffering maltreatment from their subsequent caregivers. Here is an example from a 22-year-old Kaunda Square resident whose parents had both passed away:

I felt that they didn't care and to them I was like nothing. I used to feel like I didn't have the mom, that's why I was being mistreated. And you know what I used to think? I was like, "If I had my mom, my grand-mom or my uncles wouldn't have been like this. Wouldn't have abandoned me like this but it's because I don't have a mom, whereby she can give some you money for things."

(Transcript 18, p. 407, lines 1-6)

One of the 15-year-old participants from Machaya Village, who lost her father before she was born and recently lost her mother, described her new caregivers:

The support that we get does not seem right - the ones with no remorse in their hearts. They are the type that when you need to talk to them about something you feel might be interesting, instead of showing some kind of interest, they respond with anger and stop talking to you. (Transcript 17, p. 379, line 2; p. 383, lines 4-6)

A 19-year-old young woman living in Kaunda Square, who lost her father when she was 6-years-old and her mother when she was 13, said the following about her caregivers:

They mistreat you, say all those bad, bad, bad things about you but you just have

to understand. You have to accept. Yes, 'cause there's nothing you can do. To say that you want to go somewhere else – where can you go? They're the only relatives who can keep you, so you just have to learn to live with it. For example, she's got children - many. Those children, the things they shout at you. They insult you but there's nothing you can do. You can't retaliate back. If you do that, the mother will get upset. The people who keep me, they don't understand my suffering. It's like, I'm giving them more problems 'cause my parents have died - then it's a crime - but it's not. (Transcript 7, p. 257, lines 7-8, 10-12, 14-16, p. 262, lines 5-7)

It seems that although the girls and young women were mistreated, they did not have any option but to remain with whoever was willing to house them.

Ramifications of Suffering Sexual Abuse

While in the field, I learned from community leaders and advisors that sexual abuse was the most common type of abuse perpetrated in Zambia (Cholo, personal communication, October 2005; Human Rights Watch, November 2002). Five of these vulnerable girls and young women from Kaunda Square reported experiencing some form of sexual abuse, since their parents had passed away and while living with subsequent caregivers. An 18-year-old from Kaunda Square, who lost her father at 12-years-of-age, told me what she experienced when she was 15-years-old:

There was a boy who deceived me that he was going to marry me. So, when I got pregnant my grandfather chased us [away], and we didn't have anywhere to stay. The boy said that he was not the one who was responsible. After that, I had a baby, and it died 7 months later. It just passed briefly through life. After that, we

came back here, thinking that my grandfather is going to welcome us back in his house. So, he just saw us coming from afar coming, and he chased us [away] and told us not to come near his house. (Transcript 8, p. 279, lines 14-16; p. 280, lines 9, 10-14)

Being forced into prostitution by their need for basic necessities or by their subsequent caregivers was an issue that came up for the participants. A 19-year-old young woman from Kaunda Square explained, “Okay, for here in Zambia, girls like me here, we struggle a lot, and most of them, it’s in education. At my age, most of the girls are being married off by their parents, and others are prostitutes, and others are still struggling to find themselves” (Transcript 6, p. 239, line 23; p. 240, lines 1-3). Another young woman from Kaunda Square told me that her friends had been involved in prostitution: “If I hated myself, I would have involved myself in such things like drinking or prostitution, like my friends used to do” (Transcript 18, p. 420, lines 8-10). A 19-year-old young woman from Kaunda Square who had lost both her parents said, “We have to be helped. Why? For example, we end up being a prostitute because you’ve got no one to help you but when there’s someone who can help you, you won’t do that” (Transcript 7, p. 264, lines 22-23; p. 265, line 1).

A 19-year-old from Kaunda Square told me that her mother died when she was 11-years-old and then her father remarried: “Sometimes, stepmother used to force us to do those things like prostitution. She used to force us but I never wanted it” (Transcript 5, p. 209, lines 13-14, 16). This occurred before she was 14-years-old.

Two of the participants had been taken advantage of by married men who left them, when the young women became pregnant, to raise their children alone and without

resources. A 22-year-old woman from Kaunda Square who had lost both her parents said:

I don't even know where the father is. Richard is married, and he has three children, that's two boys and one girl. I don't even know where to find Richard and now my child is two years and six months old but he's nowhere to be seen, and he never, never came back. (Transcript 18, p. 446, lines 21-22; p. 453, lines 19-20; p. 473 lines 3-6)

None of the five young women who had suffered sexual abuse described receiving any counselling or care following their experience.

Supportive Friends

In the life histories of the participants, I found that friends appeared to play a valuable role. Fourteen out of the 18 participants described their friends as supportive. For instance, a 22-year old Kaunda Square resident said the following about her friend:

I have a friend of mine, Lucia. I can go to her any time because there're some things that you can't tell your mother. She encourages me when I feel bad, and then she tells me that physical problems need physical solutions, and uh spiritual problems need spiritual solutions. So sometimes, maybe I'm hurt and something like maybe that's wrong or detestable about that day, she'll tell me to control myself, my emotions, and uh what I feel about that thing. She'll tell me, "No, these things you don't have to be so much moved by them because you are the master of that thing. You have to control whatever is bothering you." Mm so, she really helps me, Lucia. She's a good friend of mine. (Transcript 3, p. 178, lines 10-21)

The participants described four main activities that their friends participated in

with them. The most frequently mentioned by activity that friends took part in was play, and the participants who spoke about playing with their friends ranged in age from 13 to 22 years. A 13-year-old girl from Machaya said, “We play with dolls” (Transcript 16, p. 376, line 8). Another said, “We just play, and I do not think so much about my daddy” (Transcript 12, p. 325, line 16). A 16-year-old girl living in Kaunda Square let me know, “I’ll be just be playing with Mary” (Transcript 15, p. 365, lines 1-14). Playing with friends appeared to take their mind off their circumstances.

Participants also described how their friends helped them with their schoolwork. A 14-year-old resident of Kaunda Square shared how she interacted with her friends when it came to her schoolwork, “I ask questions about school, and if I have something hard, for example if we had a test and afterwards, we go outside and swap problems and solutions” (Transcript 11, p. 318, lines 7-8). This support seemed important to the participants, who frequently described how they lagged behind in their schoolwork because of a having to drop out of school due to a lack of financial resources.

I also heard the girls and young women of the study describe taking part in spiritual activities with their friends. A 19-year-old participant from Kaunda Square told me, “I always pray together with her. She’s a very good friend” (Transcript 4, p. 204, lines 10, 12). A 16-year-old Kaunda Square resident said, “When she comes, we divide the time: We study and read the Bible” (Transcript 15, p. 365, line 22). A 13-year-old girl from Machaya explained, “I just follow my friends to church. If they go, then so do I” (Transcript 1, p. 148, line 17). Spiritual activities with friends that participants described included going to church, reading the Bible, and praying together.

Another activity that emerged from the data, which friends engaged in with the

participants, was encouraging the participant to accept their circumstances. For instance, a 22-year-old young woman from Kaunda Square said the following about her friend:

I always play with one friend of mine, and she is finished school, and her younger sister is in grade 10. These are my friends, the ones I play with. They are okay. They encourage me on many things like accepting how I stopped school and the way I'm living. Like a few days ago, a friend of mine had a graduation and asked me to escort her. I saw what they were doing there, and it hurt me, and then she told me not to worry. (Transcript 8, p. 284, lines 3-9)

Generally, the participants described their friends in a positive light and the four activities that their friends usually engaged in with them was playing, helping with schoolwork, spiritual activities like reading the Bible, praying, and going to church, and encouraging participants to accept their circumstances.

Someone to Go To

According to the data, most (13) of the participants from both Kaunda Square and Machaya Village said they had someone to go to when they needed to know something or felt afraid. For 10 of the 18 participants, that go-to person was usually their mother both before and after they had lost their father. Six of the participants continued going to their mothers after the death of their fathers, if they needed to know something or felt afraid. Four of the girls, who went to their mothers in their early years, no longer could, as their mothers had passed away. Three girls went to a friend, sister, or grandmother instead. A 19-year-old from Kaunda Square was unable to continue going to her mother because of the circumstances related to the divorce of her parents, so she went to her aunt.

Three participants said they had gone to their father when they felt afraid in their

early years. After their fathers passed away, they reported that they went to someone other than their mother like a supreme spiritual being, a cousin, and an aunt. Three of the participants said, since their parents' death, they went to God if they felt afraid. Two participants said they had no one to go to if they needed to know something, and one of the participants said that she had no one to go to if she needed to know something or if she felt afraid. Although, their go-to person may have changed, the majority of the participants still had someone they could go to when they needed to know something or felt afraid, and this person was most likely to be their mother.

Desire to Complete Education

When I asked the participants, "What would you say is your greatest need?" the most pertinent concept that emerged was their desire of participants from both locations to complete their education. Ten of the 18 participants indicated that their greatest need was to complete their education. A 15-year-old girl in Machaya, who had lost both her parents said, "School would help me in the future to support myself" (Transcript 17, p. 384, line 6). A 22-year-old from Kaunda Square, who had lost both her parents said her need was "to complete my education" (Transcript 18, p. 489, line 21). Further, a 19-year-old female from Kaunda Square who had lost both parents said, "I need to go back to school. That's what I need a lot" (Transcript 5, p. 219, line 4).

From my observations and the participants' life histories, it was evident that few of the participants and their caregivers had the resources to maintain them in school. Eight of the 18 participants were attending school at the time of their interviews, and seven of these eight had mentioned dropping out for periods. None of the participants had been able to complete their grade 12, only one of the participants had reached grade 11 at

the time of the interviews, and she was 19 years of age at the time. Most of the participants identified education as important to them and a way of building for the future; therefore, education could be viewed as a resiliency factor in their lives.

Strength from a Spiritual Source

When I asked the participants the follow-up question to “What would you say is your greatest need?” which was “What do you do, if you need something and you don’t have it?”, the most prevalent response from the participants living in Kaunda Square was that they would trust God for their need. Five of the participants made the following kind of remarks: “If I pray, God is going to make a way. He can make a way,” said a 19-year-old young woman from Kaunda Square who had lost both her parents (Transcript 5, p. 218, line 22). A 14-year-old girl who lived in Kaunda Square and had lost both her parents said, “When we go to church, we are told that if you need something, you have to pray, and God will provide” (Transcript 11, p. 317, lines 15-16).

Despite their tough circumstances, a majority of the participants (14) told me they had strength or capacity to keep going. Only one of the participants said they did not feel they could keep going. This was the 19 year old from Kaunda Square who had lost her mother at age 11, was abused and forced into prostitution by her step-mother, lost her father at age 14, felt neglected by her grandmother, and did not have supportive friendships.

Twelve of the 14 participants, who report having strength to continue, credited this to their relationship with a supreme spiritual being. “God gives me give power and courage,” said a 14-year-old girl from Machaya Village, whose father passed away when she was 7-years-old (Transcript 10, p. 311, line 1). A 22-year-old young woman in

Kaunda Square, who lost her father at 15-years-of-age, said, “Not my own strength but the strength that is from God. Yes, it is in Jesus, and it is written [in the Bible] that He will help all of us” (Transcript 3, p. 171, lines 16-17). A 16-year-old Kaunda Square resident, who had recently lost her father, said, “That strength comes from God because he’s the one helps. He helps us, and he’s the one who gives me that strength” (Transcript 15, p. 368, lines 21-22). A total of 14 girls and young women in this study expressed a faith in a supreme spiritual being.

Future Hope

In spite of their distressing circumstances, 11 of the participants indicated that they had a hope for their future in response to my question, “What do you hope for in the future?” Interesting concepts, which are illustrated by the following responses, emerged. A 14-year-old from Kaunda Square said, “To be a nurse, helping people who are suffering. I don’t like people to be suffering. Sometimes at clinic, they are not cared for. They are left” (Transcript 13, p. 338, lines 1, 3). “I’m wishing, wishing it to end,” said a 19-year-old woman from Kaunda Square, who had lost both her parents (Transcript 6, p. 240, lines 19). “I hope to see an end to this. There are some people who are going through a lot of hardship, very worse than what I am going through right now, so I hope in future problems and troubles will come to an end,” remarked a 22-year-old Kaunda Square resident (Transcript 3, p. 172, lines 19-22). I saw three concepts in their responses: First, they hoped the suffering would end; second, they had a role they wanted to play when they completed their education (e.g. nurse, accountant, wife); third, they hoped in the future to help others in their community who were suffering.

A Cry for Help

When I asked the participants, “What would you like people in North America to know about Zambian girls who have lost their parents?” the theme that ran through all their responses was a cry for help. As 19 year-old young woman from Kaunda Square, who had lost both her parents eloquently explained, “It’s not that easy for us, and Zambia cannot help. I believe they cannot help because it is a poor nation. They can’t help ‘cause we are many. We are many. I feel so bad because our country cannot help us” (Transcript 5, p. 219, lines 7-10).

In response to my question, a 14 year old participant from Kaunda Square said, “let them know the way we live” (Transcript 11, p. 320, line 17). Eight of the participants said they needed help. “We have to be helped. Why? For example, we end up being a prostitute because you’ve got no one to help you but when there’s someone who can help you, you won’t do that,” said a 19-year-old resident of Kaunda Square who had lost both her parents (Transcript 7, p. 264, lines 22-23; p. 265, line 1). Three of the eight who said they needed help related that help to completing their education. A 22-year old young woman from Kaunda Square explained:

Mm, Some of them, their parents haven’t left anything for them. So, they sit here and then they need support, training because they will stop school not because they want to but because they don’t have the finances to be in school. Mm, difficult times. People feel those conditions. It’s quite hard. They need support.
(Transcript 3, p. 175, lines 9-12)

It seems that most of the participants want us in North America to know that they need help.

A 19-year-old young woman from Kaunda Square thought that we in North America ought to appreciate what we have:

Okay, here in Zambia girls like me, we struggle a lot, and for most of them, it's in education. At my age, most of the girls are being married by their parents, and others are prostitutes, and others are still struggling to find themselves. What I would love you to know is that, for you people there in North America, you're still okay. You are lucky to have everything that you need, and for us here in Zambia, we struggle to have what we need, and to you there in America, you should appreciate God, what God has done for you, what God has given you.

(Transcript 6, p. 239, line 23; p.240, lines 1-3)

Summary

In sum, I identified 12 significant common concepts that seemed to emerge from the participants' life history interviews. I found that the most common primary caregivers for these participants during their early years was the dyad of their mother and father. Additionally, 11 participants of this study seemed to view the primary parental caregiving role as one where parents or caregivers provide basic necessities such as food, shelter, clothing, and education to those whom they were raising.

I noted that as parents passed away and family resources diminished, the number of subsequent caregivers taking care of the participants increased, and for 13 of the participants the next caregiver took over as the previous caregiver ran out of resources, became ill, or passed away. The majority (13) of the participants were mistreated by their subsequent caregivers, yet they appeared not to have any option but to remain with whoever was willing to house them. Five of the participants reported suffering sexual

abuse since their parents had passed away and while living with subsequent caregivers.

The participants' life-stories revealed that grandmothers were the primary caregivers for a period for 10 of the participants, and they appeared to be responsible for passing on the oral and cultural traditions. Furthermore, 14 participants described their friends in a positive light, and they and their friends engaged in four main activities; they played together, friends helped participants with schoolwork, they engaged in spiritual activities like reading the Bible, praying, and going to church together, and friends encouraged the participants to accept their circumstances. Thirteen of the participants said they had someone to go to when they needed to know something or felt afraid, and that go-to person was usually their mother.

Ten of the participants indicated that their greatest need was to complete their education. Despite their tough circumstances, a majority (14) of the participants told me they had strength or capacity to keep going and 12 credited this to their relationship with a supreme spiritual being. Many (11) of the participants expressed a hope for their future, which usually included a hope that their suffering would end, for a role to play when they completed their education, and to help others in their community who were suffering. Finally, the participants wanted us in North America to know how they live, that they need help, and to appreciate what we have here in North America. The descriptions of four life histories follow in the next chapter.

Chapter Five – Results: Description

Following, I share four of the life histories of the girls and young women from Kaunda Square and Machaya Village in the descriptive accounts below. At the beginning of each story, I included an introductory paragraph to set the stage for the reader. This introductory paragraph contains relevant background information, interview context, and anything else that I thought might be helpful in aiding the reader's understanding. The four participants, whose life stories I have written below, have all been given pseudonyms to protect their confidentiality, in keeping with the requirements of the ethics committees. The pseudonyms that I chose are typical Zambian names, and as usual for the indigenous cultural norms of Sub-Saharan Africa, these names have meanings.

Dubwigo (translated: Surprise)

Dubwigo was one of the four participants in the first group that consisted of the girls and young women from Machaya Village. With ages ranging from 13 to 15 years, this group was the youngest and had the least exposure to education and English of all the participants. I chose to write Dubwigo's descriptive account because her transcript contained the richest description of the four participants in her group and few interpreter suggestions and prompts. For Dubwigo's interview, Dubwigo, the interpreter, and I sat on a bamboo mat on the floor of the room next to the schoolroom of Dudzai School, in Machaya Village (Fenske, field notes, November 2005). This other room was the home of the schoolteacher and her toddler. Because Dubwigo could not speak much English, and I did not speak Bemba, her interview was interpreted. Dubwigo spoke very softly, sometimes her voice was barely more than a whisper, and sometimes she just nodded or shook her head in response.

In Bemba, Dubwigo explained that she was born 13 years ago in Kasama, the capital of the Northern Province of Zambia. Kasama has a population of approximately 200,000. For the first 12 years of her life, Dubwigo lived in this small town that served as the supply centre for most of the north of the Zambia.

Initially, Dubwigo's parents raised her. She related, "They used to buy me shoes, clothes, and I ate well. My parents - they cared for me fine. They used to buy me food and come home on time" (Transcript 1, p. 147, lines 8, 16, 23). Dubwigo told me that she would look for her mother if she needed to know something.

After her parents passed away, Dubwigo's paternal grandmother cared for her in Kasama. She described how her life changed about a year ago, "We stayed there for a while, and as time went by that was when my uncle sent, and they paid for me. By then, grandma's strength had waned" (Transcript 1, p. 145, lines 11-13). Because her grandmother was too weak to care for her, Dubwigo went to live with her paternal uncle in Machaya Village, a cluster of round mud huts in the sparse dry bush 15 kilometers north of Lusaka and a couple of hours walk to the nearest store. Life with her uncle in rural Machaya was very different:

The uncle I am staying with is brother to my dad, and he's not such a good person, because when he buys things, he doesn't buy the things for me. For instance, when if he buys bread, he just eats with his family. I won't have a share. He ill-treats me. I do feel sad. Before he leaves at dawn, he gives my kin some money for food, while I just remain here until very late, then he will come back with little or nothing. How it is when they leave, I will stay until they come back. It doesn't matter what time, that's when I will eat. When they come, they give me

food. It won't be enough – maybe a very small portion. They don't buy anything for me. The clothes I'm wearing right now are the only clothes I have. The top I'm wearing was given to me by somebody, a long time ago. The chitenge I'm wearing was given to me by my grandmother. (Transcript 1, p. 145, lines 15-21; p. 146, lines 1, 4-7, 16-19)

Now that her parents were no longer around and her ailing grandmother was far away, who did Dubwigo go to when she needed to know something? “There is no one, I just stay put. I think of my parents, and it does hurt” (Transcript 1, p. 147, lines 3, 6). She also no longer had someone to go to when she felt afraid: “No place to turn. I feel that if I say anything it will upset them” (Transcript 1, p. 148, line 5).

Even though life was hard in Machaya Village, Dubwigo felt she had the capacity to keep going. What kept Dubwigo going? “God,” she said (Transcript 1, p. 148, line 16). Dubwigo learned about God at church. She explained, “I just follow my friends, if they go then so do I” (Transcript 1, p. 149, line 17). Her friends told her, “Church is good if you pray. God does help in many ways” (Transcript 1, p. 149, line 23). Dubwigo said that her friends helped her in other ways: “This skirt I'm wearing. It was a friend, who gave it to me” (Transcript 1, p. 150, line 6).

In addition to having faith in God and helpful friends, Dubwigo hoped for an education. Obtaining an education seemed important to Dubwigo. She said that she would like people in North America to know that, “They can educate me” (Transcript 1, p. 149, line 3).

One day, life took a turn for Dubwigo. Somebody informed Angela Miyanda, the founder and director of Kabwata orphanage in Lusaka, of Dubwigo's circumstances, and

she went to look for Dubwigo in the village but could not find her (Fenske, field notes, November 2005). While in the village, Angela spoke to Dubwigo's neighbours who confirmed that she was mistreated and distressed, so Angela left a message for Dubwigo's uncle to bring her to the orphanage that Friday, which he did.

At the orphanage, Dubwigo was cared for according to the indigenous cultural norms, and now had several surrogate aunties mothering her (Fenske, field notes, November 2005). Now that she lived at the orphanage, Dubwigo was thankful to have the things she had missed while living with her uncle in Machaya: three nutritious meals a day, a couple of pairs of new shoes, adequate clothing, and importantly – education.

What is notable about Dubwigo's life story is that both her mother and father raised her and provided for her. After losing both her parents, she lived with her grandmother who was kind to her. When her grandmother became too old to care for her, she lived with her uncle, who neglected and mistreated her, and at the time of the interview, she felt she had no one to go to if she needed to know something or felt afraid. However, she indicated that she had supportive friends, who took her to church, and she had faith in God.

Tumelo (translated: Faith)

Tumelo belonged to the second group consisting of the four girls and young women from Kaunda Square who had their interviews interpreted. This was an older group with ages ranging from 14 to 18 years. All the participants of this group had always lived in the city and received more education and exposure to English than the first group. I chose Tumelo to represent her group because her transcript had richest description the least interpreter suggestions and prompts of those in her group. I interviewed Tumelo in the small, dark, hot living room of the family's home in Kaunda Square. Tumelo was 16 years old, at the time, and she chose to have her interview interpreted from Nyanja to English. Growing up in Lusaka, with greater financial resources and access to education than most in Kaunda Square, Tumelo appeared to understand my English questions and was quite eloquent.

She was able to offer a substantial narrative about her early life: "I was born in 1989 at the University Teaching Hospital, and we were living in Woodlands (upper SES [socio-economic status] suburb of Lusaka). That is where we were living," (Transcript 2, p. 152, lines 8-9). She said, "My mommy told me that I was a quiet baby and never used to cry a lot. It took me time to start walking, and I was a dopey girl but when I was hungry, I would cry. She used to give me nshima" (very thick cornmeal porridge, which is the staple diet of the indigenous people of Sub-Saharan African (Transcript 2, p. 155, lines 3-4, 8). Tumelo was the youngest of three children. She had two older sisters and an older brother.

Tumelo continued her life story:

It used to feel nice because everything was there, and the house was a government

house because dad used to work in the government. I used to feel good the way we used to live. To me everything was good. My daddy and my mommy used to buy us everything we wanted and take us to school and do all. All I knew was playing with my friends. It used to feel nice. We used to play on the swings, my friends came to my place, and we played. (Transcript 2, p. 153, lines 5-6, 10-13, 17; p. 154, lines 19-23)

While living in Woodlands, Tumelo shared a bedroom with her elder sister.

Tumelo said that she “used to sleep just fine, and I used to feel nice, and there were people who use to peep through the curtains, and I used to be afraid. Because there are thieves, it was good to share a bedroom with someone older” (Transcript 2, p. 153, line 23; p. 154 lines 1-2). About her elder sister, Tumelo said, “We used to understand each other very well. She was someone who you share good ideas with. When I want to do something wrong, she will guide me. When I was young, if something got difficult, I used to go to my elder sister or my mommy” (Transcript 2, p. 154, lines 10-11; p. 161, lines 8-9). Sadly, Tumelo’s elder sister passed away: “Yes even right now, I do miss her because she would help me in my schoolwork like reading and other things” (Transcript 2, p. 1534, lines 13-14).

Tumelo continued and described her father, “He was a nice person, he used to help a lot of people, and he was understanding” (Transcript 2, p. 155, lines 16-17). She also said, “And my dad’s friends used to hate him. Yes, because he was a clever man” (Transcript 2, p. 153, lines 7-10). Tumelo’s eldest sister helped increase my understanding of what occurred at that time:

And, that was until 1992 when daddy retired. Yes, he was in the second republic.

That's the government, in which he was working when Dr. Kaunda was there, so when the third republic came into power – so it was like – it was complicated. They didn't want those old people, so he was retired, and the lump sum – it wasn't enough for maybe buying a house and to keep up. (Transcript 3, p.166, lines 9-15).

Tumelo resumed her story:

My dad stopped working, and then we shifted from a big house to living with my grandfather in his servant's quarter in Woodlands extension, because things became difficult. Grandfather was a kind man. He took care of us. The fact is, he used to work there for a white person. My grandfather was a very generous person. He loved sharing whatever food he had prepared, even if he prepared his favorite meal, which was dried meat, he would share it. We always ate together. He was a nice person, who used to over indulge us with his nice stories. Yes, he was indeed a very nice person. (Transcript 2, p. 152, lines 9-11)

Life for Tumelo and her family changed again:

That is the time when dad got sick. I love my dad, and he was very sick, and I used to love him. I used to feel bad and feel pity. We moved again and started staying somewhere, and my mother started a business of selling meat. The business did not go on well because my mother has to look after dad, and she has to use a lot of money to take care of dad.

We stayed there for a while then moved to our aunt in Kaunda Square, near the first bus stop. At my aunt's place, they used to not give us food. They ate in the bedroom. We used to feel very bad. That was where we stayed but not so

nice as my auntie was hard, until one day my eldest sister came with the pastor so that we could start going to his church. Then him - the pastor was the one who used take us with him, so that we could start school - he would help us by giving us tea and snacks. We would come home in the evening. So my aunty said, "Look for the house, and we'll be helping you." but right now she had to stop helping. (Transcript 2, p. 152, lines 12-19)

That's when Tumelo's father passed away. "The death of my daddy" was the hardest thing, "because I know that I will not have him again. My daddy was a nice person, and no one can give me that" (Transcript 2, p. 156, lines 14-15). When she described what it was like to lose her father, her eyes filled with tears and she began to sniff: "Sometimes, I think of him and ask myself why did he die? My friends encourage me and help me to understand, and they tell me that things like this do happen. They tell me not to cry" (Transcript 2, p. 155, lines 19-21).

Tumelo described her friends to me:

My friends are good people. They tell me good things, and there are also are my siblings too. For example, they tell that I should not insult, "Do not refuse to your mother," and they encourage me not think of my father because I will meet him in heaven. My friend also tells me that her mother and father died. Sometimes I cry when I am alone. Unless a friend reminds me, then I will cry. (Transcript 2, p. 156, lines 5-12)

Tumelo said the following about her mother:

My mother she is fine. I love her so much. Mm-mm, my mother, she does help other people. Whatever people ask, she tries her very best to help. If people are

sick or suicidal and feel like taking their own lives, she will advise them. She will encourage them to be strong, with advice, like, “Be strong because God loves us. Just because you are sick, does not mean the end of the world. Not at all, you will get well. God loves us.” She has taught me a lot about loving my friends. Even if I have a little, I should share. If my friend is dressed in rags, and I have a better dress then I should give it to them. In this way, I will get my thanks from God. She does teach about respect for the elders, and how to be at peace with other people. (Transcript 2, p. 162, lines 9, 14-23)

Illustrating the family’s life at the time of her interview, Tumelo said the following:

So right now, my mommy looks for money from here and there and asking just like that, and once she finds something, she will save until she gets enough. Sometimes, she will sell some ladies’ panties like that until she gets what she wants but sometimes, some people cheat her. They take the panties and they will not bring the money. (Transcript 2, p. 152, lines 21-23; p.153, lines 1-2)

While her mother eked out an existence by selling women’s’ underwear to support her family, Tumelo had a way of getting what she needed. If she needed something or really wanted something that she did not have, she washed clothing for others to earn an income: “I used to wash babies nappies (cloth diapers) and clean the baby when he messes up” (Transcript 2, p. 158, lines 7-8). She described how others treated her while she worked:

There are some people that look down on me, like I was a fool - laugh at me for washing other peoples clothes. I feel bad about it, but because I do need things, I

see the need to do it. Everything is hard. When you do work, people treat you like a fool. You get the manual duties and rewarded with constant verbal abuse just because you are not educated. They were here asking me to go back to work, but I have decided to remain where I am, like I am. I used to feel so bad. Whenever I fell sick, for example with malaria, they would come and without any greetings insist that I was faking illness just to avoid work. (Transcript 2, p. 156, lines 22-23; p. 157, lines 1, 3; p.158, lines 1-5, 12-14)

Tumelo thought that if she had been able to remain in school, her prospects might have been brighter. She said:

If you are not educated, your job options are low. It is important to be educated because the future is unknown. If you happened to get a job, how are you going to sign your name? If you are required to jot your name down, how are you to write it, if you do not know how? (Transcript 2, p. 157, lines 14-18)

When Tumelo felt bad about the way things were in her life, there were times she could not go to anyone. She said, sadly, “I just control myself, at other times I just cry. It is not all the time that you have someone. At times, others might think you have lost your self-respect” (Transcript 2, p. 158, lines 17, 19-21). At other times, she felt she could approach her mother or eldest sister if she was worried about something: “For, an example, if a friend picks on me, I do ask at home, ‘Should I argue back, or should I just let them be?’ They do tell me about the importance of friendship. They advise me to let it be because friends should not argue” (Transcript 2, p. 162, lines 1-3).

Furthermore, she found that “the Bible, the word it speaks, church, and the things they teach” kept her going (Transcript 2, p. 159, line 7). Getting to church was not easy

matter, though: “I do not go to church, as I have to catch a mini bus, and all that. Also, because I have no shoes there is no motivation, even if there is a church nearby. I do have one pair. I did have two pairs but one got torn, and my feet - just to find a pair that fits...” (Transcript 2, p. 159, lines 9-13).

Finally, Tumelo described herself to me:

The way I am in my own heart, I am a good person, but if a person makes me angry, I do not like it. When I am bored and someone is telling me about something, I do not feel good. When I am tired or hungry, I do not like someone to confuse me. If I am tired, and someone plays with my mind by giving me so and so orders, I do not like it, and I do get upset. If it is sweeping, I just do it.

When I have the strength, I just do it, like I did this morning. I swept, because I felt like doing it, not because someone said so. At times, mom asks me to do some chores, I will go ahead and do it, but I do refuse at times, when it is too much, and I am too tired. Mm, sometimes my mom does things like that, even if one is tired. At times when I am feeling hungry, I do refuse. Mm, I refuse if I happen to be tired and out of strength and hungry and exhausted but in the end, I end up doing it anyway. (Transcript 2, p. 164, lines 11-23)

Importantly, Tumelo would like North Americans to know, “Even the affluent Zambian girls who have lost parents do need help too. Please try and give to them” (Transcript 2, p. 160, lines 19-20).

Tumelo’s description reflected that both her parents provided for her. She had a close relationship with an elder sister, who later passed away. Tumelo described her father as a kind man, and his passing, when she was 10 years old, was her greatest loss.

Tumelo had friends, siblings, and a spiritual life that helped her cope.

Musuma (translated: Beauty)

Masuma was one of the nine girls, in the third group of young women from Kaunda Square whom I interviewed in English and assumed were not influenced by the interpreter, as he was not present during their interviews. The participants of this group were the eldest of the three groups, with ages ranging from 14 to 22 years, and they had the most education of all the participants with education levels ranging from grade 7 to grade 11. I chose to write Musuma's description because her transcript contained the richest data of all the participants. At the time of the interview, Musuma was 19 years old, and she lived with her elder sister and brother in a small house in Kaunda Square. Musuma was the youngest of eight siblings. Since Musuma had always lived and been educated in Lusaka, she had experienced ongoing exposure to English, and like all but one of the participants who interviewed in English, she said that she did not need the interpreter to be present during the interview. This interview was held in the heat of the small dark living room of Musuma's brother's home.

Musuma began her life story:

I was born in 1986. My father died in an airplane. He was coming from Tanzania to here, and they were trapped. I think he survived but he had internal injuries, and that's how he died. Actually, I never knew my father because I was very young when he passed away. When I was young, I never used to know what it was like when they talked about my father. I told my sister about it, and she said she heard a rumor that my father was very responsible – very responsible but I never liked it that he died when I was young. I never grew up with my father, and I don't know if my sisters did but they all try to support me to go to school. I try

to do my best so that I don't bring them down. (Transcript 4, p. 192, line 10; p. 191, lines 7-12)

Musuma was clearly upset while she explained this and needed to stop at this point.

We waited until she indicated that she felt ready to continue her story. Later, she told me about her mother:

She was also doing business, so we never used to be together for a long time. She was very busy. She used to go to Eastern Province for business then comes back, so I also spent little time with her.

Oh, she would talk nicely. She would talk as a good mother. She was a very good mother. She knew how to talk to me very well. Even when I did something wrong, she knew how to deal with me. Like when I was chased [sent away] from school, I came back crying, and she sat me down - told me that it was going to be all right, I was going to go back to school, don't worry about it because it was not my responsibility. And, she was a very good mother to me. It felt good 'cause she always made sure that she achieved the promises that she made. Very much, I relied on my mother.

I used to sleep with her in her bed. Even when she was sick, I used to sleep with her, next to her. It was so good - next to my mum. But, I can only remember when she was sick, very sick, and I used to bother her a lot, 'cause I was young. I used to bother her a lot, very much - like wanting her to give me money like my friends got from their mothers. I never used to think that she was going to die because I was very young. I never knew then how it was, so I used to see it only as though maybe she was just pretending or something.

For me when I was that young, it was just okay. I never used to feel anything, anything bad in me, and when I was five, my mom also passed away. But after she died, I had that pain 'cause I was told, "You will never see your mother again or hear from her again. She's dead," and I heard that. It was my friend who told me that. She was older than me, and she just came running to where I was. She told me, "At your place there some people are running, and there're some people crying," and I ask her, "Why're they crying?" And she told me, "That's your mom. She's dead." And, I never see her again. "They're going to bury her, and you'll never hear from her." I thought, "Where was my mom?" and they also told me the same thing that she's gone.

It was so hard. I stopped going to school for her. I really wanted to see my mother, even though I knew she was dead. I really wanted to see her because at least she was the only one who could be there for me and force me to go to school. She struggled very much for me to go to school. It wasn't easy again. It's really the hardest part. There wasn't anything at home 'cause we faced so many challenges – so many difficulties.

When my sister took me, she took me, and she also struggled for my education 'cause she was not well. Struggled. By then, I was older. But in all, I got used to being with my sisters and brothers. I got used to them because they're like my real parents. They're like my mother and my father. (Transcript 4, p. 194, lines 8-10; p 196, lines 18-23; p. 197, lines 1-10; p. 194, lines 11-23, p. 195, lines 1-13; p. 196, lines 7-9)

Musuma's grandmother was another important caregiver in her life. She described

her grandmother to me in painful, loving detail:

She's the one who came and picked me up from my sister's place. She feels she wants to live with me, and that's how I went to live with her – together with my aunty. With my grandmother, well it was fine. She was a very good woman – very kind, in fact, ever kind to everyone - especially, more especially to me. The thing I liked most about my grandma was that she was very kind to people. Everybody liked her very much. In fact, when she died, everybody missed her 'cause she was a very good woman – social and very strong. She had a small vegetable garden, and she used to go there every morning, at least do some watering or getting surprised because she was just too old for that job. She used to grow vegetables, maize, and groundnuts. And uh, when it came to sweeping again - I mean doing the housework - she used to wake up very early, even though she was older.

Well, living with her, it was very good 'cause she was like a real mother to me. She was never like my grandmother. She was very open to me, and uh, the thing I liked most was how she used to encourage me going to school – never to be absent from school. She knew the importance of education, so if I refused, she used to at least force me to go to school whenever I refused. She used to wake me up early in the morning, force me to go back to school, and she made sure that I go to school. And if I refused, she used to go with me to school – very slowly but she used to go. She always used to make sure that I was in class.

She knew that when I finish school, I'm going to become somebody in life 'cause she had seen so many people who succeeded in education, so I'm sure that's what she wanted me to be as well – at least wanted me to be someone.

Whenever I had no books, she used to make sure that she bought the books then at least I go to school – to make sure I was never absent from school. She was very good. (Transcript 4, p. 204, lines 7-9; p. 198, lines 1-3, 21-23; p. 199, lines 1-23; p.200, lines 1-9)

Musuma explained how her grandmother obtained the money for her school requirements, “Well, she used to ask for some money from my aunty, the daughter to her. She used to ask for some money and then she give me, and I buy books” (Transcript 4, p. 200, lines 11-12).

Musuma told me she learned some important things from her grandmother:
Well, I learned to be hard working 'cause she was very hard-working woman. She was very strong and hard working, so I really want to be like her. I want to be hard working, using my own hands, without depending on anything. Well, perhaps at least developing a business.

I learned from her how to be good to people and kind 'cause she was very kind. So, at least I got those things from her. She was very social and kind to everybody else. When it came to giving, she was the number one. She used to accommodate so many people in the house, different ones, and whenever it came to giving, whoever came into the house whether hungry or not, she used to provide food for those people and make sure those people eat.

When her children buy for her, she makes sure that she shares that food. That little she had, she used to share with everybody else, and she made sure that nobody left the house without eating something. Some of her children, whenever she gave, they used to complain, saying, “We’re giving you this, and you’re

giving to people. Now, stop giving because don't you want these things." And she used to say, "Okay, I'll stop." And whenever her children had left, she used to give again. She never stopped giving 'cause she believed in giving very much.

(Transcript 4, p. 201, lines 12-15; p. 202, lines 3-10, p. 204, lines 18-22)

Musuma began to choke up as she told me this but was determined to continue her story.

She explained why she liked her grandmother's generosity so much:

I liked the giving because the Bible says when you give then you shall be given back, and I saw it in her. Whenever she gave, she used to receive that back, and that's what I learned from her. God used to give her back what's she has given – more than what she has given, so that's why I liked it. I never even mind whenever she gave, whatever she gave 'cause I knew that God was going to give her back again after that.

The other thing I learned from her was going to church. I think she was a very strong Christian, so whenever it was a Sunday, she used to make sure we went to church together, without fail, unless you were sick or something. So at least, I grew up knowing God from childhood just because of my grandmother because she really loved God. And praying - she used to make sure that whenever you want to go to sleep, you prayed, or even if you were sleeping, she used to wake us and ask if we'd prayed, and if we say no, she used to pray, and then we go to sleep. I knew God from her, and I saw the work of God in my grandmother.

She died in October 2000. She died in the house – 85 years old. She was very, very old but very strong. Okay, the thing, which makes me feel most sad about my grandmother's death was when she was dying she was calling me. She

was calling my name, and I was outside, and when I wanted to go in, my aunty stopped me 'cause I didn't know what was going on with her but she was just there calling my name, and my aunty told me, "Your grandmother is calling you. She wants you to take her to the toilet," and when I went inside to her, it was already too late. She was dead.

I feel sad that I was never there when she was calling me. I feel sad, yeah, 'cause when she wanted me, I was not there. 'Cause whenever she wanted to send me anywhere, I used to do that, and she appreciated what I used to do for her. So, I always feel like I'm the one to blame 'cause I was never there when she wanted me to take her to the toilet but I couldn't do it. I hid after she died.

Well in the same week when she died, I didn't took it seriously because there were people in the house – many people, so I never thought anything but after everybody left, that's when I realized that it was my grandmother who was dead, and she was no longer in the house. I was never happy. It was very sad 'cause after my mom left she was the only one I depended on. Well when she died, I really missed her. I really missed her a lot. She used to, at least, manage to give me the things that I wanted 'cause I was the only child in the house, so she made sure that whatever I asked for, at least she provided. So, when she died, it was very sad.

After she died, it was so hard to believe that she was gone 'cause I didn't expect her to die just then 'cause she really wanted to see me growing. And, she really wanted to see how I was going to succeed, and I used to think that she was going to see what she wanted me to be, and after she died, it felt bad. It was so

hard to believe that she was gone, and it took time for me to forget about her.

Well, she never told me what she wanted me to be but she only told me that, “If you finish school, you’re going to be somebody. You’re going to be rich. You’re going to have everything on your own.” I just wanted her to see what she wanted me to be ’cause that’s what she really wanted. Well, my whole life’s changed. I felt like I was different - a different Musuma - ’cause she was more like a friend to me. I mean she’s the only one I depended on. (Transcript 4, p. 201, lines 16-21; p. 202, lines 6-14; p. 198, 1, 4-6; p. 203, lines 1-16; p. 197, lines 14-18; p. 204, lines 17-23)

After her beloved grandmother passed away, Musuma went to live with her siblings again but found life with them quite different to living with her grandmother. She became upset, as she elaborated for me:

My sisters and brothers, they don’t have all that time for me, but my grandmother had much time for me. With my grandmother, whenever I’d done something wrong, she used to sit me down and tell me and control me. And when it comes to my grandmother, whenever she told me something, and I respond in a wrong way, she used to tell me, “Never answer old people in that way ’cause you never have good luck, you never have peace.” But, with my brothers and sisters, whenever I do something, they shout.

This day, I asked for some money from my brother. I really depended on him, and I stopped praying ’cause my brother told me I should wait, he’s going to give me, and when the time for him to give me the money came, he told me he never had money. I was really disappointed ’cause I really depended on man.

(Transcript 4, p. 204, lines 17-23; p. 205, line 1)

She continued to share her life struggle with me:

It was very hard. Even now, it's very hard 'cause some at least have got their fathers - can ask anything from their fathers, and I know that I don't have to bother my sisters and my brothers if I had a father. Whenever I think of a father, I always feel bad. My siblings try to support me but now-a-days in Zambia, things are changing. You know, she with a father asks her parents – she may ask anything from her parents – buys anything she feels like buying, and I don't have anybody to ask. (Transcript 4, p. 192, line 21-23; p. 193, lines 1-3)

Nevertheless, Musuma had a supportive friend who she could go to when she felt afraid. Musuma said the following about her friend:

Anna, she always encourages me, and she's always there for me as a friend. We grew up together. She's been my friend since childhood. I have so many friends but she's different from the rest of my friends 'cause she understands me very well, and she knows my life, and she knows how to take me.

Whenever like I want something like when it comes to school fees, I tell her, and she always tells me that I should leave everything to God. She'd always pray to God. I always pray together with her. She's a very good friend, and she always gives me materials for studying, 'cause she's in grade 11, so whenever she goes to the other grade, she always makes sure that she gives me the material.

I thank God. I count myself lucky to have such a friend. 'Cause it was this time, I was going to school - she was also at Chelston School but she got a transfer. She went to Munali Girls' High School. So, this morning, I was going to

school, and I went to say good morning to her, and it was very cold, last year in June, and I never had a jersey [sweater], so she gave me a school jersey [school uniform sweater] 'cause she saw that I was feeling very cold. It felt good. And when I came back from school, I washed it, and I took it back but she told me she had given it to me because she was no longer at Chelston. (Transcript 4, p. 205, lines 6-23; p. 206, lines 1-8)

Musuma also had support from her youth pastor, who she said she could go to if she needs to know something about life: "I go to my youth pastor. I have a youth pastor at church, and he's the one I go to" (Transcript 4, p. 206, lines 11-12). She said that if she went to him with a question he would "answer in a gentle way" (Transcript, p. 206, line 16). She described him for me:

He has the heart for youth, and I find out about the life. He's a very good man of God. He makes sure that I go to church every Saturday and Sunday, and whenever I am absent for a long time, he always asks what's making me fail to go to church, also prays with me. I feel good 'cause whenever he comes to visit I realize that I've got people, who also call me somebody. (Transcript 4, p. 206, lines 18-23; p. 207, lines 3-5)

Not having caregivers able to provide for her impacted Musuma's education. She elaborated:

In my family, we're eight siblings but only one completed – my elder sister. Of all these, my older sisters and brothers, only one has completed grade 12. Following with the results I am having, that's where I'm supposed to be. I didn't want to go to Chelston School because that's where I was the last time, where I never wrote

my exams so I felt bad about going back there. Uh huh, repeating a grade, and whenever I see my friends who are in high schools - their high schools - 'cause Chelston is just a basic school (it's not a secondary school) - whenever I see my friends, I feel bad 'cause they're finishing this year.

I was supposed to finish but needed three more years to finish my education due to...but okay, it's not easy. Sometimes when I see it, I wish my parents were here. My education, that's the only thing, which makes me feel sad because I always tell my family that. My friends, the ones who I was with before I went back the grade nine – they're writing their last exams, this year, and whenever I see them going to write exams, I think I should be writing my final exams this year together with them, instead I'm going to grade 11 next year.

I stayed in the compound for a year without going to school, I prayed so hard for God to answer me, to provide for me, and He heard it, and people from the church helped me to go to back school. And, He doesn't do things in our own time though I prayed for Him but He still answered my prayer. I feel good because I know that I'm relying on somebody who never disappoints and is not like man. I went back to the same grade, I wrote my exams, and I qualified to go to the other grade. I thought that I never knew that I was going to reach grade ten but overall, I thank God that he reached me, and I thank Him 'cause there are many people out there who are orphans just like me, and they never even reached grade ten. But, I thank God that He really loves me so much. He made me to be what I am today. (Transcript 4, p. 191, lines 17-23, p. 192, lines 2-5; p. 193, lines 17-23; p. 207, lines 9-15)

Musuma explained the importance of completing her education, “One of my best desires is to finish my education. I really want to” (Transcript 4, p. 193, lines 4-5). At this point, she began to cry softly, and we waited until she was ready to continue, “Because I know it’s the only way to have success. ‘Cause with education, I can be somebody” (Transcript 4, p. 193, lines 8-9). What was Musuma hoping to do once she has completed her grade 12? “I want to do accounts. I want to be an accountant” (Transcript 4, p. 194, line 2).

Musuma shared her other desire, “I want to see, at least, my family having everything they want. I want my family to be happy ’cause I know they’re really good” (Transcript 4, p. 193, lines 12-14). About herself, she said, “Well, I might be young but I have passed through so many things, and it’s too late to go back. The only thing is I have to go on with my life” (Transcript 4, p. 208, lines 6-7). Musuma told me that she believes she has the capacity to keep going and that her strength comes from God.

Musuma’s message to North Americans from girls and young women who have lost parent to HIV/AIDS was as follows:

They should never give up with their life – look unto God ’cause He’s the only one who knows their life. Put their faith in Him ’cause I believe He created each and every one of us for a purpose, so we should rely on Him. I know it’s hard but with God nothing is impossible, so I believe they should put God first even with parents or without parents. (Transcript 4, p. 208, lines 13-17)

Musuma finished by telling me, “I believe that God is my father” (Transcript 4, p. 208, line 17). I asked her how that came to be. She said, “Okay when a child asks from a father, he gives the children what they ask, so when I ask from God, He always give me

what I ask” (Transcript 4, p. 208, lines 19-20).

I noted in Musuma’s story that she lost her father before she was 5 years of age. Although Musuma’s mother was a busy woman, she communicated warmly with Musuma, and Musuma believed she could count on her. When Musuma lost her mother at 5 years of age, her elder sister took her in. Musuma appeared to have a particularly affectionate bond with her grandmother, with whom she also lived. Musuma had a supportive friend who encouraged her in her spiritual life. Musuma believed that she had the capacity to keep going and that ability came from God, whom she viewed as a surrogate father, and she had a hope for the future.

Lukondi (translated: Love)

Lukondi was the only participant who directly told me that she did not feel like she had the strength to keep going, so I included Lukondi's story because it was exceptional. My interview with Lukondi took place in one of the more affluent homes in Kaunda Square – the home where Lukondi was employed as a maid. The middle-aged couple, who employed Lukondi reported that they needed someone to help in their home and that they viewed her as a daughter. As Lukondi had always lived in a larger city, had completed her grade 11, and had ongoing exposure to English, she said she did not need the interpreter to be present. In her response to the interview questions, Lukondi jumped around chronologically, first telling me about when she was 14 years old, then about later years, then about to her early years, and then about her later years again. Consequently, I needed to rearrange her story into chronological order for the reader and my own understanding.

Lukondi, who was 19 years old at the time of her interview, was born in Livingstone. With its colonial roots, Livingstone is a tourism center located 10 kilometers north of the famous Victoria Falls on the border of Zambia and Zimbabwe. I was informed that Zambians consider this city to be the most beautiful in Zambia (Fenske, field notes, November 2005). Life in Livingstone was good for Lukondi, her sister Mary, and her parents. She said, "But the truth is, it was good. Life was easy for me and my family. Life was okay" (Transcript 5, p. 211, lines 4-5). What made it good for Lukondi? "Cause my parents used to fight for us for our life" (Transcript 5, p. 211, line 7).

Lukondi assured me that her mother was a good mother: "She never used to beat us. When I was sick, she used to help me" (Transcript 5, p. 211, lines 21-22; p. 212, line

1). She spoke fondly of her father:

He was a caring father. He was not a man who liked going out with other girlfriends when he was married. Our relationship was good. He used to teach me about how to relate to people in life, how to understand, how to face life. About life, he told me that I should be able to face whatever comes my way, and he told me that I should work hard in school. He encouraged me a lot. My father's words helped me – cause this is what I am facing now -so, I am able to understand it. I am able to face things. (Transcript 5, p. 213, line 13-22; p. 214, lines 3-4)

When Lukondi was in her early teens, the family moved to the Kaunda Square, an impoverished neighborhood in Lusaka, the capital and the most densely populated city of Zambia. Kaunda Square had a population of 5,000 adults plus children living in 691 households (Fenske, field notes, October 2005). Most of the homes in this neighbourhood consisted of four rooms – two bedrooms, a living room, and a kitchen – and each one housed a few families. Dusty dirt roads criss-crossed the neighbourhood, and raw sewerage filled the trenches alongside those streets. Every object inside and out had a continuous coating of orange dust. The neighbourhood bustled with vendors selling their wares – vegetables, nail polish, charcoal – along the roadsides. She explained about her life when they came to Kaunda Square:

Well, we come here in Lusaka, here in Kaunda Square. I used to stay with my uncle, who's now in Mazabuka. I did household work. It was not okay 'cause sometimes we stayed without food. And, we used to stay with my mom, there by my uncle. And, they used to talk a lot, like they cannot handle my mom when she's sick. They cannot do that. It's better that they take her somewhere.

(Transcript 5, p. 209, lines 9-12; p. 215, lines 15-16, 23; p. 216, line 1)

Then Lukondi painfully elaborated on what happened when her family moved with her mother to Chombe, a suburb in the south of Lusaka:

Before mom died, I used to take care of her. I used to make her food, there in Chombe. It was not good, like when mom was sick. There in south Lusaka, mom died. It was so hard for me, 'cause I was young. I was not supposed to miss my mom. It was so difficult for me. I was 11. (Transcript 5, p. 212, lines 17-18; p. 209, lines 9-10; p. 215, lines 2-7)

After her mother died, the family returned to Kaunda Square, and Lukondi's life changed again. Lukondi continued her story:

Dad gets married to a stepmother. She was not that good. She was not. She was not good. She used to accuse us of doing something that we never did. Like, she used to tell Dad like, "Ah, Lukondi did that," or "Lukondi stole some money," or "Lukondi, I saw Lukondi with a boyfriend." That's what she used to do. I felt so bad. Dad would just beat us. (Transcript 5, p. 210, line 12; p. 214, lines 12-23)

Lukondi further described her life with her stepmother:

Sometimes you live without food. Sometimes you are forced to do hard work at home. It's not that easy to lose parents. You are forced to do bad things.

Sometimes, stepmother used to force us to do those things like prostitution. She used to force us but I never wanted it. I just wanted to complete my school.

(Transcript 5, p. 210, lines 12-17)

Lukondi coped by fleeing to her grandmother's home: "I stayed away from home. I went to my grandma. Even grandma, she's not that good. About grandma: Sometimes,

she has money, when she has been given by these people. Still, I'm without food"
(Transcript 5, p. 210, line 19-21).

Lukondi said that her father worked at Zambian Air Force (ZAF), "When he was working, life was okay with us" (Transcript 5, p. 213, line 1). Then she experienced another painful loss:

Then, there where Dad was working he was bewitched. Yeah, and he was bewitched by his friend because Dad was so intelligent. When he was working there by ZAF, he started getting sick. He started getting sick sometimes and sometimes he seemed better. Then he stayed for a year, just in that sick condition. Then after a year passed, he was okay for five months, and then one day he got sick again, and he died. It was painful, very painful for me. It was painful because he used to fight for my school - so it was painful 'cause I had no one to fight for me. Dad died when I was about 14. I had to support myself since I was 14 years.
(Transcript 5, p. 213, lines 3-13; p. 209, lines 12-13)

Although schooling is free in Zambia, if students do not have their textbooks, school uniforms, exam fees, or PTA fees, they are not allowed to attend school. Lukondi described how she fought for her education:

I made money for myself for grade eight, and then when we crossed over to this area. My uncle, who helped me, died. Now, I am staying with my grandma. Grandma, ah, as for grandma, she's doing nothing. She's just sitting on the mattress. She cannot manage money for my grade 10. I started grade 10, then after that every December I had to work. I worked to pay for grade 11, for grade 10, but it was not easy. It was not that easy for me. This time, ah, it's not that

good 'cause I used to go to school in the mornings and in the afternoons I go for a walk to work, so I couldn't have time to study. So, I was not doing great at school. Ah, then when I was in grade 11. It was not that easy for me 'cause in grade 11, you have to study, and you have to go for tuition. And, there was no one to do that for me. There was no one to give me money for uniforms, for whatever. At school, they need a lot, and I couldn't manage. I don't have time to study, time to do whatever. I was just thinking about what I will do from there. I failed. I failed to make money for grade 11. I was in grade 11, and then I had to stop. I felt so bad. I'm so useless, really. (Transcript 5, p. 209, lines 18-23; p. 217, lines 7-19)

Lukondi's greatest loss was having to drop out of school. She said, "When I stopped school, that was my greatest loss" (Transcript 5, p. 219, line 2). She felt that she could no longer cope and asserted:

For me, what I need is to go back to school. That's what I need a lot. For me to be someone in future, I've gone to school – cause that's the key to success. There is no other key that I can use, apart from being educated. Education is the key. It was good. (Transcript 5, p. 220, line 4; p. 210, line 23; p. 211, lines 1-2)

When I met Lukondi, she was working as a maid, "just to help her grandma and to help herself in some way" (Transcript 5, p. 219, line 20). She explained, "When I work as a maid, at least I help myself" (Transcript 5, p. 218, line 11). However, there are aspects of the work that she did not like:

It's not good, and I wouldn't like to do this work, again 'cause sometimes you are being accused of something that you didn't do, as a maid. Like when I was

working there by Chilenge, I was being accused of going out there with her husband. Then they had to beat me. I felt like I could just die. Yes, especially, the first time when I was being accused of going out with the husband. They asked me, and then I said, “No, I am not going out with your husband.” Then they said, “No, I have a feeling that you are going out with my husband,” and then, he had to beat me, so that they can see the truth, so I was beaten. Then I had to stop working there. (Transcript 5, p. 216, lines 9-23; p. 217, lines 1-2)

While Lukondi’s life is tough, she does not always feel supported by others in her family or community. Her sister, Mary lived in Mombe, a village about 10 kilometers outside of Lusaka. Mary was married. Lukondi said, “Married, but cannot help. She’s good, but she cannot afford. Some of my friends, they’re being helped by their sisters” (Transcript 5, p. 211, lines 9-19). About her friends, she said, “Yeah. My friends – I have friends but we can only be friends when I have cash. They cannot stand with me when I am having a problem. They can’t. That’s the friends I have” (Transcript 5, p. 219, lines 9-13).

About her life Lukondi said, “Yes, it’s not that easy. Life is not that easy ’cause even if you have a mother, and you’re staying without food, when your mother is there, at least that love from parents is good” (Transcript 5, p. 210, lines 5-8).

Lukondi would like us in North America to know, “It’s not that easy for us, and Zambia cannot help. They cannot help because I believe it is a poor nation. That’s what I believe ’cause they cannot help us. They can’t help ’cause we are many. We are many. I feel so bad because our country cannot help us” (Transcript 5, p. 220, lines 7-10).

Yes, Lukondi seemed to have lost hope. When I asked her, “Would you say you

have strength to keep going?” She replied, “Just like this - no” (Transcript 5, p. 218, line 13). What did she think would help her? “I go back to school, ‘cause I want to be someone” (Transcript 5, p. 218, line 17). She continued to describe herself, “Lukondi, she is a young lady, who needs school a lot, who needs to be someone in the future. That’s Lukondi. About her - she fights a lot to be someone” (Transcript 5, p. 219, line 17-21). Moreover, what would she do if she wanted something badly, like her education, “I pray. Yes. If I pray, God is going to make a way. He can make a way” (Transcript 5, p. 218, line 22). She may have lost hope; yet, in spite of her experiences, she has not lost her faith.

Lukondi’s described having parents who cared for her until her mother died when she was 11 years old and her father remarried. Lukondi’s stepmother mistreated her and forced Lukondi to prostitute herself, and her father beat her, so Lukondi fled to her grandmother, who appeared unable to respond to her needs. Lukondi’s father passed away when she was 14 years old, her elder sister was unable to support her either, and Lukondi appeared to lack caring friendships. Though she had a spiritual life, Lukondi said she did not feel she was able to keep going in her circumstances.

Chapter Seven – Results: Interpretation

In the light of the 12 concepts that I identified, I now turned to my interpretation, in which I tried to make sense of the data. I sought to understand if Zambian girls and young women who had lost parents to AIDS described themselves in resiliency terms (such as “strength,” “capacity,” “cope,” or “keep going”), where their resilience came from, and how I thought it related to the attachments they reported in the context of their life histories. In this interpretation, resilience referred to the strength or capacity to keep going in spite of serious threats to adaptation and/or developmental outcomes (Masten, 2001; Masten & Coatsworth, 1998). For this study, I viewed the participants as describing themselves in resiliency terms when they reported having the strength or capacity to keep going in response to my interview questions. I accepted their response to my inquiry of where their strength or capacity came from as the source of their resilience.

Attachment referred to the close, enduring bonds with others that begin with proximity to one’s primary caregiver in infancy and develop throughout one’s life (Ainsworth’s, 1973). In light of Ainsworth’s theory, if the participants described their caregivers as responding warmly to the participants generally or to the participants’ need for someone to go to if they needed to know something or felt afraid, I interpreted this as being a form of secure attachment for this study. I attempted to write my interpretation from my understanding of the perspectives of the participants in terms of the theories of attachment and resilience.

When I considered the participants life stories in view of Bowlby’s (1969, 1973) attachment theory, I found that 10 of the girls and young women interviewed described their mothers as one who generally responded to their appeals for support and protection,

both in their early years and at the time of the interview. For example, a 19-year-old Kaunda Square resident said of her mother, “she’ll tell me in a good way that she can, for me not to be afraid any more” (Transcript 6, p. 233, lines 18-19). A 16-year-old from Kaunda Square said her mother would say, “Don’t be afraid. Just tell me” (Transcript 15, p. 366, line 3).

Three of the participants reported going to their father when they felt afraid in their early years before he passed away. A 19-year-old from Kaunda Square who had lost both her parents told me, “He used to comfort me. Uh, for example, if someone wanted to beat me, I ran to my daddy. When I started crying then he would tell me, ‘Stop crying.’ Everywhere we went, he was there” (Transcript 7, p. 261, lines 15-22). “He was not afraid of anything. He used to tell me, ‘don’t be so afraid,’” said a 14-year-old Kaunda Square resident who lost her father in her early years (Transcript 13, p. 334, lines 17, 19). Three of the participants reported going to their fathers in their early years when they felt afraid and most participants said that their mother was the person they went to if they needed to know something or felt afraid.

In reference to my definition of attachment - close enduring bonds with others that begin with proximity to one’s primary caregiver in infancy and develop throughout one’s life – it seemed to me that these 10 participants had a relationship with their mothers that could be considered a close enduring bond (Ainsworth, 1973). This can be seen in the following statements about their mothers, “One thing that made me feel special with my mother is that she used to take care of us in the good way that a mother should. Mm, like washing our cloths, washing us, and giving us everything that we needed, somehow. And one of those things is love,” said a 19-year-old from Kaunda

Square (Transcript 6, p. 231, lines 4-8). “My mother. She was so good to me. She knew how to talk to me very well. Even when I did something wrong, she knew how to deal with me,” another 19-year-old from Kaunda Square told me (Transcript 4, p. 196, lines 18-20).

One 22-year-old young woman from Kaunda Square reported that she and her father, who had previously been uninvolved, began relating warmly when she was about 15 years old, after he retired and shortly before he passed away. She said, “We never spent a lot of time with him, so I’d say, I started learning about my father when he retired. That’s when we spent a lot of time” (Transcript 3, p. 185, lines 4-6). Her 16 year-old sister said, “He was a nice person, and he used to help a lot of people, and he was understanding and willing to help” (Transcript 2, p. 156, lines 16-17). A 19-year-old young woman from Kaunda Square described her relationship with her father as warm before he remarried after her mother’s death. She said, “It was painful because he used to fight for my school, so it was painful ’cause I had no one to fight for me. He was a caring father” (Transcript 5, p. 213, lines 12-13). In addition to the three of the participants who reported going to their father when they felt afraid in their early years, only three others reported a warm relationship at some point with their fathers.

Although most of the girls and young women of the study described warm relationships with their mothers and a few of them reported a warm relationship with their fathers, 12 of them expressed suffering abuse from subsequent caregivers, and none of them said they turned to caregivers, who abused them, if they needed to know something or felt afraid. It was possible that their attachment style with caregiving adults may have changed like the participants of the Waters and colleagues’ study (2000). In

their study, the attachment style of participants who experienced the loss of a parent, life-threatening illness of parent, or abuse by parent changed. Although these Zambian girls and young women, who had lost their parents, needed to remain with their subsequent caregivers in order to survive, they may not have developed a close enduring bond with these subsequent caregivers with whom they felt vulnerable.

Masten and Coatsworth (1998) wrote that when a firm, warm, and caring parent is not available for a child, adversity is high, and no effective adults are connected to a child, she or he is at risk for poor developmental outcomes. Nevertheless, it seems that all but two of the girls and young women interviewed had protective, close, enduring bonds with individuals other than their caregivers. For instance, eight of the participants spoke warmly of their grandmothers, who seemed to have played a significant role in their lives. Additionally, 14 of the 18 participants expressed a positive view of their friends and appeared to have supportive friendships. De Antoni and Koller (2000) documented the many ways Brazilian street children survive through attachments to one another when caring adults are unavailable. Perhaps, the participants from Machaya and Kaunda Square were able to develop close enduring bonds with their friends like those they had experienced with their mothers and some had with their fathers, and these bonds that they had with their friends and grandmothers compensated for the lack of attachment with subsequent caregivers.

Another relationship that could have compensated for the disappointing relationships with their subsequent caregivers was their spiritual faiths. Fourteen of the girls and young women described a relationship with a supreme spiritual being, and this religious life generally took place in the context of other social relationships such as with

their friends or their community. In 1991, President Chiluba declared Zambia a Christian nation, and 80% people of Zambia were the followers of the religion (Maps of the World, 2008; Phiri, 2003). Consequently, the participants were living in a context where religious ideas and discourses are common and a way into a network. This religious context likely influenced their perceptions and reports in that they were more likely to have viewed God as a source of their strength than other possible factors like the support of their friends.

Considering that 80% of the Zambian people were Christian, my observations of a passion in the Kaunda Square and Machaya communities for a supreme spiritual being, named God by them, and the narratives of the participants, it was likely that relationship with God was modeled by the parents of the participants (Fenske, field notes, October 2005; Maps of the World, 2008). In this connection, Swedish researcher, Granqvist (1998), investigated whether adult religiousness compensated for or corresponded to the quality of childhood relationships with parents, and found that individuals with secure attachments to parents are more likely to follow their parents' religious example than participants with insecure attachments to parents.

Further, McDonald, Beck, Allison, and Norsworthy, (2005) examined correlations between parental spirituality and attachment to a supreme spiritual being, as well as parent-child attachment and attachment to God with undergraduate students at a Christian university in Texas. They found that spirituality in the home was associated with greater reliance on and intimacy with a spiritual being. These studies offer support to the possibility of the girls and young women from Lusaka and Machaya had a close enduring bond with their mothers, who modeled a relationship with a supreme spiritual being to

their daughters. Perhaps by modeling their mental model of their supreme spiritual being after their primary attachment figure, the daughters, in turn, may have developed a close enduring bond with God, and looked to this supreme spiritual being to provide their needs, including the strength or capacity to keep going.

With reference to the participants' view of their caregivers as providers, it also seemed to me that many of the girls had adopted God, as their surrogate caregiver. I think that the 19-year-old young woman from Kaunda Square, who had lost both her parents by the time she was 5-years-old, summed it up: "I believe that God is my father. Okay, when a child asks from a father, he gives the children what they ask, so when I ask from God, He always give me what I ask" (Transcript 5, p. 208, lines 18-21).

Masten and Coatsworth (1998) wrote that attachment relationships between caregivers and children are a protective influence on human adaptation and development in both favorable and unfavorable environments. Further, Masten (2001) wrote that for an inference of resilience to be made there needs to be a demonstrable threat or risk to developmental outcomes or adaptation by multiple factors, and there needs to be a judgment about the quality of adaptation based on external and/or internal criteria of resilience. Considering the life histories of the girls and young women of the study, I found that they had indeed experienced a demonstrable risk to developmental outcomes by multiple severe factors. They were distressed by the loss of their parents to AIDS and the related lack of basic necessities such as food, clothing, shelter, healthcare, and access education, which they prioritized above all else, and suffered maltreatment by subsequent caregivers and sexual abuse. Yet, they appeared to be doing reasonable well considering their circumstances.

When I considered the stories of the participants with regard to the study's definition of resilience, the strength or capacity to keep going in spite of serious threats to adaptation and/or developmental outcomes, I found that the girls and young women from Kaunda Square and Machaya demonstrated both internal and external criteria for resilience (Masten, 2001; Masten & Coatsworth, 1998). For instance, like the Clay et al. study (November 2003), the girls and young women from Kaunda Square and Machaya did not participate in drug abuse or willingly engage in prostitution to meet their needs. Rather, they engaged in the pro-social behavior of "turning to God" and accessing supportive relationships.

Although many of the participants from Machaya and Kaunda Square indicated they had the support of their mothers, nearly all of them appeared unsupported by their schools, as they had been asked to leave the school because of not having the necessary funds, and they likely felt unsupported and stigmatized by their community. Thus, they had some of the external protective factors promoted by Benson et al. (1998) such as relationships with their mothers, grandmother, and friends, but they appeared not to have caring and support in their foster families, school, and community. As suggested by Ungar and his colleagues (2005), there is need for ecological models of resilience. Resilience research based on an ecological framework demonstrates that resilience is a characteristic of the individual as well as a quality of that individual's environment, which provides the resources necessary for her or his positive development despite adverse circumstances.

In addition to a few external factors, the participants did speak of several factors that could be considered internal criteria of resilience. A majority of the girls and young

women from Kaunda Square and Machaya Village spoke of an internal sense of competence: they reported having the strength or capacity to keep going. Second, they described a relationship with a supreme spiritual being – spirituality as important to them. Spiritual and religious affiliation was one of the seven tensions, described by Ungar, et al. (2005), that resilient youths find a way to resolve according to the strengths and resources available to them individually and within their family, community, and culture. Third, many of the participants expressed a hope for their future, which was one of the internal protective factors outlined by Benson’s research (1998). Fourth, the participants described a personal and collective sense of purpose and feeling a part of something larger (Ungar, et al., 2005). This can be seen in their responses to my question about their hope for the future and was another of the tensions resolved by resilient youth described by Ungar and his colleagues.

Interpreting the life histories of the girls and young women of Kaunda Square and Machaya in terms of theories of resilience, I found that they had external criteria of supportive relationships with their mothers, grandmothers, and friends, and did not engage in harmful activities to meet their needs. I also discovered that they had several internal criteria for resilience including a sense of competence, spirituality, a hope for the future, and a sense of purpose. Fourteen of the girls and young women and Kaunda Square and Machaya reported that having the strength, ability or capacity to keep going and that this capacity to keep going comes from their belief in a supreme spiritual being. It seemed that they viewed God as a surrogate parent or attachment figure, who provided them with their necessities. This spiritual relationship and their resilience also seemed to be connected to early attachments with their mothers, relationships with their

grandmothers, and supportive friendships. I conclude with a discussion in the next chapter.

Chapter Eight – Discussion

For the study, I conducted semi-structured life history interviews with 18 Zambian girls and young women aged between 13 and 22 years, who lost one or both biological parents to AIDS. Fourteen of the participants lived in Kaunda Square, an impoverished neighborhood of Lusaka, while the other five lived in Machaya Village in a rural area 10 kilometers outside of Lusaka. Four of the participants from Kaunda Square required their interviews to be interpreted into their indigenous language, and all the interviews done in the village were interpreted. I also borrowed ethnographic strategies for this study.

In the content analysis, I identified 12 significant common concepts that emerged from the transcripts of all the participants' life history interviews. These concepts were as follows: participant's original caregiving team was the dyad of mother and father and they seemed to view the primary parental care-giving role as one where caregivers provide basic necessities those whom they were raising. Additionally, as their parents passed away and family resources diminished, the number of subsequent caregivers increased; a majority of the participants were mistreated by one or more subsequent caregivers; and some of them reported suffering sexual abuse, since their parents had passed away and while living with subsequent caregivers. In addition, grandmothers were the primary caregivers for some period of time and appeared to be responsible for passing on the oral and cultural traditions; they had supportive friendship; and most of the participants said they had someone to go to when they needed to know something or felt afraid, and that person was usually their mother. Further, most indicated that their greatest need was to complete their education; all but one said they had the strength or

capacity to keep going and credited this to their relationship with a supreme spiritual being; and many of the participants expressed a hope for their future. Finally, the participants wanted us in North America to know how they live and that they need help.

Following the content analysis, I wrote a descriptive account of the life stories of four representative participants. The first of these, Dubwigo, shared that both her mother and father raised her and provided for her. After losing both her parents, she lived with her grandmother, who was kind to her. When her grandmother became too old to care for her, she lived with her uncle, who neglected and mistreated her, and at the time of the interview, she felt she had no one to go to if she needed to know something or felt afraid. However, she indicated that she had supportive friends, who took her to church, and she had faith in a supreme spiritual being. Tumelo's description reflected that both her parents provided for her. She had a close relationship with an elder sister, who later passed away. Tumelo described her father as a kind man, and his passing, when she was 10 years old, was her greatest loss. Tumelo had friends, siblings, and a spiritual life that helped her cope.

Musuma described losing her father before she was 5 years old. Although her mother was a busy woman, she communicated warmly with Musuma, and Musuma believed she could count on her. When Musuma lost her mother at 5 years of age, her elder sister took her in. Musuma appeared to have a particularly affectionate bond with her grandmother, with whom she also lived. Musuma had a supportive friend, who encouraged her in her spiritual life. Musuma believed that she had the capacity to keep going and that ability came from a supreme spiritual being whom she viewed as a surrogate father, and she had a hope for the future.

The last of the descriptions was about, Lukondi, who described having caring parents until her mother died when she was 11 years old and her father remarried. Lukondi's stepmother mistreated her and forced Lukondi to prostitute herself, and her father beat her, so Lukondi fled to her grandmother, who appeared unable to respond to her needs. Lukondi's father passed away when she was 14 years old, her elder sister was unable to support her either, and she appeared to lack caring friendships. Though she had a spiritual life, Lukondi not feel she was able to keep going in her circumstances.

In my interpretation of the themes found in the content analysis, I considered the question if Zambian girls and young women who had lost parents to AIDS described themselves in resiliency terms, where did their resilience come from, and how did I think it related to the attachments they reported in the context of their life histories. Most of the girls and young women of Kaunda Square and Machaya, who had lost their parents, reported having the capacity to keep going and that their strength to keep going came from a supreme spiritual being, and it seemed that they viewed God as a surrogate parent (attachment figure), who provided them with their necessities. This spiritual relationship and their resilience also seemed to be connected to early attachments with their mothers, relationships with their grandmothers, and supportive friendships.

Limitations

My study had several limitations including that the description and findings are specific to female youths, who have lost parents to AIDS and live in the areas of Machaya Village and Kaunda Square, and these findings cannot be generalized to other people living, places, or cultures. Further, the participants of this study were likely influenced by the faint hope that engaging with me would bring financial rewards. In

addition, the participants were also influenced by the presence, suggestions, and prompts of the interpreter and by my presence.

Reflecting back on the process, I remembered that rather than choosing to complete a co-constructed narrative, I chose to focus on the participant's life history - to honor it and to avoid detracting from each story. Regardless of my initial intentions, the interviews were co-constructed because the story that was told would be determined by the way that I was viewed by the participant, the questions I asked, and the manner in which I asked them, and it was I who determined the focus of the interviews and subsequent analysis. As Josselson and Lieblich (1993) wrote, each interview was the product of a mutual interaction between speaker and listener. Narrators do not simply reproduce stories regardless of the situation, but rather tell their story within the social process of mutual orientation according to their understanding of the interview context. Because the interviews had a structure and purpose determined by me, as the researcher, it was not a conversation between equal partners (Kvale, 1996).

My Learning

To improve the study, I think it would have been most helpful for me to have allowed more time for the pilot interview, pay attention to what is working, and make adjustments before heading to the field. Furthermore, I learned that there were some methodological procedures used in this study that could be improved upon. Firstly, I think that the study would have been greatly enriched had I been able to immerse myself in the communities of Kaunda Square and Machaya Village for close, long-term participant observation and a true ethnographic study. Secondly, I think that the interview could have had questions better designed to discern attachment and resilience factors.

Thirdly, the study would have benefited from my avoiding the influence of a male interpreter. Rather than relying on a little trained male interpreter, I could have found a well-trained young female interpreter, or I could have spent more time training her on my expectation for interpreting the interviews. Another alternative could have been to only interview participants who were able to communicate in English. Perhaps future studies could address these issues. In the meantime, I turn to some practical applications derived from the present study, below.

Available Resources

Although the distress displayed by the majority of the participants from the present study was a natural response to their losses and extreme circumstances they faced, they may need support in processing their losses. When in Zambia, I found that Kara counselling, a HIV/AIDS counselling service agency with a sound reputation, served this need in downtown Lusaka. However, the agency only had the capacity to connect with 30 children per year of the 700,000 who have lost parents to AIDS in Zambia (Kara, 2009). In addition to Kara, I came across only one male counselor in the Machaya/Mumbo area, and I found one female peer counsellor in Kaunda Square. Although there is talk of psychosocial care of children without parents among the professionals of Zambia, the resources appeared to be painfully insufficient. Therefore, I suggest that funders support agencies that make counselling accessible to children and youths in Zambia, who have lost parents to AIDS.

Grandmothers who are caring for children and youths who have lost parents, also need support, so that they can continue playing an important role. Winstone Zulu, an activist with Kara Counselling Trust said, “The poor are not powerful enough to be heard.

The grandmothers, for instance, are a very good example of people who are trying hard to look after orphans but do not have the power and resources to be heard” (Grandmothers to Grandmothers, September 2008). To fill this need, the Grandmothers to Grandmothers Campaign, promoted by the Stephen Lewis Foundation, seeks to raise awareness and mobilize support in Canada for grandmothers in Southern Africa (Stephen Lewis Foundation, 2009). Currently, more than 200 groups of Canadian grandmothers have raised over US \$4 million. The Stephen Lewis Foundation directs these funds to community-level NGOs that provide African grandmothers with much needed support, such as food, housing grants, school fees for their grandchildren, and grief counselling. I think it important that donors also fund access to education for Zambian children and youth who have lost their parents to help to keep their hope alive and give them the opportunity to contribute back to their community

Recommendations

When it comes conducting research with participants with such great need for food, shelter, clothing, healthcare, safety, and to complete their education, trying to convince them that I, who have access to the wealthy West, am unable to help them beyond raising awareness (in order to adhere to the requirements of the ethical review to avoid undue incentive to participate) seems an intractable issue in these circumstances (Cameron, email communication, February 15, 2009). I think we, who conduct field studies amongst such communities, need to consider beyond acquiring knowledge, sharing that knowledge with the studied community, and raising awareness of their circumstances among other communities. When participants have such great need and view a western researcher as a lifeline to aid, perhaps we have an ethical obligation to

share from our abundance and help to meet these needs in a more practical way. After living in the community and hearing the participants' stories, I felt that merely raising awareness and sharing my findings with the community seemed inadequate, and upon returning to Canada, I chose to give back to the Zambian girls and young women who had lost their parents by contributing financially to their basic necessities and education and by raising funding for other community initiatives.

Lastly, during my time in the field I discovered a section of the population of girls and young women from Kaunda Square who had lost their parents to AIDS were falling through the cracks – those who had become pregnant or had children. These very vulnerable girls and young women were taken advantage of by males (sometimes married to somebody else), and when they became pregnant, the men abandoned them. None of the five young women in the study, who had suffered sexual abuse, described receiving any counselling or care following their experience, and I have yet to come across any supportive resources for Zambian girls and young women who have lost their parents and find themselves in this position.

This void results in long-term repercussions for the girls and young women, their children, and the community. It was the law in Zambia that school girls who become pregnant have to drop out of school, and if they become pregnant a third time, they were not allowed to return to school at all (Cholo, November 2005; Human Rights Watch, November 2002; Muchenje, T, November 2005). Not only have the girls and young women, who have lost parents, struggled to obtain the funds for their schooling but they were also forced to drop out when they became pregnant. As a result, the young women who became pregnant were less likely to find a job and earn an income to support their

children. Their children, in turn, were unlikely to obtain an education, resulting in poverty and illiteracy increasing in the community. In addition to counseling, reproductive health education, and care, funders need to support agencies that offer housing, food, day care, and education to girls and young women who have lost parents and become pregnant left to raise their children on their own. These measures would help alleviate the long-term repercussions of increasing illiteracy and poverty for the girls and young women, their children, and the community.

Conclusion

The girls and young women, of this study, who had lost their parents, seemed to be abandoned in many ways. In addition to losing their parents, they had low status, were stigmatized, mistreated by their extended family or community, lost access to education, lacked basic necessities such as food, shelter, and healthcare (Bond et al., 2003; Clay et al., November 2003; ICRW, 2002a; ICRW, 2002b; Manda, Kelly & Loudon, 1999; National HIV/AIDS/STI/TB Council, 2005; ZDHS, 2002). Despite their distressing circumstances, all but one of the participants reported having the strength to continue. Most credited their strength to their relationship to a supreme spiritual being. This spiritual relationship, as well as their resilience, appeared to be connected to their attachment relationships, with their mothers and fathers, their grandmothers, and their supportive friends.

The participants appeared to view their parents' role as one who provides their basic necessities, and for many of them, their grandmothers became their primary caregivers when their mothers had passed away, had become ill, or lacked resources, With the sandwich generation dying from AIDS, who will fill this role when the African

grandmothers pass away? Perhaps, we in the wealthy West could be surrogate parents to those many children in Sub-Saharan Africa, who have lost parents to AIDS by sharing from our abundance to provide their basic necessities until they come to a place of self sufficiency.

Epilogue

Because of the volume and diversity of literature on attachment and resilience, I chose to limit the literature review and analysis of this study to that which seemed specifically related to my research question: If Zambian girls and young women who had lost parents to AIDS described themselves in resiliency terms, where did their resilience come from, and how did I think it related to the attachments they reported, in the context of their life histories. Consequently, the literature review included literature on the historical development of attachment and resilience theory and research that examined the relationship between attachment and resilience with particular focus on literature from the Sub-Saharan context, as directed by the UNZA's ethical review committee.

Because of the specifications of my literature search, I did not come across related literature on children's understanding of progressive illness and death, in my search. To add to my understanding of the participants' lived experiences, and my findings, I accessed what is known about children's understanding of progressive illness and death by searching into several different databases, such as Academic Search Elite, Sage Full Text Collection, and Blackwell Synergy. Upon reflecting on the literature on children's understanding of progressive illness and death and the findings of this study, I can see that this literature would be relevant to the study. Further analysis, in the light of this literature, would deepen our understanding of participants' lived experiences prior to their interviews as well as their attachment and resilience stories. I, therefore, offer a synopsis of the western literature on the children's understanding of progressive illness and death that I see as relevant. I include additional interpretation (although limited because I did not directly probe for participants' understanding of death and illness),

linking the data to the information on children's understanding of illness, HIV/AIDS, and death, and I follow with suggestions of how future research could inform future analysis of the data.

Researchers have examined the topic children's understanding of progressive illness and death for about 60 years (Hergenrather & Rabinowitz, 1991; Kenyon, 2001), mostly quantitatively. Children's understanding of illness has often been studied from the perspective of Piaget's (1952, 1958) theory of cognitive development (Hergenrather & Rabinowitz, 1991; Murphy, 2008; Myant & Williams, 2005; Romer, Barkmann, Schulte-Markwort, Thomalla, & Riedesser; 2002; Sigelman, Maddock, Epstein, & Carpenter (1993). Within this frame of reference, preoperational children (aged between 2 and 7 years) have limited, logically circular, and superstitious understanding of illness. Concrete operational children (aged between 7 and 12 years) have common ideas about illness. Formal operational children (aged 12 years and older) appear to understand generalized principles of infection, maintaining health, and treatment.

On the other hand, Potter and Roberts (1984) and Hergenrather and Rabinowitz (1991) found that rather than being due to cognitive development, North American children's understandings about the consequences of illness are transformed as children acquire more knowledge. Hergenrather and Rabinowitz wrote, "The extent of emotional and educational support provided for children with chronic diseases or experiencing acute health crises can be enhanced by the recognition that children can understand basic facts of disease processes" (p. 958).

Since the participants of the present study were 13 years and older and had frequently come into contact with individuals with life threatening illnesses such as TB, HIV/AIDS, Malaria, and Meningitis, since their early years, one might assume that they

had a comprehensive understanding of illness. However, I did not observe this to be the case, perhaps because of the general zeitgeist of stigma, denial, and superstition related to HIV/AIDS in that community. A 22 year old Kaunda Square resident told me about her father's illness: "He was sick for 6 years, so, I had hoped that one day, he would be okay but unfortunately, he passed away. So, it was very painful to learn that he was going to die. At the time when my father passed away, it was a shock. It was a shock to me. I never thought he would die" (Transcript 3, p. 186, lines 13-15; p. 188, lines 17-18). Even the most informed participant appeared to have a limited understanding of HIV/AIDS and the long-term implications. I refer to the 19-year-old participant from Kaunda Square with grade 11 education, who reported being HIV positive and had regular access to counselling and HIV/AIDS information. Yet, she believed she would marry and have children. In my interpretation of the data, this "not knowing" might have been a protective factor that kept these girls and young women going in their dire circumstances. Perhaps further qualitative research may increase our understanding of the participants' lack of awareness and resilience.

There have been few western qualitative explorations of children's understanding of illness (Romer, Barkmann, Schulte-Markwort, Thomalla, & Riedesser; 2002). An example is Thastum and his colleagues' (2008) study, which found that even though children of parents with cancer seemed to function as well as or only slightly worse than children without terminally ill parents, they had a considerable amount of concerns related to their parents illness. The children in their study noted the suffering of the ill parent and the extra burdens and worries of the healthy parent. Older children typically worried whether they were able to care for their ill parent. Similarly, the participants of

the present study appeared concerned about their ill and remaining parents, and some of the Zambian participants cared for and/or worried about caring for their ill parents. Even though they worried about their ill parents and cared for or worried about caring for their ill parents, they appeared to have a limited understanding of the repercussions at the time of their parents' illness. Qualitative examinations may offer deeper insight into, or at least, a different perspective on children's perspective on their parents' terminal illness.

Regarding children's understanding of death, quantitative studies of the 1980s and 1990s found that by 10 years of age most western children understood Speece and Brent's (1984) three sub-concepts of death: irreversibility, non-functionality, and universality (Kenyon, 2001). Children's level of cognitive development, verbal ability, and cultural and religious experiences appeared to influence their understanding of abstract ideas such as universality. Their actual experience with death appeared to affect their understanding of the physical components of death, such as non-functionality and irreversibility. Emotional factors also appeared to play a significant role in how children responded to questions about death and might be highly influential in the development of their understanding of death. More recently, Hunter and Smith (2008) found that children with more developed cognitive ability and of average six years of age were more likely have an understanding Speece and Brent's (1984) three sub-concepts of death. It seemed that western children currently understand death from an earlier age.

In interpreting the data, I found that the Zambian youths, who were all over 13 years of age, initially felt shocked by the death of their loved ones. Yet, experiencing death from an early age, of such a great number of friends and family members, they appeared to grasp the irreversibility, non-functionality, and universality of death. A 19

year old from Kaunda Square, who had lost both her parents said, “I just have to understand ’cause she’s not the first one to die. Many people have died. Mm, ’cause it happens. Everybody is going to die” (transcript 7, p. 268, lines 21-23; p. 269, lines 1). When I asked her where that understanding come from, she laughed softly and replied, “Mm, ’cause I’ve seen a lot of people dying. One of them was my brother, who died. You can cry then you forget” (transcript 7, p. 269, lines 2-4).

The participants expressed their emotions about the loss of their parents, siblings, and grandparents with words like “pain,” “bad,” “hurt,” “sad,” and “hard.” Connected to the loss of these attachment figures was the loss of their known way of life and loss of provision of basic necessities including food, clothing, shelter, and education, which they viewed as the avenue to their future hopes. For one of the participants, these losses began at age 4, for two at age 5, and another two at age 6., and loss is what they have experienced for most of their lives. “We had no, no idea how we, how we would stand as a family after his death but only God knows,” said a 19 year old Kaunda Square resident (Transcript 3, p. 186, line 16). Living with such loss could be viewed as serious threats to their adaptation and/or developmental outcomes (Masten, 2001; Masten & Coatsworth, 1998). How do they make sense of such loss at such an early age? Because this was not directly probed for during the interviews, it is hard to tell from their responses, and further study is necessary.

Silverman and Wordens (1992) description of their American participants’ reactions in the early months after the death of a parent may offer a limited understanding of the experience of the Zambian girls and young women who had lost parents to AIDS:

The event itself was stressful and, in addition, its impact pervaded most aspects of

the child's life. It reached to the inner workings of the child's meaning-making system and to the way his or her world was structured. The stresses did not seem to overwhelm most of the children during this early period. There was little, if any, indication of serious dysfunctional behavior in most of them. Some of the children were sad and somewhat confused, most were carrying on by going to school and by maintaining relationships with their friends and family members. It was clear that these children were grieving, but they did not express their grief in prolonged periods of crying, aggression, or withdrawal, as has been traditionally thought. (p.102)

In summary of my interpretation, I noticed that the participants' unawareness of the full implications of their parents' illness might have served as a protective factor. Understanding that death is irreversible, non-functional, and universal, their remaining unaware of the full implications of their parents' illness may have helped them cope at the time. Conversely, the *Zambian girls and young women* described their loss of their attachment figures as painful, and they had a deep experiential awareness of the ongoing repercussions – the loss of life, as they know it; the loss of provision of basic necessities; and the loss of their future hopes. The death of their parents could be a serious threat to their adaptation and a risk factor (Masten, 2001; Masten & Coatsworth, 1998). For some reason, they did not lose hope. The participants of the present study appeared to deal with their loss by their belief in a supreme spiritual being, who they viewed as a surrogate parent that provided them with their necessities. This spirituality and resilience seems to be connected to the social support of their mothers, grandmothers, and friends.

Silverman and Wordens (1992) suggested that children's ability to deal with

change is found in the interaction among the social context, the family system, and personal characteristics. Accordingly, studies of children's understanding of illness and death need to take into account the complexity of the matter. An example of such study was Shapiro's (2008) ecological exploration of the recovery of children, adults, and families following the loss of a loved one. She described the grief response as multi-dimensional and interrelated with ongoing and new interdependent adaptive strategies designed to accomplish specific, evolving tasks of shared life cycle development. Shapiro views bereavement as problematic when it interferes with ongoing interdependent development within realistic ecologies and available resources in cultural contexts. Her ecological perspective offered a broader understanding of children's experience the death from a relationship perspective. As death is so prevalent in the Lusaka context, and affects so much of life – emotional, social, material, etc. – an ecological and multi-dimensional perspective would increase understanding of the lived experiences of youths, who have lost parents to AIDS in that context.

It seems that future analysis and understanding of attachment and resilience in youths who have lost parents to AIDS could be informed by what is already known about children's view of progressive illness death. It also appears that more qualitative research with an ecological perspective would deepen our understanding of children's view of progressive illness and death in relationship to attachment and resilience.

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Appendix A

Semi-Structured Life History Interview Questions

Semi-Structured Life History Interview Questions

1. I am interested in learning about your life and the people who cared for you. I would like to know your story from the beginning 'till now, and I would like to understand what it's like to be in your shoes – how you feel, what you think, what you see. I would like you to give as much detail as you can. Perhaps a good place to start is by telling me where you were born.

This was my initial narrative-seeking question. The format of this question evolved, as I found that I needed to spell out the timeline, breadth, and depth of information I hoped to receive from the participants.

2. What stories were you told about yourself when you were a baby?

Question 2 to 5 invited narrative about the participants' early life, another's view of the participant as an infant and, perhaps, personal information that might on what might have contributed to early internal working models of self and others, attachment behavior, and caregiver responsiveness, which influences attachment (Bowlby, 1973).

3. Can you describe what your life was like before your father/mother/parents passed away?
4. Who were the people who cared for you when your parents were still alive?
5. What were they like?
6. Who did you go to when you wanted to know something?

Questions 6 to 11 and 17 to 22 were designed to explore the participants' experience of attachment figures, who they could go to when they needed to know something or were afraid – a “safe base,” (if they had one) both in their early life

as well as in their current life (Ainsworth & Bowlby, 1991; Main, 1996).

Questions 6, 9, 23, and 24 could have been “leading questions” in that if they did not have someone to go to, they might feel they should provide an answer anyway. As it turned out, at least some of the participants, who did not have somebody to go to, let me know as much.

7. How did she/he respond?
8. How was that for you?
9. Who did you go to when you were frightened/afraid?
10. How did she/he do?
11. What was that like?
12. What was your greatest/biggest loss?

Questions 12 to 15 supported the participants’ narrative about and helped me understand their experience of their parents passing away.

13. What was that like?
14. What was the hardest part?

The Family Health Study (July 2003) inspired this question.

15. How did you cope/manage?

Questions 15, 25, and 26 explored the participants’ story of resilience. In preparation for my fieldwork, I also began thinking about the cultural relevancy of the concepts like “resilience” and “attachment” that I wished to study. As a result of studying constructivism and discussions with advisors, I became aware of the potential impact of introducing new terms to a community, and I wanted to be mindful about the effect of my study on the community (McAdam-Crisp,

personal communication, 2004; Scott, personal communication, 2004). Although
 Zambian academics both research and promote resilience, the term “resilience” is
 not familiar to the person-on-the-street. Following discussions with Zambian
 informants and reviewing the Zambian research literature, I used words, which
 the participants could relate to instead: “strength,” “capacity,” “keep going,” and
 “cope.” The Family Health study (July 2003) asked their participants, “What did
 you do that helped you cope...” and “How did you cope during this time?”

16. Tell me more about the people who care for you now.

Questions 16 to 23 invited narratives about current caregivers and attachment
 figures, which possibly included information on current attachment styles and
 internal working models of others (Bartholomew & Horowitz, 1991; Bowlby,
 1973)

17. Who do you go to when you want to know something?

18. How does she/he respond?

19. How is that for you?

20. Who do you go to when you are frightened/afraid?

21. How do she/he respond?

22. How is that for you?

23. Tell me about your friends.

24. How would you describe yourself?

Question 24 possibly explores their internal working model of self (Bartholomew
 & Horowitz, 1991; Bowlby, 1973)

25. Do you feel that you have the strength/capacity to keep going?

26. How do you keep going/What keeps you going?

27. What would you say is your greatest need?

28. What do you do, if you need something and you don't have it?

Since the Zambian research founds many children and youths who lost parents to AIDS resilient and defined their resilience as not engaging in harmful activity such as drug abuse or prostitution to meet their needs, I developed question 27 and 28 after discussion with Zambian researchers about resilience (Chiya, Clay, personal communication, October, 2005; Clay et al., November 2003; Family Health International, July 2003; Manda et al., 1999). The Family Health International study asked their participants, "What do you do when you have a problem?" A similar question was posed to the participants of the International Resilience Project (Ungar, et al., 2005), "What do you do when you face difficulties in your life?"

29. Is there anything else you'd like to tell me about?

I added question 29 to ensure the participants had the opportunity to share everything they wanted to make known.

30. What would you like people in North America to know about Zambian girls who have lost their parents?

Question 30 relates to question 29 and was a reminder that their story would be read by North Americans. I wanted to ensure that everything the participants wanted was made known to North American readers - in the manner they want their information to be made known.

31. What are the good things in your life?

Question 31 and 32 related to resilience and my desire to finish the interview on a positive note.

32. What do you hope for in the future?

This question was inspired by the Family Health International (July 2003) study, which asked their participants: “What do you plan to be when you grow up?” and “What are your plans for the future?”

Appendix B
Ethical Approvals



University
of Victoria

Human Research Ethics Board
Office of Research Services
University of Victoria
Room A240 University Centre
Tel (250) 472-4545 Fax (250) 721-8960
Email ovprhe@uvic.ca Web www.research.uvic.ca

Human Research Ethics Board Certificate of Approval

<u>Principal Investigator</u> Penelope Hoepfner Graduate Student	<u>Department/School</u> CHIL	<u>Supervisor</u> Dr. Sibylle Artz	
<u>Co-Investigator(s):</u> Joy Fenske, RA, Volunteer Corrie Angove, RA, Volunteer			
<u>Project Title:</u> Attachment, Resilience and Female AIDS Orphans in Zambia			
<u>Protocol No.</u> 05-167	<u>Approval Date</u> 13-Jul-05	<u>Start Date</u> 13-Jul-05	<u>End Date</u> 12-Jul-06

Certification

This certifies that the UVic Human Research Ethics Board has examined this research protocol and concludes that, in all respects, the proposed research meets appropriate standards of ethics as outlined by the University of Victoria Research Regulations Involving Human Subjects.

Dr. Richard Keeler
Associate Vice-President, Research

This Certificate of Approval is valid for the above term provided there is no change in the procedures. Extensions or minor amendments may be granted upon receipt of a "Research Status" form.

05-167 Hoepfner, Penelope

Attention: Sibylle Artz
 Please forward to
 Theresa Hunter
 Thnx
 Penny



THE UNIVERSITY OF ZAMBIA
RESEARCH ETHICS COMMITTEE

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Ridgeway Campus
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Assurance No. FWA00000338
IRB00001131 of IORG0000774

25 October, 2005
 Ref.: 002-07-05

Ms Penelope Fenske
 #2 – 559 Michigan Street
 Victoria
 British Columbia
 CANADA
 V8V 1S^

Dear Ms Fenske,

RE: **SUBMITTED RESEARCH PROPOSAL**

The following research proposal was re-presented to the Research Ethics Committee meeting held on 12 October, 2005 where changes were recommended. We would like to acknowledge receipt of the corrected version with clarifications. The proposal has now been approved. Congratulations!

Title of proposal: **“Attachment, Resilience, and Female AIDS orphans in Zambia”**

CONDITIONS:

- This approval is based strictly on your submitted proposal. Should there be need for you to modify or change the study design or methodology, you will need to seek clearance from the Research Ethics Committee.
- If you have need for further clarification please consult this office. Please note that it is mandatory that you submit a detailed progress report of your study to this Committee every six months and a final copy of your report at the end of the study.
- Any serious adverse events must be reported at once to this Committee.

Yours sincerely,

J. T. Karashani
 Prof. J. T. Karashani, MB, ChB, PhD
CHAIRMAN
RESEARCH ETHICS COMMITTEE

Date of approval: 25 October, 2005

Date of expiry: 24 October, 2006

Appendix C

Transcripts

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 1: D

[D could not speak any English, and I spoke no Bemba, so the interpreter interpreted the interview, which took place on a bamboo mat on the floor of a room at Dudzai School, in Machaya Village. This room was the home of the teacher and her daughter. D, who was 13 years old at the time of her interview, spoke very softly, sometimes barely more than a whisper, and sometimes just nodded or shook her head in response.]

P: So, we, we are...we're interested in hearing the story of your life. Perhaps you can start by telling us where you were born.

I: I was born in 1992. I don't know exactly the month but I can...

D: (She interrupts the interpretation to answer my question in a whisper) Kasama.

P: How long did you live there?

D: Twelve years. We stayed there for a while, and as time went by, that was when my uncle sent, and they paid for me [transport]. By then grandma's strength had waned. I feel nothing, sometimes when he [uncle] leaves...

[The interpreter fills in her story to me in English on her behalf.]

D: The uncle I am staying with is brother to my dad, and he's not such a good person, because when he buys things, he doesn't buy for the things for me. For instance, when if buys bread, he just eats with his family. I won't have a share He ill-treats me.

P: You feel bad because he ill-treats you.

D: I do feel sad. Before he leaves at dawn, he gives my kin some money for food, while I just remain here [without food] until very late, then he will come back

with little or nothing [for her to eat].

I: [The interpreter asks her something in Bemba.] I don't know. I really don't know.

P: Are you worried that this ill-treatment will not stop?

D: How it is when they leave, I will stay until they come back. It doesn't matter what time, that's when I will eat. When they come, they give me food. It won't be enough – maybe a very small portion. When they leave they'll give their children some money to buy food, and they'll eat alone.

P: The children will eat alone? How long would they be away for? Is it a day, hours?

I: [The interpreter asks her something in Bemba.]

D: I feel bad.

P: She's the only child?

D: (Nods).

P: How does that feel to be the only...alone?

D: I do feel sad.

P: Help us understand more about when you say your uncle mistreats you.

D: There was once...they don't buy anything for me. The clothes I'm wearing right now are the only clothes I have. The top I'm wearing was given to me by somebody, a long time ago. The chatenge I'm wearing was given to me by my grandmother.

P: So you feel neglected. Are there, is there anybody that cares for you, at the moment? Anybody in the community?

D: There is no one. No.

P: So you came - your uncle brought you from somewhere else to here, and because

you're not familiar, nobody knows you – there's nobody. So, if you feel that you need to know something, who do you go to?

D: There is no one. I just stay put.

P: Friend?

[The interpreter adlibs.]

D: I said I just stay put. I think of my parents, and it does hurt.

P: Do you remember what life was like when your mom and dad were around?

D: They used to buy me shoes, clothes, and I ate well.

P: [The teacher knocks on the door and comes in. We pause. She says, "Sorry, Penny."] That's okay. (D is crying and appears distressed). Is she feeling okay? Sure? (I pause the interview, offer support, sooth her, and resume when she indicates that she is ready to continue).

P: (Gently) Do you, do you know anything about yourself when you were a baby?

D: I know not.

P: What did they do to care for you?

D: My parents, them they cared for me fine.

P: What was it like for you? How did you feel when you were with your parents?

D: Mm.

P: Where did you sleep?

I: [The interpreter translates for her in Bemba], did you have your own bedroom?

D: Mine.

P: And who...who cared for you when your parents weren't around.

D: They used to buy me food and come home on time.

P: The assurance that they would be around. (Aside) I feel bad, yeah. Who did you go to if you wanted to know something?

D: I look for mommy

P: Um-mm, and if you were afraid, who did you go to?

[The interpreter does a lot of explaining in Bemba]

D: No place to turn. I feel that if I say anything it will upset them.

P: There were people who were kind to you?

D: There is one - the only one.

P: What's she like?

D: This one is nice.

P: So, they welcome you into their home?

D: Mm-mm.

P: And, you feel better?

D: (Nods).

P: What keeps you going?

D: God.

P: In what way? Can you help me understand?

I: Praying.

P: Praying gives you the strength to keep going?

D: (Nods).

[The interpreter adlibs again]

P: Uh-mm. After we finish the study, I'm going to write a report. What I'd like to know is what would you like people in North America to know about girls who

have lost their parents?

[The interpreter does a lot of explaining in Bemba].

D: They can educate me.

I: [Adds] they can help us in our clothes.

[The second interview takes place in the same place. We can hear children playing outside, interacting loudly]

P: First of all, did you have any questions for me?

D: Nothing.

P: I was thinking about our conversation, the last time we met you, and one thing I want to know about...I want to understand: You said that God keeps you going. I am wondering how you knew that God would keep you going? How did you know to go to God?

D: Yes, praying and going to church.

P: And how did you know to go to church?

[The interpreter answers for D in English].

P: Um, so how did you get the idea to go to church? Where did that idea come from?

D: I just follow my friends, if they go then so do I.

P: Ah, so it was your friends that gave you the idea to go to church?

D: Mm-mm.

P: Did they say anything to you about it?

D: Yes

P: Mm-mm. What did they say?

D: That church is good if you pray, God does help in many ways.

P: So, it was your friends that helped you understand that God would help you?

D: Mm.

P: Do your friends help you in other ways?

D: Yes, some of them

P: In what way?

D: For example this skirt I'm wearing. It was a friend who gave it to me

P: How do you feel about your friend?

D: I feel good.

P: Yeah, you...you're happy that you have your friend.

D: (She nods).

P: Would, would you say that you have the capacity to keep going?

D: Yes. I would.

P: And, what, what would you say your capacity is?

D: Going to church

P: And how did you...how did you know that...how do you know that you have capacity to keep going?

D: God's strength.

P: Is that something that you're learning at church?

D: Mm-mm.

P: You're learning at church that God keeps you going?

D: Mm.

P: Is there anything else that you'd like us to know about?

D: Nothing, and you?

P: (Warmly) thank you so much. I think that is everything.

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 2: T

[We held this interview in the family's living room of their Kaunda Square home.

Sixteen-year-old T is the younger sister of G. She chose to have her interview interpreted from English to Nyanja.]

P: I'm interested in learning about you life. I want to understand what it is like to be in your shoes, right from the beginning when you were a baby. I want to know what it was like - how you felt, what you thought, what you saw. If you can describe as much as you can, it will be very helpful to me.

T: I was born in 89 at the U.T.H. [University Teaching Hospital], and we were living in Woodlands [upper SES suburb]. That is where we were living, my dad stopped working and then we shifted from a big house to living at my Grandfather's place in a servant's quarter in Woodlands extension, because things became difficult. That is the time when dad got sick. We shifted again and started staying somewhere, and my mother started a business of selling meat. The business did not go on well because my mother has to look after dad, and she has to use a lot of money to take care of dad. Then we come to stay here in Kaunda Square at my Aunt's place there near the first bus stop. At my aunt's place they used to not giving us food. They ate in the bedroom, so the pastor where we used to go for church used to give us. So, my aunty said, "Look for the house, and we'll be helping you," but right now she has to stop, so right now my mommy looked for money from here and there and asking just like that, and once she finds some things, she will save until she gets enough. Sometimes, she will sell some ladies'

panties like that until she gets what she wants but some time some people cheat her. They take the panties and they will not bring the money.

P: You used to live in a big house in Woodlands?

T: We were living well.

P: And how was it? What was it like living there?

T: It uses to feel nice because everything was there, and the house was a government house because dad used to work in the government, and my dad's friends used to hate him.

P: They didn't like your father?

T: Yes, because he was a clever man.

P: How was that having a very cleaver man for a father?

T: Okay, I was a child. I did not grow up from there. I grew up here. I used to feel good the way we used to live. To me everything was good

P: When you were living in Woodlands, who were the people who took care of you?

T: My daddy and my mommy

P: And what did they do to care for you?

T: They used to buy us everything we wanted and take us to school and do all.

P: And how did you feel, living like that?

T: It feels nice.

P: You felt good. Where did you all sleep?

T: In the bedroom with my elder sister but she's dead.

P: How was it sharing a bedroom with your older sister?

T: Used to sleep just fine, and I used to feel nice, and there people who

use to peep through the curtains, and I used to be afraid because there're thieves.

It was good to share a bedroom with someone older.

P: You felt safe sharing a bedroom with you sister?

T: Yes.

P: How was your relation with your sister?

T: We used to understand each other well.

P: You had a good understanding.

T: Yes

P: How was she like?

T: We used to understand each other very well. She was some one who you share good ideas, when I go want to do something wrong, she will guide me.

P: She gave you good guidance. You felt sad when she died?

T: Yes, even right now I do miss her, because she will help me in my schoolwork like reading and other things.

P: How did it feel to have a sister who taught you so much?

T: I was feeling good and nice.

P: When you were living there in Woodlands, who did you go to, if you needed to know something about life ?

T: I used to go to no one because I was young, and all I knew was playing with my friends.

P: How was that?

T: It used to feel nice, we use to play on the swings, and my friends will come to my place, and we will play.

- P: Do, do you have any memories of yourself as a small child, or has your mother told you any stories about yourself when you were a baby?
- T: She told me that I was a quiet baby and never used to cry a lot. It took time to start walking, and I was a dopey girl but when I was hungry, I would cry.
- P: You cried when you were hungry?
- T: Yes.
- P: What would your mother do when you cried?
- T: She said that she used to give me nshima.
- P: Mm-mm. How was it when your dad was sick?
- T: Mm...I used to feel bad and feel pity.
- P: Describe that for me. Tell me more about that.
- T: I love my dad, and he was very sick, and I used to love him.
- P: You loved him so much?
- T: Yes.
- P: How was he?
- T: He was a nice person, and he used to help a lot of people, and he was understanding and will help.
- P: How was it when you daddy died?
- T: Some time I do think of him and ask myself why did he die? My friends encourage me and help me to understand, and they tell me that things like this do happen.
- P: How do they help you?
- T: Tell me not to cry. (She has tears in her eyes and sniffs).

- P: How does that help you? How does that help you feel?
- T: I feel nice. It uplifts me
- P: Do you want to stop for a little while? (She shakes her head). How[what] are your friends [like]?
- T: My friends are good people, they tell me good things, and there are also are my sisters, too.
- P: Can you describe an example?
- T: They tell that I should not insult, "Do not refuse to you mother," and they encourage me not think of my father because I will meet him in heaven. My friend also tells me that her mother and father dead.
- P: It sounds like you cry (gently) often?
- T: Sometimes I do, when I am alone - unless a friend remind me, then I will cry.
- P: (Pause) what is the hardest part?
- T: The death of my daddy because I know that I will not have him again. My daddy was a nice person, and no one can give me that.
- P: What do you do if you need something or really want something and you don't have it?
- T: I wash, I just wash [clothing for others to earn an income].
- P: And how is that?
- [The interpreter fills on her behalf to me in English].
- P: It makes you feel bad? Tell me more.
- T: Because there are some people that look down on me like I was a fool, laugh at me

for washing other peoples clothes.

P: You feel that you look like a fool. Help me understand that.

T: I feel bad about it, but because I do need things. I see the need to do it.

I: [In Nyanja], you feel like a fool?

T: Mm, laundry for others.

I: [In Nyanja], what is that they do to make you feel like that?

T: Yelling at me, saying that the clothes had looked better

P: How do they do that?

T: They yell at me, claim that the clothes had looked better.

P: Mm, taking advantage of you?

T: Mm.

P: How is that for you not to be in school?

T: It feels bad, knowing it might have helped.

I: [In Nyanja], help us understand the importance of school.

T: If you are not educated, your job options are low. It is important to be educated because of the future unknowns. If you happened to get a job, how are you going to sign your name? If you are required to jot your name down, how are you to write it, if you do not now how?

P: Help me understand why you feel it is important that you help other people.

T: I do see how others are, too. Some have no clothes, while others are at a loss, when it comes to food. If they had not eaten, and I had food, I may give them, so that they too would feel good about life, and so forth. The way I am right now, I cannot help anyone because I do not work. Everything is hard, when you do work,

people treat you like a fool. You get the manual duties and rewarded with constant verbal abuse just because you are not educated. They were here asking me to go back, but I have decided to remain where I am like I am. If I was schooled, life would maybe easier for me to try and help others. [It is hard to get some words because the interpreter speaks at the same time].

P: What did they ask you to do?

T: I used to wash babies nappies and clean the baby when he messes up [hard to hear much else].

P: Taking advantage of you?

T: Mm.

P: How was that for you?

T: I used to feel so bad. Whenever I fell sick, for example with malaria, they would come and without any greetings insist that I was faking illness just to avoid work.

I: How are you feeling right now?

T: I am feeling just fine

P: Who do you go to when you feel bad?

T: I just control myself, at other times I just cry.

P: (Pause) Why...how is it that you don't go to anyone?

T: It is not all the time that you have someone. At times, others might think you have lost your *kuyionelamo* [the word is normally used in conjunction with prestige, pride, honor, self-respect, esteem, dignity etc.] (Sniff).

P: Do you worry that they may not think well of you?

T: Huh?

- P: Do you worry that they will think bad of you?
- T: Mm, all the time, asking elsewhere, sometimes you have to be by yourself. Yes, in case they think otherwise.
- P: (Sigh), and how is that?
- T: I try to feel good, and I do when I know I have controlled myself.
- P: Mm-mm. How do you keep going?
- T: Huh? It is the Bible, the word it speaks, and church. The things they teach us.
- P: So, remembering what the Bible says helps you to keep going?
- T: I do not go to church, as I have to catch a mini bus, and all that, also because I have no shoes, there is no motivation even if there is one nearby.
- P: You don't have church shoes?
- T: That I do. I do have one pair. I did have two pairs but one got torn, and my feet.... just to find a pair that fits....
- P: How did you know to read the Bible? How did you know that reading the Bible would help you to feel better?
- [The interpreter adlibs her answer to me in English].
- P: How did you know? Where did you learn to go to the Bible or church?
- T: That is what is taught by the pastors. If you sin, you shall be forgiven. Belief is very important. I do not deny that I am a sinner for I have sinned. I understand that this is the way we are here on earth.
- P: What are the good things in your life?
- T: Going to church in this world of disappointments, while knowing that in God's house, no one can disappoint you.

- P: God is faithful but you found that human beings disappoint you?
- T: [In English] mm, some are in lamb's skins. They come and seem as if...[The interpreter interrupts].
- P: Sometimes people are...they are faithful, and sometimes, they disappoint you?
- T: Mm.
- P: Is there anything else that you would like me to know, or anything else that is important to you?
- T: Others do wrongs, you tell them what bad is.
- P: It is important for you to go to church?
- T: Yes.
- P: Anything else?
- T: And going to the tuitions.
- I: [In Nyanja], what kind of tuitions?
- T: Both church and school tuitions.
- P: To, to continue your schooling?
- I: [In Nyanja], the lady has understood your views about the importance of school.
- P: What would you like people in North America to know about Zambian girls whose parents have died?
- T: People out there should know that others, even the affluent do need help too. Please try and give to them.
- [The interpreter adlibs in his translation then asks on my behalf, "Do you feel like an orphan?"]
- T: Mm, but God is our father. [After the interpreter finishes, she spontaneously burst

out] may He keep blessing you, as you continue helping others.

[Second interview]

P: Okay (clear throat), so one of the things I was...I wanted to ask you is um, when you were a child, who did you go to if you want to know some...something about life.

I: [In Nyanja], did you understand the question?

T: Yes I did: When I was a child, where was it that I used to go in order to find out about my life. When I was young, if something got difficult, I used to go to my elder sister or my mommy but it was not a daily thing.

P: And, who do you go to now, if you want to know something about life?

T: I don't go to anyone.

P: You don't go to anyone? So, who do you go to if you are feeling afraid or worried or anxious?

T: If I am worried, I just remain were I am.

I: [In Nyanja], and when you are afraid?

T: I do ask other people. I do talk to them, my mommy and my elder sister.

P: And how might they respond?

T: They do answer fine and fine.

P: [I turned off the recorder when her brother came into the room. We continue when she indicates it is all right to do so.] So, how do they respond when you go to them?

T: They do answer very well.

P: Please describe an example.

- T: Oh, an example. If a friend picks on me, I do ask at home, “Should I argue back, or should I just let them be?” They do tell me about the importance of friendship, they advice me to let it be, because friends should not argue.
- P: Tell me about your mother.
- T: [In English] about my mother? How?
- P: Tell me, what is she like?
- T: [In English] Of what is right of mommy?
- P: [I ask the interpreter], has she got my question?
- T: [In English] my mother she is fine. I love her so much.
- P: [The outside noise volume is increasing] Can you pull your chair a little bit closer? Can you move closer? I’m worried I’m not going to pick you up, so I heard you say you mother is kind and good, and you love her. Please, describe an example of her being kind and good. Tell me a story about your mother.
- T: Mm-mm, my mother, she does help other people. Whatever people ask, she tries her very best to help. If people are sick or suicidal and feel like taking their own lives, she will advise them. She will encourage them to be strong, with advice, like, “Be strong because God loves us, just because you are sick, does not mean the end of the world, not at all. You will get well. God loves us.”
- P: What, what would you say is the most important thing that you’ve learned from your mother?
- T: Important thing that I have learnt from my own mother: She has taught me a lot about loving my friends, even if I have a little I should share, if my friend is dressed in rags and I have a better dress then I should give it to them. In this way,

I will get my thanks from God. She does teach about respect for the elders, and how to be at peace with other people.

P: Um, when I was writing you interview and reading it, I heard you say that you lived with your grandfather after you moved from Woodlands. You lived in the servant's quarters of your grandfather's house.

T: Woodlands.

I: [In Nyanja], do you understand what is being asked? You said you moved to your grandfather and lived in the servant's quarters, mm?

T: Oh daddy,

I: No, your grandfather, at the servant's quarters.

P: Tell me about your grandfather.

T: Grandfather? He was a kind man. He took care of us. Fact is, he used to work there for a white person. So, he gave...[The interpreter interrupts to translate].

P: Please describe him. What made him a nice person?

T: I understand. My grandfather was a very generous person. He loved sharing whatever food he had prepared, even if he prepared his favorite meal, which was dried meat, he would share it. We always ate together. He was a nice person, who used to over indulge us with his nice stories. Yes, he was indeed a very nice person.

P: And what happened after that?

T: We stayed there for a while then shifted to our aunt in Kaunda Square near the first bus stop. That was where we stayed but not so nice as my auntie was hard, until one day my elder sister came with the pastor so that we could start going to

his church. Then him, the pastor was the one who used take us with him, so that we could start school. He would help us by giving us tea and snacks. We would come home in the evening.

P: How did you feel, or how was it for your family when your aunt would not give you food?

T: At the time that we got no food from auntie. The way we felt: We used to feel very bad.

P: So, it was not what you were used to, it was different, and you felt bad.

T: Yes.

P: How would you, describe yourself?

T: The way I live? The way I am? In my own heart, I am a good person but if a person makes me angry, I do not like it. When I am bored, and someone is telling me about something, I do not feel good. When I am tired or hungry, I do not like someone to confuse me. If I am tired, and someone plays with my mind by giving me so and so orders, I do not like it, and I do get upset.

P: What do you do?

T: I just do it. If it is sweeping, I just do it when I have the strength. I just do it, like I did this morning. I swept, because I felt like doing it, not because someone said so because at times mom asks me to do some chore, I will go ahead and do it but I do refuse at times when it is too much, and I am too tired,

P: So, you like to do things when...when you like to do them?

T: Mm, sometimes my mom does things like that, even if one is tired. At times when I am feeling hungry I do refuse. Mm, I refuse if I happen to be tired and out of

strength and hungry and exhausted but in the end, I end up doing it anyway.

P: Is there anything else you want to tell me about or anything else you want me to know?

T: No

P: Nothing. Okay. Thank you very much. Zikomo maningi [“Thank you” in Nyanja].

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 3: G

[At the time of this interview, G was 22 years old and the older sister of T. Her father had passed away, and their entrepreneurial mother supported the family. We completed this interview in the small, dark, hot living room of the family's home in Kaunda Square. G asked me to interview her in English. Her voice was deep, and her speech is calm and even toned.]

P: Um, I'm really interested to understand what it is like to be in your shoes - what does it feel like to be you. Perhaps, a good place to start will be what place you were born.

G: Okay, mm - I was born in Lusaka - right here in Lusaka, in Woodlands [an up-market suburb], and that was until 1992 when daddy retired. Yes, he was in the second republic. [We hear the voices of people chattering outside]. That's the government, in which he was working when Dr. Kaunda was there, so when the third republic came into power - so it was like - it was complicated. They didn't want those old pe...people, so he was retired, and the lump sum - it wasn't enough for maybe buying a house and to keep up, so we didn't buy a...we moved there by Weti? You know Weti?

P: No.

G: Okay - Mapulanga - so, until all the money finished on the rentals. So after that, he looked for a house - a friend's house. We were being kept by his friend - yes. Most of the things in the house, we just kept because from that time, that's when we started facing a lot of hardship, and father was becoming, um, sicker [sickly].

We were not comfortable as a family. We're a big family also, so we didn't have. In the house there's no - we couldn't find a place, food. It's like it was hard, mm, because my father wasn't working. Mommy wasn't working, either. In 1998, I wrote my grade...grade nine at Munali. At that time, it was - it was a discouraged person [the volume of the voices outside got so loud that I could no longer hear her].

P: Sorry, I have to switch it off.

G: Okay.

P: So, you were saying you finished your grade nine at Munali.

G: Munali. My father passed away but I was unable to...to continue my grade 10. So, from '99 to 2003, I was just at home. There, it was a hard life. Even shelter was a problem – food. To pay for my school fees, there's no money, so my grade 10 was affected. So, I'll say mm...like...uh, it's really hard, if you don't have shelter, to stay here in the compound area [Kaunda Square], where they don't work...food, and all that. It's just hard.

P: How was...how was that growing up, as a child having to struggle for shelter and not having money. How was that for you?

G: Some...sometimes it's hard. Sometimes I used to think, "Why...why was I born?" Sometimes, I was very, very tired of it. It was painful to see some other people had everything and all that but here, we don't have.

P: Painful?

G: Okay, I felt sorry for myself. I felt sorry that all...all I wanted, at that time when I stopped my grade nine, was to continue my education. I thought maybe if I

complete, I'll do my best and meet the needs, mm.

P: Um, what I'm hearing is that it was very painful for you to struggle like that as a child. Sometimes, you were wondering why you were even born, and you really wanted to finish your school because you thought you could help support the family.

G: Mm. At one time, I was admitted to there [mental institution] to find out that, actually, it was depression, so I suffer...I suffered all those, mm.

P: (Tenderly) how was that (pause) for you?

G: It was...I don't know how it feels - very painful.

P: (Tenderly) very painful.

G: Mm, me going to that place, only to find that it was something else. I wasn't...[mentally ill].

P: What was it like? How was it for you to go to that place?

G: Um, when I was taken there, actually, I didn't know why they had taken me there, so [I thought they were] helping me in some strange way. That's why I didn't appreciate it, so I thought that they hate me...people hated me that's why they took me there – that's why. They didn't understand me. They didn't know what I felt. That's why they have to take me there but it was something else. It was in me. It was just in me.

P: You felt that people hated you, and you felt misunderstood, and I heard you felt depressed.

G: When I found out that it was depression, I...I was taught to control myself – to take things the way they were – just to take things just like that, the way they

happen. [Lots of shouting outside]. That's what helped me to become [well].

P: Who was it that taught you that?

G: Um, there are some people, too. First, class parents - they are the ones who educated me. There's a coordinator for home based care – they educated me there – the coordinator.

P: How was that helpful.

G: Mm, it was explained...mm... that if you lean on God, it will change all things. It's only God, maybe myself.

P: How are you feeling now?

G: Now, I feel that...that pain comes back but I just avoid it but, avoiding it, I...I keep myself busy, mm.

P: You avoid the pain by keeping busy?

G: That pain, you can't run away from it. Mm yes, but at the end of the day, you start thinking about the same thing, mm-mm.

P: And how is that?

G: It's hard.

P: It's hard feeling all that pain. What's the worst part for you?

G: You know, the worst part is the lack of not having accommodation - your own accommodation whereby you...you're just renting – yes - so mm, there are times when you don't even have money to pay the rentals, and you start thinking.

P: You're worried.

G: Uh-mm (She is visibly upset).

P: You want to have a break? [She nods. I check whether she needs somebody. She

shakes her head. We break until she says she is ready to resume]. G, (tenderly) who do you go to when you feel so worried?

G: God guide me. There is no one. There's no one you can go to. Mm, I read the Bible, and its promises to me, mm and God's... God's plans are not to harm me but to prosper me. [Shouting outside increasing again].

P: It helps knowing that God does... doesn't want to harm you?

G: Mm (affirmative).

P: How is it for you not having somebody physically that you can go to when you feel very worried?

G: Mm, some...sometimes, (pause) depends (pause) on the situation. When I don't have somebody to go to – to tell that person about my problems, “I don't have money,” and she tells you, “no these things, don't worry about it” - it becomes is very, very hard. Mm, because right now, mm like relatives – because they are the only per...the people who you can go to. Like, relatives are apart.

P: How is it with these relatives around you?

G: I'd say they are helpful. They are helpful but not that much because they need.

P: How is you mother?

G: She is good, mm because she always encourages us to rely on God.

P: She encourages you to rely on God. Uh-mm. How was...do...do you know much of your life when you were still living in Woodlands? How was that?

G: When we were in Woodlands? Just that [previously mentioned] experience - we had a better life, sometime back.

P: And, how is that for you when you start thinking about it?

G: It becomes – yes – there is sometimes I have to think why did he just go through with that...[the background noise has increased to such a level that I can no longer make out what she is saying on the recording].

P: How was that life in Woodlands different?

G: To this life that we are living here? Okay there, we had no worries because by that time, dad was still there, and you know... you know that you know every day, we're having food. There was food, go to school, there's shelter. That was a government house that we were living in, so there was no problem. We couldn't keep everything right, you know. Maybe rentals or food or what – there was nothing like that, so it was different to now because now it's like you have to work hard early on. It's like whereby you don't have even food.

P: When you were living there in Woodlands, how was that?

G: That life? There we had a different kind of life because dad was working by then, and we didn't know anything about it - maybe budget, and like what are we going to buy, what would we like. Life was all right but now, its like we've come into that here. Even know that no today we won't eat. Maybe this month, there's no money for rentals, so it's quite confusing. Mm, when that you don't have money for, for food. I think that's the only problem that we are faced with. We had a...a...a house of our own, mm.

P: How would you say these experiences that you've had have affected you?

G: There's a lot. [Child shouting loudly outside]. At one time, I...I was thinking of maybe like if I was in a better position of maybe working, I'd do something but – mm - just that feeling of hopelessness - it has changed me a lot, mm.

- P: What do you do if you don't have something you need?
- G: Sometimes...sometimes I just (quietly) sit (pause) without it. (Long pause) Even if you...you really want something or need something, and you...you can't have that something - by only ignoring it even if you need it, and you know there's nothing you can do. Maybe I don't need it, so I ignore it.
- P: How did you learn to just ignore [I can hear the flies buzzing in the background].
- G: [Flies buzzing in background] sometimes Mom, she tells us to...to just ignore something even if we...we need that. Even if we said, "I really need this thing," and she'd tell you, "I don't have any means of giving you these things."
- P: Would you say that you have capacity to keep going?
- G: No, but mm I believe that if I complete [my education], I'll be able to find something to do after completing for it. That way I'll be able to do.
- P: Do you feel that you have the strength to keep going?
- G: Right now? Yes.
- P: What is that strength?
- G: Not my own strength but the strength that is from God. Yes, it is in Jesus, and it is written [in the bible] that He will help all of us. Yes, and again it says that in all things we must be able to thank Him because whether good or bad but the only thing that He...He wants for us is the good part, so when the bad part comes, we can just be trusting Him. Trust in Him always until you have a way out, again. Like the Lord God helps us - it's not just people but even other people, they see that need, if you need. Thereby some people just help. They give food like right now, the, the people who are here last May. Yes, so I can say that it's God.

P: Using others?

G: Yes.

P: Who do you go to if you want to know about something?

G: About something?

P: If you want to know anything about life, who do you go to?

G: Sometimes, I ask my mother but the Bible has something about life - a lot of things about life. Yes, that's how I know about life.

P: A lot of answers from the Bible? How...when you go to your mother, how does she respond?

G: (She begins mumbling and the outside noise is loud). Only to give me the Bible. She gives the Bible to me. Like in the Book of Job, where he...[it is difficult to decipher what she is saying here].

P: And how does that help?

G: It helps because it gives me an example of the situation that I'm going through right now that I should not give up that hope that one day things will be okay, uh-mm.

P: What are the good things in your life?

G: The good things in life are that - I'm alive (triumphantly). That's the one good thing, and God knows why I am alive here but it will be good. I hope to, to see an end to....There are some people who are going through a lot of hardship very worse than what I am going through right now so in future problems and troubles will come to an end. Yes.

P: How are your friends?

- G: My friends...um, she encourages me but one thing I learned from her is that, uh, though they have shelter, she also complains like I do. So actually, I think it's useless to complain. The only best thing is to find a solution to that problem. Yes.
- P: Can you describe an example how she might encourage you?
- G: Um, she encourages me by telling me to work hard at school.
- P: If she was encouraging you to work hard at school, what would...what would she say?
- G: Sometimes, I...I...I respond by saying that some of these problems, they...they disturb my concentration in school because when I think about what I'm going to do, and then in class, I lose concentration but she says no just ignore it, they'll come to pass.
- P: What would you say is your greatest need?
- G: Our family, our own accommodation - that's our need.
- P: How is your relationship with your sister?
- G: Good.
- P: Will you describe it for me – what's...what's...how's is good?
- G: 'Cause we communicate. Mm like for example, if I have a problem that I'm feeling, I'll communicate, and she helps me, and I help her like two sisters, and that's how that is - like two sisters. It that helps in a situation like the one that I am passing through. I can say now it is, I think, better than before. Yes, because going back when I thought that some day something was unfair, I did not accept it but now that I've come to accept it, it is much better. It's helping me, mm.
- P: Is there anything else you think I need to know.

G: The only thing I think that I can say is that [I cannot decipher her response above the outside noise].

P: You're worried about not being in school, and how is that for you to be worrying about that?

G: It just affects me and my studies.

P: What would you like people in North America to know about young women and girls whose, whose parents have passed away?

G: Mm, that these people passing through, they need, some of them, whereby the pa...the...their parents haven't left anything for them, so they sit here and then that they need support, training because some, they will stop school not because they want but because they don't have the finances to be in school, mm, difficult times. People feel those conditions. It's quite hard. They need support.

[The interview finishes. She agreed to do a second interview. Because the interpreter was late for our meeting, I began without him. When he arrived later, I checked with her whether she would like to join us, she said that she preferred to continue without him.]

P: One of the things I was curious about, I was wondering, when you were a child living in woodlands, who were the people that took care of you?

G: In terms of raising me up?

P: Yeah, who raised you?

G: Mm, my mother and my father. Mm, we...okay, we were children who were just growing up. That was it. That's it but there was no that no like...for example if you are something if your mother or father, they want to watch you. That's the

problem - there was nothing like that for us. We grew up just like that.

P: Will you help me understand?

G: Mm, I'll say mm, when you have a problem say there's something that is bothering you, at that time you could not go and say, "No, I've got this problem." You just stay. You just face that...that thing. That's how we grew up.

P: And, how was that for you?

G: Okay, I'd say that that affected all of us so much because we had a lot of things on our hearts. Yes, and like, when we came here to Kaunda Square – that was in '95, people were saying maybe we are not mentally up to date just because that was the picture that was being portrayed but it's not that. Mm, we just needed somebody to like pour our hearts to. That was all (she laughs).

P: You needed somebody to hear you and to understand. How did it feel not having somebody to be able to talk to about your problems?

G: Uh, like nowadays that's a part of life that is really affecting lot of young people. Yes. This is that because of the things that you have in your heart, you are forced to do what you do what you don't want to do, thinking that maybe you'll be relieved that way but you find that it is even worse that that.

P: How about you?

G: Yes, I have had several uh...several experiences. Like...like for example, I was thinking that if maybe I'll have a boyfriend. That boyfriend, maybe I'll have a happiness when I've slept with him, but I found out that instead in the end I started feeling less cute, and more pain than....So, I'll say to me like this that's very nice, I look at it to be useless. For example, having boyfriends because I

never found any happiness in that, and it's that you're just confused you don't know when you're going to be like relieved. Mm. Mm. And it's like uh you keep rewinding the past. "Why does this....Why...why can't I be heard. Why can't somebody like help me?" So, you start yourself asking many questions, and in the end, you find yourself in a miserable state. Yes. Even sometimes, you cry, mm, just to relieve yourself from whatever you're having in your heart.

P: You find yourself in a miserable state because you have pain in your heart. What kind of questions did you ask yourself?

G: Mm. The kind of questions that I asked myself – okay, at first, when we started passing through a lot of difficulties as a family like financial and shelter. Oh, I started blaming my parents and maybe they were not planning properly. Things like that but in the end, after my, my father passed away, I found that I could not blame anybody because he was not there. The questions that I had been asking, I couldn't. Like uh the past, when I start uh like reviewing the past, it...it haunts me.

P: The past haunts you, because it's so painful. (She looks upset) are you okay?

G: Yes ah, I'm okay.

P: Do you want to talk or do you want to stop?

G: We can stop for a little while.

[I check whether she needs support. She refuses, and we remain together until she let's me know that she feels ready to resume].

P: I understand that you thought that your parents were to blame for all the trouble?

G: My dad was very sick. He told me that it was not his fault.

P: That he was sick?

G: That we were passing through what we were passing through, and so after that, that's when I understood that these things just come. They can't blame anybody. Yes, they just can't but um, the past chances that I had like when I was at school, like marriage, when I felt it really hard for me again. "What if she [mother] dies so when things are not...are not well. What if she dies?" And so, it really affected me. It really affected me that...that I felt so, until I was taken for counseling, and one thing that was encouraged from them [counselors] and that it just comes. It teaches you something when you feel that next time you have to work hard. Mm, so I think uh whatever I passed through in the past was, was painful but it taught me something, something.

P: What did you learn?

G: I learned that uh...that uh you cannot be happy unless you want to be happy, and nobody can give you that happiness but only yourself, mm.

P: Your happiness depends on you?

G: Uh-mm. I learnt another thing in life. In life, mm when you pass through a difficult situation, it doesn't mean it's the end of the world but it's just the beginning, teaching you something. Yes, so that really strengthens me, mm.

P: How did you get to know these things?

G: How I got to learn these things is church, mm prayer, and reading the word of God, and I was comparing my life with the people in the past that they...they also used to...to pass through the same things as I am. And so, it really strengthened me, and it taught me something how they overcame those things, mm and I started

applying that also in my life.

P: You find this helps?

G: Yes, mm.

P: Earlier on you were saying that you couldn't go to your parents, and it was very hard not having somebody to talk to. Did...did you find somebody? Is there somebody now that you can talk to?

G: Yes, my mom. (Quietly), I can go to her (her volume increases again) but see, the only thing is...is even now, she's going through the same experiences I am, so at times, I feel like if...if I go to her and talk to her about a...a certain thing, that's bothering me, she knows of it, experiencing the same trouble, so I have a friend of mine, Lucia. I can go to her any time because there're some things whereby you can't tell your mother. Yes.

P: How does she help you?

G: She encourages me when I feel bad, and then she...she tells me that physical problems need physical solutions, and uh spiritual problems need spir...spiritual solutions. So sometimes, she tells me - maybe I'm hurt and something like maybe that's wrong or detestable about that day - she'll tell me to control myself, my emotions, and uh what I feel about that thing. She'll tell me, "No, these things - don't have to be so much moved by them because you are the master of that thing. You have to control whatever is bothering you." Mm so, she...she really helps me, Lucia. She's a good friend of mine. Mm

P: Will you tell me more about that - about you being the master over your circumstances?

- G: Mm. You know there're...there're things whereby when it comes, you don't know how to solve it, or how to tackle it. "Where'm I going to start from?" But if you say, "No – think this way. Let me...let me think." Then you're the one who's...who's mastering that thing not that thing [mastering you]. Yes.
- P: That makes sense. Yeah. What I'm...what I'm hearing, uh, is that when you were a small child, you didn't feel that you could go to your mother and father but now, you feel that you can go to your mother with...with some of your problems, not all of your problems. Did something change?
- G: Mm, I was small by then. I...I had no...no mature senses or maybe understanding what I was going to do and then, the other thing is that uh like mom and dad, as children, we used to fear them a lot. We used to think going to them and maybe telling them, "No, this thing has bothered me," would maybe (after a small pause, she dips her voice) provoke them. (A more robust tone of voice) So but now, after my father passed away, and when like before he passed away, by that time when he was sick – 'cause he was sick for six years - and he...he used to ...he used to help me. It's like he knew that I was going through these pressures, you know, and he could tell me like this and that, so that's when I learned that uh, parents, you shouldn't fear them a lot. You can go to them, tell them what's bothering, then they also help.
- P: So, before you worried that you were going to provoke them. Where did that fear come from?
- G: That fear...(softly) I don't know. I don't know where it came from but it was just there. Okay, like in African societies – our societies – how it is, if your parents are

buying everything for you, you've got no reason - you can't complain for anything, so maybe emotionally, they cannot know your needs. They cannot know what you are feeling as a child. There're some children who sometimes need attention when they're young so that they can grow up to be good people but if you just make it like that, they'll be hurt or...or they'll realize. They'll realize. When they grow up like, and they start thinking about the, the past, mm, it will effect them. Mm, it will effect their development. Mm, that's that.

P: Where...where did the idea come from that if you went to your parents, that they might think you're complaining, and you have no right to complain?

G: I think that's what I thought [when I was younger]. Definitely, that's what I thought. Mm, [my father was a] good man. Mm, he was a good man, and he...he understood things. Uh, he was on deathbed like when they came here [to Kaunda Square]. He could tell me things that even mom would not tell me by day, so I, I was wondering and saying, "Mm, so maybe I was mistaken - these are the right people to go to." Mm, but then it was too late. Mm, I can say it's not late because mom is still there, mm and I can say whatever, I...I feel with her.

P: Tell me more about your mother.

G: Mm, my mother, I guess mom's very frank.

P: She's very frank?

G: Mm and when you tell her something, she'll tell you the right thing. There are times when you want her to tell you something nice but she'll tell you something that will really affect you (smiling), and which will be the right thing.

P: Will you give me an example of like her being very frank? Can you describe an

example?

G: An example of her...

P: [The interpreter arrives at the door]. Just a sec...do you want, do you want him to wait outside, or do you want him inside. What, what do you feel more comfortable with?

G: I just comfortable with only two of us in here: the two of us.

P: Just the two of us?

G: You want him to come?

P: No, I'll ask him to wait.

G: Thank you.

P: [I go outside and ask the interpreter if he would mind leaving us alone. He goes, and I return inside]. Sorry, you were going to give me an example of um like when your mother's very frank.

G: Mm. Okay. Uh, uh li...like for example: Mm, when you feel like you're very depressed, and say, "I think...I think if I got married." Now maybe you can just like for example, you'll just try telling her that, and she'll say, "No man, marriage is not a solution. The best thing you should do is to go to school, get education and then look for an answer. Not to go into marriage. Marriage is not a solution." So I can say, she's very frank, and she's helping, and she...she...she's really, really helps me, mm.

P: So what...what do you think is the most important thing you've learned from your mother?

G: Mm, at first she was not the way she is now. We were distant from her but now

it's like the...e...everything has changed. I don't know if what she has gone through that has changed her but she's really a changed person. I think I can say so because in those days she...she used to whip us, so we were looking at her to be a bad person but now she has really changed, and like mm I'm learning some things from her – the way she, she, she is now. Mm, I've learned that from her. What I've learned is that, there's one person [mom], no matter she passes through, she controls her attitude - accepts. Whatever she's passing through, emotionally or physically, she accepts, she understands, so I can say that she...I'm learning something from her. She's my model, I think.

P: She's your role model?

G: Yes, role model. I can say.

P: And you appreciate what she's modeling to you.

G: Uh-mm. I'm happy with it.

P: How was it when you were a child, and she used to whip you?

G: Mm, in those days, she was teaching us something. Teaching us the way we should grow up - how we will deal with other people. So...okay those days then, I used to think, "No, mom hates us. She's not a good person." We were distant. The only...the only person that was close to her was the next sister...my little sister that will approach me but now she's my best friend. Yes.

P: You feel that your mother is your best friend but before you used to think, she hated you. You know in...in Canada, we use different words for when...um when parents "beat" their children, so um...I'm not sure what exactly you mean by your mother whipped you. Will you describe it for me?

G: Okay. W...like for example, you...you make a mistake like go out and playing with the small children, so she didn't like that. She didn't want us to be like dirty and all that, so she would whip...she whip us. Mm, I thought that maybe she hated us for we were just playing and that, so that's what I mean – [she whipped us] if you make a mistake.

P: How did she...how did she whip you – what did she use?

G: A whip.

P: A whip?

G: A branch.

P: A branch? Like how big?

G: Just like a small one (She demonstrates about one and a half foot length with her hands).

P: A small one, and where did she beat you? (She points to the back of her calves).
On your calves. Was it painful?

G: Yes, it was. (Very softly) it was painful.

P: How painful?

G: (Back to her normal volume) Okay, it was [painful] punishment sometimes like you...you didn't know what you...you had done, she had to beat you but there were times when she beat you, and you know that you are wrong. You could accept that. It wasn't painful when she hit you when you are wrong. Yes.

P: So, what I am hearing is it wasn't so painful physically. It was more painful emotionally when you didn't know what it was that – why she was beating you. You wondered whether she was beating you because she hated you. Have I got it

right?

G: Yes. Mm. Exactly.

P: Tell me about your father.

G: My father? Mm, he was retired, and we never spent a lot of time with him so, so, so I'd say I started learning how my father is when he retired. That's when we spent a lot of time. He was a good man, educated...and...and educated. We used to educate ourselves through him. He was uh with the first [democratic] government [lead by Dr. Kenneth Kaunda], and he used to...so he used to teach us a lot of things mainly before we went to school – and just about HIV – teach about...us about a lot of things, so I learned how he was when he retired.

P: How old were you when he retired?

G: About 10.

P: So, do you remember how it was for you – what you felt when that changed, and you could spend more time with him?

G: Mm because immediately when he retired, he started a business. He used to go to Sureti. [It was] not until uh he had exhausted money financially, when he started off asking if we could spend time but it was...it was...it was painful to learn that he...he was a depressed man by then.

P: He was depressed.

G: Mm. So mm, we couldn't know what exactly he's feeling mm but he was a good man. He was a good man.

P: How was that for you when he was depressed?

G: Us children, it really affected us. Mm, it really effected us in the sense that we

were being tortured mentally, thinking that, “what is maybe the problem with him?” mm so not until I grew up, that when I understood exactly what’s it.

P: You were wondering what the problem was. You didn’t know and that was torturing you. So, how did you know there was a problem?

G: Um, you know we could see it. We could see it. [because] Uh I didn’t have any money with me, and we could go and sleep at his friends’ house at that place, so it was a difficult experience.

P: What I am understanding is that life was changing but you didn’t understand why it was changing.

G: (Affirmative)Uh-mm.

P: Yeah. How did you f...how...how did you feel when your father was sick?

G: When...when my father was sick, mm I didn’t want to sit near him ’cause I could cry. I felt very depressed - a lot of questions...he’s sick...that now he’s sick but he was sick for six years. Mm so, I had hoped that one day, he would be okay but uh unfortunately, he passed away, so it was very painful to learn that he was going to die. We had no, no idea how we, how we would stand as a family after his death but only God knows. Mm.

P: So, it’s so painful that you didn’t want to even sit with him because you would cry, and you were worried how you were going to manage if he died.

G: (Affirmative) uh-mm, there were times when he couldn’t even work. He was saying that, “When...when...when I feel better, I...I’ll find a job, no problem.” You know, it was like that but you know, we...we were supposed to support him, so it was always that. (She grows quiet).

P: (Pause) So, how did you cope that time when he was sick?

G: Mm by that time, um 'ninety...ninety-six, by then I went to Munali, to Munali Girls' [High School]. I was in grade...grade nine, in my second year, so when I was at school, we used to [have a] break, so I didn't spend...spend most of the time at home, I spent it there.

P: Did it help?

G: (Sniff) Somehow but again after um...after I left my ___ [The volume of the cacophony of voices outside is increasing, and she is mumbling, so I cannot hear that last word]. I was...I was gone - but [I couldn't be] just staying here, knowing he was suffering affected me a lot mm, and he...he is just getting weak - to do something, which I didn't want to do. Mm, I could go into town, leaving him. (Sniff) Yes, but after he passed away, I started blaming myself, "Why wasn't I here, too." So, all those things a...affected me, mm.

P: Can you say more about the things that you didn't want to do?

G: (Quietly) The things that I didn't want to do? In my life, I...I never thought that I could drink beer but that time, I was forced into drink beer mm, and people were saying, "No, just drink. You'll be fine. You won't even remember anything. Just go on," but when I, when I'm sober again, those things just be there. They never went away (sniff), and so all those things, they're things that I never wanted to do. Yes, mm but they never help. What helped is one thing: not until when I become born again, mm that's when now I can't really, mm, Because when I read the Bible, there're a lot of promises that God has and hear it, and again it says that if you walk in His ways, all His promises will be fulfilled in your life, so that...that

way I think, “No, the way I was moving was not the right ways.” Even the emotions that I was having, God says something: He is aware of everybody and their difficulties, so that was what He did for me, and it changed my life, and I changed. I changed a lot. Some people they...they never thought I would never go back to school. They thought that maybe I would get married, or maybe, I would continue on with life and the drinking but here I am now.

P: How do you feel about having changed your life?

G: I feel better.

P: You feel better.

G: Mm. I feel good because uh when I compare the past life and now, it's different. It's different and now, I...I even feel lighter. Yes, because anything that I have...that I have bothering me, I go to...I just go to God in prayer, and I feel He lives. I find that is that day, there...there'll be somebody to help me. I find that really helps me a lot.

P: You're feeling better. Feeling lighter, and relieved. Can we go back to um when your father passed away. How did you feel at the time?

G: [Children are shouting outside] At the time when my, my father passed away, it was like, it was a shock. It was a shock to me. I never thought he would die, so (pause) I could cry but again people would tell me that, “No, your father has passed away. Six years is not a joke. It's a relief, so you shouldn't cry, but you should go on.” Yes so, those things affected me, yes. [She is mumbling so I can barely hear her]. I could go on with life.

P: So it was initially, it was a shock. It was painful but because people encouraged

you, you felt you could go on. Were you there when he died?

G: Yes, we were all by his side. He died in the house.

P: How was it (pause) when he died?

G: It was confusing. Mm-mm, confusing, and he cried. He was crying a lot, so I could...see the ...the things that he regrets all this time, up to the day he died but I thank God that he...he died a righteous man because he did righteous things. Yes.

P: So, you found it confusing when he died?

G: Mm, it was confusing (sniff).

P: Because you didn't think he was going to die?

G: Uh-mm. I didn't think he was going to die – that things going to change.

P: How did you feel when he was crying?

G: Up to now, it's like I feel what he was feeling (She looks upset).

P: Painful?

G: Mm, very painful.

P: What helps?

G: What helps me: talk to God. Mm. God is in the Bible. God says when you are gone, there's a debt when you will die, and when you will die doesn't mean it's the end of you. There's other life but I don't know how true it is but I just believe it. I believe that he is somewhere. Uh-mm, and I will be there will be sometime when we will meet each other, so it helps me knowing that some day we'll meet but I...I keep controlling myself saying, "No, not dwell in the past," and my pastor tells me not to go back there. Mm-mm even now, it's because we are doing the studies to find out about it. At times, I also want to (sniff).

- P: How is this for you to talk about it?
- G: (Sniff) It reminds me of a lot painful things. Mm, it reminds me of a lot of painful things – painful things. I don't know how difficult it is. It was really a sad time for me – the past. Because there are things that I passed through that were painful things. People who say, No, you...you don't have any problems," but they don't know.
- P: You're feeling sad remembering all the past experiences? Thank you for being willing to do that for me.
- G: Maybe someday when...when I complete, I will write it. I will write a book. There are people who will be reading through, mm.
- P: How will you describe yourself in your book?
- G: (She laughs a little) By that time, I...I'll be all done. I'll be describing the past. I'll be telling a story about the experiences I had and the solutions because I know there are solutions. Mm because that will help others also.
- P: And who is this person? What is she like?
- G: This person is a quiet person. Maybe that quietness is what has really, really affected me. If I was one person, who could like speak everything that I have maybe this thing is not affecting me the way it has so I don't know. I've never written a book but I think with people's help – they will know how to put it.
- P: Is there anything else you which to tell me about (She declines).

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 4: M

[Both M's parents had passed away. At the time of the interview, she was 19 years old, and lived with her older sister and brother in a small house in Kaunda Square. This interview was held in the heat of the small dark living room of M's brother's home. She requested that the interpreter leave before we began her interview in English.]

P: Okay, so I'd like, I'd like to hear your story. I would like to know about your life um, about the people who cared for you um, what keeps your going. [She mentions her name]. Don't use your name because we don't want people to know that it's you but maybe you can start from like everything that you know about yourself when you were a baby. Where were you born?

M: Um, I was born in 1986, and um, uh, when I was...when I reached five [years of age], my mom also passed away. There wasn't anything at home, 'cause we faced so many challenges, so many difficulties. But still.

P: (Pause) What was...(gently) what's the most difficult part of it?

M: I had to go back to the same grade again, the other day but at least, I thank God my church helped me to start again. I went back to the same grade, I wrote my exams, and I qualified to go to the other grade. [In] My family, we're eight [siblings] but only one completed – my elder sister. Of all these, my older...my older sisters and brothers, only one is [graduated]. Following with the results I am having, that's where I'm supposed to be. I didn't want to go to Chelston [school] because that's where I was the last time, where I never wrote my exams so I felt bad about going back there.

P: You felt bad?

M: Uh huh – repeating [a grade], mm-mm (affirmative), and whenever I see my friends who are in high schools - their high schools, 'cause Chelston is just a basic school. It's not a secondary school. Whenever I see my friends, I feel bad 'cause they're finishing this year. I was supposed to finish but three years more to go to finish my education due to...but...okay, it's not easy. Sometimes when I see it, I wish my parents were here. My father died in an airplane, moving from...he was coming from Tanzania to here, and they trapped. I think he survived but he had internal injuries, and that's how he died. Actually, I never knew my father because I was very young when he passed away. I never grew up with my father, and I don't know if my sisters did but they all...they try to support me to go to school. I try to do my best so that I don't bring them down. (She was clearly upset and needed to stop at this point. We wait until she indicates that she feels ready to continue).

P: Okay? I can see it's very painful growing up without a father.

M: Well, when M was young, and I never used to like, um, what it was like when they talked about my father. I told my sister about it, and she said she heard a rumor 'cause I heard that my father was very responsible – very responsible but I would never like it because he...he died when I was young.

P: (Softly) What was it like not having him around to support you?

M: It was very hard. Even now, it's very hard 'cause some at least have got their fathers - can ask anything from their fathers, and I know that I don't have to bother my sisters and my brothers [if I had a father]. Whenever I think of a father,

I always feel bad. They [siblings] try to support me but now-a-days in Zambia, things are changing. You know she [with a father] ask her parents – she...she may ask anything from her parents (sniff) – buys anything she feels like buying, and you [I] don't have anybody to ask. One of my best desires is to finish my education. I really want to (she begins to cry softly)

P: (We wait a while then very gently) Can you help me understand why that's so important to you?

M: My education? Because I know, it's the only way to have success (sniff-sniff). 'Cause that with education, and I can be somebody.

P: You struggle if you don't have an education.

M: I...it's a very big struggle.

P: (Gently) What's your other desire?

M: The other one is, I want to see at least my family having everything they want. I want my family to be happy 'cause I know they're really good.

P: Why're you feeling so sad right now? What was it that we said that made you feel so sad?

M: My education. That's the only thing, which makes me feel sad because I always tell my family that. My friends, the ones who I was with before I went back the grade nine – they're writing their last exams, this year, and whenever I see them going to write exams, I think I should be writing my final exams this year together with them.

P: Grade 12?

M: Grade 12. That's very much important.

P: What are you hoping to do when you finish grade 12?

M: I want to do accounts. I want to be an accountant.

P: How's your school going now?

M: I'm going to grade 11 next year.

P: Do you know anything about yourself as a baby? Did anybody ever tell you any stories about yourself as a baby? (She shakes her head). Memories of when your mother was still here?

M: (Sniff) not much, 'cause she was also doing business. So, we never used to be together for a long time. She used to go to Eastern Province [for business]...comes back...so, I also spent a little time with her. She was very busy but I can only remember when she was sick, very sick, and I used to bother her a lot, 'cause I was young. I used to bother her a lot, very much.

P: Used to bother her? In what way?

M: Like wanting her to give me money like my friends got [from their mothers]. I never used to take it as if she was going to die because I was very young. I never knew then how it was. So, I used to take it only [as though] maybe she was just pretending or something. But for me, when I was that young, it was just okay. I never used to feel anything, anything bad in me but after she died, I had that pain 'cause I was told that "You will never see your mother again or hear from her again - she's dead," and I heard that.

P: Who told you that?

M: It was my friend. She was older than me, and she just came running where I was. She told me that, "At your place there some people are running, and there're some

people crying,” and I ask her, “Why’re they crying?” And, she told me, “That’s your mom. She’s dead,” and I never see her again. “They’re going to bury her, and you’ll never hear from her.” I thought, “where my mom was.” and they also told me the same thing that she’s gone. It was so hard. I stopped going to school for her [M’s mother]. I really wanted to see my mother, even though I knew she was dead. I really wanted to see her (sniff) because at least she was the only one (sniff) who could be there for me and force me to go to school [I understand her to mean this in the same way we might say, “She used to make me go to school.”] She struggled very much for me to go to school. It wasn’t easy again. It’s really the hardest part. When my sister took me, she took me, and she also, she also struggled for my education ‘cause she was not well - struggled. By then I was...I was older. She struggled for my (cough). It was so hard. I thought that I never knew that I was going to reach grade 10 [loud motor vehicle noise outside] but overall, I thank God that he reached me, and I thank Him ‘cause there are many people out there who are orphans just like me, and they never even reached grade 10. But, I thank God that He really loves me so much. He made me to be what I am today.

P: Feeling thankful?

M: So much.

P: When your mother was alive, who were the people that cared for you?

M: When my mom was alive? Uh, my...my sisters again, and my brothers, and my mom also.

P: What did they do to care for you?

- M: At least they helped my mom to buy me clothes and pay for my fees for school.
They really helped.
- P: What was it like, at that time with those people caring for you?
- M: Well, by then, it was just okay. I never complained because things were just okay.
So...so...so different from when my mom died. Everything...everything was...I
felt so empty. I thought that was without parents, I was nothing like to live
without parents but in all, I got used to being with my sisters and brothers. I got
used to them because they're like my real parents. They're like my mother and
my father.
- P: If you wanted to know something, who did you go to?
- M: Something about?
- P: Something about life. If you had a question or needed information, who would
you go to?
- M: My mother. She was so good to me.
- P: In what way? What would she have done?
- M: To me?
- P: Yeah, how would she be?
- M: Oh, she would talk nicely. She would...she would talk as a good mother. She was
a very good mother. She knew how to talk to me very well. Even when I did
something wrong, she knew how to deal with me.
- P: Will you help me understand?
- M: Well, like when (sigh)...when I was...uh, uh when I was chased from school, I
came back crying, and she sat me down - told me that it was going to be all right.

I was going to go back to school, don't worry about it because it was not my responsibility, and she was a very good mother to me.

P: How did that feel?

M: It felt good.

P: You felt good?

M: Very much 'cause she always made...she always made sure that she achie...she was...she was this: She achieved the promises that she made. Very much, I relied on my mother.

P: When your mother was still alive, where did you all sleep?

M: I used to sleep with her in her bed. Even when she was sick, I used to sleep with her, next to her.

P: And how was that?

M: So good. It was so good next with your mum. [She begins to cry. I turned off the recorder and suggested that we discontinue, and that if she wanted to, she could let me know when she felt up to continuing. I check whether she wants me to get someone and remain with her for a while until she feels soothed. We also offer her counseling. Five days later, she came to my cottage to let me know that she would like to resume. We meet again in the small dark hot living room of her brother's home].

P: Okay, so where would you like to start today? (She shrugs). Um...(thinking) you mentioned your grandmother...

M: Um...okay, I remember.

P: Where is she now?

M: Uh, sh...she died in October 2000. With my grandmother, well (pause) it was...it was fine. She was a very good woman – very kind. In fact, ever kind to everyone – especially...more especially to me, and when she died...okay, when she was buried, I was there. She died in the house – 85 years old.

P: She was old.

M: Very, very old but very strong. Well, when she died (pause) okay, when she died, I really missed her. I really missed her a lot. She used to, at least, to...to...okay, she used to manage to give me the things that I wanted ‘cause...’cause I was the only child in the house, so she made sure that whatever I asked for at least she provided, so when she died, it was very sad.

P: You felt very sad.

M: Very much.

P: How was it?

M: Okay, well in the same week when she died, M didn’t took it seriously because there were people in the house – many people [as is customary with Zambian funerals/wakes] so I never thought anything but after everybody left, that’s when I realized that it was my grandmother who was dead, and she was no longer in the house. I was never happy. It was very...’cause after my mom left she was the only one I depended on so...(She looks upset).

P: [I decide to divert her slightly]. Tell me what it was that you liked about her.

M: Well, (pause to think) the most thing I liked about my grandma was that she was very kind to people. Everybody liked her very much. In fact, when she died, everybody missed her ’cause she was a very good woman – social and very

strong.

P: Strong?

M: Very much.

P: In what way was she strong?

M: Well, she had a small garden [likely vegetable], and she used to go there every morning - at least do some watering or getting surprised because she was just too old for that job. And uh, when it came to sweeping again (giggle) - I mean doing the housework - she used to wake up very early even though she was more old.

P: She used to grow things in the garden, and she used to do her own housework.

M: Uh-mm (affirmative). She used to grow vegetables, maize, and groundnuts.

P: Uh-mm. (Tentatively) how was it living with her?

M: Well, living with her – it was very good 'cause she was like a real mother to me. She was never like my grandmother. She was very open to me, and uh, the most thing I liked about how she used to encourage me going to school – never to be absent from school. She knew the importance of education, so if you [I] refused, she used to at least force [make] me to go to school whenever I refused.

P: How did she do that [checking my assumption]?

M: (Smiling throughout) Oh, she used to wake me up early in the morning, force me to go back [to school], and she made sure that [I] go to school, and if I refused, she used to go with me to school.

P: She used to walk with you to school?

M: Uh-mm (affirmative) – very slowly but she used to go. She always used to make sure that I was in class.

- P: I'm wondering why it was so important to her that you went to school.
- M: Well, she knew that when I finish school, I'm going to become somebody in life 'cause she had seen so many people who succeeded in education, so I'm sure that's what she wanted me to be as well – at least wanted me to be someone.
- P: She had hopes for you?
- M: Very much. She had hopes. Whenever M had no books, she used to make sure that she buy the books then at least I go to school – to make sure I was never absent at school [Although schooling is free in Zambia, if children do not have their text books they are not allowed to attend school]. She was very good.
- P: How did she do that?
- M: Well, she used to ask for some money from my aunty, the daughter to her. She used to ask for some money and then she give me, and I buy books.
- P: What did your grandmother teach you?
- M: Well, what I learned from her? Well, how to be good to people and kind 'cause she was very kind, so at least I got those things from her. She was very social and kind to everybody else. When it came to giving, she was the number one.
- P: You sound proud of your grandmother.
- M: Very much, and I want to be like her.
- P: You want to be like her.
- M: Yes.
- P: What's it like having a grandmother, who you want to be like?
- M: Well, good to have a grandmother who's a role model 'cause my grandmother's a role model (she laughs gently).

P: Will you give me an example of how she would be kind? Can you tell me a story about that?

M: Oh, how she could be kind to people. Okay, she used to keep [accommodate] so many people in the house, different ones, and uh when I...I...I said about giving – whenever it came to giving, whoever came into the house whether hungry or not, she used to provide food for those people and make sure those people eat.

P: Where did the food come from?

M: From her children. When they buy for her, she makes sure that she shares that food. That little she had, she used to share with everybody else, and she made sure that nobody left the house without eating anything.

P: And how was it for you living in that house when...with her sharing with everybody?

M: [Children yelling outside] How it was? Oh, I used to feel good. I used to admire her a lot. I used to...it was just okay. I really liked it.

P: What did you like the most about it?

M: Oh, about giving? Oh, I liked the most about giving because, uh, the Bible says when you give then you shall be given back, and I saw it in her. Whenever she gave, she used to receive that back, and that's what I learned from her. God used to give her back what's she has given – more than what she has given, so that's why I liked it. I never even mind when she...whenever she gave, whatever she gave 'cause I knew that God was going to give her back again after that. What I learned from her – well, I learned to be hard working 'cause she was very hard-working woman. She was very strong and hard working, so I really want to be

like her. I want to be hard working, using my own hands, without depending on anything.

P: And how...how do you see yourself doing that?

M: Well, as least, um, developing a business.

P: Anything else that you learned from her?

M: Mm. (Pause) Well, the other thing I learned from her was going to church, I think. She was a very strong Christian, so whenever it was a Sunday, she used to make sure we went to church together, without fail – unless you were sick or something, so at least uh I grew up knowing God from childhood just because of my grandmother because she really loved God. And praying - she used to make sure that whenever you want to go to sleep, you prayed, or even if you, you were sleeping, she used to wake us and ask if we'd prayed, and if we say no, she used to pray, and then we go to sleep. I knew God from her, and I saw the work of God in my grandmother.

P: Tell me more about that.

M: Well, about uh....

P: How was that?

M: How...how it was it? Okay, okay, some of her children, whenever she gave, they used to complain, saying, "We're giving you this, and you're giving to people. Now, stop giving because that don't you want these things, and she used to say, "Okay, I'll stop," and whenever her children had left, she used to give again. She never stopped giving 'cause she believed in giving very much, and it was...(She begins to choke up. I indicate that we can stop. She shakes her head).

P: Are you sure?

M: (Nods, sniffs a couple of times, clears her throat, and continues determined) Okay, the most thing, which makes me feel sad about my grandmother's death, when she was dying, she was calling me. She was calling my name, and I was outside, and when I wanted to go in, my aunty stopped me 'cause I didn't know what was going with her but she was just there calling my name, and my aunty told me that, "Your grandmother is calling you. She wants you to take her to the toilet," and sh...when I went inside to her, it was already too late. She was dead. I feel sad that I was never there when she was calling me.

P: (Very gently), you wanted to be there.

M: I feel sad, yeah, 'cause when she wanted me, I was not there.

P: Help me understand more.

M: 'Cause whenever she...she wanted to send me anywhere, I used to do that, and she appreciated what I used to do for her. So, I feel like, I always feel like I'm the one to blame 'cause I was never there when she wanted me to take her to the toilet but I couldn't do it – I hid after she died. Um (long pause) Okay, after she died, it was so hard to believe that she was gone 'cause I didn't expect her to die just then 'cause she really wanted to see me growing. And, she really wanted to see how I was going to succeed, and I used to think that she was going to see what she wanted me to be, and after she died, it felt bad. It was so hard to believe that she was gone, and it took time for me to forget about her. Well, she never told me what she wanted me to be but she only told me that, "If you finish school, you're going to be somebody. You're going to be rich. You're going to have everything

on your own.”

P: That’s why it’s so important for you to do well at school?

M: Yes.

P: What would be different if she was here?

M: Um, okay, there wouldn’t be any difference as much (sniff) but I just wanted her to see what she wanted me to be.

P: You wanted her to see you be somebody?

M: Yes, ’cause that what she really wanted. Uh, (sniff) she’s the one who came and picked me up from my sister’s place. She feels she wants to live with me (sniff), and that’s how I went to live with her – together with my aunty. Well, my whole life’s changed. I felt like I was different...a different M ’cause she was...she was mo...she was more like a friend to me. I mean, she...she’s the only one I depended on (quite for a while).

P: What’s it like staying with your sisters and brothers.

M: It’s just the same but it’s different to staying with my grandmother.

P: (Gently), how is it different?

M: ‘Cause I...mm...my sisters and brothers, they don’t have all that time for me, but my grandmother had much time for me. Um, with my grandmother, whenever I’d done something wrong, she used to sit me down and tell me and control me.

(Pause) [Outburst of children’s voices outside], and when it comes to my

grandmother, whenever I...whenever she told me something and I respond in a wrong way, she used to tell me never answer old people in that way ’cause you

never have good luck, you never have peace. (Pause) and...but, with my brothers

and sisters, whenever I do something, they shout. (She becomes upset).

P: It feels bad. (She nods and cries. I switch off the recorder, comfort her, and ask if she needs me to fetch somebody for her. We resume when she lets me know that she would like to continue). Um, one of the things I'm wondering about is who do you go to if you are afraid.

M: [Children making a racket outside] Um Anna, she always encourages me, and she's always there for me as a friend. (Long pause) whenever like uh I want something like when it comes to school fees, I tell her, and she always tell me that, "Should leave everything to God." She'd always pray to God. We always pray together with her.

P: She encourages you by telling you to depend on God and by praying...praying.

M: She's a very good friend, and she always gives me materials for studying, 'cause she's in...she's in grade 11, so whenever she goes to the other grade, she always makes sure that she gives me the material.

P: She helps you by giving you the material for school.

M: Yes. (Pause). We grew up together. She's been my friend since childhood. Apart from many friends...I have so many friends but she's different from the rest of my friends, 'cause (pause) she...she understands me very well, and she knows my life, and she knows how to take me.

P: She understands you well.

M: Uh-huh.

P: And how does that feel having this friend who understands you well?

M: I thank God. I count myself lucky to have such a friend. 'Cause it was this time, I

was going to school - she was also at Chelston [school] but she got a transfer. She went to Munali Girls' [High School]. So, uh this morning, I was going to school, and I went to say good morning to her, and it was very cold, last year in June, and I never had a jersey [sweater], so she gave me a school jersey [Chelston school uniform sweater] 'cause she saw that I was feeling very cold.

P: How was it for you when she did that?

M: It felt good, and when I came back from school, I washed it, and I took it back but she told me she had given it to me because she was no longer at Chelston. [We pause for a while because there is banging outside]

P: Who do you go to if you need to know something, something about life?

M: Uh, I go to my youth pastor. I have a youth pastor at church, and he's the one I go to.

P: How would he respond?

M: Very well. He's a very good man.

P: And what might...wh...what will he do if you go to him with a question?

M: Answer me in a gentle way.

P: How is he?

M: Okay, he has the heart for youth. He's a very good man, and I find out about the life. He's a very good man of God.

P: Does he visit you?

M: Yes.

P: How is that for you when he comes?

M: I feel good 'cause whenever he comes I realize that I've got people, who also call

me somebody.

P: You feel reassured that there are people who think you have value.

M: Very much. He makes sure that I go to church every Saturdays and Sundays, and whenever I am absent for a long time, he always asks what's making me fail to go to church, also prays with me.

P: He takes time to find out about you and to pray with you.

M: Yes. I always kneel down and pray to God 'cause He's the only one.

P: Will you give me an example?

M: [Children banging outside]. Like when I...when I stayed in the compound for a year without going to school, I prayed so hard for God to answer me, to provide for me, and He heard it, and people from the church helped me to go to back school, and that's why. And, he doesn't do things in our own time (sniff) though I prayed for Him but He still answered my prayer. (Sniff) I feel good because I know that I'm relying on somebody who never disappoints (sniff) and is not like man (sniff).

P: Not like man?

M: Yeah 'cause He never fails, so I feel very good.

P: (Gently), tell me more what man is like.

M: Okay, I can give you an example of um, uh this day, I asked for some money from my brother. I really depended on him, and I stopped praying 'cause he told me I should wait, he's going to give me, and when the time for him to give me the money came, he told me he never had money. I was really disappointed 'cause I really depended on man.

- P: You felt disappointed with your brother who didn't keep his word.
- M: I felt bad.
- P: I, would you say you have the capacity to keep going?
- M: Very much.
- P: How do you know that?
- M: Well, I might be young but I have passed through so many things, and it's too late to go back. The only thing I have to go on with my life.
- P: What would you say is your strength?
- M: God.
- P: What else would you like to tell me about? (She shakes her head). What would you like people in North America to know about girls whose parents have passed away?
- M: Well, that they should never give up with their life – look unto God 'cause He's the only one who knows their life. Put their faith in Him 'cause I believe He created each and every one of us for a purpose, so we should rely on Him. I know it's hard but with God nothing is impossible, so I believe they should put God first even with parents or without parents. I believe that God is my father.
- P: How did that come to be?
- M: 'Cause I...okay when a child asks from a father, he gives the children what they ask, so when I ask from God, He always give me what I ask.
- P: What would you say about your life is good?
- M: Well, my relationship with my God. My education.

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 5 L

[This interview took place in one of the more affluent homes in Kaunda Square – the home where a middle-aged couple who employed L as a maid. The couple needed someone to help in their home and reported viewing L as a daughter. The income L earned as a maid supported her and her grandmother. L is a small 19-year-old, who has not yet graduated from high school. She chose to be interviewed in English without the interpreter present.]

P: As I was saying, I want to...I want to learn about your life from the beginning to now.

L: Well, we come here in Lusaka, here in Kaunda Square. There in south Lusaka, mom died. When I was here in, we came back here in Kaunda Square, I used to stay with my uncle, who's now in Mazabuka - household work. Then wh...when we used to...when we...we were staying here in Kaunda Square, then dad died - when I was about...I was 14 years, since I had to sponsor myself [paid for her own education].

P: You sponsored yourself?

L: Made money for myself for grade eight, and then when we crossed over to here, my uncle, who helped me, died. Grandma, ah, as for grandma, she's doing nothing. She's just sitting on the mattress. She cannot manage money for grade 10. I...I started school in grade 10, then after that I...every December, I had to work. I worked for grade 11, for grade 10, but it was not easy. It was not that easy for me. I don't have time to study, time to do whatever. I was just thinking about

what I will do from there. I failed...I failed to make money for grade...I was in grade 11, and then I had to stop. I failed to make money for grade...Now, I am staying with my grandma.

P: Life has not been easy, yeah.

L: Yes, it's not that easy. Life is not that easy 'cause...not that easy. 'Cause the love of your...even if you, you're having a mother, but even if you are...you're staying without food, when your mother is there, at least that love from parents is good.

P: It's hard to be without food, when you don't have parents to love you.

L: More than with parents.

P: What is it like being without food?

L: Dad gets married to a stepmother. Sometimes, you live without food. Sometimes, you are forced to work hard - work at home. It's not that easy to lose parents. You are forced to do bad things. Sometimes, she used to force us to do those things like prostitution.

P: How was that for you?

L: She used to force us but I never wanted it. I just wanted to complete my school.

P: What did you do?

L: Staying away from home, I went to my grandma. Even grandma, she's not that good. About grandma - about school - sometimes, she has money when she has been given by these people - still I'm without food.

P: Even though she has?

L: For me to be someone in future, I've gone to school - 'cause that's the key to

success. There is no other key that I can use, apart from being educated.

Education is the key. It was good.

P: Good - what does good mean to you?

L: When we were in Livingstone, by that time, I was young but the truth, it was good. Life was easy for me and my family. Life was okay.

P: What made it good?

L: 'Cause parents used to fight for our life.

P: How many of you in your family?

L: We are four. Mary stays in Mombe – married. Married, but cannot help.

P: She can't help you?

L: (Shakes her head).

P: What is she like?

L: Good, but she can make help work, but she cannot afford.

P: You'd like the help but she cannot afford?

L: Yes.

P: How is your relationship with your sister?

L: My relationship, 'cause she encourages me a lot. [too much noise in background - very garbled] Some of my friends, they're being helped by their sisters. So painful for me.

P: What was your life like with your sister when you were in Livingstone?

L: (Cough). She said that I should be...I should be... She was a good mother. She never used to beat us.

P: She didn't beat you.

- L: When I was sick, she used to help me.
- P: Who would you would go to if you wanted to know something about life. When you were living in Livingstone, and you wanted to know about something, you were curious about something, who would you go to ask?
- L: My aunty.
- P: Mm.
- L: I...I want to ask about what?
- P: Anything, like if you didn't know something, and you wanted to find out something ...
- L: She would tell me about it.
- P: Yeah and um, if you were afraid, when you were living in Livingstone, who would you go to?
- L: If what?
- P: If you were frightened, who would you go to?
- L: _____ (pause) can make me feel better.
- P: You felt, you felt better.
- L: It was Sunday, when I was coming from church. Before mom died, I used to take care of her. I used to make her food, and there in Chombe...[cannot hear because or loud background noises]
- P: It was very painful when she died, and she wasn't...[lots of background noise and moving of recording unit]
- L: Ah, Dad was working there by ZAF [Zambian Air Force].
- P: Mm.

- L: Then (pause), when he was working, life was okay with us.
- P: Mm.
- L: Then, there where he was working was witched (pause). Yeah, and he was witched by his friend because he was so intelligent. Then he start, uh (sounded like she was struggling – pause) when he was working there by ZAF, (pause) he started getting sick.
- P: Mm.
- L: He started getting sometime sick, sometimes it's much better. Then he stayed for a year, just in that condition, then after a year passed, he was for a month, ah, for five months, he was ok, and then one day he got sick, and he had to die.
- P: How was that?
- L: Paining, lots of paining. It was painful because he used to fight for my school, so (pause) it was painful 'cause I had no one to fight for me. He was a caring father. He was not that man, who liked going out with other girlfriends when he was married.
- P: How was your relationship like with your father?
- L: My relationship was good. He used to teach me about how to stay with people in life, how to understand, how to face life.
- P: Mm. What did he say?
- L: About life, he told me that I should be able to face whatever comes in the front. I should be able, and he told me that I should work hard in school. He encouraged me a lot.
- P: How did that help?

- L: Dad?
- P: Mm, him telling you those things, how did that help you?
- L: It helped me 'cause this is what I am facing now, so I am able to understand it. I am able to face things.
- P: Him teaching you those things helped you?
- L: Yes.
- P: How do you feel about that?
- L: Happy.
- P: Happy?
- L: Yes.
- P: How was your stepmother?
- L: She was not that good.
- P: Mm.
- L: She was not – she was not good.
- P: Mm, tell me about her?
- L: She used to accuse us of doing something that we (pause) we never did.
- P: Mm, can you give an example?
- L: Like, she used to tell – she - she used to tell dad like, “Ah, L did that,” or “L stole some money,” or “L, I saw L with a boyfriend.” That’s what she used to do.
- P: How did you feel when she said those things?
- L: I felt so bad.
- P: (Very gently) Felt bad?
- L: He would just beat us.

- P: (Gently) How was that?
- L: It was not good, like when mom was sick, it was so hard for me 'cause I was young. I was not supposed to miss my mom. It was so difficult for me.
- P: Very difficult for you to miss your mom.
- L: Yeah, 'cause I was young.
- P: How old were you?
- L: I was 11 (long pause).
- P: How was it living with your uncle?
- L: With my uncle?
- P: Mm.
- L: Here?
- P: You said, after your...um, after your dad died, or after your mother died, you lived with your uncle?
- L: Yes.
- P: How was that?
- L: It was not okay (pause), 'cause sometimes we stayed without food, and we used to stay with my mom, there by my uncle, and they used to talk a lot.
- P: Mm.
- L: It was not that easy.
- P: When they talked a lot, could you help me understand more about that?
- L: What they used to talk?
- P: Yeah.
- L: Like, they cannot handle my mom when she's sick. They cannot do that. It's

better that they take her somewhere.

P: It was hard for you because sometimes you had to go without food.

L: Yes.

P: And they talked too much?

L: Yes

P: And, they did not care for your mother?

L: Yes.

P: What was it like working as a maid? How was that?

L: It was not that easy. It's not good, and I wouldn't like work, again (pause) 'cause sometimes, you are being accused of something that you didn't do, as a maid - when you are working as a maid.

P: Give me an example (pause). Can you describe what happens?

L: Like when I was working there by Chilenge, (pause) mm, I was working (pause) there by Chilenge, (pause) I was being accused, like uh, I am going out there with her husband. Then they had to beat me.

P: (Tenderly) How did you feel when they falsely accused you and beat you?

L: I felt like I could just die.

P: (Very softly) felt like you could die.

L: Yes, especially, the first time.

P: How was that?

L: I was being accused over (pause) of me being going out with the husband, then they asked me, then I said, "No, I am not going out with your husband." Then they said, "No, I have a feeling that you are going out with my husband," and then

he had to beat me, so that they can see the truth, so I was beaten, then I had to stop.

P: Stop working for them?

L: (Nods).

P: That was very painful experience for you.

L: Yes.

P: What's it like to be supporting yourself, all this time?

L: This time, ah, it's not that good 'cause, I used to be...I used to go to school in the mornings and in the afternoons I go for walk to work, so I couldn't have time to study, so I was not doing great at school. Ah, then when I was in grade 11, it was not that easy for me 'cause in grade 11, you have to study, and you have to go for tuition, and there was no one to do that for me. There was no one to give me money for uniforms, for whatever. At school, they need a lot, and I couldn't manage. Then I had to stop.

P: You found it too hard to manage?

L: Yes.

P: How did you feel when you had to stop?

L: I felt so bad. I'm so useless.

P: (Very gently) You feel useless?

L: Really.

P: Can you help me understand because I can see that you worked really hard going to school, in those past years? (Gently) Can you help me understand how you felt useless?

- L: I felt useless because they're all graduating. Grade 10 and grade 11, I never performed very well, and after I left grade 11, going into grade 12, I had to stop.
- P: You felt useless because you had to stop?
- L: Yes, (pause) I thought that I would never do something in life 'cause I didn't have the key.
- P: You felt that you hadn't got the key?
- L: It was so painful – yes (softly, then pauses). As for now, as for now, I'm not going to school. I stopped. Uh, I'm staying with my grandma, but as for now, she's not there. She went to Mazabuka.
- P: What keeps you going?
- L: When I work as a maid, at least I help myself.
- P: Would you say you have strength to keep going?
- L: Just like this? No.
- P: No. What would help you?
- L: I go back to school.
- P: What kept you going, when you were going to school?
- L: When I was going to school? 'Cause, I wanted to be someone.
- P: You were determined to be someone. What do you do if you really want something?
- L: I pray.
- P: You pray?
- L: Yes. If I pray (pause), God is going to make a way. He can make a way.
- P: You believe that God will make a way.

L: Yes.

P: What was your greatest loss?

L: When I stopped school, that was my greatest loss.

P: What helps you cope with that loss?

L: Cannot cope.

P: You feel that you cannot cope?

L: (Whispers) yes.

P: Who do you go to if you are frightened?

L: My sister. Yes, she encourages me. Yeah, my friends – I have friends but (long pause) ah, we can only be friends when I have cash.

P: Tell me more about that.

L: They cannot stand with me when I am having a problem. They can't. That's the friends that I have.

P: How is that for you?

L: It's not okay. I just pray to God, when I have a problem.

P: Tell me about L. Who is she?

L: L, she is a young lady, who needs school a lot, who needs to be someone in the future. That's L.

P: And who is she now?

L: Now, now, she is working as a maid, just to help her grandma and to help herself in some way. About her - she fights a lot to be someone.

P: [Hoping to finish the interview on a positive note]. What are the good things, you have in life?

L: Good things in life? I sing in the choir at church. That's what I do. Uh, when I was going to school, I used to play chess and table tennis.

P: Is there anything else you want to tell me?

L: For me, what I need, I need...I need to go back to school. That's what I need a lot.

P: What would you like people in North America to know about Zambian girls, whose parents have passed away?

L: It's not that easy for us, um and Zambia cannot help. They cannot help, uh, because I believe it is a poor nation. That's what I believe 'cause they cannot help us. They can't help 'cause we are many. We are many. I feel so bad because our country cannot help us.

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 6: N

[N's father had passed away. At the time of the interview, she was 19 years old. This interview was held with us sitting on the bamboo mat under the shade of the mango tree outside the rented home, in Kaunda Square, that N shares with her cousin, among others. She chose to be interviewed in English and the interpreter was not present.]

P: I am very interested in hearing your story – the story of your life and about the people who care for you, and what's...what keeps you going, so maybe a good place to...to start would be to tell me where you were born and what that was like.

N: Where I was born? Okay, I was born here in Lusaka at U.T.H. [University Teaching Hospital], and that was in 1986, 3rd October, and I've been brought up by...by my grandmother, and that's was from '91 to...19...from '91 to '92. Then I was taken by my mother to Chipata. Then after, from there I came back to Lusaka. That was in '95. I came back to my grandmother's place and then, that's why I had to stay with her.

After from there, I moved again to Sorezi with my sister, and that was in '97, and that was when I was in grade five. I continued staying with my sister until “two-zero-zero-three” when I finished writing my grade nine exams. After finishing writing my grade nine exams – okay before starting my exams, my sister and brother-in-law had to shift. My brother-in-law stopped working where he was working there in Sorezi. They shifted to Chirundi, and I, I had to remain there with other people in Sorezi to write my...to write my exams. I wrote my exams,

and I came back to Lusaka. I had to stay here with my family, and later on, my sister came back from Chirundi. She came to pick me up in Lusaka, and she took me back to Chirundi. There we started staying together, and that was in “two-zero-zero-four” – last year.

I was supposed to be doing my grade 10 last year but I couldn't go to school because my sister had no money. She...she had no...she had no customers 'cause she plaits [braids] hairs, so that's where she used to get some money to pay for my school fees. There, I just to stay until we came back to Lusaka. My brother-in-law had to find a job here in Lusaka. Then w...we settled, and that was in May when we came back from Chirundi to Lusaka. He started working, and his kids started schooling then. I...so, I had to remain at home and help my sister with some other works.

At first...at first, a lot of problems when I was there because I had to think of my school, and I had to think that maybe that's where I had to end with my education, and later on, I became a sickler [sickly] without knowing what was troubling me. And, My aunt came back from Botswana, and she was like maybe I was depressed. I kept it like that in my mind that maybe it was a depression. Until, some later...some later on this year when I just made it up in my mind that I should go for HIV test. That's where I found out that I'm...I'm one of the...um, I'm one of these people who are HIV positive, and I had to go back again to my sister's place. I started staying there, and my brother could...my brother-in-law couldn't allow me to go back to school, but it's because he'd not completed himself, so why can I complete, and whereby I am not his child.

So, it was difficult for me to stay again at home, and I had to think of getting married, and then...then again, I went back to my mind. I had to review and say, "But no, I can't get married with this disease. It's like, I...I will affect other people, so it's better off, I stay," but, I never lost hope that maybe I will die – I should stop schooling or what. I had to start praying again. I prayed, I prayed, and then, I find this man known as Mr. Jere. He's a...he's also at hospice. He's a caregiver there. He's the one whom I...whom I...whom I told my problem. After telling him my problem, then he said that, "Maybe, I'll find the other way to help you because myself, I don't have enough money to help you."

That's when he went to the sister – the Catholic sister, and she's the one who's helping me by this time. Um, before I started schooling, the same sister from Catholic, she couldn't...she couldn't allow me to start this year. She was like, "It's too late for you to start schooling," and that's because I started in the second term, and I was like, "No, I can catch up. I can catch up because I don't want to lose this chance any more." Later, I say that "maybe if you go and try yourself 'cause I don't know if you'll find a place there 'cause it is too late for you to start schooling." Then, I was like, "Any way, I'll give a try, if I failed, I failed," and, I went back to Munali [High School], and I went to Munali, where I found a place for grade 10. I went back to the sister and told her that I found a place, and she was also surprised to see that I found a place there.

Until now, I'm back to school, and I'm happy, and I'm proud of who I am, and the only thing that I would like to advise to my other friends is that the world, which we are living in is a world full of...full of problems. We are going through

a lot, here in Zambia. Like, I myself have experienced a lot in my life, looking at how my brother-in-law had to say to me about my scholarship - never wanted me to continue with my schooling, and to...and to look back to my situation, uh to say even if I'm in this situation, I can not stop schooling - I'm still somebody. And so, that's when I had to...to stay in a happy way. I make myself a strong person.

Even if I had to come to your country in other days, you wouldn't tell that this person is in this situation. She's a positive person. I'm still happy with the way I am and to tell my other friends that they should beware of this thing 'cause you can't tell even by looking. And, I've done...I've done (clears throat)...I've done some other workshop, and that was in this year in April, and it was held at St. Paul's here in Lusaka, where I've learned a lot about this disease - how it is spread up, and how...how people can stop it. Until now, I'm still keeping this m...un...until now, I still keeping this...these things that have been told at the same, same place where I used to go.

P: What made you decide to go for a test?

N: What made me decide to go for a test was that I'd seen what I'D ...what...what I'D gone through. Since from my childhood, I'D been a sickler. I used to grow up [with] sores on my head. Even last year, I had to go up...I had...I had to go up sores on my hands and other parts of my body, so I had to decide to go for a test. Maybe it can be...then I can...maybe I can be one of the people who are HIV positive.

P: So, you were worried because you were a sickly child that you may be HIV

positive.

N: Yes, I was worried.

P: Um-mm. What was it like when you got the results of your test?

N: Oh, it wasn't so like as...Okay, I felt so dizzy on my face and... 'cause I truly trusted myself. I...I'D never had sex with any man, in my life. So, like asking the counselor, "then where I can get this disease from? How can it come into my ...into my body like that without me knowing it?" What – what -what. And then she was like, "No, you can get this disease in different ways: one is from injections; two, from your parents." Then...okay, then it's...then it...it's...it...then it...it's in that way – related by me that way, and I had to accept it but from that time, I never accept it. I had to keep on crying.

When I am al...when I am alone without no friend, I had to cry – looking at my future. I had to...I...I had to think about a lot of things that maybe...maybe in this year – in this same year, I'm going to die, until I had to resume and say, "You know, I'm still a person. I'm still somebody." And from now...from now, I'm telling you, I've helped some other friends at the same...at the same hospice – people who are older than me, who are always lonely - thinking of the same disease. I just tell them that no, this thing won't end, so don't think a lot of things about this thing. It's just like...it's just like malaria you know. Then, you just have to...you don't have to worry a lot about it. 'Cause if you worry about, if you worry lot about it, it's like you're killing yourself – that you're discriminating yourself.

P: Um-mm so, I hear that you, when you first got the news, you were shocked

N: Yeah, I was shocked.

P: And you were...you di...didn't want to believe it?

N: I didn't believe it. Because I trusted myself, I didn't.

P: And you felt alone.

N: Yeah.

P: So, where did the...where did the courage...the faith come from in yourself?

N: Okay, the faith came from other people – from different people that I've met, and one of him who...who is pastor Phiri. He is in Macheru. The first time when I...I met him, it was when I went to...to his church, and after there, there was an invitation that we should go for the...for the overnight prayers. Then, I also participated then after we did our overnight prayers, they were like uh, telling people to...to come in front – those who are ...who have to share testimonies to other people, and I was one of them. I told the church about my situation, and I...to thank God for that I'm still alive 'cause when I was...'cause by the time when I...when the counselor told me about this, she told me that this disease, it's like it has lived in her body for more than 10...10 years. And, I was prayed for that, and I thanked God that I'm still alive, and by that time, the previous year I never too...since from the childhood, since from the childhood, have never took any, any AR...any A.R.Vs [antiretrovirals].

P: So, you're still not taking A.R.Vs?

N: I'm st...I'm now taking. I started this year.

P: And how's that?

N: It's fine, and they're making the body getting strong and strong. So, I think it's

the best way for me to continue taking them but I believe that one day this thing will vanish because I...I don't deserve it. I'm innocent of it.

P: What's it...what was it like telling the church about your...your illness?

N: What was?

P: When you gave your testimony in the church, what was that like?

N: Okay, to...to the people, it was like both of them, they cried anyway, and to the...the same pastor, pastor Phiri, he took me to the other room, and asked me some questions, and I told him. And he was like, "Anyway, you just have to accept the way you are, and thank God for that you are still alive, and be honest of yourself that you can still live. There's still some more years coming towards your life, and you should continue praying that you should have a bright future." And, uh...I'm still praying that one day I will have a bright future and have my own family.

P: Earlier, you said that you realize that couldn't get married.

N: Yeah.

P: How is that for you?

N: Okay, for me it is like I'm always having two questions in my mind. One question is that if I get married, I will infect the man, and the second question is like...would...if...and my second question is like how will my children be to be with a parent who is [HIV] positive? How happy are they going to be?

P: And your question, what are you thinking about that?

N: About my children what I am thinking about is that I'll tell them the truth and tell them that I'm still...I'm still the same. I've not changed. I am still your mother,

and I'll still live some more years 'cause God is the only one who...who has to hold up my life.

P: So, you're hoping to have children one day?

N: Yeah, I'm hoping that.

P: You like children?

N: Yeah.

P: Can I ask you a question about when you were a small child? I was wondering from...you were born in 1986, and you lived with your grandmother from 1991. Who took care of you for that time from 1986 to 1991?

N: From '86 to 1991?

P: To '91 when you weren't with your grandmother?

N: I was with my father, and in '91 the same year...even '91 the same year, in...on 3rd June, my father passed away.

P: Where was your mother?

N: My mother was in Chipata. They were...okay, they were divorced.

P: Your parents are divorced. So, you father brought you up?

N: Yeah, my father and my grandmother here are the ones who brought me up. I used to shift from my father to my grandmother. It was like that - my grandmother to my father, and my father was married. I had a stepmother.

P: What...what age? Do you know what age you were when your parents divorced?

N: No, I don't

P: What was it like growing up with family who are divorced?

N: Okay, tricky.

P: Tricky because?

N: Because one, you'd face some problems with the gran...with the stepmother; and the other one, you'd wonder why and what brought up for these two people to divorce.

P: What kind of problems did you face with your stepmother?

N: Okay, the problems that I faced with my stepmother - okay, it's like she used to, to beat us very much with my brother, and sometimes, she just used us...oh, she just used to, to leave us alone, just like, that for the whole of the day. And when my, my father is not around, she never used to take care good of us. Even to wash us. It was a very difficult thing for us. We used to wait for our father to come, and then she'd...she...then, he does all the things for us.

P: How did you feel about that – about her not caring for you?

N: I felt it bad, and I really wanted my mother to come back to the house.

P: You thought it would be better if your mother was there?

N: Yeah.

P: Do you have any memories of, or have you been told any stories about yourself when you were a baby?

N: (Softly) When I was a baby – (Her voice volume increases back to normal) yeah, I have the, the...I have one story, and this story I was told by my mother. She told me that when, when she was carrying my ch...when she was carrying me, my father used to beat her up very much, and this is why I was named N.

P: What does N mean?

N: N means, "Why do you hate me?"

- P: (Softly) “Why do you hate me.” How do you feel about your name?
- N: Oh, I think (soft laugh) it’s just okay – good.
- P: Do you still see your mother?
- N: Mm, it has been for a long time since I saw my mother, and that was in ’97.
- P: And when you were smaller did you see her?
- N: When I was?
- P: Before ’97 did you see her?
- N: No.
- P: So, you didn’t see her, and then you saw her in ’97?
- N: I didn’t saw my mother since ’97 until now.
- P: And before ’97, did you see her?
- N: Yeah, I saw her, and that was in ’96 when she came.
- P: And, sometime before that, did you see her after you were born, like between ’86 and ’96?
- N: Yeah, she used to come. She used to visit us when I...I was with...with my father and my step-mum.
- P: How much did you see her?
- N: Okay, she used to come every holiday. She used to visit us and...and take us with her to Chipata, then we come back.
- P: Um-mm, what was it like, seeing your mother?
- N: Okay, (she raises the pitch of her voice) it was like, oh, something special.
- P: Something special. Um please, excuse me for asking questions that might...might sound ignorant or.... Your life is very different from anything I know, and I’m

trying to understand the details. Please, let me know if it's too much for you.

N: (Softly) Oh no, it's okay.

P: What...um I'm wondering what made it special for you with your mother.

N: One thing that made me special with my mother is that she used to take care of us in the good way that a mother should supposed to do.

P: Like what for instance?

N: Mm, like washing our cloths, washing us, and (pause) giving us everything that we needed, somehow - and that one of them is love – that a mother has to be.

P: Yeah. How did that feel to you when you were with her, and she was caring for you?

N: I felt good than I was with my stepmother.

P: You felt better than when you were with your stepmother. I'm wondering why you didn't stay with your mother.

N: Why I didn't stay with my...my mother is that she cannot manage [afford] to take me to school, so I had to understand her and decide to live with my...with my other relatives.

P: So, when you were...when you were a child who...who would you say were the people that cared of you, when you were a child?

N: People who took care of me – one of them is my grandmother and my...my aunty. The one from Botswana.

P: And what were they like?

N: They...they're like...they were happy.

P: What did they do to take care of you? What kind of things did they do?

- N: Oh...they do? They used to buy everything what I needed, and they used to take care good of me when my mother was gone.
- P: So, they replaced your mother when she wasn't around.
- N: Yes.
- P: Yeah, and how was that for you?
- N: It was fine.
- P: It was fine. So, when you were a child, if you needed to know something, who would you go to?
- N: I would go to my...to my mother and my grandfather...oh, and my grandmother, I mean – my grandfather's already passed away (small laugh).
- P: Yeah, and how would they respond?
- N: Mm, they will tell me what happened in the past, yeah.
- P: And how was that for you?
- N: Fine.
- P: Yeah, and if you were afraid, who would you go to?
- N: If I was afraid, I would go to my aunt.
- P: yeah mm, and what would she do?
- N: She'll...okay, she'll tell me in a good way that I...that she can...in a good way that she can, not to make me be more afraid.
- P: She'd reassure you.... you'd feel reassured by your aunt. What would you say was your biggest loss?
- N: My biggest loss is my father, 'cause I...'cause I regret it...'cause I regret it if my father was still here, by this time I would have finished schooling. By this time, I

would have been some...someone, not [still] being at school.

P: Yeah. What was the hardest for you about your father dying?

N: That I really don't know. Okay, the only thing that I remember that my...my sister told me. It was that my father had a sore in his armpit, so he had to take it to the...to the hospital for it to be operated, and by that time when they operating it, they...they did it with the...(Her tears begin to fall. I ask if she's okay)... Yeah, I'm okay.

P: Do you want to stop?

N: No, I don't want. I want to continue (softly; we wait for about 10 seconds until she feels ready to continue). Okay, it was like, they did it badly, and then from there, he started bleeding a lot, and that's how...that is how he died, and that was the time when I was at his place waiting for him to come back. The time, he was going to the hospital, he was just okay. He told me that that's so, which wasn't only. [He was] in for something, and, when the car came, my father wasn't there. There was somebody in his car.

P: Somebody brought the car back?

N: Yeah. Okay, by that time I was young, so I didn't know what was happening. I...I just went to the same person and asked where my father was. They just told me that, "No wait, he'll be coming shortly," and, I had to sit down and wait for my father (she laughs gently). Then I was surprised that how is he going to come 'cause here is his car here (she continues this gentle laugh while she speaks until this point). Then he was, "No wait," and after for some short time, I started hearing some people screaming and my stepmother was there crying, (pause)

crying, and that's how I went inside the house, and, I asked the same person. That same person told me that, "No, it's your father [who died]. Okay, I didn't cry by that time. I came here straight to my grandmother's place, and that was when I was four years old. I came here to my grandmother's place, and my aunt was surprised. She was like, "Why are you here alone, and how...how have you managed to cross the...the road alone?" And, I say that, "No. I...it's these people who are confusing me. They are crying that, "My Johnny! My Johnny! My Johnny! Ramone! Ramone! Ramone!" And then she was like, "What has happened? Has your father passed away or what?" And, I was like, "I don't know. They are just crying." Then my aunty had to ask for a...for a call from the...from...from my grandmother, and my grandmother to give her...for her to come and give...for her to go and check at my...my fathers place what was happening. Then she had to find out that my father's passed away.

P: (Gently) How did you feel at that time?

N: Oh, I felt bad.

P: You felt bad.

N: Mm-mm but not very bad (small laugh) 'cause I didn't have an...an idea of that...that the person can die in a day just like that, so I had to stay and ask my same aunty, "Where my father could he be until this time." Then my aunty was like, "No. You father is gone forever. He'll never come back again.

P: What's it been like for you in your life without a father?

N: Without a father – okay, to live without a father is a hard thing

P: What makes it hard for you?

N: (Pause) Mm. Like for now, I regret it that my father...If my father was alive, I would have finished my school. And, that means that my father was very responsible for me and my mother, for she is not working, and she's just a farmer [probably not earning much of a living], so it's difficult for her to take me back to school.

P: And you regret not being able to go back to school.

N: Yeah, I regret it.

P: How did you...how did you cope?

N: How I cope with this? Okay, I just had to accept it. I say that...I like to say to myself that, "That's how things are being. There times for joy and times for...for...times for joy and times...hard"

P: What helped you to accept it?

N: What helped me to accept it was when the time when my sister brought me to her place. There I had everything that I needed. I had to go back to school even if my brother-in-law didn't want me to go back to...to go back to school

P: Knowing that you were provided for helped you to accept? (She nods) What keeps you going? What makes you strong?

N: What makes me strong is that I want to be someone in future, and I want my brother-in-law to see (passionately) that I can be someone in the future even if he didn't want me to go back to school.

P: You're thinking that you can do it without him?

N: Yes, I can do it.

P: Mm-mm and, where does that strength come from?

N: That strength comes from God.

P: From God. So, who would you say are the people who take care of you now?

N: The people that take care of me now: one of them - the same sister, who is at the catholic and my aunty, the one...my...whom all...whom is looking after all of us here (small laugh) and...and the same sister who's married to my brother-in-law, the one I used to stay with even in Sorezi

P: And what do they do to care for you?

N: For my aunt: she gives me what I ask for from her. If I need school...if...if I need school items, she gives me, and for this Catholic sister, she pays for my school fees, and for my sister in Maseru, she buys clothes for me.

P: And...and how does that feel getting these needs met, knowing that there are people you can rely on to provide this for you?

N: How it feels? Somehow, it feels good, somehow it feels bad 'cause it's...it's like they're putting them in problems. At this age where I am, I'm supposed to be taking care of myself but looking to the situation, I'm still being taken care by other...by other people. I would love to add, to make the people feel happy that I'm...I'm also able to...to support myself.

P: So, who do you go to if you need to know something? Whatever, if you have a question about life, who do you go to?

N: To uh, I go to the same sister, the catholic sister.

P: Yeah, and how does she respond?

N: Very...she tells me what I ask. She answers me in a bright way, and she gives advice.

- P: Yeah. You find her helpful?
- N: Yeah.
- P: And, who do you go to when you are afraid?
- N: When I'm afraid, I go to my aunt (giggles).
- P: Your aunt. Yeah. What does she do?
- N: Okay, she also tells me not to be afraid of anything. I just have to accept it.
- P: (Gently) What makes you afraid, N?
- N: There, there's a lot of things that make me be afraid (laughs softly).
- P: Mm-mm. Like what for instance?
- N: Mm, one of them is (long pause) not paying my school fees [which means she would disallowed from school] mm.
- P: Why does losing...why're you afraid of losing your education?
- N: I'm afraid of losing my education 'cause if I won't be educated, then I'm not going to be somebody. I'll be nobody.
- P: (Softly) Can you help me understand what you mean?
- N: I mean is that, when I...and for me here, without going further [completing my education], I'll be like someone who'll be begging money 'cause my aunty will...will not keep on...keep on supporting me or giving me everything that I...that I will need from her.
- P: You're worried that she won't be able to keep on supporting you, so you want to be able to provide for yourself.
- N: Yes.
- P: Who do you want to be?

- N: Who do I want to be? I would like to be...I would love to be a journalist, and besides that, I would love to be a mother.
- P: All these experiences that you've been through, how have they affected you?
- N: The experiences? They've affected me mm in a bad way, and one of them is that I used to worry a lot about...about my education, and I couldn't understand why my brother-in-law wouldn't want me to continue with my education.
- P: What was that like with him?
- N: Everything it was like...he just wanted me to not continue with schooling. 'Cause for him himself, he didn't continue, so he wanted me to end here even where he...where he also ended.
- P: And how did you feel?
- N: I...I felt bad. I felt bad that he wouldn't...he wouldn't punish me...he...he...he wouldn't punish me for that 'cause for he didn't...he didn't continue with his edu...with his education because I'm innocent. I'm not the one who...who...who never wanted him to continue with his education.
- P: You felt bad because you were being punished for something you weren't responsible for.
- P: What's that like- being punished for something that you're not responsible for?
- N: It was uh...Okay, it's a bad thing.
- P: How would you describe yourself?
- N: To describe myself? Okay, I'm...I'm a Zambian girl with an African face and a charming girl, still fat and still...still...still strong, and the things that I like most: I like chatting with my friends, having fun, I...going out maybe just for a visit to

visit other...other friends who are going through what I'm going through.

P: What are your friends like?

N: My friends like who are in my situation, the people who are patients like me, who are patients.

P: So, most of your friends are patients.

N: Yeah, and one of them is Esther. She lives there.

P: And what does that do for you, spending time with your friends?

N: Well, okay I feel...I feel good spending times with my friends.

P: It feels good.

N: Yeah, good, very good.

P: Can you tell me, who is N on the inside?

N: Uh, N that who...who is inside is the one to be someone in the future the one...the one who really wants to help people to stop spreading up this disease to other people, and the one who has (pause), who has an ambition, uh an ambition that makes her be strong and strong.

P: N, on the inside is determined to be somebody who helps stop the spread of this disease and is ambitious to keep going, to be strong.

P: What...what would you...what do you need the most?

N: What I need the most? What I need the most is that I...I want to continue school...school...to continue my scholarship.

P: Um-mm. Yeah. What do you want people in North America to know about girls like you in Zambia?

N: Okay, for here in Zambia, girls like me here, we struggle a lot, and...and most of

them, it's in education. At my age, most of the girls are being married off by their parents, and others are prostitutes, and others are still struggling to find themselves.

P: I hear you saying that Zambian girls of your age struggle to get education. Some of them fall into prostitution, some of them are married by their parents, and many of them are still struggling to find themselves. Is there anything else that you want us to know?

N: What I would love you to know is that, for you people there in the...in America, you still okay. You are lucky to have everything that you need, and for us here in Zambia, we struggle to have what we need, and to you there in America, you should appreciate God, what God has done for you, what God has given you.

P: Uh-mm. We need to appreciate what God has given us. Anything else? Anything you want me to know about N?

N: About myself: Okay, what you can know about me is that I'm still the same. I've not changed even if I've gone through a lot. I'm still appreciating who I am. I appreciate God very much, and I'm still looking forward to get out of this trouble that I'm going through.

P: Still have hope?

N: I still have hope.

P: Yeah. Anything else.

N: Okay. What you have to know, you other people there, that I'm M, and the things that I've gone through may have made me come a little bit down at school. Since troubling to be like other friends, who are bright at school, and I'm not going to

give up, give up to be someone in the future. I'm not going to give up, and I'm very sure that this business that I'm carrying right now will one day vanish away from me.

P: You're not going to give up.

N: Not going to give up hope.

P: And you're determined to do well in your school.

N: Yeah.

P: Anything else?

N: Okay, Zambians would like to advise people there in America that when you are in this situation, a situation where it's a very difficult thing to go through because you've got a lot of things to think about. One is to think about my future and even to wish to be like other people. But as for me, I am happy the way I am, and I'm still advising you other people there, "If you are not in this situation where I am, thank God for who you are, and appreciate God for what he has given you, and protect yourself from this disease. For you people, you cannot tell who, who is the person carrying this disease. And as for me here, you cannot tell, I am still fat (little laugh) still fat, and I'm still a very charming girl with a lovely smile on my face, and you cannot tell that I am in this situation, and I am very proud of it. I'm wishing, wishing it to end."

And to my fellow young youth who are in America, I would love to advise them to stop sleeping around with other boys 'cause with this disease, you cannot tell who is the person carrying the disease. And, the other thing is that you stop taking drugs for the drugs will drive you to a situation that you won't be accepting

it to be, in the future, and to be faithful to one partner, as I was with my partner. He disappointed me this year when I told him that I was in this situation 'cause I never wanted him to go through what I've gone through, so I had to tell him the truth. And he was like, "Okay." For the first time, he was like, "No, you just have to accept it. You haven't changed. You're still the same. You're still the same N, and there's nothing that has changed for me." But to my surprise was that he started showing true colours on me, so I had to, so I had, had to stop seeing him and to tell him that, "You only have to do the thing that is in your heart. If your heart tells you to stop dating with me, then stop it. Don't force yourself to be a friend to me"

P: He was showing his true colours?

N: My boyfriend?

P: In what way was he showing his true colours?

N: Okay, he used to, to ask me to visit him, and when I visit him, I find him with another girl, and then I was like, "Anyway, maybe he wanted to be that way." It's like he was fooling me, and the other day he did it the same. I went to visit him. He was with other girls. Trying to talk to him, the girls were the ones who respond to my question. That's when I had to even to give up but no this how he made it up. That's how he wanted to treat me, and I had to stop seeing him, until now.

P: How are you feeling about that?

N: For me, sometimes I feel sad. Sometimes, I feel it's okay because it's for him to decide. I cannot force him to be with me. I'm sad 'cause of the promises he

promised have not happening but anyway, I have to accept it. It has changed.

P: You're disappointed because he didn't keep his promises.

N: Mm-mm (affirmative).

P: How long were you together?

N: We've been together for four years.

P: Four years. How did you meet him?

N: I met him in August, the year 2001, and that's when I came here for the holiday. I, I met him at the show-grounds. From there, we knew each other until this year when he had made it up in his mind up that he would disappoint me in that way.

P: What was like before this year?

N: What was it like before disappointing me? Okay, he was actually kind – advising me on how I should live and advising me to continue school and not to give up and promising me that he, no matter what happens he'll never leave me.

P: You've been through a lot.

N: Yeah, I've been through a lot.

P: Do you still feel strong?

N: I'm just getting strong and strong. Okay, the thing that people should do when they are going through a lot with their lives, is that they should just be making themselves to be strong and strong because when they make themselves to be weak, then they're killing themselves.

P: How do they make themselves strong?

N: How they can make themselves strong: One is by sharing their problems with other people, and the second one is by accepting themselves for who they are, and

the other one is by inviting their creator in their life.

P: Uh-huh. What I am hearing is you recommend that people can make themselves strong by accepting who they are, um and by inviting their creator into their lives and...

N: Into their lives and sharing their problems with other people.

P: Does that, does that help you?

N: Yeah, it helps me very much because I've accepted me who I am, and I've accepted this disease that's come into my life but I've never accepted it, but I have accepted it. And, I've shared the problems that I have with my friends, and one of them is Pastor Phiri and Sister Maria, the catholic sister, and they just advise me on how to live and how to get strong and strong.

P: Uh-huh. Good support from them, hey?

N: Yeah, I have a very good support from them.

P: Anything else?

N: Mm, something else is that when you're going through what I'm, what I'm going through, you have to be a strong person, and you mustn't be thinking of this thing a lot in your mind. Like myself, I think about it but it goes – I think about something special in my life.

P: So, if you think about it, you think about something special then those thoughts go away?

N: Yeah, those things go away.

P: You find that helpful?

N: Yeah, 'cause when you be thinking about it, each and every time you're thinking

about your problems that you're going through, there are, you are depressing yourself. At least if you're thinking something special and think about what you're doing in future.... [We are interrupted by a phone call] Yeah, and when you think about it very much, you'll be, you'll be depressing yourself. You won't be someone in future. You won't be someone who you really want to be. You'll be at the same level.

P: You're worried that if you just focus on your problems then you won't be able to move ahead.

N: Yeah, you won't be able to move ahead. Like for myself, if I just sat down and start to thinking of what I'm going through and not looking forward to going back to school. By this time, I was just going to be at home, not going to school, but I still kept on thinking of something special, and I kept on thinking that one day, I'll go back to school, and I have that dream that I was in school and this time, I'm, I'm in school.

P: So, what do you think of when you think of something special?

N: Okay, I think of making myself beauty that even if other people who be pointing fingers at me, "That person's HIV positive," I won't worry 'cause most of the people won't believe it. And, the other thing's that I think of myself to become educated that even if I am chased away from my family's home, I'm about to sponsor [support] myself.

P: Yeah. Do you have something else you want to tell me?

N: And the other thing that I think about that is special, very special in my heart of having my own family. I still have dream that one day, I'll have my own family,

and this thing is going to end. It will truly vanish 'cause God never, never wanted me to be in this situation. It's just that it's happened that I was in this situation. To my friends who are going in this situation, just be like me, and you'll keep on going strong and strong. What I'D like to say to other people is that when you have this disease, this medicine that you're taking, they make our bodies become strong, so it doesn't mean that that it's the end of it, maybe it has, it has vanished from our bodies or what. You just have to continue taking these medicines, and you have to stop whatever things you used to do in the past and think your future, and ask God who you really are in the future, and God will be able to answer you.

P: And, who is N in the future?

N: N in the future is someone who becomes a mother, and someone who takes care of her children, someone who works hard, (long pause) someone that I would like to say to the married people, "I know this happens to most of the people. When, even if your husband has to run away because you're in the situation I'm in because you're sick or what, never give up that you're going to be someone in the future. Make it that you'll be someone in the future, and make it up that your husband will want to come back to you." And, to my friends, if there are any friends who were once in a relationship, and they broke up with their boyfriends just because of this the same thing: "Just be like me, accept yourself as you are, make yourself beauty, and think about something special that will come in your life, and eat a lot like the way I do." (we laugh).

[A few days later, N came to my cottage and asked if she could speak to me. She told me that she needed to make a correction to what she had said during hr interview. For

privacy sake, we went with her to a private place [the garden of the compound]

P: Can I just ask you a question? I am wondering why you felt that you needed to come to make a correction.

N: Okay, I didn't tell the truth of what killed my father, so I thought of it. I said, "But no, I have to tell the truth."

P: Thank you.

N: You're welcome. My father like the way I said in the beginning, he died with a boil - he had a boil in his armpit, so when he took it for an operation, they did it together with the muscles. Then he started bleeding badly, so after that he died. That's how he died, but even if he died in that way, they say that he also had the disease that I'm suffering from. That's what I wanted to say.

P: How do you feel about knowing that your father had the disease?

N: Well, I feel badly.

P: Can you help me understand why it is that you feel bad?

N: Okay, I feel bad because in those days, there weren't medicines for this and maybe that's what made him to die first.

P: You think he might still be alive if there was medicine?

N: Yeah, yeah.

P: Yeah. When did you know that he had the disease?

N: I knew this, this year.

P: You found out this year. Who was it that told you?

N: My sister told me. My elder sister, she told me about this and my aunty, at home, she also explained to me.

- P: How was it when they told you?
- N: Okay, I wasn't very shocked 'cause I knew where I got it from.
- P: Mm. How're you feeling now?
- N: Oh, I'm feeling fine.
- P: Feeling okay?
- N: Mm (affirmative).
- P: Thank you for coming to me. I appreciate that. Anything else you want to tell me?
- N: (Pleasantly) Nothing.

[N agreed to participate in a second interview. This interview took place in her aunt's home. This time, her intonation is less formal]

- P: When I spoke to you at L's house, you said that you stayed with your grandmother.
- N: Yeah, I said that I was staying at my grandmother but now she's not here.
- P: Can you tell me about your grandmother? What is she like?
- N: My grandmother, she's is a very good person and the thing that she likes: She likes helping people mostly, and she likes going to church and washing even if she only has got only one hand. She's always washing, and she loves everybody at home.
- P: She's only got one hand?
- N: Yeah, she was once in an accident, so one hand has been broken.
- P: Mm-mm. She's loving?
- N: Yeah.
- P: What might she do that tells you she's loving?

N: How she cares for everybody.

P: Can you give me an example?

N: For example, when I'm sick, she cares. She looks for medicine. She's a very wonderful person, my grandmother.

P: How is your relationship with your grandmother?

N: My relationship with my grandmother, it was something was fantastic. We used to joke, when it's time for jokes, and we used to work when it's time for work.

P: Did you work together?

N: Mm-mm (affirmative) Especially in the fields, that's what she loves the most. My grandmother is something special. When you, when you've got a problem, you'll tell her. She'll answer you; tell you something what to do with that problem.

Yeah, that was how.

P: Will you give me an example?

N: For example, when we're all at home with my other sisters, when we tell her, she'll make you sit down, and then she'll talk to you. She'll talk to – not tell us all the time to follow her ways [rather] how being helpful or how, how the family should be.

P: What did you learn from your grandmother?

N: I learnt "pridement" - being a grown up. Mm, other information I learnt that from her how be an example for better and her traditions.

P: Tell me more about that.

N: The traditions?

P: Um-mm.

- N: Mm, she taught me that when a girl has grown up at the age of 13, she must be always be respected. She must always be putting on a long skirt or chitenge, seeing that this person is now a grown up person, and she taught her traditional ceremony – that is Shona [one of the Bantu language groups] ceremony, how people bring their, they way they bring their girls out. Yeah, the time that the girl has grown up, they take the child into their house for three months. Then they wait for three months then the girl will come out the house. She will dance in the front of the people with only a chitenge - a chitenge and then putting on a breast cover. Then she will be painted in colours, and there will be men there beating up drums, and she will be there dancing.
- P: So, is there a celebration?
- N: Yeah, a celebration for that girl's good.
- P: And how was that for you?
- N: Yeah, it's fine.
- P: I'm wondering if you will tell me about your sister? What is she like?
- N: My sister, the one that one I used to live with. My sister likes plating hair, washing and cooking and having made beautifying with her friends, and going out for parties.
- P: She likes to have fun?
- N: Yeah.
- P: And how is your relationship with your sister?
- N: My relationship with my sister is fine. We understand each other. If there was no relationship between me and her, when she heard about my sickness, she wouldn't

have loved me but because of that relationship that is in between us, she loves me the same.

P: And how is that for you?

N: It is fine.

P: One thing that you spoke about when I first spoke to you that you moved from one place to the next with your mother, and you moved with your sister to different places, and I was wondering how that was for you moving around when you were a child.

N: Moving around when I was a child. Okay, it was something difficult, especially I used to find it difficult in schools to cope up with things that they made, to cope up with the people, so I used to find it difficult.

P: Can you help me understand?

N: When you move from the other school going to the other school, you have, okay you may find that those people whom you've met, you've just met, they're ahead than you were at the other school, so it will be difficult to understand the things that they're going through.

P: What did you do?

N: I used to ask my friends.

P: And how did that help?

N: They helped me in many ways by telling me how to solve especially mathematics. In English, I had no problem. In maths, they used to tell me how to solve the things that they're learning.

P: How was it meeting new people each time?

N: Okay, somehow are special, somehow are bored. When you go from other place to the other, you'll find new faces, and that's when you'll be bored. You won't have a friend until you've been there for some time. That's when you'll have a friend.

P: How long?

N: As for me, it was only for some weeks.

P: How were those few weeks before you found a friend?

N: I don't used to stay alone. Yeah, even though the first time I'm alone, so one of the friends will come that I had. She asks me, "How are you doing," Where did you come from?" I tell her then she made me friends.

P: You also told me that you used to be a sickly child.

N: Yeah.

P: How was that?

N: It was uh - even my relatives were thinking of that I'm not going to grow up - I'll die. I used to have the sores on my head, the sores, which last for five years. It was horrible. When they were cleaning them, I used to cry a lot. Even telling, Mummy and Daddy, "I'm going to die." By that time, my mother wasn't there. It was my sister, the one in Maseru; she was the one who was taking care of me.

P: What did she do to take care of you?

N: She used to take me to the clinic. There I was given five injections. From there, she used to clean my sores and apply spirits on them but they couldn't do anything 'cause I wasn't expecting this pain. Something... 'cause just to operate, Dad needed to sign it, and we were thinking of him to come back home but we

were not sure, and that was the end.

P: How did you cope?

N: What helped was that my aunty and my grandmother were just saying that I must keep it in my mind that, "One day, my daddy will come back."

P: And thinking that he will come back helped you to keep going?

N: Mm-mm (affirmative), until I had to understand what death is.

P: How was that?

N: Mm, it was bad 'cause I've looked at the lack of things I've needed the most and wishing that if my father was alive, I wouldn't have been lacking these things.

P: What was it like living with parents who are divorced?

N: Somehow it's good, somehow it's bad, especially on the stepmother side, it's bad.

Growing up with a stepmother is something horrible 'cause she mistreats the children. Father may like the children but the stepmother. My stepmother never used to take care of us. She only used to leave us outside the house then she locks the house. She goes forward. We can be there from morning to sun setting and without eating. There was only this one person, who was known as Mr. Solly. He's the one who used to help us when my father used to go out the house. He was my father's friend.

P: The last time, you said that your stepmother used to beat you.

N: Yeah, she used to beat us. Like one day, she had to beat my brother, and then after beating him, my brother had to faint.

P: Are you saying that she beat him so hard that he fainted?

N: Yeah, yeah. It was. It was bad. I had to cry. At that time, I wasn't living with my,

with my father. I was living with my grandmother, 'cause she saw how, how my stepmother was, was treating my brother, so she couldn't allow me go to my father's house.

P: Did your stepmother ever beat you?

N: Yeah, I remember. Mm, it was the time when I, I needed my breakfast. So, went to her and I told her that I need the breakfast. Then from there, she made me a big cup, and then she told me that I should finish all of that cup, and I said, "But no, it's just too big a cup." And she just told me to sit down and to finish up what she told me to." So, I when was trying to eat it fast 'cause I was late for school, some came out through my nose, and my stepmother had to come and slap me and say that, "You didn't finish up and you're eating carelessly like that."

P: Where did she slap you?

N: On my (pause) face.

P: How was that?

N: It was bad. I cried.

P: [Some people arrive]. Hello. Hi. [We stop for a while and I switch off the recorder. We continue after they go]. You were saying that it was very hard when your stepmother beat you.

N: Yeah. It pained my heart.

P: What would you say are the good things in your life?

N: Good things in my life. I want to have a bright future. I am planning on having my own family too, and I am planning to do something that will make my future different.

P: I have a question for you. Do you feel like an orphan?

N: I don't feel like an orphan 'cause my Father God really truly loves me.

P: Anything else you want me to know before I go.

N: Mm okay, I want you to know that I also love traveling. I like traveling and meeting other people 'cause it's like you know other things when you travel.

Yeah, it's great.

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 7: O

[At the time of the interview, O was 19 years old, both her parents were deceased, and she lived with relatives. Recently, she had become pregnant by a married man. This English interview was held in the small dark hot living room of her relative's home in Kaunda Square, without the interpreter present.]

P: So, I would really like to hear your story.

O: My story.

P: Yeah, I would like to hear about your life. I'D like...I'D like to know what it is like to be in your shoes. I want to...I want to understand what you...what you hear, what you see, what you smell, what you touch, and what you...um I'D like to know about the people who care for you (she laughs softly) or cared for you when you...when you were a child, and I'D like to know how you keep going.

O: Okay.

P: Perhaps, perhaps a good place to start – you can start by telling me where you were born.

O: Uh, Makeni, then my father died when I was six years at Makeni then after that my mother died when I was 13 years old. Then, I was in grade six. Then after that, I started living here. There was no money but my grandmother managed, until I wrote my grade seven. Then after that when I wrote my grade seven, the results came out. Then, my uncle said he would help me. He came then he said that he would get me, and I started living with him. Then I'm afraid that my results were not good. Then, he said that he didn't have money to pay for my

school fees, so I decided to come and stay with my aunty in here Kaunda Square then I repeated again grade nine. Then after I wrote, the results came out but there was no money for me to go back to school. Then life wasn't easy here but I just have to understand 'cause there is nothing I can do. I have to face with the consequences. It is not easy being an orphan.

P: Mm. Tell me what it is like.

O: Uh, the pain that you live with. They mistreat you. Say all those bad...bad...bad things on you but you just have to understand. You have to accept.

P: You have to accept?

O: Yes, 'cause there's nothing you can do. To say that you want to go somewhere else – where can you go? They're the only relatives who can keep you, so you just have to learn to live with it.

P: What was it like?

O: For example, she got children – many. Those children, the things they shout at you. They insult you but there's nothing you can do. You can't retaliate back. If you do that, the mother will get upset. That's when they...so you just have to...you just like...[The exterior noise was so loud that I could not decipher what she said on the recording]

P: How does that feel O?

O: It feels bad.

P: You feel bad when they insult you.

O: Yes.

P: But you feel that you just have to accept otherwise, where will you go?

- O: Yes.
- P: Do you have any memories of what your life was like before your father died?
- O: Yes, I have.
- P: Can you tell me about that?
- O: Uh, I used to live very happy with my father.
- P: Both? Mother and father together?
- O: Then, there were three [children] in our family. Two died. I'm the only one remaining. Then my father had another wife, got tuberculosis. He's a doctor at Mukingi but there's nothing when he died, for me, but when my father was alive, I used to live very well.
- P: Can you describe what that was like when you say I used to live very well?
- My...my experience is very different to yours, so it might sound like I'm asking a silly question but I can't picture it in my head. I need you to help me see what that was like.
- O: Mm, whatever I wanted, he used do for me but now...now I can do it for me. I have to struggle to find it.
- P: And how is that for you?
- O: Uh, very hard for me.
- P: When you were with your father and mother, who were the people who cared for you?
- O: After they died, it was my grandmother, right.
- P: What's your grandmother like?
- O: Uh, what you mean, like what?

- P: What kind of lady is she? If you had to tell me about your grandmother, and you wanted me to know her without me meeting her, how would you describe her?
- O: Mm, she's a nice old lady. She understands, and she's a farmer, okay. She lives on a farm. She used to understand all my problems - it's just that she doesn't have money.
- P: Yeah, is she still alive?
- O: Yes.
- P: And you still see her?
- O: Yes.
- P: What's it like when you see her?
- O: (She laughs softly) She makes me happy because she's the only one who c...who can comfort me. She's my grandmother 'cause she's the only grandmother I have.
- P: She's the one that comforts you.
- O: Yes.
- P: When you were a small child, who did you go to if you needed to know something?
- O: My grandmother, mm.
- P: And what would she do?
- O: She used to tell me. Maybe, I need advice - she used to advise me. Maybe, there's something I want.
- P: And what was that like for you?
- O: Mm, it was nice to find someone who can care for you, because not all people can care for you but only one person can do that.

- P: Not everyone can care for you?
- O: The way I see it - like my [extended] family [with whom I lived]. It's difficult.
- P: It's too difficult for them to care for you?
- O: Like when you told them that I've got a problem, they don't understand it.
- P: So, if you go to them with a problem, they say there's nothing they can do?
- O: Yes.
- P: How does that feel?
- O: It feels bad but I just have to accept.
- P: You feel that you don't have any options?
- O: But I can find someone who can help me.
- P: Mm, you're hoping to find someone that can help you? Who might that person be?
- O: (She laughs) I can't say.
- P: What would say is your greatest need?
- O: School fees.
- P: [If you need] something like school fees, what do you do? If you, say...say you need something, and you don't have it?
- O: Someone can help you, then you go to that person, but there's no one.
- P: So what would you do?
- O: If there's someone who can help me?
- P: If there's no one, what would you do?
- O: You just have to stay, to stay at home.
- P: You just accept? (She nods).

- O: Yes.
- P: How was the relationship with your...with you and your mother and you and your father before they died?
- O: Mm. [I could not decipher what she said here].
- P: What was it like? How did you...what did you think about them and what did they think about you?
- O: Mm, they thought I was all right.
- P: How did you all sleep?
- O: Mm?
- P: How did you sleep?
- O: Um, we slept well.
- P: So, if you were frightened when you were small, who did you go to?
- O: My dad.
- P: And, what did he do?
- O: He (soft laugh) used to comfort me.
- P: What was that like?
- O: It was nice.
- P: Could you describe - could you give me an example of when he comforted you when you were afraid.
- O: Uh, for example, someone wants to beat me, I run to my daddy. When I start crying then he start telling me, "Stop crying (soft laugh)." Everywhere we go, he was there also...that's why...(I could not decipher what she said after that).
- P: And that felt better?

- O: Mm.
- P: So, what has changed since your parents have died? How're things different?
- O: That's when I have to suffer.
- P: You're suffering. What's the hardest part?
- O: The people who keep me, they don't understand my suffering. [It's] like, I'm giving them more problems, so sometimes, people'll go somewhere - I'm giving them 'cause my parents have died - then it's a crime but it's not.
- P: It's a crime?
- O: They don't understand how...how it feels being an orphan.
- P: Crime? They think that it's a crime that your parents have died? (She nods). You feel misunderstood? You feel they don't understand you.
- O: No, they don't. They make as like they understand your feelings but well they do not.
- P: How do you...how do you know when someone understands you?
- O: Actions speaks louder. You can see that this person understands you. For example, whenever you ask from one person and that person doesn't have then they end up shouting at you - they don't have money - what...what, instead of telling you.
- P: They end up shouting at you. How is that?
- O: It's bad.
- P: Bad. It's painful?
- O: Yes.
- P: What I'm hearing you say is that the hard...it's hard that they don't understand

you. Is there anything else? (She shakes her head).

O: Mm, no.

P: What keeps you going?

O: Mm, my job.

P: Where do you get the power to keep going? Where do you get the capacity to keep going?

O: I just pray. The Lord is there for me.

P: Pray? Where did you learn to do that?

O: (Soft laugh). At church.

P: How long have you been going to church for?

O: Since my childhood.

P: Who took you to church when you were a small child?

O: My mother.

P: And what did she teach you?

O: [She] taught me how to have faith in the Lord.

P: How...what would she say?

O: She used to say that when you are in trouble, you are suffering, rush first to the Lord, and then pray. He can be able to help you and then have faith in Him.

P: And you find that helps?

O: Yes, it helps.

P: Who do you go to if you want...if you need to know something?

O: (Soft laugh) Oh, no one.

P: No one?

O: Mm.

P: Who do you go to if you are afraid?

O: I just go to the Lord. Just praying about it, thanking God it's going to happen.
Least it's going to happen in your house.

P: Is there anything else that you want to tell me about?

O: No.

P: How would you describe yourself? Who is O?

O: (Soft laugh) mm, how do you mean?

P: Like, if you were a friend, and you wanted to tell somebody about O, what would you say about her?

O: That she understands. She tends to accept the consequences.

P: You're accepting of what you go through?

O: Yes, 'cause I know that things will change.

P: So, how do you think your experiences have affected you?

O: Mm, affected me very badly 'cause when I think of it, sometimes I cry. I don't understand why things like these are happening but in future, it happens.

P: Cry a lot?

O: Yes.

P: Tell me about your friends.

O: Mm, No, I don't have any friends who I can talk to.

P: When I write my report, what would you like me to write about girls like you?

O: We have to be helped. Why? For example, we end up being, we end up being a prostitute. Anything but because you've got no one to help you but when there's

someone who can help you, you won't do that.

P: What's keeping you from being a prostitute?

O: Mm, my heart, (laughs) I can't do that. No matter how I suffer but I can't.

P: What does your heart say?

O: Mm, it says, "No." for me.

P: How does it know that?

O: 'Cause I see how prostitutes behave, so I can't.

P: Yeah. What is your hope for the future?

O: Mm, I hope to be someone who can afford to help other people.

P: Mm-mm, you want to help other people.

O: Yeah, 'cause I've suffered too many things. I've experienced that, so I know how it is like.

P: Mm-mm. Do you have any other questions for me?

O: For example, if you take the report there, what is going to happen when they read the report?

P: I don't know. I can't make any promises. I wish I could.

[A couple of people came into the room and began speaking loudly. When they leave, she resumes.]

O: It's not very bad when there's someone, who can help. You can be able to do everything. It happens - it's normal being an orphan.

[O agreed to do a second interview. We met about a week and a half later. This time, she chooses to be interviewed in my cottage]

P: Um before we start, I just was wondering if you thought of anything else that you

would like to tell me about.

O: (She shakes her head to decline).

P: You mentioned your father. Would you tell me about him?

O: My father? Uh.

P: Mm, what, what was he like?

O: I can't remember. I was too young, the time he died.

P: How old were you?

O: Six.

P: Six. Did I hear you say that he took another wife?

O: My mother was the second wife.

P: How many wives did he have?

O: Two.

P: Do you remember the first wife?

O: Yes, I know her.

P: How was she?

O: I used to go there. She's at the farm.

P: How did she treat you, when you were a child?

O: (Soft laugh) Mm, not bad. Not bad.

P: Can you give me an example something she might have said or done?

O: Okay, sometimes when you're wrong, she used to shout at me.

P: Yeah, and how was that?

O: It was not very bad 'cause I knew she would help.

P: Do you remember how it was when your father died?

- O: I remember back, way back in Makeni. Yeah, so the first wife sold everything, huh even though my mother buried him, at the farm. There was a fight, so we had to go.
- P: What were they fighting about?
- O: Mm. There is a big woman, who didn't want my mother to go.
- P: Didn't want your mother to go? Were you there too?
- O: Mm (laughs), I was young, so I didn't know anything.
- P: You didn't understand what was going on?
- O: Yeah.
- P: How do you feel about it now, when you think about it?
- O: Bad 'cause I didn't get any shares. They went to court. My mother lost. She didn't win (she talks quietly).
- P: How do you feel about the other wife selling everything?
- O: I feel bad.
- P: Because?
- O: Because I was not given anything, and father left a will that I must be given at least something, my share but I was not given. She forged what's in the will.
- P: You think she might have forged the will.
- O: Yeah.
- P: You feel cheated?
- O: Yeah. She also died. We shifted. We went to stay at my grandmum, that's her (mother's) mother. She [mom] got sick. She came into my mother's bedroom. She found my mother was already that her eyes were just blinking. Yeah, she called

her name. She couldn't answer. Like, she was blocked here. I've forgotten the problem that she had. There's something that grows. It looks like a tongue then when it's black here, that poison, when it breaks, the poison blocks the whole chest, as a result, she died, so when she found out that she was like that, it was too late. They couldn't operate it. That's when they took her to the hospital. By then, it was around 23:00.

P: Were you there?

O: No (laughs), I was just being told by my grandmother. I only saw her the last night when she got very sick. Then when they took her to the hospital, I never saw her until she died.

P: How did you feel?

O: I lived without a mother. Oh, it was hard for me to understand. By then, I was young.

P: Mm, how old were you at the time?

O: Mm, 13.

P: How did you cope?

O: Mm, what? How to live without a mother?

P: How did you manage, yeah?

O: My aunty, who stays here in Kaunda Square, she used to come and get me.

P: What helped the most?

O: What helped me the most? Mm, I think it happened, so I just have to understand 'cause she's not the first one to die. Many people have died. [The phone continues ringing loudly, so we break briefly until it stops].

- O: Mm, 'cause it happens. Everybody is going to die.
- P: Where did that understanding come from?
- O: (Soft laugh) Mm, 'cause I've seen a lot of people dying. One of them was my brother, who died. You can cry then you forget.
- P: Mm-mm, you cry for a while and then you forget?
- O: Yeah.
- P: How is that for you?
- O: It's good that we forget 'cause we can't manage, just keep on praying till death. Yes.
- P: So, you found that you have forgotten?
- O: Yes, but when I think of her sometimes, I pray.
- P: What do you remember about your mother?
- O: My mother, what she used to do to me?
- P: Yeah, tell me about your memories. What do you remember about her?
- O: (Laughs) When I do something wrong, she used to beat me.
- P: She beat you?
- O: Yeah. Then after that she buys something nice for me. Then she start saying, "I'm sorry because you did something wrong, no wonder I was beating you." Yeah.
- P: What made her a good mother?
- O: Okay, she used to, whenever I was wrong, she used tell me that's bad, that's good.
- P: She would give you guidance?
- O: Yes.
- P: Can you give me an example of what she might say?

- O: What she used to say? Okay, she used to shout very much but that's the way she was. She had a bad temper. You find, you've knocked off from school, you've put the books down, she shout at me. Then at last she'd say, "I'm sorry."
- P: I'm curious: In Canada, we use the term spank. If I hear "beat," it sounds very bad, so can describe what that was like for you?
- O: It was not really that beating. It was like whipping me with a stick, a small stick.
- P: Where?
- O: (Shows me her palms).
- P: On your hands? Was it painful?
- O: Not very painful. I learned something from that whipping.
- P: Did your mother tell you any stories about yourself when you were a baby?
- O: No. Okay, she was a busy woman, so when she goes selling clothes, I used to go to school. Then she comes home at night. [We observe a car pulling up and then drive off, and then a boy from the compound stops by. We greet him and resume after he leaves].
- P: What about your siblings? Did you have brother or sisters? Your mother had other children?
- O: Yes.
- P: How many of you were there?
- O: Three.
- P: Three.
- O: Two boys and one girls. The first, then after he died, I was born.
- P: Mm-mm. Tell me more about your grandmother.

- O: Mm (she smiles)
- P: What do you like about her?
- O: Mm, loves her grandchildren.
- P: How do you know that?
- O: I can tell by looking.
- P: By looking? So, what does she do? Will you describe an example?
- O: She treats you good.
- P: When I last spoke to you, you said that she understands you. Can you help me understand more?
- O: Sometimes when I don't have money, and she understands.
- P: And how does that feel?
- O: It feels good.
- P: You also um told me that she comforts you when you feel bad.
- O: Yes. When I'm joking, like she'll know. When I going somewhere to find different food, she asks, "How are you going to get it to my house?"
- P: Mm, how did she teach you to live with people?
- O: Mm, for example, "Whenever somebody tells you something, a small thing, you get upset. You don't know, maybe that person is joking. You have to learn how to work. You don't have to be lazy. You need to be somebody who is understanding."
- P: How did she do that?
- O: We are cooking, she finds food that is not good then you get upset, she start saying that "When you stay with someone, they won't be so different from me. At

least I understand you.”

P: How do you find that helps you?

O: I think it’s good that she likes teaching ’cause I’ve learned so many things. I know what is good and bad. I know that when I tell someone the bad things, the person might get upset. She has taught me that when somebody is shouting at you, you just have to keep quiet. You don’t have to answer back. I think it’s good to please a fool.

P: It’s good to please a fool?

O: When somebody is insulting you, saying bad words about you, you just have to keep quiet. At last that person will start thinking, “Why was I insulting? The person I was insulting is not even answering back.” She taught me how to knit but I don’t know how to knit a jersey. I only know how to knit but I don’t know if I can manage to knit a jersey or a shawl.

P: How did you like that?

O: Mm, okay. It was a hard job ’cause it was a big farm, and we had to plant a lot of maize, and that’s a very hard job, and we had to work hard, and I had to manage ’cause we only depended on the same food we were planting.

P: How did you feel when you did that?

O: When it’s time to harvest, at least we used to find more profit.

P: What would you say was the most important thing your grandmother taught you?

O: She taught me that whenever I go somewhere, I have to understand, people are different.

P: Can you tell me about the uncle you stayed with when you were in grade eight?

O: He's a good man. Mm, the wife got sick. She was sick. They had problems but the doctor told her not to have children. The first-born died. He was a boy then after he died, the problems started. Then after some months again, she got pregnant. Then after that, she's only got one child. Then last year, she was very sick, so the tablets are very expensive. So, my uncle used to work on buying her medicine.

P: How was it for you living there?

O: Somehow, it was not very bad.

[More children arrived at the cottage, so we had another break.]

P: So, you were saying what it was like living with your uncle.

O: Yeah, that he was strict.

P: He was strict.

O: Yeah.

P: Will you describe how that went?

O: For example, he sent you to the market; you have to count the minutes you're going to take. If you are late then you're going to be in trouble.

P: How was that?

O: It was bad.

P: How was it with your aunty being sick?

O: It was bad.

P: How was it bad?

O: 'Cause her heart was growing bigger then she used to....I felt bad for her.

P: You felt bad for her.

O: but now, she's better. She's fine now (laughs) but it only starts...(she appears not to

know what to say).

P: And, how about the aunty you live with at Kaunda Square?

O: Um, she's the one I want to keep those things. Yeah sometimes, when she's upset, she's bad. Yeah.

P: Tell me more.

O: Then after that, she'll forget that she was insulting and start talking to me nicely. Just like my mother. Actually, there's no difference.

P: She's your mother's sister?

O: Yes.

P: So, they would insult you and then they would say something nice. How did you feel when they were insulting you?

O: I felt bad but I used to understand 'cause I know that's the way she is. At least if it was someone I didn't know, I'D be so very upset. Whenever she's shouting, shouting, just look at her. You know that she'll come back to me and say sorry.

P: How does that feel when she apologizes?

O: Feels good but she used to say bad things to me, "The one who brought you in this world." Yeah. But to tell someone, "I just, I wanted it that my mother will stay. I didn't want her. She's got a mother, no wonder she's used to say those words." Just trying to understand. She's helps me to be strong.

P: Help me understand that.

O: If you are weak, then you just have depression, so you just have to be strong 'cause if you're an orphan then you're nothing. They can laugh at you 'cause you're an orphan. Some of them, they can say, "Mother," so you just have to

understand, and it happens. It can happen to her, any day. One day, she'll understand the way I feel. She'll be able to know that it's bad telling somebody like that. Not that she'll stay with her mother forever, no, and it's good when somebody is treating you bad, 'cause that person is teaching you – that person insulting you. You will know how to live in the situation of suffering. You know all the problems but when you are living happily with your mum then she just dies, it will be hard for you to understand, 'cause you thought she'll never die. You have to understand that when somebody dies, you have to forget, and she doesn't have to live like an egg because the mom is dead. No. Just to know that one-day, the mother might die, and how is she going to live without the mother. That's what she has to learn

P: She doesn't understand what it's like.

O: No she doesn't.

P: How does it feel just having to accept this mistreatment?

O: Fine, 'cause there's nothing I can do. She's the mum. They were born nine – three girls, so she's like a mother to me.

P: How are your uncles?

O: Okay, they're married, and when someone's married, it's hard for him to be giving you all the things you want because the wife is not sure who the relative is. Maybe the wife can be saying, "What are you giving her such things?" But with her, she's the sister of my mum, so she's more like a mum.

P: When I last spoke to you, you said that you just have to accept it because you didn't have anywhere else to go. What does that feel like, not having anywhere to

go?

O: With God nothing is impossible.

P: Can you give me an example of when he has helped you?

O: God has done so many good things to me. Whenever I'm sick, I feel like the father will lift me up. God sends someone to help me. Yes. Someone from nowhere has helped me.

P: Tell me about you friends.

O: My friends. I don't have plenty of friends.

P: What are they like?

O: Mm, they are good friends, yeah.

P: What do you do with your friends?

O: Ah, with the friends what we normally do - there are so many stories. When you see one person, you say what happened to that person: This happened...

P: You chat?

O: Yeah, we chat (laughs).

P: So, what are the good things in your life?

O: My good things? Life has been so hard, since my childhood, so I don't know how to even say it.

P: Life has been so hard that it's difficult to think of something good?

O: I will have it, yeah.

P: You will have it.

O: Yes (laugh).

P: Tell me more.

O: (Laugh) God willing, I will have it. Not that when my age I can have now, but I still go on. You work hard, you can have my own house.

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 8: B

[At the time of her interview, B was 18 years old. She is the elder sister of Q. Her father is deceased, and even though her mother is alive, they struggled for basic necessities. We held this interview in the family's small hot living room in Kaunda Square. B's English was limited, and I spoke few words in Nyanja, so most of the interview was interpreted from English to Nyanja.]

P: Um, I'm interested in learning about your life. I want to understand what it is like to be in your shoes, right from the beginning when you were a baby. I want to know what it was like - how you felt, what you thought, what you saw. If you can describe as much as you can, it will be very helpful to me.

B: [In English] okay, I will try.

P: Thank you. My life in Canada is very different, so anything you tell me will be new information for me - will be something I don't know about, so perhaps, we can start by you telling me in what place you were born.

B: [In English] within here [Kaunda Square], in Lusaka.

P: Uh mm, and what was it like there where you were born?

B: Ah, when I was born, I just was staying with my mummy and my daddy.

P: Um, did...did you mom tell you any stories about yourself when you were a baby, or your daddy?

B: Mm-mm (negative).

P: Do you know anything about yourself when you were a baby?

B: [In English], no.

- P: What was it like? How was it living with you mummy and your daddy when you...when you were a child?
- B: When my father stopped working, he was chased [possibly retrenched] from work, so when he was chased from work, he went to the village in '96, so when he went to the village in '96, he stayed there for about six months, and then he came back. Then he went back [to the village] in December, and he didn't return until the 31st July, when he passed away, and then, I used to stay with my grandfather.
- P: How was it when your father passed away?
- B: Huh?
- P: How was it when your father passed away?
- B: When my daddy died, we used to stay right here with my mummy and grandfather, so I got pr...and then...okay (small pause) at school, my grandfather refused to pay for me. So, I used to play with my friends, and there was a boy who deceived me that he was going to marry me. So, when I got pregnant, my grandfather chased us and we didn't have anywhere to stay so we went to stay right here in Kaunda Square, down that side with my mummy, and he [B's boyfriend] went to stay in the Copper Belt [Province], and we stayed here with my mummy, down that side. So, after that, my mummy got sick, and I said, "I will not manage [to care for my mother] because I am young," so we went to Bauleni, and there in Bauleni my grandmother also.
- P: How old were you when you got chased?
- B: [In English], I was 15.

- P: Fifteen. How was your relationship with your boyfriend...your...with the boy that you loved?
- B: Ah, it was not all that serious.
- P: How did you feel?
- B: I felt bad.
- P: You felt bad when you got chased, or you felt bad when you were with him?
- B: Mm (affirmative).
- P: Both?
- B: No, even him, he refused that he was not the one who was responsible.
- P: He refused. Mm, and how was that, at the time?
- B: After that (pause) I had a baby, and it died seven months later. It just passed [briefly] through [life]. After that we came back here thinking that my grandfather is going to welcome us back in his house, so he just saw us coming from afar coming, and he chased us and told us not to reach his house.
- P: How was it when your baby died?
- B: Bad.
- P: You felt bad. Can you tell me more about that?
- B: [In English] uh, no [it was too painful to talk about].
- P: And, was that when your grandfather chased you a second time?
- B: We went to stay down that side, and that's when my mummy started getting sick again, (pause) and then Mr. Jere (pause)... There when my mummy was sick, my grandfather also got sick. He just collapsed, and then he died right there.
- P: How was it when your grandfather died?

- B: Ah, me, I was not there because we were staying down that side, and we were told after one day has passed. That's when we were told.
- P: Uh huh, so how was that? When you got told, how did you feel?
- B: (Animated) Ah, me, I didn't feel good because the way we were staying with my mummy. We were staying like the way you see this house but no door, no window, no floor, only roof. And on top of that, my mummy was sick, and we didn't have anything in the house, and when we come here [to grandfather's house], they will chase you.
- P: Mm. How was it for you living there like that?
- B: I wasn't feeling good. I was always crying because I was the oldest [offspring] there. My mummy was sick, and she was not even able to stand and speak. It was hard.
- P: How did you manage?
- B: We managed just like that until my mummy got a little bit better, and our grandmother asked us to come back but my mummy refused saying that the owner of the house chased us from there. My grandmother said, "Just return [to grandfather's house] - the way you are sick - and the children." And, that's how we came back. Then, I started working as a maid.
- P: [There is a toddler crying loudly in the room]. I'm sorry, I didn't hear properly: You started working as a maid?
- B: Mm.
- P: Tell me what it's like to be...how is it to work as a maid?
- B: It used to feel very bad. They will shout at you at work, and after them shouting

there, coming here [home], there's somebody sick. I used to feel very bad and then I decided to stop work.

P: How was it for you when he shouted at you? How did you feel?

B: I was even crying.

P: You felt so bad that you cried?

B: (Nods).

P: Was there anything that helped?

B: Not really.

P: No. (Pause) how is your mother?

B: She's fine now.

P: Can you tell me about her? What is she like? How is she?

B: My mummy is good.

P: What makes her a good person?

B: The way that she keeps us.

P: How is that that she keeps you?

B: Okay. She tries by all mean to provide for us but it just fails. Because I wanted to go back to school but I couldn't because my brother is writing his grade nine exams this year, and he wants money for school. He wants things for school, so I said I'll just stop school because there is no money, and there's nowhere to get it from, so I just sit and do nothing because there's nothing I can do [about it].

P: How do you feel about not be able to go back to school?

B: [In English] I feel bad, very bad.

P: What do you do when you want something that you can't have?

- B: Just like that, I'll do washing for neighbors as piecework [casual work], and they'll give me some money and I'll buy what I want.
- P: And how do you feel when you have managed to provide for yourself?
- B: [In English] I feel good.
- P: Where does the idea come from to do that?
- B: My mummy told me to be tough because she is also doing the same work as a maid that side.
- P: So, your mother taught you to be tough.
- B: [In English] yeah (giggle).
- P: Do you feel tough?
- B: (Giggle) uh, not really. When things are tough, I come tough. When things are not – uh...(trailing off).
- P: Tell me more about that.
- B: Mm (thoughtful).
- P: Can you describe an example to me?
- B: When it's tough - for instance if I want shoes, that's when I'll do that [casual work] but, when there is no money, and my mummy doesn't have, that's when I'll work when there's no food.
- P: And where did that come from?
- B: When you're a hungry person, and there's nothing to eat or if you really want shoes, what do you do? You just have to work.
- P: [Under those circumstance], you feel motivated to do it?
- B: Mm.

- P: So, when do you not feel tough? Can you give me an example of that?
- B: Like today, mummy before she left, she bought us some relish. At the moment, I have shoes and everything is okay, so I spend the rest of the day sleeping.
- P: How do you feel then?
- B: It feels good.
- P: It feels good to have somebody else care for you?
- B: (Nods).
- P: Can you tell me about your relationship with you mother? How is it?
- B: It is just okay. It's fine.
- P: Will you describe it – give me an example?
- B: Well, she gives me advice...good advice over life – how to handle life.
- P: Uh-mm. What, what...can you give me an example of what she might say?
- B: She tells us how to be (pause) how can I say it? If things are tough, you live like this. She also says that to live with people, you've got to respect them. Yes.
- P: So, um if you need to know something...if you need to know something about life, who do you go to?
- B: I go to my mummy and even to my friends – those who have finished school – the ones I used to go with to school, and they will come, and we will chat and chat. I ask them such things, and they give me advice.
- P: And how does that help you?
- B: I feel relieved.
- P: Uh-mm. You feel relieved having somebody giving you advice.
- B: Mm (affirmative).

- P: Tell me about your friends. How are your friends?
- B: I always play with one friend of mine, and she is finished school - and her younger sister in grade 10. These are my friends, the ones I play with. They are okay. They encourage me on many things like accepting how I stopped school and the way I'm living.
- P: Who do you go to when you're afraid, when you're worried or anxious?
- B: Mainly, I go, uh uh, I ask a friend of mine. Like, a few days ago, she had a graduation and asked me to escort her, and I saw what they were doing there, and it hurt me, and then she told me not to worry. Mainly, I get advice from my friend but sometimes, I go to my mummy.
- P: And how might they respond? If you feel afraid and you go to them, what do they do? How do they help?
- B: They give me encourage to accept it.
- P: They encourage you to accept it, and how is that for you?
- B: At least – okay - I feel a little bit better even if I keep it in my heart, at least I feel better that my friends give me such encouragement.
- P: Can you...can you tell me about what's in your heart.
- B: [In English], like right now?
- P: Uh-mm (affirmative).
- B: [In English] well, I want to go back to school.
- P: Uh-mm. How is that important?
- B: At least you can have a future in the future, so that you help your young sisters because I am the first-born.

- P: You feel that you need to help them as the first-born.
- B: Yes, I feel because this one [brother] who just left here, and that younger one – you [I] find that even if they [siblings] don't have things, they'll come to me and ask me to buy them a book, and you [I] don't have money. And sometimes, you'll [I] find them coming to me to ask to help with hard school work - like this one [brother] who just left, he's in grade seven - and you [I] find that you [I] don't know them [school work]. How can I help them?
- P: How is that for you when you can't help them?
- B: I feel very bad because it pains me. She comes from there say my elder sister will help me but find that the sister can't.
- P: You feel bad not being able to help them?
- B: Mm.
- P: Yeah. (Pause) what would you say is your most important loss?
- B: I really wanted to finish my education and my mummy is always sick.
- P: How is that when your mother is in and out of sickness?
- B: I feel bad.
- P: What is the worst part?
- B: The worse is when she gets very sick. [She becomes increasingly agitated]. You [I] find that she is in hospital and there is no one to remain here at home with children, and there is no food, and there be no one to go and see her at the hospital. There nothing I can do, I go there, and they chase, and I haven't even finished school.
- P: How...how does that feel?

- B: It feel pains me a lot. Even right now, is still does.
- P: You feel a lot of pain
- B: Yes.
- P: What is your hope for the future? [She did not understand the question]. What do you want for the future?
- B: I would like to change the way we live here.
- P: How would you like to change it?
- B: Going back to school and at least buying food for the house when I go to school.
- P: Would are the good things in your life?
- B: Nothing, just going to church. Now, that's the only thing remaining.
- P: How does that help?
- B: Nothing, it's like you go to church with your mind full of other things
- P: Anything else you want to tell me about?
- B: Ah, I think I really want to go back to school.
- P: Is there anything you want to ask me?
- B: (She shakes her head).

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 9: Q

[Q's father has passed away and although her mother is alive, they struggle for basic necessities. At the time of the interview, Q was 14 years old. She is B's younger sister. This interview took place in Kaunda Square in the living room of their very small, hot, windowless home. Her interview was translated from Nyanja into English because Q spoke little English and I spoke little Nyanja. We could hear the noisy neighborhood in the background]

P: Q (she looks nervous), are you feeling okay?

Q: Mm (affirmative).

P: (Gently), I would really like to learn about your life. I would like to know your story from the beginning 'till now, and I would like to understand what's like to walk in your shoes – how you feel, what you think, what you see. Um, my life in Canada is very different to here, so I'm going to need you to help me to understand. I might ask you questions that sound funny but I would like you to give as much details as you can.

Q: Mm. Starting with when I was born, when I was a small child, ah I would say the only things that I know are like the things that my mom used to say - was that I was ill, and just before two weeks [of age] would pass, I would admitted into the hospital. I suffered a lot from diarrhea and was living a painful life. I must have about five years before I walked. Yes. The other things that she tried to tell me.... she just started to cry. (She broke into tears).

P: She feels sad.

I: [In Nyanja], do you feel bad when mom starts to talk about your life?

Q: What? So, the only thing that used to help with taking me to the clinic was my grandfather. He used to own a motorcar, and we would go. A week would pass, and I would be back. Just like that. So, when I started walking, my granny decided we would no longer get any financial help, we would have to start searching for the money ourselves.

[The interpreter begins interpreting here.]

Q: My daddy used to go to the village where he used to order mopani worm larvae for re-sale here [as food]. He would sell these, and it would help towards the purchase of medicines for me. That is how I was growing up, and my sickness started to change. After my illness changed, some time must have passed. How long it was I do not know. He went again, right back to the village, and that was when we heard that he was sick. That was when she [mom] followed and stayed for just a month.

Meanwhile, we were left at grandfather's place. That was where we had stayed, so a week passed after my mom left to follow. She must have been gone a week and then within the next two my daddy, died. I must have been seven years, and so Mom started telling us that our daddy had died, so that was when she started telling us. We all went into the house – granny's house. It was dad's relatives who decided that since dad had passed away, so they started to grab everything dad ever owned. So, they said that if these children want their dad's property, they would come and find it when they grow up, so we have been staying like this from ever since. So, we shifted and moved here [Kaunda Square].

I: [In Nyanja], where were you living?

Q: We were staying, very close to the stop and then we came here when my grandfather moved to the farm, and we started staying here behind the house because the main house was being used as a rental. My mom then began to work, so she kind of worked if you can call it work, and I began school where, ah, at Chimbuya, but we could not find the money to pay. So, I stopped, and it was some years went by before I started at Chihonge School. While I was attending Chihonge, my grandfather informed us that he was getting tired of looking after us, and needed us to move out.

I: [Asks in Nyanja], who threw you out?

Q: My grandfather. He wanted us to move out. We wondered about where we were going to stay, as we did not have anywhere else to stay but since my mom has a mom of her own...

[The interpreter interrupts and starts to interpret.]

Q: So, when my grandfather heard that we were sleeping in there, he started talking in front of people that lived there as if it was a laughing matter. He was saying that we had to move away. As he was speaking, mom was washing clothes outside, and there was a lot of people around, so that was when my grandfather grabbed my mom, dragged her inside, and pushed her, and made her pack our things. When I came back from school, I found my mom crying, and when I asked her what the matter was, she told me that grandfather had thrown us out, so we moved out. We moved to Bauleni, to granny's home.

I: [In Nyanja], which granny is this?

Q: My mother's mother - my grandmother at Bauleni. We started staying there but my grandmother was insulting us a lot. She used cook nshima (cornmeal dish similar to grits) and toss it at us, while saying we were losers because we had failed to live with grandfather and now had moved in with her. So, we must have stayed for some three months, and from dawn to dusk, the insults kept piling up then, some people did come.

I had been sent to buy sugar when I met this lady who asked me which side I was living but I was new and did not know the area very well. That was when she had said she was looking for a little one to work for her, so I said I would first have to ask my mother. So, that was when I came and asked my mother, but she was not home because she too had found a job, working for some other people elsewhere. My grandmother, who was the one at home, asked me who the strangers were - the ones I had brought home - so I said this lady is looking for someone to baby-sit and do clean ups among other household chores. When my mother heard what the lady had to say, she agreed that I could go and start work. It was agreed I could start on Saturday. She would come and pick me up, and she left.

On Saturday, she came and got me, and we left, so the place where we went, I was told that I was to remain and stay there, which I did but in that place, the wife was very nice, but the husband was short-tempered. So, I had a bad habit of forgetting where I had put things, or when I put money in a safe place, I would tend to forget where I had put it, so when they got home and asked where the money was, I would forget and start searching about. So, the wife would be nice

about it and would just tell me that she would replace it but the husband would be like, “Just make her replace it.” So, I never liked the man. I liked the woman.

So, on Saturdays, mom who had a very good boss, would be paid like 20 pin [20,000 Zambian Kwacha or +/- Canadian \$6] aside from her usual 20,000 kwachas pay, and when she brought the 20 pin, my grandmother would be cheerful with it. Because I would be paid where I was - I was getting 10 pin [10,000 Zambian kwachas, =/- CAD \$3] - when I got paid and brought the money home, she would be happy with things like that. She even stopped swearing.

So, at the house where my mother was working, her boss used to give her money to go and buy household groceries. The change, she would give to my mother, so we started living like that but then at my mother’s work place, her boss - the husband - started going to South Africa and ordering motorcars for re-sale. When he came back, he started accusing his wife that she had had a man in the house while he had been away, so he started to beat up his wife. So, that was the end of my mother’s job. When my grandmother heard what was happening, she said there was no place for us, and started to chase us away, insisting that we move back to Kaunda square.

I: [In Nyanja], did your mother tell the boss-man that the boss-woman had a lover?

Q Oh no, the husband...

I: (Interrupting) he heard it somewhere?

Q Yes, yes, so my mom wondered about where we would go because if only we had the extra money. So, there was some one - a neighbor - a man who used to feel bad whenever grandmother swore, so, he took his own money and told us to

search for a place, and if we found something, he was going to pay. Yes, he was going to pay for us. He was going to start paying for us, so we got something.

[The interpreter interprets.]

Q: It was not a concrete block building; It was made of sun-baked bricks. We had two rooms.

I: [Asks in Nyanja], at your grandfather's?

Q: No, no. The place we stayed had a weak door; any one would have pushed it in. The neighbor was paying, and we stayed. My grandmother found out where and how we were staying, so she started telling the landlord that my mother was a whore. She said mom would let any man into her room, even a drunk, and all us children each had a different father because she was loose, so people thought mom was a prostitute. And, when mom asked her why she continued bothering us, since she was the one who had asked us to move, grandmother started throwing things and yelling, so all mom could do was cry. All the time, she did nothing but cry, so there is another person, my mothers elder sibling - so...

I: (Interrupts) male or a female?

Q: Female. She lives there at Bauleni with my other granny. So, it was her who felt pity in her heart, so it was her that started helping out with things like corn meal, so she used to do this by herself. So, she used to come over and ask if there was any corn meal at home then she would get a pot, and we would go and fetch some at her home. Then, she turned around and went complaining to her mother that we were begging for corn meal every day, "It is me who feeds them, and they keep on begging for money. Every day, they come to my place early in the morning

and do not leave until evening so that I can feed them, and I do not have the money to spend on food for them. I would like you to go and have a word with them.” That was when my grandmother came to yell at us then...

[The interpreter interrupts to interpret.]

Q: So, we kept on with our lives and at one time, we went to visit, so then grandmother started saying, “Since you people left,” so that was the way we started staying, and life continued to be difficult. We did return. We did return just for a visit, so my granny started saying, “Since you people left, I have no interest in hearing about anything to do with you women,” so she got told, “Oh, we were looking for a home to live, but we had not expected to find her there, it was just a chance meeting.”

I: You came here just to visit?

Q: Yes, so she had found something there towards the end of Kaunda square but fact is there was no money to pay, so she had then gone to the person who owned the house. So, they knew each other with my mom and happened to have a salon, so since mom knew a little bit about the hair salon, they decided she get a job while the house was being completed. They would have to install the windows and the door. The sides and the floor did not have anything but dirt. It was suggested that we sprinkle some water from time to time, [To keep down the dust]. So, mom got a job, there, so my grandmother: My grandmother came and started meddling. She said from then on, she would be the one collecting money from there. My grandmother prevented my grandfather.

I: Coming from the village?

Q: Yes, she would be the one collecting money from here. So, my grandfather had refused and moved to Northmead, so my other grandmother had come straight here and told us she had had to search for us because we had been visiting with our other relatives, and after she had told us, she had left. She had come early and had left late in the evening.

I: Your male or female granny?

Q: Female. Grandfather did come here and found no one, so we had to move because we found ourselves without a place, since the place we lived in had to be completed.

[The interpreter interprets.]

Q: So, that was how we started staying, and so it got hard for mom because there where she was staying, the door got stolen. Right there where she was staying by her boss with the saloon, thieves had got in, and they had burst in, the door, so when we got there, we found there was no door, so my mom had this kind of bed, and it was the very one we used to use and prop the doorway. So, Miss Doris was not here. She had by then moved away.

I: [In Nyanja], who is Doris?

Q: My elder sister, Miss Doris, had left and moved on to Chawama, to my grandparents. They had come and invited her to go and visit, so that was where she had been. So, life had been like that, and because our place had no windows, each time Miss Doris left, me and my friends, we used to fill the open spaces with blocks. So, we would fix the windows leaving some open spaces for some air, then we would go to the bedroom where we used to sleep and fix. So, at night

before we went to sleep, we would cover the windows with chitenge materials [usually used for Zambian sarong].

We had not much of blankets. We had these old and torn blankets. When the nights got cold, we would put the old blankets down and cover us with the mattress while bundled up with socks and trousers. Until that day, at the place where my mom used to work, her boss said she had bought some new blankets and we could get her old ones, so we got those blankets and continued with life.

So that one - the one who is talking outside, Miss Esther - she too, is my elder sister, who came and started living right here in this place, so she happened to have had twins. So, like we did not have much of any thing, so one of the children started to get sick. This one is here, the other one died. So, the child started getting sick, so Miss Esther would have to get to the hospital during the rain season, and it would rain on her but now she has turned around. She did turn against my mom.

[The interpreter interprets.]

And, that was the way our lives shifted. So, the rain! It used to rain on her a lot, so she started getting sick, my mom. Meanwhile, Miss Doris had left, so as with me, I did even stop going out to play. So, I would be looking after my mom while other kids played. So, she had trouble getting up, so if my mom needed a bath, I would escort her to the bath.

[The interpreter interprets.]

Q: That was how we began to live, then the landlord fixed up the place. He installed a living room floor. Everywhere, he installed doors and windows but ours did not

have a door, so what we did was continue using the bed, so that was how my mom started getting sick.

So, I had left - I had gone to the market to purchase some rations, so we did not have rations, so I had gone to my aunt to borrow two fives, but she gave five pin. Suggesting that two fives might not be enough, she told me to buy the rations and later on come back and get the cornmeal from her. I did get the cornmeal, bought the rations, and that evening got some sugar with the change, and made porridge for mom. So, we got news that my grandfather was sick, and that he had written a will. In that will, he has stipulated that, my mom...first...this lady, before she got married.

[The interpreter excuses himself that he might interpret and mentions the will.]

Q: So, we heard that he was very ill and could not even get up. At the same time my mom had gotten sick, her legs had begun to swell, so while she was bed ridden grandpa had written this will.

[The interpreter verifies the certain relationship among the grandmothers. It seems grandpa might have had a few wives.]

Q: So, my mom's mom, the one who lives in Bauleni, she got the big old house. Coming to the house that used to belong to mom and dad, he wrote that we should get nothing, nary a spoon. Then the other house, he gave to my mom's little sister. The house at the farm, he gave to others. Other things, he did give to others.

[The interpreter interprets.]

Q: So, that was how the will was written. After three days, my mom's little sister from my number two grandmother, came and told us that grandpa was very sick

at the U.T.H. [University Teaching Hospital]. He could not talk and was unable to open his mouth. He could not even keep his eyes open and no one knew what was going to happen. She was here that evening, the coming morning we had a funeral. That was how my grandfather happened to have died. But first when she came back the following morning, she tried to lie that grandfather was looking to see us but mom told him that her legs were swollen, and she could not move, so she suggested taking her there by taxi. So, she made her keep quite by insisting she be told the truth if her father had died, and so that was how we got to the funeral where grandmother insisted we stay on, after the funeral.

[The interpreter interprets.]

Q: So, we started going on like that. So each time this one comes it means she has been telling fibs in Northmead

[The interpreter clarifies who it is, and who is in Northmead.]

Q: So, she has been told not to try and stay here, or even at the farm - her presence is not required.

I: [In Nyanja], is it the stepmother, who does not like the person in question?

Q: Yes, so she likes to go there and beg a lot for food, so not long ago she had gone missing. She had gone and abandoned her child who is a twin but the other one is dead, so she just came back yesterday. She had left the child and run, just like that.

I: [In Nyanja], where was that?

Q: At the Garden Compound. So, the father drinks - the father to this child, so she run away from her kid, and the police arrested her, and she just came out

yesterday.

[The interpreter interprets.]

I: [In Nyanja], do you have anything more to say?

Q: (Answer not audible.)

P: How was it like being a sickly child?

Q: I used to hurt.

P: You used to feel pain. Where was the pain?

Q: In my belly.

P: How was that?

Q: I would throw up and purge, just like, so I would throw up or purge, and after an hour, I would start all over, so I would never sleep, and I would be just like so.

P: When were you sick?

Q: It started two weeks after I was born, until I was five - so I am told. So even now sometimes, I do get sick and hurt a lot, so this is why my mom does not like anyone to hit me when I am sick.

P: Who cared for you? Who looked after you when you were sick?

Q: My mommy.

P: And, what did she do to care for you?

Q: She used to work at the university as a cleaning maid, so that is how she would support me.

P: What did she do for you when you were sick?

Q: I never used to get sick a little bit. No, I would be sick enough to get admitted [to hospital].

P: So, you spent a lot of time in the hospital?

Q: Uh-huh (affirmative).

P: And how was that?

Q: The ward I used to be in, the bed I used sleep in was just like so, nearby was some twins and sometime some person, even a big one they would die, and I would see that. It never felt any good.

P: Mm. How did you feel when your grandfather changed?

Q: The way we used to live in the past, I used to love my grandfather very much. I never really hated my grandfather. Even now that he is dead, the next-door neighbors were laughing at me, saying. "The late always used to chase you and you still love him." So, when he used to chase us, I used to feel bad, even now, I do still feel bad but regardless of that, I still love him

P: So, you were hurt when he changed because you did love him.

Q: Uh-huh.

P: Tell me about your mother.

Q: I love my mother. She is very much nice. My mother is very nice, and I do understand what we go through. When she gets upset, she should not be taken for granted nor asked too many questions because she might get angry and move away. Then she will not talk to anyone. Sometimes, when we remember my dad, she does get sorrowful and looks hurt and upset.

P: What is it that you like about her?

Q: My mommy, she is nice because she bears no malice to anyone. One of the reasons why I love her so much is that, this section is not nice. People like to

quarrel and fight but my mom tries to avoid all that. It is one of the reasons why I love her so.

P: Tell me about your father.

Q: [There is a small child crying loudly in the background]. The thing I remember about my dad is that he was a quite person but when upset he would go ballistic. It was only the moments when he and mom exchanged words that I never could like.

P: How was he when he got angry?

Q: I was very young, but I do remember the moments when he would be acting up, and I would tell him it all made him look weird. He would then stop whatever it was he was doing.

P: You thought it was funny when he was mad. How was it when he died?

Q: I felt very bad

P: And what about when his family took everything, how was that for you?

Q: The one that pissed me off a lot was my third brother. He does not like it. Even when I am talking like so, he will move away because they denied us. They refused the fact that they are our relatives. This woman [grandmother], the one thing I hate about her, is her sticky fingers and the way she loves to harbor snakes. Even when I sleep and dream about her, the panorama is nothing but snakes that I see with her. She offers the snake to me and says it was my dad's last testament for her to hand me a snake but I always refuse. So I refuse because I know she would like me to get bitten so that, the next thing I will hear, is how my grandmother got bitten by a snake. That is what I do not want.

P: How does it feel to have family like that?

Q: Ah, it does not feel nice

P: You feel bad. How was it when your grandfather chased you? How did you feel?

Q: It felt bad, a lot.

[The interpreter implores her to elaborate on how bad it might have felt.]

Q: Most of the time we used to cry a lot, that was how bad it felt.

P: You felt so bad that you cried?

Q: (Nods).

P: What about your grandmother?

I: [In Nyanja], what about both your grandmothers, say something about them, one on one.

Q: My mother's stepmother, she is very nice. She is nicer than the other.

I: Both grandmothers are alive

Q: Yes they both are but my mother's mother is unusual. She too has sticky fingers.

She loves having her hands everywhere. When we go visiting she loves to go and buy a razor, then she tells us that if she makes some love tattoos on our skins, men will find us irresistible, so me, I do refuse. I do refuse, and because of that, we are not on good terms. All she wants to hear from me is destructive gossip about others. She wants only to hear about how many boy friends they are in my aunts and sisters lives that she likes to know.

P: How does it feel when your grandmother gives you?

Q: I always refuse

P: Why do you need to refuse?

Q: I do not like such things

P: When you were telling me your story, I heard that you moved a lot - from one house to another house. How was that for you?

Q: It never did feel good, having no place to stay. Being kicked around was not nice

P: What's the worst part?

Q: The worst part of it... ah we used to live as one family with my dad in one nice home but the things that grandfather was hearing.

[The interpreter brings her back to the worst part.]

Q: The worst part was all that moving and shifting from place to place.

P: So, you felt more secure when your dad was alive?

Q: Mm.

P: What would you say is your most important loss?

Q: On top of all things, it is the loss of my dad

P: How did you cope when he died?

Q: I do not know, when I was young I used to have a hard time understanding that he was gone for good. At times, I used to just forget. Now that I have grown a little, it is starting to be different. At other times, I do remember. I did ask my mom to accompany me to my dad's grave at the village but she has refused.

I: You have yet to see your dad's grave.

Q: We have not

P: So, you...it took you a long time to understand because you always thought he would come back. How do you feel about not seeing his grave?

Q: It does feel wrong, because my friends talk about putting flowers on their dad's

graves but I do not know where it is, that does hurt. The difficult I have is finding my dad's grave but my mom knows not.

I: [In Nyanja], you mean your mother does not know where your father is buried?

Q: Yes, she has been told not to know.

I: [In Nyanja], who is it that has decided your mother should not know where her man is buried.

Q: My grandmother has told her that according to our cultural traditions, women are barred from the grave.

P: What does it mean to you to go and see your father's grave and put flowers there?

Q: I think that, it is just normal to know where your dad is buried but if you do not know...

P: (Observing her) You're feeling sad? [She decides to discontinue. We check if she needs support and comfort her for a while].

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 10: K

[We had the interview outside some huts, under the shade of a mango tree in Machaya.

K, who was 14 years old at the time of her interview, had limited education and could not speak English at all, and I spoke only a few words in Lenje, so the interview was interpreted from English to Lenje.]

P: So K, I'D like you to tell me about your life.

K: Okay.

P: And your family. He's going to, he's going to translate for you. Okay? I, I need to say it in English my...for when I write it. Um so, we want you to tell us about your life and your family, and, and how you manage.

K: I start from where I was born, I was born at Matero clinic, then I started living with my daddy and when my daddy died, I was taken to live with my grandmother at Katete. I left Katete then I went to my Aunt's place, the sister to my daddy - who stays at 10 miles. Then I came here [to Machaya].

P: I'm just...one thing, [wind picking up] I just would like to understand is when you were staying with your dad, your mother was there too?

K: Yes. Uh-mm.

P: And what was life like for you at that time?

K: It was okay, a little bit. You know, when you live in the villages, you live suffering-suffering.

P: Will you help me understand that more about that?

K: Okay, we never used to eat well - we ate once a day. He [father] was old. He had

an “exhauster” on the one side of his face, and his one eye was blind, and our clothes were not pretty.

P: What was your dad like?

K: He use to drink beer, and he used to smoke a lot, and he used to beat us.

[Zambians use the term “beat” for corporal punishment, and without obtaining more detail, one cannot determine the severity of the punishment. The term “beat” covers a range from a spanking on the back of the calves with a small stick (the most common form of corporal punishment) to a severe beating]. It used to be painful.

P: Painful. (Pause) in what way?

K: Sometime it swell, He used beat with what ever he holds.

P: How did you feel inside?

K: I felt my heart pain very much.

P: You felt very much pain inside, as well as physical pain when your father beat you?

K: Yes, but it will sooth fast because it was my daddy.

P: So, tell me more about that?

K: I never though it to be big because it was my daddy. I never took it to heart but if it was someone from outside, I won't [think about it in the same way].

P: You weren't taking it to heart because it was your father, so it was okay because it was your father but if it was someone else then you take it to heart?

K: Um-mm (affirmative).

P: What did your mother do?

- K: She will be mad and say that why do you beat her.
- P: [Flies buzzing in background] Do you have any memories of yourself, or have you heard stories about yourself when you were a baby?
- K: (She laughs). Yes, they say I was naughty.
- P: You were naughty (laughing)! What did you do (smiling)?
- K: I used to beat my fellow babies.
- P: What did your mother do?
- K: She will beat me.
- P: What was your family like when your dad was still alive?
- K: Mummy and Daddy did not cooperate very well.
- P: Where did you all sleep?
- K: We [children] to sleep in the sitting room, but when we grew up we started sleeping with my grandmother.
- P: When you were staying there, when your father was still alive, who were the people who cared for you?
- K: My aunty from Lwanshya hut now staying in Botswana, young sister to Daddy.
- P: What I'm understanding is that it was your father and your mother and your aunty that cared for you.
- K: The one who fed [provided for] us was Daddy, but the clothes were from my aunty.
- P: How did it feel?
- K: We will be happy.
- P: Who did you go to if you wanted to know something, at that time?

- K: My grandmother.
- P: Your grandmother: And how would she respond?
- K: If I want to know something about my father, my grandma will tell me that my father was a good boy. She will be kind to us.
- P: How was that when she told you stories?
- K: I used to feel good. She will tell me that my father was a cleaver boy at school.
- P: Uh-huh.
- K: Yes.
- P: Tell me more about your grandmother.
- K: She's a nice person.
- P: What is it that she does that makes you think that she is a nice person?
- K: When my grandmother brings clothes, she will share them equally [amongst the children] but my when aunty brings she will first choose the best and give them to the [other] child, and we'll have the second choice.
- P: How was that?
- K: I feel my heart pain; we get bad clothes while the others get good clothes.
- P: Uh-mm. You felt pain in your heart, and you wondered why you didn't get the same?
- K: Yes.
- P: (Pause) When...who did you go to when you were afraid, at that time?
- K: My daddy.
- P: And what would he do?
- K: He will go there.

- P: He would try and resolve it?
- K: Yes.
- P: And how did you feel?
- K: [Flies buzzing]. I will feel a bit scared until Daddy comes back with an answer then I will feel good.
- P: Oh, that makes sense. How did you know that your daddy was a good person to go to when you were afraid?
- K: Because he was a mean man.
- P: He was the right person to go to because he was a mean man, so he would frighten off whatever the problem was [trying to understand]?
- K: Yes.
- P: What was your most important loss? [K does not understand the question and the interpreter has trouble making it clear and asks me to simplify my question].
Okay, what has changed since your daddy died?
- K: The way of living. Most of the things have changed. I don't have good clothes, not enough food.
- P: (Gently) and how do you feel about that?
- K: It feels bad.
- P: What's the hardest part?
- K: Clothes and shoes. [Food is a little easier to come by because it can be grown].
- P: So, how do you manage?
- K: Mummy just like that try to buy for us with the little money she get here and there, and my grandmother.

- P: [Wind blowing] What helps the most?
- K: My mummy... food.
- P: So, food gives you strength to carry on?
- K: Mm (affirmative).
- P: Um, who do you go to if you want to know something now?
- K: I can go even to my sister-in-law.
- P: How does she respond?
- K: Yes, like if I want body lotion, she will give me.
- P: What's that like for you?
- K: I feel good.
- P: [Wind increasing again] And, who do you go to when you are afraid?
- K: There is my one cousin and my elder brother who stays here.
- P: And, how do they...how do they help?
- K: If someone beats me, they go the person and ask why that person beat me.
- P: And, and, what's that like for you?
- K: I feel good.
- P: You feel good. You feel good because...
- K: Because they have gone there.
- P: You feel good because you have somebody supporting you?
- K: Yes.
- P: Tell me something about your friends.
- K: They are good friends.
- P: What makes them good?

- K: If someone want to beat they will by tell them not to.
- P: Why are people wanting to beat you?
- K: People from here just like fighting even if you are just walking by yourself they will just start accusing you.
- P: What do they accuse you of?
- K: They will just start to insult you, and when you answer then they will start beating you.
- P: How is that for you?
- K: I feel bad.
- P: You feel bad because...help me understand more.
- K: I feel because they accuse me of something, which I didn't do. I just say that God alone knows that I am not a bad person.
- P: You feel bad because you're falsely accused, and at other times, you feel good because you have friends and family who defend you?
- K: Yes.
- P: Uh-huh. How would you describe yourself?
- K: I am a nice person.
- P: [Wind picking up again] And, what makes you a nice person (smiling)?
- K: I do help my friends.
- P: Uh-huh, in what way?
- K: If they ask for something like salt, I will help if I have [it].
- P: Uh-huh, you are a helpful person. What keeps you going? [She has trouble understanding the question] How do you cope?

- K: God gives me give power and courage.
- P: Strength from God?
- K: Yes.
- P: God is there for you and gives you courage – can you help me understand more about that?
- K: Ah (smiles broadly), God hears my cry.
- P: Cry...God hears your cry. How do you know that God hears your cry?
- K: We learn that God hears us.
- P: How does it make you feel knowing that he hears your cry?
- K: I feel good because He has given me power so that I can work.
- P: [Wind blowing loudly] What is your hope for the future?
- K: I want to be a nurse when I grow up.
- P: A nurse (smiling), and what do you feel you need the most?
- K: I want to be educated so that I can be a nurse, shoes, and clothes.
- P: What I...what I hear from you is that, um (pause), before you daddy died, life was, was (pause) quite hard but it's, it's harder now, and you struggle but you manage, and you cry to God for help, and you are comforted because you know he hears your voice.
- K: Uh-huh (affirmative).
- P: Um, what would you like people in North America about Zambian girls whose parents have died? People in North America don't know very much about girls in Zambia. And if you could tell them something about Zambian girls, who have lost their parents...

K: I can say that we lack things like clothes, shoes, and education.

P: So, you are hoping by them having this information that help will come your way?

K: Yes.

P: Is there anything else you want us to know?

K: No.

P: Is there anything else you want to ask me?

K: No.

P: Twalumba [“thank you” in Lenje].

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 11: E

[This interview was held in the small, hot, dark living room of E's home in Kaunda Square. She did not speak English at all, and I spoke little Nyanja, so her interview was interpreted from English to Nyanja. E was 14 years of age at the time of her interview.]

P: So E, I would like to...I would like to understand...I would like you to help me learn what it's like to be you. I would like to know what it's like to walk in your shoes. I want to know, right from the beginning, what it was like – what, what you feel, what you think, what you see. Um, my, my life is very different in Canada, so something that you might not think to tell me, I wouldn't know about, so if you can think of anything - any detail would be helpful for me to understand.

[The interpreter translates from English to Nyanja]. Okay, so maybe a good place to start, you could tell me what place you were born and anything you can remember or anything you know, any stories you know about yourself when you were a baby.

I: [Quietly says to me in English] I said that.

P: Oh, I'm repeating.

E: Kasama. I was born on the 31st of August. My mummy died at Kaunda square in 2002, when I was in grade five. I was writing my grade seven exams but our money situation is not stable, as my aunt works at the saloon. My dad died when I was a very tiny child, and I can't remember anything about him.

I: [In Lenje], what it that you remember about your mother

E: She worked in a saloon, where others did some things to her, and that is how she

died

I: [In Lenje], how did it feel when your mother died?

E: I felt very bad.

P: You felt sad. (She appeared distressed). Do you want to stop? [We stop for a couple of minutes, offer to get support, and wait until she indicates that she would like to continue. In the meantime, somebody comes in and starts clattering pots and pans in preparation for lunch. We wait until she leaves].

I can see that it's painful to think about your mother – to, to think about your mother not being here. Did she tell you any stories about you when you were a baby?

E: (She shakes her head).

P: Can you remember any of the things that your mother did to care for you?

E: (She shakes her head).

I: [In Lenje], how is your grandmother?

E: She is nice.

P: Can you tell me more about her?

E: Yes, when she does have money she buys nice things like clothes for us.

P: Uh-mm. She's still alive – your grandmother?

E: Yes. When she has money, she gives us and buys clothes for us – good things for us.

P: How is it having a grandmother who cares for you in this way?

E: Good.

P: From what age did you stay with your grandmother?

- E: Mm. I can't remember but it's been a long time.
- P: How was that, staying with your grandmother?
- E: A long time. I used to stay here with my mummy.
- P: Who did you go to if you need to know something?
- E: Grandmother.
- P: [The interpreter interrupts to let me know that the lady who was making dinner is the grandmother and does not interpret her response]. Okay, okay, got it.
- P: Can you tell me some stories about your grandmother?
- E: My grandmother, she goes to church. Mm. [The interpreter offers suggestions].
When mum was still alive, she used to help. My grandmother doesn't work. My aunty alone pays the rent.
- P: Before your mother died, who would you go to, if you needed to know something.
- E: My mummy or my aunt.
- P: Yeah, and how would they respond?
- E: They used to tell me
- P: Can you describe and example?
- E: For example if I had schoolwork, we were told to go and ask at home.
- P: How was that for you?
- E: Okay.
- P: Who did you go to if you felt afraid?
- E: Grandmother.
- P: Your grandmother, and what would she do?
- E: She used to encourage me that nothing was going to happen to me.

P: You felt encouraged by your grandmother. What would you say is your greatest loss?

E: My mummy and my daddy.

P: Can you tell me about the good things they used to do?

E: They used to buy nice things for me, and now there is no money.

P: Yeah, yeah. What was it like growing up without a daddy? How was that?

E: Mm.

I: [In Lenje], you wish you had your dad's photo.

E: Yes.

P: How have all those experiences affected you?

E: I do feel bad.

P: Yeah (pause), you feel bad. Can you tell me more about that to help me to understand more what it is like to be in your shoes?

E: When I need to buy something, and all my friends do have that thing. You look at yourself and see that your clothes are in rags. You still have to go to school with your friends paying while you do not.

P: You feel bad?

E: (Nods)

P: [Kids yelling outside] Brothers and sisters, how many are there?

E: (She shakes her head).

P: You're the only one. How do you keep going?

[The interpreter offers some suggestions].

E: The friends that I play with, they do tell me things but at times, they suggest I go

to my grandmother.

P: You find that playing with friends and getting advice helps. What kind of advice do they give?

E: Mostly, they advise me that things happen – don't worry too much.

P: And that helps you to, to keep going? Do you capacity or strength?

E: Can be.

P: How is it? Can you describe that for me?

E: (She says nothing).

P: Where does that capacity come from?

E: God.

P: From God. Can you help me to understand more about that?

E: (She says nothing, and The interpreter adlibs).

P: You find that God helps you?

E: Yes.

P: Where did the idea come from? How did you know to go to God?

E: When we go to church, we are told that if you need something, you have to pray, and God will provide

P: How did you start going to church?

E: Mummy used to take me.

P: Your mother used to take you.

E: Yes

P: How is your relationship with your grandmother?

E: Good.

- P: How would you describe it?
- E: She does help in many ways, if I need to go or do something, she will provide me with money if she does have it.
- P: Who do you go to if you want to know something, now?
- E: I would go to my friends.
- P: What do you and your friends do together?
- E: I ask questions about school and if I have something hard; for example if we had a test and afterwards, we go outside and swap problems and solutions.
- P: Um, who do you go to when you feel afraid?
- E: If something happens that scares me. I will tell my friends and grandmother.
- P: How do you feel when you do that?
- E: I do feel good.
- P: What would you say is your greatest need? What do you need the most?
- E: Finish school.
- P: And, can you help me understand how that is important?
- E: Education is something big.
- P: Where does that idea come from?
- E: People do talk, and I do hear, like, my grandmother and friends. At school the teachers say, we have to work hard to succeed.
- P: Can you... what, what are the good things in your life?
- E: School, friends, and fun at home.
- P: You enjoy your friends?
- E: (Nods).

- P: There's something I'm curious about – do you, do you feel like an orphan?
- E: Yes, sometimes.
- P: How is it that you do sometimes?
- E: Sometimes they get angry me. Then I wonder about the things that my mother used to do and if it would be the same.
- P: When they shout at you, you feel alone. [The interpreter translates from English to Nyanja]. How is that when they shout at you?
- E: I feel bad
- P: You feel bad. Can you describe that?
- E: I feel very bad and then realize that if my mother was alive the situation might have been different.
- P: What would your mother have done?
- E: She would have explained what the issue was nicely.
- P: Is there anything else that you would like to tell me about?
- E: No.
- P: Is there anything that you would like people in North America to know about?
- E: I have nothing - the way we live. Let them know the way we live.

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 12: F

[We held 13-year-old F's interview outside some huts, under the shade of a mango tree in Machaya. The wind was blowing in the background. F, who spoke very softly, could not speak English at all, I spoke only a few words in Lenje, and so the interpreter translated the interview from English to Lenje.]

P: F, we're interested in knowing the story of your life.

F: Fine, fine. I did stay there for a while. We stayed there with them until we came here because she [mother] was always sick. Feeding us, caring for us was becoming a problem.

[The interpreter asks her in Lenje, "How do you feel, now that your mother is sick?"]

F: Ah, I feel like going to school, but the money, Oh, ah, I do not know how she does it, for her to look after our meals, our going to school, it is not an easy task. Like at school, for her to find the money to buy uniforms, books, shoes, and that is just school, and then there is the food to find. Eating is a hustle, like you are prisoner. Also eating, we only do so in the evening.

I: [In Lenje], So, when you see the suffering that your mother is going through, does it feel like you too contribute to the what your mother goes through?

F: Mm-mm, because she does. I feel bad, like when I think of school fees, books, food she has to find so we can eat. It is not easy. Getting the shoes, school uniforms, taking care of food is not a small feat. If we eat, we eat once in the evening. I feel like I am doing something, so that she can see and do other things.

P: Tell me about your relationship with your mother?

- F: I do the laundry. After I wash the clothes, she too has time for other things.
- P: It feels good because you help with the responsibilities?
- F: (She nods). My mother told me that my grandfather is not my daddy. My daddy is dead.
- P: What is your relationship with your grandfather like?
- F: My elder sibling, my elder sibling from the same mother, came and started shouting at me. Grandfather then came out of the kitchen and told her not to be mad at me because I was right at what I was doing, as he could have seen my younger sibling up the tree from which one could fall. So, instead of listening, she got uptight, like, "So what if it falls." Granddad got upset, grabbed, and slapped her a few times. She got away and almost got hit by a car. He got to her, and slapped her some more and that was when she slapped back, but when she slapped him, he fell and that was when they started to hurl insults at each other. That was when he chased us away, saying he did not want us any longer. Then we moved to here, or talking... we just started to talk, very recently with Granddad. We were told not to. If you want, you can ask Mr. Peter. When Mr. Peter went to see what was going on there. Start lying he did. Granddad had told Mr. Peter that she had started off by insulting him. After all Granddad had been the one who...[We hear small chicks chirping in the background and the wind is picking up].
- P: Please speak louder [to the interpreter]. I'm not picking you up. She was crying or the sister was crying? About her? [Trying to understand what he is saying]. What I'm hearing is that the relationship between you and your grandfather is bad.

- F: When he asks me to fetch him water, I refuse not. When asked to do chores I do, but he at times seems to be upset, especially when he has no money. Then he gets angry and starts to scold me, like, “Hey you! Why are you so difficult?” but I just do what I have to do and go to sleep at my mother’s. Otherwise, we understand each other just fine.
- P: I’m confused [by the interpretation] can you help us understand some more?
- F: We understand each other, now they have...[the interpreter interrupts to begin interpreting].
- P: So, I’m understanding that it used to be bad but now it is better. Okay. What made the relationship better?
- F: What made my grandfather to start coming over to our place was because he must have heard people talking. People are straightforward in their talk. When he heard other people trying to reason with why he never came to visit, he must have felt ashamed of himself. That was when he resolved to start visiting.
- P: How do you feel, now that the relationship is better with your grandparents?
- F: I feel good and cheerful, because now we can share laughter, and I can go over and help to cook for him. I can now hang out from dawn to dusk
- P: Who are the people that care for you?
- F: My mommy.
- P: Anybody else?
- F: There is no one.
- P: Who do you go to if you want to know something?
- F: I go over to my grandparents, and they tell me.

P: And how do they respond?

F: They do tell me, this is this, that is that, and such.

P: How is that for you?

F: I do feel happy when I learn how something is done.

P: It feels good to have somebody guide you?

F: Yes.

P: Who do you go to when you are afraid?

F: My mommy.

P: And how would she respond?

F: She does offer some advice.

[The interpreter interrupts to offer his suggestion to her in Lenje]

P: And what does that do for you?

F: I feel good because my mommy has taught me what to do.

P: How does this help you?

F: My mother taught me how to appreciate prayer - before going to bed at night, to say my prayers.

[The interpreter asks her in Lenje, "And when you say your prayers, how does it help?"]

F: It helps. A person, whom I do not know, finds me and is like, "Hey you! How are you?" I do not know them, and yet they know who I am. It was Mildred, who quipped, "Sometime you discover it is your uncle or your younger relatives."

P: Do you have any stories from when you were a baby?

F: When I was just a baby?

P: Has anybody told you any stories about you when you were a baby?

- F: Yes, I would be crying, “Daddy, daddy, and mommy” with granny...[The interpreter interrupts to interpret]
- P: Are those your own memories, or is that what people have told you?
- F: It is what my mommy tells me.
- P: How do you feel when you hear those stories?
- F: What I think, I think of my daddy... [The interpreter interrupts to make an interpretation]
- P: How old were you when your daddy died?
- F: Mm. Small.
- P: What would you say is your greatest loss?
- F: I think of when my friends laugh and belittle me.
- P: What the hardest part for you?
- F: Like clothes.
- P: Are you missing not having a father provide what you need?
- F: Hm-mm (affirmative).
- P: How would you say that this has affected you?
- F: When I ask for something, knowing very well how hard it is, I say to my mommy that I need shoes. My mommy says we should first knit clothes. It is like she first has to knit, then she has to sell, then she has to go and make the purchase.
- P: You need to wait if you need something. [Chicken suddenly clucks loudly].
- F: Mm.
- P: And what’s that like?
- F: It feels bad.

P: You feel bad because you need to wait for things that you need. How do you cope?

F: [Chicken starts clucking loudly]. If it happens, she gets what I need. I just walk to church.

P: And, what's that like?

[F does not respond].

P: How would you describe yourself?

F: A person, who likes to play with others.

P: Uh-mm. You like to play.

P: Tell me about your friends.

F: I have a lot of friends. There is one who lives over there.

P: What do you like most about your friends?

F: They do not play rough or indulge in begging, and we pool our money one for one.

P: What keeps you going, F?

F: The friends I play with. We just play, and I do not think so much about my daddy but if I find myself alone, I start thinking of my daddy. If I think about hard at times, I stay quite, and when mommy gets back, she is like, "Why are keeping to yourself like that?" And, I'm like, "It is nothing."

P: So, being with your friends keep you going – helps, helps you to forget your bad memories?

F: Mm-mm.

P: May I ask you about those bad memories?

- F: I remember my daddy. I have been taught not cry, but I do cry myself to sleep.
- P: So the bad memories are about losing your father and about the family's struggle because he is not here, and feel sad about that?
- F: Mm (affirmative).
- P: What's your mother's relationship like with your little sisters?
- F: With my mommy? What they do is, when they get here, they trouble her. Even if she does not have something, they keep on nagging.
- P: Where does everybody sleep?
- F: In the home.
- P: Each person has their own room?
- F: I share a room with my sister.
- P: F, what do you think you need the most? [Wind blowing loudly. I noticed that the interpreter was offering her suggestions in Lenje] it needs to be her answer.
- F: I do think a lot, trying to understand, whether I am fetching water or sweeping, I do pray a lot, at home or in Church.
- P: What would you like people on North America to know about Zambian girls whose parents have died?
- F: For them to know how I live. Mm. You can tell them that this is how I live - just like so and so.
- P: What is your hope for the future, F?
- F: I would like to get married and live happily with my man.
- P: (The interpreter and F laugh). So, you look forward to growing up and getting married and living happily?

F: Mm.

P: Is there anything else you would like us to know.

I: [Encouraging her to answer by saying to her in English] we don't want shyness...come.

P: It's okay. She has the right to refuse. Do you have any questions for us?

F: I have nothing.

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 13: A

[This was my first interview in Kaunda Square, which I completed with A before I modified my planned interviews and developed the semi-structured life history interview questions. A was 14 years old at the time of the interview. Her father went to work on the mines, never returned, and was assumed to be deceased. A's paternal aunt took her and her twin sister into her home in Kaunda Square, when they were eight years old, after their biological mother became blind and unable to support them in addition to her other children. We held the interview in the living room of her aunt's home in Kaunda Square. A insisted that I interview her in English, although her English was limited. She paused thoughtfully before answering my questions and spoke softly while her aunt continued talking very loudly, just outside the door, to the interpreter and other passers by, so it was difficult for me to hear A.]

P: What I...what I want to learn from you is uh, what it's like - what your life is like and what your family relationships are like and...I want to...I want to know your story. I want to know about your life.

A: Okay.

P: So, which language would you prefer to speak?

A: What language?

P: Yeah, what language do you want to speak in?

A: English because if I don't you can't understand my language.

P: He can (pointing to Tendai). He can translate...if you...if it is easier for you – you can. Do you speak Nyanja?

A: No.

P: What's...what's your language, Bemba?

A: English.

P: You want to speak English.

A: Yes.

P: Okay. So, where were you born?

[Tendai goes outside]

A: I was born in a village.

P: What, what was it like?

A: Huh?

P: Where you were born, what was it like?

A: It's pretty. (Pause) Far.

P: Which province [I was trying to understand what far meant to her]?

A: Eastern province [More children have lost parents to AIDS in the Eastern Province than in any of the other provinces of Zambia].

P: Eastern province.

A: Yes.

P: How long does it take to get there [still trying to understand what far meant to her]?

A: I have not been there for so long time. I can't really remember.

P: And how long did you live there?

A: I stayed there until I was eight, when my aunt came to get me.

P: What, what do you remember – what, what was the village called?

- A: The village? Rondazi.
- P: Rondazi [checking my pronunciation]? What do you remember about Rondazi?
About living there? Do you have any memories of that time?
- A: Yes. We used to hunt animals for food.
- P: Like wild animals?
- A: Wild animals, yes.
- P: What kind of animals:
- A: Like, impala
- P: Mm-mm. So, what's your best memory of when you lived there?
- A: Going to the church – yes – my father, my mother, my grandmother.
- P: And, what was that like?
- A: Mm?
- P: What was that like with you father and mother going to church?
- A: It was good.
- P: Good. You were happy?
- A: Yes.
- P: Um, who looked after you – who care for you when you were living in Rondazi?
Anybody else?
- A: My grand-brother (pointing to Aunt sitting outside).
- P: Auntie's son?
- A: Yes.
- P: And anybody else? In what way did they care for you? What did they do to...to
care for you?

A: The usually. My grandmother likes giving advice, and I missed her. My mother was the one who fetches us from school. When I came to home from school, I liked to speak English. My mother taught me to...that I should...should go and keep on going to school. Once you go, you go on, and it will keep us [provided for]. Yes.

P: What else did your mother do for you?

A: She was kind to me. If I was sick, she used to take us to the hospital. Yes. Even if it was nighttime.

P: The hospital at nighttime?

A: Yes, there are no thieves [in Rondazi]

P: She took you to hospital at nighttime because there were no thieves - because it was safe to go? [It is not safe to be outdoors in Lusaka after dark. Most crime is committed at night.]

A: Yes.

P: When you were living in Rondazi, did you all sleep in the same room, in the same bed?

A: No. Sometimes, I used to sleep with my mother, sometimes with my grandmother.

P: Was it good for you?

A: Yes, it was very good.

P: What did you like about it?

A: I like it because they also liked it, and it was good.

P: Did your mother tell you anything about you when you were a baby? Did you hear any stories about you when you were a baby?

A: Yes.

P: What did you hear?

A: She said when I was young – we are two [twins] – we used to suffer from rashes. She never loved me so much. She loved my older...my older [twin] sister. She loved my older sister more than me.

P: She loved your other twin more than you? Your mother did?

A: Yes.

P: Because you had rashes?

A: No, she can't.

P: Why?

A: She loved my older sister but she left me.

P: She left you? Where did she leave you?

A: At home. We were...we were both suffering from rashes. She took my older sister to the hospital. She left me at home

P: Is that what gave you the idea that she loved your older sister more than you?

A: My...my aunt used to explain to me that she used...she used to love her more - more than me. That was when we were very young. She [mother] learned then to love both of us.

P: So, how did you feel, knowing that your mother loved your sister more than you?

A: I felt so bad.

P: Felt bad. In what way?

A: Because my aunt was telling me this - that she [aunt] the one came to take me and took care of me - again took me to the hospital. When she told me this, I felt

bad. I told her that she [mother] should care for the both of us.

P: And after she...how did it feel after she [mother] learned to care for you both?

A: She learned because my aunt used to tell her, and my father, and my grandmother.

Yes, and she changed.

P: Is your aunt related to your father or your mother?

A: My father.

P: Your father. So, when you were living in Rondazi, who...who did you go to when you were...when you needed to know something?

A: My grandmother. We used to go to her. She used to tell us some stories. Yes.

P: And what was that like?

A: Her stories used to make us laugh.

P: That made you laugh. Did it make you happy?

A: Yes.

P: Who did you go to when you were afraid?

A: My father.

P: Mm-mm, and what would he do?

A: He was not afraid of anything.

P: What would he do when you were afraid?

A: He used to tell me, don't be so much afraid.

P: He used to comfort you by telling you not to be afraid?

A: Yes.

P: When last did you see your mother? How long ago was it that you last saw her?

A: Before when I came here [to Kaunda Square], I see her.

- P: What would you like her to do for you?
- A: To help me to have a better life.
- P: You would like to have a better life. What does a better life look like? What does that mean to you?
- A: The way it used to be.
- P: How...how was it different?
- A: The way it was different. It was a better life than this.
- P: In what way was it different?
- A: When I have a better life, I can go and get my mother to stay with her here.
- P: Mm-mm. You don't have the money to do that?
- A: Yes.
- P: Do you worry about your mother?
- A: Yes.
- P: What do you think might happen to her?
- A: I think she is not safe with my...my brothers and sisters.
- P: She is not safe?
- A: Because my...my brothers and sisters don't care for her.
- P: How old are your brothers and sisters?
- A: I have two...I have two brothers, Christopher and Alex, and two sisters - Cholo and Cabas, who are younger brothers.
- P: Are they younger than you or older?
- A: They are younger than me.
- P: Younger than you are.

- A: Yes. Oldest two are old – older than me.
- P: There's two older and two younger?
- A: Christopher and Alex are older than me and Cabas and Cholo are younger.
- P: What makes you worry that they won't look after your mother?
- A: Too playful, and Christopher goes to school but Alex is very playful and the younger brothers don't care for her.
- P: Alex likes to play, but Christopher's at school, and you don't think your younger brothers can take care of her.
- A: Yes.
- P: Who takes care of you here, at Kaunda Square?
- A: My aunt.
- P: What do you like the most about it?
- A: At least she's here for me.
- P: How would you describe your relationship with you aunty?
- A: Me and my aunt?
- P: Mm.
- A: She's very kind to us. When we used to live in Rondazi, she used to come there and see us and bring clothing and food.
- P: When you want to know something, who do you go to?
- A: My aunt.
- P: And what does she do?
- A: She will tell us.
- P: If you are afraid, who do you go to?

- A: My aunt.
- P: As well. What will she do if you are afraid?
- A: She just prays.
- P: Do you ever think about your father?
- A: Very much.
- P: What do you think about him?
- A: I don't know whether he's dead or not.
- P: Don't know. Would you like to know what's happened to him?
- A: Yes, if he's still there.
- P: You'd like to find him?
- A: Yes.
- P: All these experiences that you've had, how have they affected you? Your mother is far away, haven't seen her for a long time, you don't know where your dad is – how has that effected you? Has that changed you?
- A: Too much – I'm going to school. Yes.
- P: It's changed you in that you are going to school, and you're learning? Is that better for you?
- A: Yes.
- P: How do you keep going? What keep you going?
- A: God.
- P: God - in what way?
- A: When I miss my father, I go to him in prayers. He helps me when I pray.
- P: God comforts you?

A: Yes.

P: What do you think of yourself?

A: I don't help my mother and brothers in Rondazi.

P: You want to help them, too? You want to help your mother and your brothers, so you feel that's your responsibility?

A: Yes.

P: What...what would you say is your greatest need? What do you really need?

A: God's guidance.

P: Did you say God's guidance?

A: Yes.

P: And how does that help you? Tell me about it.

A: First of all, I pray to God, and I also pray that He should guide me that I will know what to do, sometimes. Yes.

P: What...what would you like people in North America to know about girls who've lost their parents?

A: How to help us.

P: You want them to know how they can help you?

A: Yes.

P: And how is that?

A: They can help us to know how we're supposed to move on.

P: What do you need to...to move on? (She shakes her head). Anything else you'd like to tell me? Anything else you think might be important to know? (She shakes her head). What do you want to do when you grow up?

A: To be a nurse.

P: What is it that you like about being a nurse?

A: Helping people [who are] suffering. I don't like people to be suffering. Sometimes at clinic, they are not cared for. They are left.

P: Why?

A: Don't know. Some nurses are just neglectful.

P: So, you will be a kind nurse.

A: Yes.

P: Anything else you want to tell me about? (She shakes her head). Anything else you want to ask me? (She shakes her head). I want to thank you very much.

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 14: H

[H was 16-years-old, at the time of her interview. She had never known her father. She chose to walk around the outskirts of Kaunda Square while we talked. Although H's grasp of the English language was limited, she insisted on being interviewed in English and did not want the interpreter present.]

P: I am interested in learning about your life and the people who cared for you. I would like to know your story from the beginning 'till now, and I would like to understand what it's like to be in your shoes – how you feel, what you think, what you see. I would like you to give as much details as you can. Perhaps a good place to start is by telling me where you were born.

H: When I was in my mother's womb then my father was dead. I don't know when my daddy died. I was just told by my mom. Before, I asked my mom, "Where is my dad I can't see him?" She said, "No we just hide from you because you where young, so your dad is not around. He's dead," so I cried. I felt bad I felt sad in my heart, so from there again, my mom was sick, very sick in the hospital. She was admitted. From there, she felt better. Now from there now, the auntie to my mom, she's dead also again. So there's a problem. So from there now, ah, when my father was now dead, my father's family wrote a letter to me that they want that child [me], whom my brother left, "but even though we don't know her but we just want her to come here." So now, my mom she said, "No she will be just here." So from there now, that's when my sister took me to Western Province. From Western Province, that's when again I was admitted in the hospital, I was

sick serious. From there now, I came. I wrote my exam, when I was sick - grade seven exams. From there, I wrote exam. Within just some weeks, I felt better. Yes, from there now, I wrote my exam. From writing my exams, I passed up to secondary - Lwampale Secondary School. From Lwampale Secondary School, my brother Ruben now phone me, he wrote for me letter saying, "I want you, H to come here, so that I will be supporting you." You know my mom. My mom, she's not a worker. Yes, she's just a businesswoman [entrepreneur selling vegetables for a pittance]. Again the money, ah [is a problem] I should just say, we only have the money for food, not at for paying at school. No. Yes, so it's what made my brother to write a letter for me that, "You come here so that I will be supporting you with some things, which are not there. Then, I will help you." So that's when now, I found myself with my brother Ruben. Now from there, we transferred from Western Province to Kabompo, North Western Province, so from Kabompo, that's when now we came here. Yes.

My father was shot by the witchcraft - gun for witchcraft. Not those guns direct, no - guns for witchcraft. I don't know what they call it, yes. Then from there now, that's when they transferred all of us now here in Lusaka, last month, yes. That was my first trip.

P: What is like, growing up without your dad?

H: Growing up?

P: How was it for you without a father?

H: No, it was not okay. Since my dad died, it was not okay with my life. (She becomes emotional, sniffs, pulls herself together, and continues) I am sorry. So

from there, people they were witchcraft. Okay, they wanted even to kill me, so now from there now, that's when my sister took me to Western Province, yes.

P: Why did they want to kill you?

H: I don't know. Because we, I don't know. They were jealous. They don't want to see anyone in village. Because my mom was giving birth just to girls. Yes boys, there were two. Rueben and my ...we were twins. Yes, and my twin brother is dead, so I remained alone. From there now, that's when now my sister get me to go Western Province. Then from there, that's when now my brother took me to Kabompo, yes.

P: How was it for you, knowing that they want to kill you?

H: Ah, I don't know.

P: How do you feel?

H: I feel sad. Sometimes, if I think about that story, I even cry. Yes. Because just from nowhere, people - they want to kill me. I just pray to God. I just pray to God.

P: And does that help?

H: Yes, it helps sometimes. Yes.

P: How does it help?

H: Oh, I just...okay, it helps sometimes because if you pray to God, maybe if God hear your what - your message, I think God will answer. Then, God will defend you in some way, which you can't know.

P: You feel like God defends you?

H: Yes

P: How did you know how to do that?

H: Because, I know that God defends me because through my sister, he used it through my sister. My sister came and picked me from where witchcraft wanted to kill me. Then, she gets me now to go to her place where it was safe. Yes, it is where she used to stay now. From there now, that's when I came to my brother Ruben, yes.

P: How did you know to pray to God? Where did you learn that?

H: At school.

P: They taught you at school to pray to God?

H: Yes, they teach me at school, how to pray how to ask something, or even if you did wrong to someone, how to ask forgiveness, yes. And then from there then, even how to pray for something, which you want to ask to God.

P: So, what was it like for you, growing up without a father?

H: Aright, because my father was just a worker...was a doctor in the hospital, so since people, they were jealous of him, they said, "let's just shoot him," so they shot him.

P: They want to shoot him because he was a doctor and they were jealous.

H: Yes, they were jealous. He was a manager at the hospital, yes. So people, they were not feeling good to see my dad, yes. So, they wanted him to be a manager, rather than my father.

P: How do you feel about that?

H: I feel sad. Mm, I feel sad.

P: What was it like being a child with no father?

H: What being it?

- P: What was it like for you, when you were a child without a father?
- H: Ah, because?
- P: How was it?
- H: I don't know my father.
- P: Yes, and how was it not having a father? What was it like?
- H: Oh, it was bad.
- P: In what way? Help me understand?
- H: Because if you have your daddy, something will be easy for you, and someone, who was working again will be helping you for something, which it is difficult for you. So, now the thing with that, to be someone without her parents is just difficult. Yes, and my mom again, she's not a worker, a piece worker. It is all that difficult.
- P: Could you tell me more about your mom?
- H: My mom...my mom. My mom, very little again but ah, I just know a little things with her, when I was growing up but since he was a young before now, I don't know but now my mom she's a patient. She get TB. She had a problem of TB, yes. Again the eyes, it happened with her ...
- P: Something with her eyes?
- H: The eyes again it's a problem she can'tIf it's time for afternoon, she can see but evening, so she can't see well unless with a specs, yes. But afternoon because of witchcraft, but I don't know my family is "mwandini" [Archaic Bemba, usually used at the end of a sentence for emphasis, especially when expressing the absurd.] So, if she will reach at like this time, then the eyes will start going dark,

yes. If she will reach at like 19:00 to 20:00, nothing to see.

P: What's it like? How is it for you with your mother being sick?

H: Ah, I don't know now that.

P: How do you feel with your mother sick?

H: I feel bad, I feel bad

P: Can you tell me more about it?

H: About her?

P: You say you feel bad about her being sick. Help me understand some more

H: Oh, oh, because I feel bad. Yes, because someone, who don't work yes, and from that again sickness will come, and the problems again are coming on her body, something like eyes. It's difficult to find that medicine for eyes. Again, no one can support her, yes. So that's why I plan in my future that if I will be working, then I think I will just take my mom at my house, so that we will be sitting together with her, so that's my plan.

P: You'd like to take care of your mother?

H: Yes, if I was the one who was working like Ruben, my mom she couldn't even stay at the village, yes. I could have take her to come at my house that we will be living together with her.

P: What was it like, living at the village? How was it?

H: Because the mother to her - my grandmother - she is the one who was telling her that we should go to the village, because they were staying in Livingstone, when the dad to my grand-mom died. Before he died, they were living in Livingstone, then from there, they came now at the village, the Lwampa hospital mission. Now

it's were they found themselves now, in the village. Because of the funeral for my grandmother's dad, yes. He's the one who died.

P: How was it for you to live in a village?

H: Myself? Because in the village it's better, you can even go farm, you dig ,and then you sell cassava or maize. You find some money yes. So that you sell maize, cassava, what. You find money, so you take that money for school fees at school, yes.

P: You liked living there?

H: Ah, by this time, no, no because problems are feared there. If you go there, people they will be jealous of you as one that is educated, then say, "Let's kill her." That is the problem.

P: What is it like, living there with people wanting to kill you?

H: (Laughter.) Because nowhere to go. Ah, ah, nowhere to go, so just like that. Pray to God, God will protect them. Because if you, like myself, I don't know what to do really, then ah just sit. Even here, when my brother tells me, "H, I don't want you to stay here." Then, I don't have money. I don't have transport. I will be sitting just there, since he is the one who brought me here, yes. So, it is like at the village.

P: How is your father's family?

H: Sorry?

P: You said you went to live with your father's family?

H: Yes.

P: Your grandmother. Is that your father's mother?

H: Mother's family.

P: Your mother's family?

H: Yes.

P: You did not live with your father's family. Did I understand you right?

H: Mm

P: How is that?

H: Ah, there was okay. That it was okay for me but the problem is if you go to school, they'll come and say that first you work. That's when you go but it's time for prep, yep. First you eat. Before you eat nshima, first you do work. That's when you go to school, so it was difficult for me, yes, to be studying. That's when now my brother go there to pick me up. "You'll be here, so that you will be studying. You'll find a free time to study." Yes, so they were like punishing me, yes.

P: Your life was hard there?

H: No, it was not okay.

P: What was the most difficult about living there?

H: The difficult because of that problem where they were first punishing me. That's when I'll eat nshima.

P: You felt that you were being punished?

H: Yes, I felt I don't know these people. I don't know why they were doing like that to me. Now, I am just a child. I don't know anything, yes.

P: When you were living there in the village, and you wanted to know about something, like you had a question about life, who would you go to?

H: There, to go again?

- P: Yeah, who would you ask? If you had a question, who would you ask?
- H: To ask there from village?
- P: Yeah, when you were living in the village.
- H: Yes.
- P: If you wanted to know about something.
- H: Mm
- P: Who would you ask?
- H: Mom.
- P: Mom?
- H: Yes.
- P: And how would she respond?
- H: Ah or if how can I communicate with her or ...?
- P: Tell me that first. Yeah, how do you communicate with her?
- H: Okay, I write letters
- P: Yeah
- H: Yes, letters. Through letters and from that through phone, yes. It's how I communicate with mom
- P: And when you were living there with her?
- H: With her?
- P: Yeah.
- H: When I was young?
- P: Yeah, and if you wanted to know about something and you asked her, what would she do?

- H: She cried sometimes when I will ask something, which is sad for her, then she'd cry first. That's when she would tell me, yes. So, if I will look at her she's crying, even me, I also start crying.
- P: How was that?
- H: Because the thing, which make her to cry because my what, my life when I was young: I was very sick. I was found in problems, yes, problems to my father's family, to my mother's family. So, I will go to my father's family; they want again to kill me. If I will come here again, they want to kill me. So I was finding a problem, so that's when now my brother took me to his place.
- P: How was that for you?
- H: To come at my brother's place?
- P: With all the problems, how did you cope?
- H: No me, I just pray to God. "Nati," I say, "God, just forgive them." They don't know what they are doing, yes. Because these days, now just take yourself to God. God will answer everything. Nothing God can't answer, God is ready for us, yes. So, I just pray to God. Even this. If I will think about then I'll pray, even my mom, yes. I pray for her, all my family. I pray for them, yes. Then from there, "Nati" I say, "forgive them" and from that God protect me until when I start working so that she'll be at my house, yes.
- P: How does that help?
- H: It helps in God.
- P: What is your relationship like with your mother?
- H: My relationship? My relationship with my mom?

- P: Mm (affirmative).
- H: Ah, I do not understand.
- P: Okay, I'll ask you another question. How is your mother? Can you describe her?
Tell me about your mother.
- H: Mm, but my mother she's, I don't know
- P: What is she like? How is she?
- H: Oh, what she like? Oh my mom, she likes laughing with people. From that she pray to God every time. Again she don't want people to...those people, which are together were living together with her but they don't want to go to Church, then she will get a Bible to go to them. She's like, "Listen, the Bible is saying that if you don't go Church, God will come and punish you at the end of judgment day, judgment day." Then from that again mom, she like laughing with people, from that again she likes caring with people.
- P: She's caring?
- H: Yes
- P: And she likes to laugh.
- H: Yes.
- P: And she also preaches to people.
- H: Yes.
- P: What do you like the most about your mother?
- H: To praying to God, that's the best thing which I like about my mom, yes and to encourage people to go to church. Yes, to know God.
- P: If you're afraid, who do you go to?

H: If to .. I will feel ...

P: If you feel afraid

H: If I feel afraid?

P: If you're frightened or worried or anxious, who do you go to?

H: Oh, if I am afraid about my life? About what?

P: Anything. Something making you afraid.

H: Oh, I'll pray to God.

P: You pray to God.

H: Yes, because God is the best parent, which I can trust by this time. Now, since my mom is she's very far from me, I pray to God yes.

P: How does that help you?

H: It helps me good, because God is the one who is answering everything, yes.
Again, God helps some ways, some other ways God helps.

P: What has changed since you moved to here? What is different?

H: The different ... move from north western? Nothing is different. Just okay. Here it's a nicer place. Again, we are enjoying a bit, not as much, yes. I'll enjoy later, when I am going to have my own house, yes.

P: When you afford to have your own house?

H: (Laughter.) Yes, that's when I will enjoy, but this time even my brother
Sometimes it will take me .. because sometimes I cry then if my brother see me I
am crying, and then he feels sad. But my things, which I think about because if I
think like my dad, if he was the one who was living in this world I think I, it's
better for me

- P: How would that be better?
- H: Because he can help me in some other ways like at school. They will be helping my brother, yes. My brother will pay again next month or next year. He will pay again helping my father. Yes, and even clothes he can buy for me, ah, ah, yes. So that's why I came to ask that maybe I have a job, so that I will be finding even clothes to help my brother. He's alone yes.
- P: Are there other people here in the compound that you can ask for work? Are there other people that you can ask?
- H: Here?
- P: Yeah.
- H: Mm, I don't know.
- P: What about Eunice? Do you know Eunice?
- H: Yes.
- P: Go and ask her. Go to other people and ask. You know, I am leaving. Next week I leave, and I can't give you work but maybe you can go to all the houses and ask. Maybe somebody will give you work.
- H: Yeah.
- P: What keeps you going?
- H: What keeps me going? Going where?
- P: Going on with your life. What keeps you going?
- H: Nothing.
- P: Do you think that you have the capacity to keep going?
- H: Yes

- P: What is that capacity that you have?
- H: Capacity? Like my life?
- P: Yeah, or your strength, what is it?
- H: My strength, ah nothing.
- P: Nothing?
- H: Mm
- P: Who are your friends?
- H: Friends?
- P: Yeah, who are your friends?
- H: My friends?
- P: Mm.
- H: Here in the compound?
- P: Yeah.
- H: Jane and Precious.
- P: What are they like?
- H: They like?
- P: How are they?
- H: They are okay and they like going to Church, and they like studying the Bible and even playing. Ah, ah, they like playing.
- P: And what kind of girl is H? How is H?
- H: Me?
- P: Yeah
- H: The name mean H.

P: Who is H?

H: The things which I like? I like playing. I like reading the Bible and novels, yes.
Even to read books for HIV and AIDS.

P: You like to read those books?

H: Yes.

P: How come? What is it that you like in those books?

H: In those books because it encourage me to protect myself, yes, because if you read those books for HIV/AIDS - I have my book at home, a novel book for HIV and AIDS - cause they were three people, one was sick HIV/AIDS, then from there he suffered, because he was also again suffering like the way I am. So now, from there now he started doing prostitution. Now in that prostitution, he gets HIV/AIDS

P: Was this a girl?

H: Naomi

P: Naomi?

H: Yes Naomi, so from there now, he get HIV/AIDS. He came at the end of term, himself.

P: And you liked the story?

H: Yes, so it's were I am getting some examples now, yes.

P: Why is it important for you to know about HIV/AIDS?

H: My important because I know that, that disease is bad, or it's very dangerous. Like for us, we are going in future. Yes, it's dangerous, so we should protect our-self about that disease. Yes, that's important. Keep myself. Mm, keep myself. Yes, and

even to protect myself

P: Help me understand what you mean.

H: To keep myself, yes, like not doing prostitution. Yes, because in that prostitution is where that HIV comes. Now 'cause you don't know that if I go to this man, you don't know what he has in his body. Yes, so you're just putting yourself in problems, so, you have to be very careful about that.

P: That makes sense. H, what do you think that you need the most?

H: The most, which I need?

P: What is your greatest need?

H: In my life?

P: Mm

H: When I grow up

P: Right now, what do you think is your most important need?

H: Like studying yes, like studying - even going to school, yes.

P: Why is that important to you?

H: Yes it's important because if you go to school, there you will teach more. You'll know more, even things, which you don't know, and then from there at school if you complete your school, you will start working you will be ...you'll have a good future yes, in your life. Then from that studying books, you'll know again, like reading books or studying. I don't know. What can I say? Yes, you can know more. You can know things, different things, which even you don't know.

P: You know that it's important. Where did the idea come from that it's important to study?

- H: To study it's important because I am getting examples from those who are not going to school and those who are not studying.
- P: So you learned from watching people, who are not studying?
- H: Yes.
- P: And what did you learn? What did you see?
- H: I see that studying or go to school it's important because I am seeing them suffering, that's what's making me now to read, yes.
- P: What are the good things in your life
- H: Ah good things, I just like reading or going to school.
- P: You like to read?
- H: Yes, I like to read.
- P: You like to learn new things?
- H: Mm, mm, to learn more things. Yes I like reading much.
- P: And what would you like people in North America to know about Zambian girls, whose parents have died?
- H: Ah, okay.
- P: Anything you would people in North America to know about girls like you.
- H: Ah, yes.
- P: What would you like them to know?
- H: Why, I would like them to know?
- P: Yeah.
- H: Because they'll be helping some people like myself who are...I am orphaned, one part. Yeah, I am orphaned, one part. They'll know about my needs, and maybe

they can help me.

P: So you're hoping that people in North America will know what it is like to be an orphan, and that they will send aid to help you.

H: Yes, something to help me.

P: Is there anything else you want me to know about? Something else you want to tell me?

H: Ah, ah, I think it's just okay

P: Anything else you want to ask me about?

H: I just want to ask: You were saying that next week you're going but I have heard that you'll be...you're inviting me, in this paper.

P: Mm, no I can't. This paper does not say that I am inviting you. What it say's is that I am inviting you to participate in this study.

H: Yes.

P: Which means that I am inviting you for an interview.

H: Yes.

P: Does that make sense?

H: Mm.

P: Yeah?

H: Now here? I'll be studying from here

P: This is the interview. Right now, we are doing the interview

H: Ah, okay.

P: So, you were hoping to go to Canada? H, I wish I could take you with me. But I can't because I am the only one, and for me to take you with me, my income

needs to be much bigger. As it is, my income is very small as a student. So, do you still feel okay about the interview, knowing that I can't take you with me?

H: Yeah.

P: Are you sure?

H: Yes.

P: Will it be okay if I write about you?

H: If you write about me?

P: Yeah.

H: Yeah.

P: You sure?

H: Mm.

P: Okay, I want to make sure that you understand.

H: Yeah.

P: I don't to give you a misunderstanding.

H: Yes.

P: Anything else you want to ask me?

H: Nothing, maybe there's something, which you'll say. That's it for me.

P: I can't think of anything right now, but if I do, can I come back again?

H: Yes, you can. You're welcome.

P: Thank you very much.

H: You're welcome.

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 15: S

[S's interview took place in the small dark living room of her aunt's home in Kaunda Square. She appeared strangely cheerful for someone whose father recently passed away, whose mother is sick, and who is impoverished. S was 16 years old at the time of her interview. Although her English was weak, she chose to be interviewed in English without the interpreter present.]

P: Okay S, I would like to hear about your life, I would like to know what it's like to walk in your shoes, I would like to know about the people who care for you, and what's keeps you going. Maybe a good place to start would be, where you were born.

S: Oh, I'll start where I was born. When I was born?

P: Yeah, and if you can tell me where - whereabouts.

S: Alright. Mm, I was born in 89 at Chainama hospital, and I used to stay with my mother and my father; and my father was sick for three years, so my father, he didn't realize the situation he was in, so he was just sleeping. He was just looking sick, you know. He didn't know anything, so when there, when it started reacting now in the body, that's when he went for the clinic and take a test, and then he was sick, sick, and then he went to his brother. He was staying with his brother, then my mother started getting sick, so it was on 14th, March, that's when he was dead.

P: Your Daddy?

S: Um, but my mother she's still alive but she's sick. Mm, and the one who is

keeping me is the family of my mother's side, and the one who is comes from there is the brother to my mother. I was supposed to be in grade nine. Now, the problem is that we didn't have money, so I stay here again at home again, so I write again grade seven. That's when I write grade seven.

P: How old were you when your daddy died?

S: I was fifteen.

P: Fifteen

S: Mm-mm

P: And what was that like for you?

S: Huh, sorry?

P: What was it like when your father was sick?

S: Ah, is that he didn't realize...He realized that he's sick, and he went for a test, that's when he found that he's sick.

P: What was it like for you?

S: For me?

P: Yeah.

S: Uh, I'm sorry I didn't...

P: It's okay (gently). How did you feel?

S: Ah, I didn't even know that he was dead. He was staying there somewhere, so I was here. So I went, "Ah, let me go and see my father." That's when I found out, he went alone to the clinic, and I asked my auntie, "Where has he gone? Where has he gone?" And then she told me that, "Ah, he has gone for the clinic," and then someone bring the message that he's dead but because he was the one who

was sponsoring me at school, now by this time, some things are working slowly because my uncle doesn't work. So at school, even I was just going slowly because they were sending me back, "Go and get some money." I said, "Ah, by this time I don't have some money." They didn't realize. They didn't want to hear me, saying, "You are just lying." So, I was just coming back home but when I come, I was just started some books because I knew that, mm, if I just stayed, or started praying, I won't know anything.

P: What was your life like, when you were with your mommy and your daddy?

S: It was just okay. It was just okay. Okay, you want me to say things, which were happening or what?

P: Yeah, tell me your stories.

S: Oh, my father used to work at HQ. Now, he stopped working there, and then he started sick, and my mother started working again so it was just okay because he had a bar, and we were just okay, paying for my school. It was just nice you know. Now, the problem is that when he died, they didn't give me anything. They get the bar - I left with nothing.

P: Can you help me understand what you mean by they didn't give me anything?

S: Mm, when my father died he left a bar, and that bar was supposed to mine because I am alone - my brother died. It was supposed to be mine. Now, they didn't give that. They give it to the brother [of father].

P: Your dad's brother got it?

S: And, when I go there to ask for some money, he doesn't give me. I want to pay for school fees. He refuses. Mm, it's hard.

- P: So, how has your life changed, since your father died?
- S: They have shifted, there where we were sitting. We came here [to Kaunda Square], and then as I went to visit my grandmother in Lilanda, we went to visit her, and then there we found that my grandmother - she's sick, and that's when she [mother] was staying with her, and then now my mother started sick, sick there.
- P: How do you feel about your mother being sick?
- S: I don't feel good because ah, it's hard, you know.
- P: It's hard.
- S: Yeah.
- P: When last did you see her?
- S: Mm (affirmative).
- P: When last did you see your mother?
- S: I think last week. Now, because I'd like to go there now. Ah, now, to get the transport you see. So, if I want some transport, I ask my uncle, when he give me that's when I go and see her. When I went there, I find her just sleeping. I feel bad you, know. I don't feel good when I find her just sleeping - like thinking something. I feel bad.
- P: What's the hardest part for you, about your mother being sick?
- S: Ah, sorry?
- P: What's the most difficult part about your mother being sick?
- S: She has a problem with hands and legs, and she's got TB [tuberculosis].
- P: She's got TB.

S: Yeah.

P: You find it hard because...you said you find it hard when you go there because she's just sleeping?

S: Yeah, mm.

P: Why is it that hard for you?

S: Because my grandmother, she's sick and then as she's sick, and there's no one to feed them [mother and grandmother], you know. There's no one to feed them. They're just sitting, when I go there. Yeah, I feel bad, you know, so when I go there I don't sit for so long, you see. I just go and see her some time then I come back again.

P: Yeah, it's too hard for you to stay too long.

S: Yes.

S: Yeah, I feel bad

P: So, when you were with your mommy and daddy, who were the people that cared for you?

S: The brother to my father

P: The one who has the bar?

S: No

P: Another one?

S: Another one, but even him is dead. He was the one who was caring for us, when all of them they were living.

P: What did he do to care for you?

S: Mm okay, you mean the brother?

- P: Yeah. I just...when you were still with your mother and your father.
- S: Yeah.
- P: I am wondering how you were cared for, who were the people that looked after you when you were still together.
- S: Oh, just the three of us. Even now, when they need water, I give them water. When they need medicine, I went to the hospital and get some medicine. I came back then I gave it to them.
- P: And who looks after you?
- S: By this time?
- P: Mm (affirmative).
- S: It's my uncle. He has a Canter. He works with the Canter. Now, the one relative with a Canter – like a taxi. Now, the one gets it, so by this time, he has nothing. He doesn't work.
- P: Do you have any memories of yourself when you were a baby or did anybody tell you any stories?
- S: Ah my mother, when I ask her, "Mom, tell me about when I was young?" She tells me, "When you were young you were sick whatever. You wanted to die, and then we went to the hospital and stayed there for so long."
- P: This was you?
- S: Yeah. "Then we came back. We're just praying for you." So, I said, "Oh, you did a great job praying for me, now I've grown!"
- P: Yeah, look at you! Anything else?
- S: No.

- P: Like if you want to know something, who do you go to? To know about something, who do you ask?
- S: I ask my auntie, the young sister to my mom.
- P: And how does she respond?
- S: Ah, she just tell me in a good way
- P: Can you describe it for me?
- S: (Sigh).
- P: Tell me what would happen, give me an example.
- S: Like for example, I'll say for some...when...I'll just say, what? (Laughter) Like when I need something from them, like I am asking for some money. If I want to buy something, if they have, they tell me, "I have. I will give it to you later." If they don't have, they say, "I am sorry, I don't have. When I have, I will give it to you." So, I was asking my uncle that, "Uncle I don't have some shoes, so I am asking you to buy me some." and then he said, "I am sorry, by this time I don't have money. I'll buy for you when I have it." I understand him because he doesn't have, and he doesn't work, so I was just telling him, so that he should know that I was asking something from him.
- P: What else do they do for you?
- S: Okay, they advise me, "You should take care and read. You should read, and don't do bad things. You know your mother is sick." Whatever, so I appreciate 'cause they are telling something, which is right.
- P: Who do you go to when you are afraid?
- S: Mm, when I am afraid, (small laugh) I go to the young sister to my mother - uh,

the one who was from Chelstone. Yeah.

P: How would she respond?

S: Uh she will say, "Don't be afraid, just tell me." I say, "No, I am afraid." She'll say, "No problem, I tell you."

P: And how do you feel when she does that?

S: I feel good because I see that they love me.

P: You feel loved because they're able to reassure you?

S: Mm.

P: Tell me about your friends?

S: I had my friends, um Janet, Janice, Shin, Sheila, Charmaine. Uh, now these five, they like insulting, you know. So me, I don't like some people who insult, so I've stopped playing with them. So I said, "No, me bad friends. I don't like people who like insulting, so I'll be just be playing with the one from...I'll be just be playing with Mary." That's what I started telling everybody.

P: So, how did you connect with the girls that are insulting?

S: Mm, they're my neighbours, you see. Yeah, they're my neighbours.

P: Ah, then you realized that they weren't good for you?

S: Um, at first I didn't know that they insult, so when there was this time when I hear them, I say, "No don't insult." Ah, they were shouting at me, so I said, "No I can't manage some friends who insult."

P: So, what do you and Mary do together?

S: Ah, when she comes, we divide the time: We study and reading the Bible. Yeah, she's a good friend. Even her, she lost her mother and her father.

- P: She did, eh?
- S: Yes.
- P: How old is she?
- S: Mm, I don't know, like I didn't ask her.
- P: And how would you describe yourself?
- S: Mm, (she laughs shyly and is unable to answer.)
- P: What do you like the most about yourself?
- S: About myself? (Another shy laugh) What I like about myself? I like studying with some friends and going to Church. Having some friends - I like it - and going to school.
- P: You like hanging with your friends, you like going to Church, and you like going to school. You like learning?
- S: Mm-mm (affirmative).
- P: Who are you on the inside?
- S: Uh, sorry?
- P: Who are you on the inside?
- S: Who I am, inside?
- P: Yeah, who are you inside?
- S: Who I am - that's what you're meaning?
- P: Who is Anastasia?
- S: Okay, I am Anastasia that's who I am. You mean the way I am or what?
- P: Yeah.
- S: You mean that I am okay or what?

- P: Yeah, tell me who you are?
- S: Okay...
- P: If, for instance, if somebody were going to introduce you to me, what would they say about you? Who are you?
- S: Okay you are meaning like uncle T did introduce me to you. Is that what you're saying?
- P: Yeah, you could do that. You could do it like that.
- S: So I should tell you who I am, and you meaning the name or what?
- P: I am really interested in who you are, what you are like. What's your personality?
- S: Oh, yeah. (Grunts and groans and says in Nyanja: "I am lost about this one.")
Whew, I don't know.
- P: We can leave that one if you want to. We can talk about something else. What do you think is your greatest need?
- S: My?
- P: What do you need the most?
- S: Most when I finish school?
- P: What do you need the most? What is most important to you?
- S: The thing I need.
- P: Mm so, what do you do when you need something but you don't have it or unable to get it. What do you do?
- S: Ah, when I don't have, then I ask them, they tell me that they don't have.
Sometimes...okay, as I was going to Church I was just feet. I don't have some clothes. I don't have some shoes, so I was just feet. Ah, so one time, I just wear

some flip-flops, and then I said, “Today, I am going to Church, ’cause I’ll wear some flip-flops.” That’s when I went to Church, and then I found that they’re preaching the same thing that when you don’t have something, you should ask from God, and then he will give it to you and then don’t just say I’ve said. That means the Devil is using you, so that’s when I started. That’s when I said I know God. It was something, which touched me, so when I came back from church, I was sitting. I prayed to God and then I found just my neighbour calling me, “S, I have some slipslops [flip-flops]. Would you wear them?” I said, “Yeah, just give it to me.” I said that God has answered my prayers.

P: Yeah. So, you learned at the church that it was God, who answered your prayers?

S: I feel good.

P: You feel good.

S: God helps.

P: Yeah so, what keeps you going?

S: Going?

P: What gives you the capacity to keep on going? Having trouble with my question?

S: Yeah.

P: Okay, it’s alright we’ll try again. Do you have strength?

S: Yeah.

P: To keep going, where does that strength come from?

S: That strength comes from God because he’s the one helps. He helps us, and he’s the one who gives me that strength.

P: God gives you the strength.

- S: Yes.
- P: And how did you learn that?
- S: Pardon, what?
- P: How did you learn that God would give you strength?
- S: I was asking him (she laughs).
- P: And you found that after you asked him, you got the strength?
- S: Yes.
- P: And how did you know to ask him?
- S: Ah?
- P: How did you know to ask God for strength?
- S: I ask God that I will have some strength.
- P: Where does the idea come from?
- S: That idea?
- P: Yeah
- S: I was just sitting then I said, "Mm no, I have to ask God this."
- P: Yeah.
- S: Because when I am sitting sometimes, sometimes we pray for people. I thought today, I pray for strength.
- P: So, you and your friends pray together?
- S: Yeah.
- P: What's that like?
- S: No, we are just two.
- P: You find that helpful?

- S: Yeah.
- P: I was just wondering, what would you like people in North America to know about girls in Zambia, whose parents have died?
- S: That there's no problem about that: They can know about me. There's no problem.
- P: You want them to know about Zambian girls whose parents have died?
- S: Yeah, they can know about me. There's no problem about that.
- P: Is there anything else you would like to tell me about?
- S: Mm okay, me I can just say that when you're going, are you going to come back again?
- P: Do you mean tomorrow?
- S: Mm-mm (negative), no.
- P: Maybe in a year or two, I'll come back again.
- S: Okay, because me I would like to have some pen pals out there
- P: You would like some.
- S: Yeah.
- P: Why don't you give me your name and address or your e-mail address, and I'll try find you a pen pal.
- S: Aright. I like some friends, me. I like some friends, who are nice.
- P: And anything else?
- S: No. What I can say to you is that you're kind.
- P: Thank you
- S: And I like you.

P: Thank you, very much. What I am hearing from you is that life is not easy with your mother being sick, with your father dying, and your father's brother taking the bar, and you're not always having an education, not always having money for an education. But, I hear that you can go to God, He gives strength, you have a good friend called Mary, and you have friends that you can pray with, and that helps you. Thank you, very much. Anything else you want to ask me?

S: No. Okay, I wanted to ask you for a snap [photo] of you.

P: A snap?

S: Yeah.

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 16: R

[This interview took place in Machaya Village in the round straw roofed hut that served as a living room, dining room, and kitchen. The mud walls had been molded to form shelves on which worn enamel plates lined up, and their kitchen utensils were scattered about. We sat on enormous dusty chairs, and chickens wandered in and out, as we talked. R was 13 at the time of her interview, which was interpreted into Lenje.]

P: So R, I am very interested to know about your life.

[The interpreter seems to pose my questions and then to make suggestions of what she can talk about such as school, etc... in Lenje.]

P: So, perhaps you can start by telling us where you were born.

R: [In English], they were bad.

[The interpreter appears to be ad libbing here, again and asks her whether something is bad or good.]

R: The exact day when I was born, I don't know.

P: Where?

I: She was born here.

P: Oh, here, and do you...

[The interpreter interrupts and speaks to her in Lenje, asking her, "Do you remember life when you were young?"]

R: (Laughs)

I: Mm?

R: Ah, I don't know.

P: Um, so how is your life like here?

R: Like how?

[The interpreter offers suggestions again, and she appears to repeat his suggestions]

R: Huh?

P: Tell me about...

[The interpreter interrupts again]

R: Mostly, what I do is I wake up, wash the dishes, and go collect water from the well.

I: Who keeps you?

R: Huh?

[The interpreter repeats his question.]

R: Nelia, my grandmother.

I: Anybody else? [He then offers his suggestion].

R: My grandmother, my grandfather.

P: What are they like?

[The interpreter explains my question in great detail here.]

P: Tell me about your grandparents.

[The interpreter does a lot more explaining to her in Lenje]

R: (She speaks in small voice) They don't keep me well, they ask us to draw water, and they shout at us.

P: (Gently) How is that for you?

R: I feel my heart pain.

I: You feel your heart pain?

R: Mm.

I: You don't manage well.

R: Yes.

P: What is the hardest part?

R: Things that happen.

I: [He does a lot more explaining in Lenje] the tough things you come across in life?

R: Mm. (She couldn't answer this question. She was quite)

I: [The interpreter does more explaining in Lenje, stressing confidentiality]

P: (Gently) how old were you when your father died?

R: [In English], 12 years.

I: Where is your mother?

R: [In English], gone to town.

I: You said that the one keeping you here is your grandparents, so your mother does not keep you?

R: Mm. My mother married into this family, so we are staying at my grandparents' home from the time my father died.

I: What do you think has changed since your father died?

R: What has change like what?

[The interpreter does more explaining in Lenje]

I: About life. Things like what?

R: (She cannot answer.)

I: Where do you sleep?

R: In my grandparent's house

I: How does it feel?

R: Ah mm.

I: Who are your friends?

R: They stay here. One of them is called Neli.

I: How are your friends?

R: The way we play?

P: What do you play?

R: [She understands my English question and responds in Lenje] we play with dolls.

I: If there is something you want to know something, where do you go?

R: My grandmother, the mother to my mother.

P: How does she respond?

R: When I ask, sometimes she will answer and sometimes not.

P: Who do you go to when you are afraid?

R: (She couldn't answer).

I: [The interpreter explains what "afraid" means] when you are worried where do you go?

R: To my mommy.

P: And how will she respond?

[A chicken interrupts]

P: How would you describe yourself, R?

R: (She laughs, shyly).

[The interpreter does more explaining in Lenje.]

R: (She laughs some more).

I: When you need something, what do you do?

R: Things like what?

P: What do you need the most?

I: What gives you strength?

R: (No answer)

I: Is there any time when you go without food?

R: Yes.

P: What do you do when you don't have food?

R: I feel not having strength.

I: What do you want to be when you grow up?

R: I don't know

I: Is there anything you want us to know?

R: No answer

I: Is there anything you want to ask?

I: No.

I: Can I ask you something?

R: Ask

I: Why are you shy?

R: (She laughs).

I: And with your mother, are you shy also?

R: No.

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 17: V

[This interview took place in Machaya Village in the round straw roofed hut that served as a living room/dining room/kitchen. The mud walls had been molded to form shelves on which worn enamel plates lined up, other kitchen utensils were scattered about. We sat on enormous dusty chairs, and chickens wandered in and out, as we talked. V was 15 at the time of her interview, which was interpreted into Nyanja.]

P: P, I'm interested in hearing your story.

I: [In Nyanja], she will be speaking in English, and I will be translating. Therefore it will be like you are talking to her, and I will be translating.

V: [There is a child crying in the background] Where? In Mumba, that is where I was born. My mom is dead.

I: [In Nyanja], how many years did you have when your mother and father died?

V: My father died before I was born; my mother died this very year.

P: How is that for you?

I: [In Nyanja] bad?

V: Mm.

P: Can you help me understand?

V: I feel my heart hurting because there things that do happen, making think hard. I do think at times that if my father had been around, I would have been treated differently.

P: You're feeling mistreated?

V: Yes.

- P: Tell me more about that, please.
- V: The support that we get does not seem right
- P: You don't feel that you are supported enough?
- V: Mm-mm (affirmative).
- P: Please describe what that is like?
- P: I feel my heart hurting.
- P: Painful for you not to get the support that you need?
- P: Mm-mm (affirmative).
- P: So, what's happening?
- V: Like what? The support that they do not give? It is like the clothes that they do not provide, when I ask they get angry. When I ask for anything, they start getting angry.
- P: So, you're not getting the clothes you need.
- V: Mm-mm (affirmative).
- P: Anything else?
- V: There is nothing. They used to be fair, but now they have changed.
- I: What differences have occurred between now and then? Between the time your mother was alive and now?
- V: Now it is hard. When my mother was alive, it was a bit better.
- V: In what way are things getting hard?
- V: Just the clothes - getting them is when my life gets hard.
- I: Is there anything that you can remember when you were younger?
- V: Like what?

- I: Are there some things that you recall about your behaviour, as a child?
- V: No.
- I: When you really think hard about the past. What is it really that you recall?
- V: In the past? The things that I do really think about?
- I: Yes, when you were a toddler?
- V: When I was a child and the things that I do think about right now?
- I: When you were just a toddler, the events that you may remember?
- V: There is nothing.
- I: How does growing up here feel like?
- V: Growing up here? The way it feels: it sure does not feel right.
- I: Would you say something more about the things you are saying are not good about growing up here?
- V: Yes. Growing up in town was better than here. There is a difference.
- I: How do you know that growing up in the towns may be better than growing up here in the villages?
- V: What you are saying is beyond me.
- I: What we understand is that you are saying that growing up in town was better than growing up here in the village. Can you please tell us what the difference is?
- V: Town life is more fair than growing up here.
- P: Who were the people who cared for you when you were growing up?
- V: It was my grandparents
- I: Which grandparent was it - your grandmother or grandfather?
- V: It was the both of them.

- P: Can you tell....
- V: Tell like how?
- I: Describe both your grandparents. What kind of people do you think they are? I do not want to help you with the answer (laughter). If you are with someone, let us say you are with your friends or maybe your own guy, and you want to tell them about your own grandparents, how would you put it?
- V: Pardon me, it flew past me. Please repeat.
- I: For example, you have a boyfriend, and you introduce him to your best friend Rebecca, and Rebecca asks you what kind of a guy your boyfriend is, how would you reply? We want to know something like that about your grandparents. We are not searching to cause problems.
- V: (Remains silent and does not reply)
- I: Is the reply too difficult? Should we change the subject? Your grandparents, how did they look after you when you were a child? The time that you were in grade four, how did your grandparents care for you? How was it living with them?
- V: (She says nothing)
- P: So, who do you go to if you want to know something?
- V: (Answer not audible.)
- P: What does she do?
- V: She answers well.
- P: And how do you feel?
- V: I feel good.
- I: When you get afraid, or should there be something that scares you, to whom do

you turn to?

V: Anyone.

P: Anyone? Do they help?

V: In what way?

P: Do they help you?

V: Some people do help, while others do not.

P: What makes you most afraid?

V: I find it hard to answer the question.

I: Your friends, what kind of people are they?

V: Friends? In what way?

I: The ones you play with. You do have friends other than Rebecca, do you not?

V: Mm.

I: What kind of people are they?

V: They are just and nice people. [The interpreter translates this as “good”.]

P: What makes them good?

V: Because when we are playing, we do not have things like fighting.

I: Do you understand each other: you and your friends?

V: Yes.

I: Your family, how is it?

V: My family?

I: Yes? Here were you live

V: Here were I live?

I: Yes. Your friends - you have told us that they are good people. Now your family,

how are they?

V: The ones with no remorse in their hearts.

I: You have said that some of them have bad hearts: Can you elaborate?

V: The ones with no remorse in their hearts? It is the type that, when you need to talk to them about something you feel might be interesting, instead of showing some kind of interest, they respond with anger and stop talking to you.

P: You feel that they're disinterested in you?

V: Yes.

I: How does it feel?

V: I feel pain in my heart.

P: Painful.

I: When you look at yourself, supposing you did not have a family, would you live by yourself alone?

V: Not at all.

I: What is it that would help you in times of problems?

V: What does what?

I: You go to sleep and get up from day to day, what is it that gives you the strength?

What makes you realize that you are a person that has to go on?

V: Where do I get my strength?

I: Mm-mm (affirmative), what gives you strength everyday?

V: I did not really understand. Come again?

I: Allow me to try and search for some simpler words, okay? How do I put this in Nyanja? What is it that gives you the spirit to say to yourself that, despite the

death of your parents, I still have to go on? Do you find some kind of piecework [casual work]?

V: Yes I do go out and find some piecework.

I: What is it that gives you the motivation to find the piecework?

V: When I need something, I do have to go and get the piecework, if I have to earn what I need.

P: Where did you learn that?

V: From other people who knew, that was how I found out.

P: So, you saw other people doing it, and you know that would help you too?

V: Mm (affirmative).

P: Where does the capacity come from to go and do "piece work"?

V: The strength to go and do the piece work? (silence)

I: Where you are, how would you describe yourself? What kind of a person would you say you are ?

V: Where I am when I am thinking (laughter) - a poor person.

P: You describe yourself as a poor girl?

V: Somebody who does not own anything.

I: When you say poor, are you alluding to on the does not own things like clothes, sits in the house etc. - that kind of a person?

P: Doesn't have anything?

V: Yes.

P: Who are you on the inside?

I: Outside, you say you are a poor person, what about deep inside you, what kind of

person would you say you are?

V: That is difficult.

P: What do you need the most?

V: Clothes and school.

I: What help would it be, these things - clothes and school.

V: School would help me in the future to support myself.

P: How do you know that?

V: I do see others those that have finished school, what they have benefited.

I: Any thoughts or hopes about the future ?

V: (Laughter but no answer to the question).

I: What is it that you wish for, what is it you look forward to being in the future when you are grown up? When you graduate from school, what would you like to be?

V: (Laughter).

I: You are still thinking about it?

V: Yes.

P: What I'm hearing from you is that you aren't able to have everything you need, and if you need something, you are able to get yourself piecework...

[The interpreter interrupts to translate.]

V: Yes.

I: Do you have anything else to say?

V: No.

() = Nonverbal expressions/tone

[] = Contextual information

Transcript 18: W

[The interview with W took place in the back yard of the small home in Kaunda Square that she shared with her cousin. We sat on a bamboo mat under the large mango tree while W's 2-year-old daughter played nearby. W was 21 years old at the time of her interview and interviewed competently in English without the interpreter present.]

P: Okay, are you ready? I want to um...I want to know about your life, about your relationships. Um, maybe we can start off with your telling me where you were born.

W: When I was born? I was born here in Lusaka, and that was in 1984, on 11th May, that's when I was born, and then what happened (laughs)? Up to when I was four, I was taken to the village. What?

P: (Noticing W's 2-year-old daughter asking for her mother) Maybe she needs some help, here.

W: No, no. Okay, just the question. Sorry.

P: Sure.

W: What do you want I should tell because from the time I born then I have to tell you, sorry? The date and then the year, then I have to tell you the time when I...

P: You don't have to tell me anything. Just tell your story as you know it, if you can remember anything from before you were four, I will be interested to know about that.

W: I was born in 1984 that was May 11, here in Zambia, here in Lusaka - that is the capital city of Zambia, that's where I was born. When I was four my mom would

be teacher, she used to be a teacher. I don't know the name of the school but I am told it was a private school. I was taken to the village that's where I went to but before that my mommy died when we were together. We are two in our family and the first-born is a boy who was born in '79 on 5th January. That's when I was born. We are only two in our family, and I know what I know - that is that my mommy died, when mom and dad were together. It's not that they wanted - they didn't want to be together but because of the family.

My dad's family wasn't good, especially the uncle. It's like he refused my dad to marry my mom because he said that. I don't know my dad's mom. He wasn't a good person and that my mom's blood wasn't good because he was considered to be a witch that's my grandfather. The uncle to my dad, he was considered to be a witch because he was like he didn't like the idea of my dad marrying my mom because my mom was a Soli [language group found mostly in central Zambia]. So, he is like "I have tried so many things like to kill the first born - that was my brother - but I have failed even the second born, so I don't want you to marry that woman. If you do then it means I will go during day light, and I will use my own hands and take an axe to axe your children."

So, my mom, because of that my mom is like they were contradictions and talking, so my mom was like "Since that's a curse then we can't go. There is nowhere by you are married, and I know we'll be happy. But there is nowhere by we can get married the two of us if some people are not happy because anything might happen, and I don't want to lose my children, so it's better that you do your own things, and I do my own things. So, it's like they were all that kind of

confusion and but our dad, I was told that he loved us so very much, and I don't know because my dad, I even lived with him like I used to...(laughter) I don't know. They are saying that I used to be stubborn. Even now, I don't like my dad's family.

P: I am just wondering why you refused to be with your dad.

W: I didn't know. Up to now, I don't know, so last time - it was now when I went there last week - that's when they said, "You, you started rejecting us when you were a baby. Whenever we would come to get you, then you would start crying, things like that," and then, I was like, "Then, it means there is something bad about you that I didn't like, and I think even now I don't like it." And then, they are like, "We don't know why but anyway that's how you feel and you can't do anything about it, so I don't know but then you are a child."

That's when my dad went to France because he was a soldier. Then when he came back again. There was all that kind of things but I was told by my grandmother - that's my father's aunt. She told me that, "Your mom and dad had an oath, and then they said that if they were not happy about their separation even if they went somewhere else, even if they get married, they will never have children you are the last child." And, that's why I was given the name W, and it means "it's over." So, and my dad went somewhere. When he came back, he got married but he didn't have children. Even my mom, she got married, and they didn't have children, and I am the last-born.

And, my mom passed away when I was four, so that was 1988 when I was four years, and we had gone to the village to visit our grand-mom because we

were told that. Okay, long ago they used to do like when you have children you have to take them to the village, so that their parents can see them. That's what happened. We went there, and my elder brother and my other cousins, we went there. Even now, the ones who came, we were together. So when we went there, I think we stayed there up to, until I was seven to nine years, I think.

That's when my...because my mom, she came there, again she came back because she was still working. And, when she came here, I don't know if she had applied to go to the U.K. [United Kingdom] to teach as a teacher and then she was accepted, then she said, "No I've got children, and I can't go without them." So, that's when she came to the village and then she said I have come to get my children and because we are going somewhere.

She didn't spend much time. By then, she was married. She had fallen sick by then, so when she came, she was expecting a child, and then she fell sick. She was just coughing. Then the cousin to my mom told her that I know some medicine, which I can give you, so that you can take, since you are coughing. She was like, "Ah, but anyway I have medicine. I came with medicine. I think it's malaria because of the weather and water, so it's better if I just take this medicine," so, he said, "No, you have to use this medicine I have." It was black powder - pounded powder. It was black in colour, and she was shown a razor blade. She was told that if you want to, you have to swallow this medicine using a razor blade and then you swallow the medicine, so she's like, "I can't do that," and it has never happened. That's when the same cousin said - he got annoyed and then he went away.

And then, at night when we were asleep, my mom was sweating, and I was like, "What?" "I know I have been given medicine, the medicine that I refused, I have been given." So my grandmother was like, "Mm, it was just a dream." And then, when we wake up in the morning, my mom was black - that very black powder - and then even my elder brother.

So, it's like we had even packed, that was the day when we were supposed to have left, to left the village to come here, so its like we packed our things and then my grandmother was saying, "No, let me go and at least get groundnuts so that you can go with it." That's when she was there, and our bags were outside by then, and then I heard my mom calling me, she said, "Go, and call your grandmother because I might die without her presence." That's when I went there, and I called her and then she came running, after that. Yet, she went in there, and the things that had been taken out so that we can start off. She went in there, and they took the things inside again and then up to... she was just in there up to seventeen [hours]. By then, I didn't even know what was happening - what was going on.

We were taken somewhere very far from that place, and the time when we were taken back to that place, I didn't see my mom, and when we asked our grandmother, "Where is our mom?" She said, "No, she will be coming," so I didn't know that she had passed away, and I was expecting her to come back, so that we can start off but she didn't show up. And then my aunt, my mom's elder sister, that's when she came but she looked liked my mom but I had that feeling that no, she can't be, though they look alike. I had that feeling that she's not our

real mother but she... and we were told that this is your mom and that you have to go with her. That's when we came here again. We came with her, and when we came, that was in 1990, and then she started looking for a place, so that I can start going to school.

P: Can I ask you something? I am trying to understand. You went to the village when you were four?

W: Yes.

P: Did your mother die the same year?

W: Yes. It was that same year.

P: You remember that?

W: Like?

P: You have a good memory of that?

W: Yes, and I remember the exact things that I was told like go and call your grandmother but it's only that I didn't understand that day what it was all about, but I still remember that. And now that I have grown up, when I remember those days, that's when I realize that it's true: She is gone.

P: How did you feel that time she was sick, when you were little?

W: I didn't expect that, I was a child. When I went there and I couldn't find her there, I remember that I even fell sick, I didn't know why because sometimes I would see her coming and then she would be calling me, sometimes I would even answer even crying. My grandmother even used to tell me at here is what you used to do. I would even cry, at I want my mom to come back. After the time we came here in 1990. We came in 1990. Then I started going to school in 1993, I

started grade one.

P: How did you know that she was your aunt, and not your mother?

W: I didn't know but I just had that feeling, though. It's like when you are young, you are told everything. You pretend like everything is right, when it ain't right but I knew somehow that it's only that during that time that I was even scared to ask. Maybe she will answer me but I just had to keep quiet that was the thing.

P: You had to pretend that everything was all right?

W: I had that feeling that this isn't my mom, but my brother knew about it because when we were children, there was my other aunt, now that's the mother to mommy. We used to say that she was staying somewhere, and it was very far. Okay, she used to kind of mistreat her, even when I sat, and then there was a graveyard. It was very big somehow, so that we could go there, and we had to pass there, so that's the time when my brother - I think I was six by then - then my brother told that, "That's where mom is buried," and you know I was kind of confused but I didn't ask him, "Iwe [you]! You, but you are saying that our mom is buried...[Too much background noise to hear what she is saying] but we were told that our mom is coming back," but he said, "No, our mom is dead, and she will never come back."

By then, he [brother] could understand something's I didn't. He was told, and the person who showed him was our granddad, that's my mom's dad, he's the one who told him, so I couldn't understand that, so it was kind of confusing again, and I thought that I remember I used to cry up to when my aunt came. By then, I think I was eight. That's when she came. I used to cry. Then he [brother] said,

“You don't have to cry because when you cry - if you cry again - she [mother] won't be happy so you have to happy.” That's what he used to tell me, so I was...but it was hard, and I didn't believe him though he showed me but I didn't believe. I thought, “No, he was just cheating me. He just wanted to scare me.” That's what I thought.

P: You didn't want to believe him?

W: No, I didn't. It was especially hard for me to believe, so I didn't until we came here. When I came here, I started staying with my aunt.

P: The same aunt?

W: No, the elder sister to my mom. That's the one, 'cause she was younger than my mom. The mom to mommy was younger. Now, the elder.

P: The one that looks like your mom?

W: Yeah, that's the one we used to stay with here and I started going to school up to 1997 I wrote my grade seven exam. By then, we were still living with my...no by then my aunt had moved from here. She moved from here when I was in grade five that's when she started living somewhere. There is that other compound, Ng'ombe. I don't know if you have heard about it - Ng'ombe compound. That's where she used to stay, and she got married and then from there, they went to Lusaka, so I was left with my grandmother because she had come back from the village. She came to stay with us, so I started staying with my grandmother.

P: What was that like?

W: Pardon?

P: When your aunt left you, how was that?

W: I think I was sad because again, because by the time when she got married the husband again wasn't good. He used to force her - to mistreat her, and I didn't like him. Even now, I don't like him. I can't cheat - I don't like him, even now. He wasn't a good person, and my mom - my aunt - I used to call her mom, by then - and she changed. She was kind of mistreating us and then given she never used to give us food and then even like shoes, going to school. I used to go bare-footed up to grade seven. That was from grade two, grade three, then five, six and then when I was in grade seven my cousin, that's my first cousin - the one I told that I was staying with in Solwezi [the capital of the North Western Province of Zambia with approximately 65,000 inhabitants] – she's the one who bought me shoes. She just changed, so even when they left, I think I was very happy that they had moved. I was very happy

P: What was it like when she changed?

W: It was sad. You know, it's like someone you used to be close to. Then all of a sudden she changed. Then instead, mostly we would go into hiding and then whenever he not there, that's when you would come. It was really bad

P: Where you afraid?

W: I was afraid, I wasn't free and I didn't even like her I hated her I use to enjoy when she was away, when she'd go somewhere then we'd be free and we would think everything would be fine, when she comes back again, it was sad and is wasn't good

P: It was a relief when she was away?

W: Yes. It was sad - even insult us. No, it wasn't good and that's the reason why I

didn't like her. She even started telling my mom not to give us food, because by then my same aunt had only one child, so that everything, whenever she buys things, because she used to work then. She used to sell cloth, so whenever she would find something, then she would get, and then she would keep, and then after she had managed to get everything for us. Then she would give us but when he came, she just changed. She'd just buy for one kid, so she wasn't a good person.

P: It was hard for you?

W: It was hard not only for me but even those like my cousins. Everyone was complaining about it. I wasn't the only one but even the daughter

P: Your aunt and uncle's daughter?

W: He?

P: They were cruel to their only child?

W: Yes, because how can...Okay, the same person - the uncle - by then, he didn't have any children but my mom had one child, that's my cousin, the one who's just came, so it is like again because she used to tell like my mom like, "No, you don't have to do this. Why do you hate us? Who is this man?" So because of that, he hated her as well, so when they left I was very happy.

P: How did you cope? When you were with your auntie and husband?

W: We just started existing the way they are. We just come here, and we couldn't go anywhere, and we never had. Okay we knew we had bad things but we didn't follow what they used to do. I don't know but I thank God for that because we used to respect my auntie. No matter what she did to us, we were always here.

Whenever she would say bad things, we would just come here. If we would sit here, we would play then if they come out, we'd go somewhere. We'd leave.

We'd go the other side but we used to avoid them. Then when it's late at night then you just go to sleep then in the morning you wake up enjoy the things, just like that. Such is life, the way it was then. Everything was okay. Though it was hard, we didn't even let people know that we were suffering because we didn't want to embarrass her.

P: So, you just accepted the way it was?

W: Yes.

P: You didn't feel that there was any alternative?

W: No, and I thank God but then at least we had somewhere were by even if we were being mistreated, but she was there with us and people used to respect us because of that, and that is the reason why we even respected her, that much.

P: Help me understand that. People used to respect you because of who?

W: To respect - yes. You know some people like when you are just children again, they don't respect you. You're not respected in any way. At least if there is someone who is older than you, that's when you will be respected.

P: So, what I am hearing is that if you were a child on your own, other adults would not have respected you?

W: No.

P: But because you were with your auntie, you were respected.

W: Yeah. At least they were. Even if they want to do something bad to you, they will know that, "No, the auntie is there."

P: So you felt safe?

W: Yes I felt safe. We felt safe, and when they moved by then I was in grade seven. I wrote in '97. I wrote my grade seven exam, and I was very clever. That's what I can say, and very intelligent in school but I was surprised that I didn't make it to grade eight, and I cried. I cried but again, the Principal at school - the one who was in charge there, the head mistress - she was jealous again. She was a lady, and even now, I still see her. It's like she exchanged my results with her daughter, and my auntie, when she came from Botswana, she was like, "No, since you say that she has failed."

And no one, even my teacher, didn't accept that I had failed grade seven, so they said we are going to go to the ministry of education, so that we can check, and then the head mistress she was like, "No, you can't do that. Let's just forget. She can start again grade seven, if anything I will provide her with uniforms and such." So, I was surprised, you know, and, it's not very common whereby someone has failed, and then you are there saying, "No. Everything will be fine. Just let her come here," so and I really wanted school again, and that's why I went there. By then, it was even the last term, and so I failed grade seven again. I wrote my exams, and again I made it but my name wasn't there. I cried.

That was in '98, and I was with my grandmother. My grandmother had gone away, and I was with my cousins. She had gone to Botswana to help my auntie, by then, so I was alone with my cousin. We're all cousins. We are only two girls, and the one who just came, and there were about eight guys, so we went to check, and my name wasn't there. Then I came home disappointed. I remember

I didn't even eat for one week, only drinking water. I used to feel aching every time I want to eat something then. No, it was hard for me then. I didn't know what was happening

P: You were very upset.

W: I was very upset, especially knowing that from the time I started grade one, I never failed. I used to be like number one like in my class and when the results came out my name wasn't there. I was sad, and I didn't even want to see any one not even my cousin. I was always indoors, just go to bed and sleep all day, and they were saying bad things you know they come they even insult you, "You go to school, and you can't do anything." You know things like that.

P: Your cousins were insulting you?

W: My uncles.

P: Your uncles were insulting you?

W: Yes, because if your name isn't there then it means you have failed

P: How does that feel?

W: It was bad, I am telling you, and I felt like just dying or disappearing. I didn't want to face anyone at home

P: You felt embarrassed?

W: I was embarrassed. It was kind of embarrassing when everyone thinks that maybe you are the only who will make it, and then things happen that way. That's when we were inside by then. I don't know that day but I used to refuse whenever they said that you have failed then I would say, "No, I think I made it." "But how come your name isn't there? Nothing." "I don't know but the person who is in charge

there knows why,” so things were like that, and then my... we heard people talking, like no, when we were in that office.

When they were giving acceptance letters, she was called [W’s name], so and then I met this teacher. The same teacher used to like us - me and my elder brother - so he’s like, “You, how come you didn’t come to get your acceptance letter?” So I was like, “Me, what I know is that I failed ’cause my name isn’t there.” “Your name isn’t there but why, you, you had good results,” so he’s like, “Okay, tomorrow you have to come.” When I went there, the same lady mistress was there, and my acceptance again like it wasn’t there, so I was like, “But I was told that I made it Mrs. Manda told me so,” and then she was like, “Ah, Mrs. Manda. No, she knows nothing that one,” so, I so like, “Even friends, they told me that my acceptance letter, it was there, and that they even called my name.” So, she’s like, she refused. Then, at last, she was like, “Yes, you have made it and that means it’s Tunduya School. There is a basic school, Tunduya basic school, before Munali, so that’s where you have to go.” And then I was like, “No, I can’t go to that school.”

P: Because?

W: I know that I did better, and I deserve to go to a better school than that, and I was upset then. Even my acceptance letter wasn’t there, so that’s when I came here, and the same date like the headmaster sent her children to go and like clean the office. And my acceptance letter - it was the only one, and it was found behind the cupboard, so I was like, “But how did it come here and like all these acceptance letters but only this.” So, it’s like the same mistress, Mrs. Manda, she is the one

who took it, and then she brought it to me, and when I went there, I said, "I want the 'form of results,'" because you have to be given the 'form of results,' so that you can see where you went wrong and what but I wasn't given. Up to now, she refuses to give me. Up to now, I didn't get it.

P: (W's 2-year-old daughter is looking for her mother again) Do you need to go? We can wait. (She sees to her child and returns).

W: That's when I got my acceptance letter, and I was chosen to go to Olympia basic school. That's where I started my grade eight. That was in 2000, and no in 1999, and I went to Olympia basic school, grade eight, and I was supposed to pay fees, and the one who bought my uniform was my uncle - my mom's elder brother, and he even paid for the second term. Oh, the first term that started, that's when he paid. That was... I was in grade eight by then, though he wasn't very good but anyway he managed to do that, and it wasn't easy for me. You know where Olympia is?

P: No, tell me about it.

W: It is behind Manda Hill.

P: How did you get there?

W: And sometimes, I would walk from here up to Manda Hill, up to Olympia. I would wake up around five.

P: Five am?

W: Five am, and then we are supposed to be there at 7:10 am but sometimes I would reach at 8:00, 9:00. Depends on what it is because sometimes when you are alone, and you are afraid. It used to be dark that time again, so I started going there I

would walk. If I got money then I would go by bus just like that, and my uncle used to... my uncle - that's my dad's cousin now - he'd be like, "How do you go to school?" And, I told him. He said, "No, every weekend you have to come and get transport money" but you know again, I didn't like the idea. I felt like I was troubling him, and sometimes I never used to go there, so if I didn't go there then it means I would walk from here to Olympia, and I even got used to it, and then came grade eight, term two. I was chased because I didn't pay my fees, and when I told my uncle - the one was here at first, he was like, "No, I can't pay for you because this other," now he meant his younger brother, "is not doing anything." They have to help as well," and there was no one to help me but I used to go. Sometimes I would be chased, and I would just be there outside.

P: You were chased?

W: Yes.

P: From school?

W: Because I didn't pay. That was in term two, now grade eight, term two. If you don't the pay the fees, then you don't have to attend classes, so they will chase you from attending classes

P: How does that happen?

W: When you don't pay?

P: Yeah.

W: When you haven't paid your fees?

P: Yeah.

W: Like, I didn't pay then I go to class then the head-teacher or the head mistress will

come in. If they know that you haven't paid then it means that you have to go outside. Just like, they will come, and then they say you have to go outside so you will be chased from classes, and then I would go instead of coming here again. I knew that even if I come here nothing was going to happen, so I'd just stay there.

I would wait for my friends. After they finish, if they have got notes, then I would borrow their notebooks. I would write from there and then again because I was the librarian at school, so I would go in the library. I would start reading then when they come then I would get their books and then I would start copying notes but for my maths it, was very difficult because with maths you can't say, "No, I will copy," and, you have to be there and understand.

It wasn't easy until my...I fell behind. Like they said, "Since you are doing nothing..." They were from...no, the husband is Canadian and the wife was Colombian, so they said, "You have to come and help us. Like you clean the house or baby-sit, and then we'll help you like maybe to pay you fees or what." They said, "We'll help you. Like, we will be giving you money," so that's when I started. Whenever I came from school, I'd go straight to their home, and I would do whatever they ask me to do that's what I do, and then when they give money, they'd say "The only thing I must know from you to do is you should be paying your fees that's all." So, they...but they were kind people. Instead of just paying for my school fees, they would they even gave me transport money, so sometimes, they would come and pick me up from school, so from school, I would go there. I would work for them. Sometimes, I would spend the night there. They were good people, and they acted just like my parents, and that was even the

end of the term.

P: Can I ask you a question? When you say they acted like your parents, in what way? What does that mean to you?

W: Even if they were like meeting here, and there is a report form for your parents, they would go there. If there is a meeting, I would come then I would tell them then they would go there, and they were good people.

P: In what way?

W: They used to pay for my fees and they were concerned. They used to make sure that if I have got homework, they used to make sure that I do my homework - like my school homework. That's when they said, after I have finished everything, that's when they said, "Now you can start like working or maybe in the kitchen or minding the children." They used to make sure that whenever I come from school, they used to make sure that they check my book, and I was very happy about that because here at home, it is like you come, and no one is concerned. They don't even ask you, "How is school?" or "What have you been doing? How do you go to school if you don't pay, who's paying for you?" They were not concerned, they didn't even pay attention, even to ask you, "Where did you get the money from?" It really used to tick me a lot these people. I felt like they didn't care for me, and I am sure they were not sharing people because you have to know if you are keeping someone, "Where is she getting these things? We haven't paid for her. Who is doing these things?" But, they didn't even have time to know or ask you, "Who is paying for you? Where do you get money? Like every time you go by bus or maybe you come with clothes, where did you get these clothes from?"

They didn't even ask.

P: So you felt uncared for by your family because they didn't worry where the things were coming from - they didn't even notice.

W: No. They, you know, even if they noticed, they didn't even ask but if they were asking me, I think I would have known that they were caring people and that they liked me but they didn't, so it used to hurt me most - especially knowing the fact that I grew up from here, and you know, you come with things. They don't even ask, so it was kind of - it was really bad for me, and then I went in grade nine. No, I mean grade eight. I used to...and that's the money I used to pay for my fees, and then in grade nine, that's when they started paying for me. Even though it was the end, I didn't tell them. No. I thought I didn't feel good, whereby if you know someone then just because they are there, you tell them, "No, me I am being chased." It's like some people think, "Maybe this person is just after our money, and I didn't like that idea because I am not that kind of a person, so I didn't tell them. I knew I was chased, and I had this other friend. He was Canadian, and I knew him from the same people. He was Canadian. He was a good person again. He would leave me a lot of money but I never used to take his money.

P: He left it for you but you didn't take it?

W: I didn't. At first, he started complaining, saying, "No, just take it," because again, I used to go and clean his house, and again I would come back. It was a big house, maybe two houses connected. Even there's an office inside the gate, so after cleaning here, then I would go there. Then I would clean for him, so he used to leave a lot of money, but I never used to take his money. So he started

complaining saying, “No, this person! I have been leaving money, and she doesn't take the money,” so he said, “No, you have to get the money.” By then, I was in grade nine. You know I wasn't happy with the idea of him leaving money for me. I just used to leave the money. At school I'd go but they were chasing like, “Money! Money!” but I couldn't tell them that I need money for I have to pay my fees because I haven't paid. I never used to do that. I was...okay, it's something that is very hard for me even now. If I haven't got, like in terms of money, I find it very hard to ask for money, so it was hard for me to tell them that I haven't taken anything, so every time they say to me, “Just go there.” Like my teacher knew I had a problem because he asked me, “How do you live, or is there any difficulties these days? You are becoming so dull and down. You are not concentrating.” I was like, “No, I am concentrating it's only that...” And, it was during that time when I couldn't understand what death was all about and how painful it is like to live without your own biological mom. That's when I started to understand, so it's like it also affected me in some ways.

P: Can you please help me understand more about when you started to understand about death the death about your mother?

W: It's during that time when I started struggling - like I was being chased from school. That's the time when I realized how painful death was, and how painful it was to live without a mom because you know it's like I used to think, “Maybe if my mom was here, things couldn't have been like this,” so it also affected me. I never used to concentrate. Instead of concentrating, but again you start thinking about bad things like that. Why didn't she take a little time, you know I wish I

was dead again, looking at again. I looked at my brother he wrote his grade seven exam and that was the end of it. From that time, he never went to school again. I was like at least. They can't educate. They didn't educate him. They can educate at least me so that I can help to also take care of my brother and other people. It was really bad. I used to think a lot about mom but then because my dad passed away when I was in grade five, that's when he passed away. It was bad and it affected me a lot, because every time instead of just going to think about mom, you know, I used to have... Sometimes, I would feel like my mom is there. You know those pictures whereby you are just with your mom, and everything is just fine looking like that. So, instead of concentrating again, I became even dull at school

P: You were very sad?

W: I was very sad. I was in pain, and every time I was in pain, I was sick. You know whereby your friends are there saying, "You know, my mom bought me this, my mom did this, my dad did that." And in school, and I was like, "If only they had paid my fees, I think I would have been happy but they didn't even show, seem to care, or to know what we were doing and you are just there. It affected me a lot.

That's the time when I even wanted to be with my mom.

P: It was very painful that nobody cared for you?

W: Yes, and that was even the reason why and it's because of my school fees... when I also came to understand how bad.

[We have a small break]

P: One of the things I am hearing from that time, is that you felt abandoned by you

relatives?

W: Yes, I felt abandoned. I knew that. I felt that they didn't care, and to them I was like nothing and things like that, and I used to feel like I didn't have the mom, that's why I was being mistreated, and you know what I used to think? I was like, "If I had my mom, my grand-mom or my uncles wouldn't have been this...wouldn't have abandoned like this, but it's because I don't have a mom, whereby she can give some money you things." Like, that's what I used to think, and it was really bad for me.

P: She can give them money to care for you, perhaps your school fees?

W: Yes, and it wasn't good because it was sad and I was in pain. Even I stopped concentrating at school. It's not that I wanted to but I used to find myself in a situation whereby the teacher is there teaching, I'd really want to concentrate or to get what he's saying, but because my mind would be scared again, I couldn't get what he was saying. Things like that, and you know, most of the time maybe you had to be chased out of school because you didn't pay your school fees. Then I would go in the library, then I start. Instead of studying again, I would start reading things like novels, you know, and things like that

P: You felt distracted?

W: Yes, I felt distracted, and I felt like I was a nobody, like in society whereby and it's because I didn't have a mother. It was really painful for me to understand, and you know, now I felt the pain of losing someone, and I knew that if I had had my mom things would have been easier, and you know some people say, "You! You are bad," or what, and I knew that: Even you are bad; but my mom, at least there

would have been something about me that my mom would have loved - would have loved in me that maybe she would have educated me in some ways. She just can't hate me and abandon me like that. I knew it, and it was in my heart I knew that my mom would have been good, and you know people would say, "No, your mom was a bad person," but for me I knew that, no, it can't be. She was good. It's only that that's what people say. It affected me a lot until when my other cousin came. That's when she told me that, "No, you your mom was good," and you know it was also painful for me that from the time my mom passed away, I knew nothing that my mom was good. The only thing that I could remember is like, "Your mom was bad, you. She used to beat children." What, what, and things like that, and "She used to hate," and it affected me as well. I am like, "Why? She was my mom! Why did she wrong me so much? What wrong did I do to be hated so much by my mom?" Until my cousin came, that's when she started telling at, "No, your mom was a good person. She used to dye her clothes." Those are the things that even my aunt, the one who just came from Botswana, she also told me, and it wasn't even long ago. Just now when she came, that's when she said, "No, your mom was good. You are more like your mom. It's like when you have got things, you share with people, and she was good at singing as well." And you know, I am happy that at least these are the things that I should have known, during that time but I wasn't told these things you know, and it affected me a lot until... That's when...and it was...when was that? I was in grade nine by then, and it was in term three.

P: Can I ask you another question? Is there anything else that you know about your

mother? Did anybody tell you anything else?

W: I did hear that she used to sing, she was a strong Christian and had a sweet voice that's what they say. She was good at singing and she was in a choir and they say... like my auntie say's that she was a kind person and that she had a lot of friends and people used to like her; that's what they say and nothing more at least if I was there so that I could. I should have known myself, and I should have seen at least but no, you are just told and you were not there, but I am happy that I know the good things about my mom, and that she had a good handwriting.

P: Yeah, that makes you feel better?

W: Yes, that makes me feel better. At least I know the good things and not only whereby people say, 'no, she was bad.' and things that are not even right.

P: What was that like hearing that about your mother all the time?

W: Pardon?

P: What was it like to hear people say bad things about your mother?

W: It was even worse. Again, I was affected. I felt...I even think I wrote something in my diary about it. It was so painful that I couldn't even understand. I used to ask questions like, "Why was I born in such family whereby even your own mom used to hate you so much and that you know nothing good about such a person. The only things you know are the bad things." I even wrote that I think it was bad for me. It affected me, I think, and I felt like at least if I was there, so that I should have seen but I knew deep down in my heart that, even if people say these things, at least there was something good about mom that I didn't know. Until I was told, that's when I came to realize that it's okay. All this time, there were good things

about mom that I didn't know.

P: So you were thankful that you found out something good about your mom?

W: Yes. Though I didn't know that I was going to find out, but I used to believe it in my heart that, there was something good about mom.

P: Where did the police come from?

W: I don't know. I think it's something about Bonnie. I don't know but I used to feel that way, and even now, I feel that way that there are a lot of things about me. You know, it's like you know something, and you accept things the way they come, and you believe, and if you do believe in these things. They do happen and things like that, so it's like even when I was in grade nine, and we were supposed to write our final exam, and I was being chased, I never used to attend classes. You know I found it very hard like to tell my friends that, "You know, you people, me, I have got these problems," so my teacher, I talked to my grade teacher and then they called me like, into an office. They were asking me questions and I had to answer them because I couldn't say if do they mistreat you. Even if I knew that somehow I being mistreated but I said, 'no I was okay.' That's what I said, because I think I would have been more affected again if I told them, "Yes." I loved my mom's family so very much. Even now, that even when I say things. You know, I feel like because they have kept me up to now. Even if they were doing like bad things but I am still here and it's my mom's family that have kept me up to this age, and it's because of that, that I appreciate and I respect them. All the things that have been happening to me, I just say, "Anyway, it's part of life. It's something that I have to go through." It was painful but I didn't want

them to know, so I was saying, “No, everything is fine.” Then they explained they said, “No you, why don’t you do this, and that.” Like for example, “There is a party, let's go for a party.” Then we'd go there. They start dancing and drinking then they will give you. Then I used to say, “No,” and mostly, I was the one who they expected. They are all drunk, and you are the only one again. They will use you as their support them again and I didn't like that kind of life so I thought it was better for me to be alone than to have bad friends around me, so instead, whenever I knock-off from school, I just go straight home, and I would start working again. And then, when I wrote my grade nine exam, it's because of like I didn't attend classes, and I only managed to pass in five subjects because you have to pass in six subjects but I managed to pass in five subjects, and I failed math, and like in OP because in Op again, they are calculations and things like.

P: I am sorry, what's OP?

W: Office practice.

P: Oh, office practice.

W: Yes, and I failed in office practice and math, so because you have to do the calculations, and I wasn’t there but again, the headmaster there at Olympia was saying, “No, since you haven't been coming, and you have managed to...[We are interrupted by the arrival of her aunt and uncle]

P: So, you were telling me about grade nine?

W: Yeah, grade nine. When I made grade nine, that is when I managed to pass in five subjects, and the headmaster was saying, “Since you haven't been coming, you have to... you can start grade 10 here. And then when you start grade 10, you can

re-write the other subjects.” That's what I was told. That was then in 2001, so I was told, “You can start grade 10 and re-write the other subjects, “ I was like, “Okay, fine,” again. By then, my friends, the same people who were helping me, had gone to...had gone for a holiday in Canada. That's were they went, and then the other one also, he went to Kenya because he was - he just came - he was working for Care, and he was being replaced with somebody else. He was going to the University of Toronto, that's where, so again, he went to Kenya for a replacement, so I didn't know were to get the money from, and I was like told by my uncles like, “No, we can't do that. There is nothing we can do. You will just have to sit here because it is like you have failed now,” so I was like, “Okay, fine.” Then, I started staying here, and thing weren't okay, and I wasn't happy. Especially you know, you see your friends in school uniforms, and I used to cry everyday. I never used to want to. Whenever my friends come, if they are in uniform, then I would feel bad. I would just hide. I didn't want to face them. I felt bad, until when they came back. When they came, and it was in the end of term - end of term three - the last term, that's when they came back, so when I went there, they said, “No you have to start at Munali, because at least Munali is near.” When I went there, I showed them my results, they said, “No, these are good results but we don't have a place for grade 10. We only have places for grade nine, so at least if you start grade nine, or else there's no place for grade 10,” so, my friend was like, “No, it's alright if you start grade nine.” That was the last term, and I didn't even learn anything except for English. It's like I started this week and then the following week, we were supposed to write our exams. It was

during that time of the solar eclipse. That's when this took place, so it's like people were excited, and there was not very much learning, so that's when I wrote my...I just wrote my grade nine exams again, without even like, W didn't learn much, and I managed to get a full certificate, and the headmaster was happy. He's like, "This person just came. She didn't even know anything from this school, and you just told us that it is now almost a year since she has been going to school, so I am very happy for her, and it's because of that, that she will start in the morning. I will give her a grade 10 place, in the morning, because she did well," and I failed in math again. It's not like I failed in math again. There was bookkeeping, and I knew nothing about bookkeeping. I learnt nothing like that at Olympia. I never used to do bookkeeping, so that subject again I failed. I had nothing. I didn't even write it because I knew nothing. That's when I started grade 10 now, at Munali Girls High School, and before that, that's the time when I even met Richard. That's the father of my child. I was, by then, I was at Olympia. It was...I used to see them every time. Whenever they are driving, they used to have friends say, "Hi!" Things like that. Then there was this time when he came. It was raining. It was like he was in the car, and then he sent me to buy some apples, oranges, and groundnuts. So I went - and bananas. It was at Manda Hill, so it's like I went, then I bought those things, and when I took them back he said, "No, I bought those things for you," so I was like, "How can you buy these things for me when you don't even know me?" "No, I just like you." And you know, it's like, "Ah, you don't know me. How can you buy these things for me? So, it's like the other person I was with is like, "No, it's alright you can get." I was like, "Ah, no. I

don't like such things," so that's when, and I didn't even have transport money to come here, and it was late. The money that I had, it was stolen in my bag, and that was in the library at school, and it was late. It was around 18:00. I think that's six here, so that's when I was coming, and then he said, "No, you can just have even the change. You have to keep that money too," so I said, "Okay. Thank you." That's how I even went, and then I came here. There were no buses that time. I don't know. The other teacher, he was shopping somewhere there. That's when he came, and he booked a cab. Then he was like, "I want you to take these pupils home." That was our maths teacher. First we took him home, and then he gave the same driver money so that. "You have to take these children home." That's when he even brought us here, and then I can home.

P: Was that Richard or the teacher?

W: Who booked the cab? It was now the teacher, and I had those things. I had them and when I came here, you know, I couldn't. I know I am not good at keeping secrets. I told my cousin what had happened, and what this person did, and she's like, "No, it was your luck. Let's eat." Then we ate with my cousins, and then after that, it was like whenever I see the car coming then I would run away inside. I don't know why.

P: Richard's car?

W: Yes, then I would run inside. That's what I used to do. If I - whenever I see it then I would hide. By then, I was in grade nine. Until I moved from Olympia before I came at Munali, by then I was in grade. I was in grade nine. We were just writing exams. That's when we met again, and then I was like, "Hi!" He was like, "Hello!

You are here?" I was like, "Yes, I am here." "Okay thanks. You still go to school? That's why I like you because you, you're good because you like going to school. You know I like you, and I want you to continue going to school." Because most of my friends I had like maybe 99% of my friends were male. I had male friends more than girls. I don't know: It's like you know girls talk too much, and the things that they talk about, and I used to play football, so I used to have a lot more male friends than female friends.

P: You prefer male friends?

W: Yes, even now I prefer male friends, so whenever I find me with my friends, then he would be upset, and then he would tell me, "No, you know these are..." I was like, "These are just my friends." "No, you know us men have got a problems. We have got a problem. You can just listen. You can just listen. You don't know how these are planning to treat you, so instead you have to avoid them. They are not good people." He used to tell me these things, "And, you know how boys are. They will just use you, and then at the end of the day, they will run away from you." You know things like that. He used to tell me those things. Somehow, I felt like maybe this person's okay. He seems like a caring person but I used to fear him a lot. Whenever he comes, I would run away.

P: How were you afraid of him?

W: I didn't know but I was just scared of him.

P: Something just made you afraid?

W: Yes, so I even told him that, "You know what, you are, a very strange person because I know I have got a lot of male friends but I don't know why I fear you so

much,” and that's why most... he even told me that, “I know that mostly you run away from me.” I was like, “you are right. I don't why, but I just feel like you are the most dangerous person, not these others. These are okay but with you, there is a problem with you.

P: You felt threatened by him?

W: Yes, I was threatened, and whenever I saw him, I used to run away. That's when I even stopped. I stopped seeing him until I was in grade 10. Now, when I was at Munali and because during that time I stopped seeing him until I was in grade 10, and I was coming from school, I had... they were those newspapers, eh - Trend Setters. And, I was reading it, and I found him like he was in that same paper where it is written, “Bachelor wanted,” so, I was like, “Ah,” I told my friends.

P: The personals?

W: Yeah, I told my friends, “You know what? I know this person, and he's a friend of mine,” so it's like you know how like those times it's whereby you say something, and then it's no, no. It is only that you have seen this person in this paper and that was the very day I was coming from school, and I had that very Trend Setter in my hand, and you know somewhere there, as I was coming and then it is like, “Hi.” And then he's, “Hello,” and then he started laughing, so I didn't even know what he was laughing but I just came straight here, and then I slept, and then oh, what was the time - 17:00 - that's 5 pm. Then my cousin, the one who was just here, that's when she came saying, “There is someone looking for you outside.” “Who is looking for me?” I was like here, so that's when I went outside, and I found him. He was like, “Hi,” and I was like, “Hello,” so he started

laughing, and I was like, "But what are you laughing at?" And then, he asked me a question, "Did you see me?" I said, "Where?" So, I was saying, "No." "You just can't stay there" I am asking him, "There were we met?" "No, not there, you saw me, and you were carrying me," so I was surprised. I am like, "What do you mean? In that 'Trend Setter?'" "So did you go to school?" I was like, "Yes, I went to school." "You know, I know that you have got a lot of problems, though you don't want to share problems with me," and then I said, "What makes you think that I have got a problem?" And by then, when I was in grade 10, that's the time when I just wrote my grade nine exam, and that's the time when the same people - the same person who left like Zambia - it was Ali, the Canadian guy - it's like he left Zambia. He went back to Canada. Him, he went. It was in March, and then again, the Herdleys, for them, they in July, that's when they left Zambia again because the husband had been appointed as country director for Cuba, so that's when they went there, and I had no one to help me now. It was painful and it's something that it was disappointing, and like at school at Munali they used to know those people were my parents. They used to know that they were my guardians, and they were fair. Like if there was a meeting, then they would go there. Even like, maybe report forms, they would go there at six. I felt bad I was lost. I used to go there. They would even check my books. They used to treat me like their own daughter. I would go there and though I used to like help them in someway like whereby you baby-sit, on the weekends, you clean the house, you help them but they used to help me in return. They will say every time whenever I go there, they would check my books, and they used to make sure if I failed in

something, they would say, "Why did this happen?" And, you know it's like again I started catching up with friends, like the same like active in school things. You know, it was good. I lost them again. It was like I knew I had lost my mom now, for the second time, and I felt like I had lost my father and mom, again for the second time, and I cried though there was nothing I could do but I guess just crying made me feel better. Mostly I would cry, and then it came to me again the same person, Richard. It was during that time again when he came saying, "You know me, I don't mind helping you. I know you have got problems, especially in school. You know, I was surprise that he knew everything about me, and I didn't even know where he knew it from but he would say things that were happening to me. He was like, "I know that you are not happy and things are not okay with you, and you need money," and he's the one who bought me my uniform. He bought me uniforms, and I felt he was a good friend of mine, and then even from there he said, "If you have got a problem, you are free to share it with me," and by then, my grandma didn't like the idea of me going to school. She was kind of upset. She would get mad at me she would shout at me, even throwing my things away, my books.

P: What did she not like about it?

W: Okay, it's like most like these others like my other cousins, they didn't have that chance like whereby they find someone to help them like go to school, and I think she didn't like the idea of me going to school. She used to say, "Because these people have been helping you, and you've kind of forgotten us. You don't even come here." because sometimes, I would stay there, and there I used to feel like I

am more safe, because my grandma, whenever I was sick she never used to [We are interrupted again]

P: One of the things I am curious about is how you felt with your grandmother not wanting you to go to school.

W: I felt bad and I was upset, and it was during that time that the only thing I could think of was to kill myself.

P: You felt really distressed?

W: I was distressed, and it wasn't because mostly I used to quarrel with my grandma, and she hated me so much. She didn't like me. Whenever something had happened, instead I was the first person to ... she used to accuse me even when it wasn't me. Even if the person is there to say, "No, it's me who did this," then she would say, "No, it's her." You know things like that, and it was really bad for me. I used to feel like, "Why am I the one to. Every time it's me. Whenever something has happened, instead she blames it on me. Why am I here? Why does she treat me like that? Is it true that she is my mom's mom? No," I would think of those things.

P: You felt unwanted?

W: I felt unwanted, and the only thing that I wanted was to kill myself, but mostly we would quarrel and I would even go away. Sometimes I go like on weekends I would go very far from here maybe towards somewhere far this side, were it's quiet and I would just be there alone by myself I didn't want to talk to anyone.

P: Was it easier for you to be there than here. It was very painful.

W: Yes I felt good were it was quiet, and I knew that if I am near her or anyone else I

might do something very terrible and so I thought it was much better for me to be alone than to have... sometimes I would just go with friends. No, if I hated myself, I would have been doing bad things, but I would just go there I would watch whatever they were doing, then but I never I never used to do anything like they'd start drinking but I never used to drink and not in places whereby like bars or what. Again, if it is that I never used to go there, but maybe if they go somewhere like a friends place, then they go there they buy they drinking there. It wasn't that I was just there, maybe listening to music or maybe watching them. I felt much better than to be here again, and if I hated myself, I would have involved myself into such things or engaged myself into drinking or into prostitution like what they used to do but I wasn't that kind of a person, so I would come here again or late then I would sleep, again. The following morning, I would go to school and my friends you know it's like I had good friends, and the one I used to like most, she's Thelma. She used to be a very good friend of mine because she used to tell me, "You know actually, I know that we do bad things, and we have maybe boyfriends or what, but it's not that we want to be like this but I am very proud of you. I wish I was like you, and it's because of that, that you will always be my friend. I like you the way you are, and you should never change because the day you change, I will be very disappointed, you know," and it's because of that I used to. I felt like this is a true friend because they say that a good friend is the one who knows you, accept people the way they are and encourage you to grow, and that's what she was doing. So I felt she was a good friend and whenever I had a problem I would go to her, even though she used to

drink, and she was naughty. Sometimes, she would even leave like she would go somewhere like disco nightclubs she would go there but she was good because she used to encourage me, though people say no' she's bad but to me she was good and I used to like her because of that, she was very good and she used to encourage me. Sometimes, you know sometimes they say, "No, just forget about that grandmother of yours. You have to insult her what, what," but because of that again I didn't. Like, I used to tell her, "You know what, she's my grandmother. She has seen what I haven't seen. She's gone through what I haven't gone through, and whenever...it doesn't matter what things she says to me but somehow, I feel she knows what is best for me, though she was doing bad things," but I used to tell them, "No, that's my family. They know what is good for me that's why they are saying those things." Some friends used to hate me because of that. They are like, "What kind of a person are you? They do bad things but you're there supporting them." I was like, "No, I am not supporting them. It's only that they because if they don't like me they would have killed me when I was a little child, but look at me now. It's because of them that you have known me." You know I was saying all those things and then again they'd say at anyway you are right and some people...You know I had a friend. I had a friend: she was Vivian. She was naughty at home, and I didn't even know the mom, but I used to tell her things, you know and whenever the mom asked her, "But who told you these things?" She said, "No, my friend," and then she's like, "No, I want to meet your friend, and it was unfortunate that the time when I felt like, "No, I have to go," that's the day when the mom passed away. It was like, "We don't know. She just

collapsed. She had diabetes. She just collapsed, and that's when she passed away.”

P: You were disappointed?

W: I was disappointed you know because my friend told me that, “My mom is very happy, and she says that I have changed because of you, so she wants to meet you,” and I was very much disappointed. I felt so sorry for her and for myself. You know someone wants to see then you find out that they had to leave but I knew that anyway it was meant to be that, God will help me and some day I will be rewarded. Even now, that's what I believe, so it was a good thing that she changed. She even stopped playing with these other friends.

P: So you influence on her?

W: Yes and I am happy that I didn't get influenced by her but she got influenced with me and that was very good for me again, I felt proud and I was happy with my life. I was like, 'there are people who like my life, why should I do what other things don't? I shouldn't. I mean, it doesn't mean that I don't have to depend on others to make me happy. I can make myself happy by doing what I think is best for me to do, so that's how it was. They'd say bad things, and I'd be like, “No.” I used to welcome things the way they used to come, and I have to accept things the way they come but she is my grandmother, and I don't know maybe it's the devil or what. She became even worse, you know, whereby she does things, and you don't even seem to notice what she's doing. She's saying bad things. You're not there - you don't notice and that was even the day when she chased me. By then, I was in my uniform. I was about going to school. We were writing mock exams - grade 11 mock exams. She threw my books away, and, she's like, “I don't want

you in this house. This is my house!”

P: This same house [where we were interviewing]?

W: Yes, this same house that I am in now. She's like I don't want to see you in this house, she threw my things away, my books and I got my things, my books I got them, then I had to hide them in that dresser back behind there. That was my home. I put the books in there, and it was during that time, and the same way she was even chasing me. It's like she even got - ah - she wanted to even throw something at me, and instead it missed me, and it went into Richard's leg.

P: He was there?

W: Yes he was going for work, he was just passing because he had come to leave with the elder sister and I didn't even know that he had an elder sister. That's when he came somewhere that side, so it's like he was passing. He had spent the night here, and he was passing going for work. That's when it happened, and you know I felt bad again for him because I felt sorry for him, and when he came back, I was still in uniform. I didn't know where to start from. I even went to see my friends. They had a drug store, so I went there, and I pretended I was very sick. I started saying, I said, “No, I have got a head-ache. I've got this and that,” so instead again because he likes me as well instead he gave me a lot of different medicines, so I had a lot of them different, so when I came here, I went into that car. Then I just got a pen and paper and I wrote something: The only thing that was in my mind that day was I wanted to kill myself, and it was but I was afraid again, I didn't want go like you know when you go like during daylight. I thought maybe someone might be following me, so instead I said no' when its dark that's

when I will go. I thought of killing myself, I thought of immediately I take this medicine then I will even throw myself that's the wage. That way they won't have like difficulties whereby I didn't want them to buy like a coffin or what, I didn't want them to do that I didn't even want them to 'cry' for me. Like, ah, or even like to mourn my death. I didn't like that.

P: You didn't want them to mourn your death?

W: No I didn't because I felt they didn't like me and they were not caring people that's how I felt. Though it was just this feeling inside me, I didn't even felt whereby everyone must have known. No one knew but only me.

P: You felt unwanted?

W: I felt unwanted, and that the only thing for me to do was to kill myself and.

P: You must have been very sad and in so much pain.

W: I am telling you, I was in pain. I wasn't sad but my heart was in pain.

P: You felt nothing but pain?

W: I could feel nothing but pain. You know, I couldn't understand, "Why me?" I felt sorry for them, but my heart was in pain. So it was around... very dark, I thought that this is the right time and now I can go and no one will care... As I was trying to go, that's was the time when Richard came, and when he came he just said like, "I know what you're thinking but remember that I am here, and I will always be here for you," so I was like, I was kind of confused, so I am like, "What do you mean? Leave me alone," and he told such...He said, "Why do you want to hate everyone? Are you the one? Why is it that it's you, who always give people problems?" So I was like, "But, what do you mean I give people problems What

has anything to do... remember that you are not the only one who has got.... like even you own grandma, she will be here to hate too as well. So you have to think about other people.” He's like, “But why should I think about other people when they don't think about me, when they don't care about me? No, a lot of people care about you, and you shouldn't let a lot of people suffer because of only one person.” So I was like, “No I won't let a lot of people suffer. It's alright.” He's like, “I know what you are planning to do, and it's because of that, that I won't go anywhere, so I was like ...and then he said, “Okay fine, I am going home. I just want to go and change then I will come back, and I should find you here. I need to talk to you,” so I was like...and then I said, “Okay fine, you'll find me,” and the thing was, immediately he goes, then I also run away, and then he just went for two seconds. Then he came back and said, “No I am not going alone. You are coming back with me because I know that you are planning to run away,” and I was like, “No, I am not planning to run away,” so then that's when we went together. Then he changed, and then from there he said, “I want you come with me. I want to go see someone in stage-two [another section of Kaunda Square], and that was around 8 pm now - 20:00 hours, so I was like, “Ah.” And you know, I was in pain, and at least being with him again, I felt much better because it was the time when I didn't expect anything, and that was the time when I even went with him. When we went there to his friends place, and when we reached there we didn't find people there, so it's like we went there, you know, where the things were, we got the system we went for, and I had nothing. I didn't even take anything [food] from morning, since morning up to 8 pm.

P: You hadn't eaten?

W: I hadn't eaten and I did not even feel hungry I was just okay. So it was like would you mind if I like - he bought Fanta, and I said, "No, I am okay, and then he said, "What else would you like?" I was like, "No, nothing," so he started telling me, "A lot of people like you. You shouldn't do this." He said a lot of things, "No, now what I am going to do is spend the night here, since your grandma doesn't want you to spend the night there, you'll spend the night here, and then I was shown this room, and I was alone. He even gave me the keys but I couldn't sleep because, I don't know, the only thing that was in my mind was to kill myself, and he even got the medicine that I had, he got them. It's like I had to find things, which I might use so that I can kill myself and there was nothing and then I was just there in bed, you know you are there you are crying. That's when I heard like someone was trying to open the door, and then when it was true and he opened the door. I surprised that I had the key that had to be definitely, "No, I had my keys," I said, "But why?" "No, okay you know what I feel sorry for you, and I couldn't sleep with you knowing how I like you, and because I like you. So I was afraid that you might kill yourself." I was like, "No, why should I kill myself? What's the loss you are going to have because I am not even related to you?" He's like, "No, me I like, and tonight I want to sleep with you." I am telling you, it was even worse, and I felt, you know I was scared, and I felt cold you know, and it's something that, you know it's like if you are not used to it. It was my first time, so it's like he said, "You are not going to move until I get or I do what I want," so I didn't know what happened. The only thing that I remember is I cried, and when I

woke up things were not okay.

P: How did you feel that night?

W: I felt - I didn't know - it was more like I was in another world, whereby I knew nothing. I hated myself. I hated myself even more than at first, and I didn't believe that it was true this was happening to me.

P: You didn't want to believe he was doing it?

W: I didn't want to believe. I didn't even believe that that it is true that had happened. You know it's like, he was a friend and I didn't even expect that; that's what he was going to do but he did it, he even told me that very time when I felt much better and at least now I realized what was going on, what had happened. That's when he said, "No, there is something that you have to know now. I have made you pregnant." He used Bemba. He said, "Ninkupele fumo," meaning, "I have made you pregnant," and I felt even more, you know it's like I didn't even know how to face people and I felt like everyone had know what I have done that day. I felt like eve if I walked out, everyone had seen what I was doing. I didn't know, I felt like I wasn't me, and he said, "Now that you are expecting my child remember that if you die to-day you won't die alone, you will kill my child and that child is innocent. That child has done nothing to you. That's what you have to know. It's either that you keep it, or you else remember that you won't hurt. The person that you will hurt the most is the person that you are going to kill." I felt bad. Maybe this person has done anything wrong. I didn't even believe what he was telling me, I felt maybe he was just trying to ... but you know, as time went on, and then again, I hated him. I didn't want to see him.

P: You felt betrayed?

W: Yes. Whenever he...and then that very night I told him, "I want to go home." He's like, "But how are you going to go home?" And I was like, "If you're spending the night, I will sleep in that car park," so he's like, "Okay fine, I will take you home." That's when we came, and when I came, I was just outside. That's when my sister happened to tell my grandma that you have to open for her. If you won't, then it means that I will beat you up, so that's when they opened for me. Even when I was entering the house, I felt like everyone in the house knew what he had done, and you know it wasn't good for me I felt very dirty because it's something that you know it was my first time, and I wasn't used to such things, and I didn't even want to face the same person. That's when I used to hide myself. I never wanted to see him, until when it was two months.

P: So?

W: He used to come like he would tell people but I never used to go out, I'd say no' just tell him that I am not there, and I didn't even know how to face my family or how to tell them. It doesn't matter how I was treated but just the news to know, who I am, who I was during that time or what I was expecting. You know it was really, it was bad, and it was something that though I could think of killing myself, and whenever I thought of that I would hear the same words that he told me like, "You are going to kill someone, who is innocent." And you know, he even told me that, "You are going to have a baby girl, and she will be beautiful." You know, things like that. Again, I felt like anyway she's my child why should I kill her: You know, I felt that whenever I tried to do so then again I would hear

his voice, then I'd say, "No, this is my child. I just have to accept it, whatever happens. I will be chased, then God will find me a way."

P: You felt inspired to live?

W: Yes, and I even felt, I felt like it was God's plan and that God knew why he did this. Because if I was a jumpy person, I would have said it was a punishment but because I wasn't and because I knew who I was, I felt like maybe God did this to me, and it is because of God that I am expecting this child maybe it's because of this child that God wants me to live. So I felt it was, it's something that again I was happy inside me, though I couldn't show people that I was happy, you know. A lot of things were going on in my mind. I just didn't know how to break the news but he used to...but he told me that, "I am ready to tell your family," but I didn't want that, and I didn't even like the idea. So for two months, I mean all that month, I didn't see him, and then the second month now - that was two months - that's when he came, and I felt like, you know, I needed him, and I started missing him, and he started coming. It's like every time whenever. He used to make sure that in the morning before going for work, he would come. Again, lunchtime he would come - at night. You know, he was really a good he was cool, he was good and whenever he used to come he showed concern and he was there. He used to tell me at, 'no you have to keep my child but he used that, 'you know I am a man and I can change any time, that's what he used to tell me.' I am a man and I can change anytime and I knew that; I knew that we were not going to be together, I even told him that, and he even said, "But why do you tell me such things?" I was like, "No, I don't know but that's how I feel." Because there's no way whereby if

he truly liked me, and if we were going together for the rest of our lives, “Why do I feel so scared to be with you?”

P: You felt mistrust?

W: Yeah, I didn't even trust him, and though he didn't like it whenever I said that, he would get annoyed. “Why do you say such things? What...what?” And that's when my, like my grandmother again, she had gone to the village. She went to live there, and up to now she hasn't come back, and my other cousin, the one who was here, she went to Livingstone to stay with my other cousin, again. My uncles again were not here, so I was left alone, so my cousin - my sister - I call her my sister - because my sister, the one in Solwezi, and she's the first born in my mom's family, the first born. Now the daughter, she's the one who said, “No, you can't be here alone. I know she likes me so much, and I grew up with her. She used to take care of us before she got married, and even now, I feel like she's my second mom. That's how I felt until when she left to live in Solwezi, so when she came back she said, 'no if will be staying with you.' I used to tell ... and I told ... because they had come for a holiday, so I used to tell them that, “No. Me, I am expecting a child.” They didn't believe me. They said, “No, you. You're like joking,” because they said, “If you are expecting a child, there's no way you can tell.” Most of the girls they do hide but I was open about it, and they...I told them, so whenever I tell people they used to tell me that, “No you're lying because if you are expecting a child then it's not something whereby you can tell people about it.” I said, “No. Me, I am expecting a child.”

P: They thought that if you were really expecting a child, you would keep it to

yourself?

W: You keep it to yourself, you don't tell them because you're scared but you know I told people. I told my cousins and even like my friends and my neighbour the one who was there. I told him but they used to refused, "There's no way, you! You are lying," because there's no way you can tell when you are expecting a child. It's very rare that especially when you are not even married. They don't tell.

P: You felt it was all right for you to tell people?

W: Yes, I felt it was alright for me to tell people but people were not. It's like they said no. Even when I told my sister about it, she said, "No, you are lying, and I don't know what happened. We had even quarreled with Richard. I didn't even want to see him again, so I told him...He told me that, "I am going to tell your family," and then I said, no he shouldn't do that. He was like, "No I have to." Then I said no. It's like we started arguing, and I told him that, "You should stop coming by our place, and I don't want to see you again." That's when he even stopped. He used to come but I'd hide. I didn't even want to. I wanted to see him, and I would see him but I didn't want him to see me. Whenever I saw him, I would feel much better but I didn't want him to see me, so I would hide and make sure I see him but he doesn't see me.

P: You were afraid of him?

W: I was afraid of him. I was afraid, and I didn't want him to tell my family, though I used to tell them myself but they refused but I didn't want him to tell my family again, so...

P: Where you afraid about how...

W: I think so, and even the shock that they would get. I didn't. Again, you know, I don't know what kind of a person I am. It doesn't matter what they used to do to me or how I was treated but the thing I hated most was to see them sad and to see them disappointed.

P: So, what I am understanding is that you knew that if he told them, they would believe it.

W: Yes, I knew that they would believe, though I knew that they'd believe it, and I wanted them to believe him but the thing that hurt me most was how disappointed they would feel about me. That's the reason why I didn't even want, and I didn't even want to see them hurt, like get hurt.

P: So, you were really afraid that your family would think badly of you?

W: Yes I was afraid because okay I didn't want them to think bad about me the only thing that, I knew that they were not caring people but for some. I didn't want them, I didn't want to see them hurt, especially knowing the fact that, you know for me now it was clear that even when the like you know there are times whereby they'd say no' because of my friends. The friends that I used to play with they were naughty, and you know, they were. They used to drink, so for this, it was kind of really bad, and I knew that for some people, they're going to be happy saying, "Yes, we knew that this was so." It had happened, and there was no way even if I told them it was my first time, they would believe me because, I mean they'd say, "We don't know what you were doing, you!" You know, because of that again, I didn't feel good, and I was shy. It was really bad, and it was painful, that, and the person I didn't want to face was my auntie because you know, she

used to - even if she didn't send money but for books - she used to make sure that we had books.

P: The aunty from Botswana?

W: Yes, the one who was there. I don't remember buying books. Not even my friends, they never used to buy books for me. I used to have plenty of books, really cartons of them and hardcover books. Those books, those are the kind of books that I used to use, so I felt bad about that, and she is the person I feared the most.

P: You feared her?

W: My auntie?

P: You were afraid of her?

W: Yes, I didn't even know how I was going to face her?

P: You were afraid that she would be disappointed?

W: Yes, and I didn't want her to get disappointed. I wanted to prove to them that I wasn't what they thought I was but with such a situation, I didn't know how because you know, I was now expecting a child. I didn't even know how to tell them that. It was like this is what happened and it was my first time. You know, I didn't know how - where to start from.

P: Did you worry that they wouldn't...

W: I did. I did. I was worried because they didn't believe me. I told like my sisters. My cousins, I told them but they, you know, they used to refuse like, and they didn't believe what I was telling them, and it was during that time when it's like everyone like, the other one went to Livingstone and I was left here alone, and it's because of the same person. You know what happened? It's like we never used to

talk to each other. I told you, and the day when we started talking to each other, I didn't know what happened but it was Sunday and it was on the streets. It was on the 6th, of January. That was Sunday, then I was inside but I don't know what made me come out and the first person I saw I saw him and he was with another woman and that woman was expecting a child herself. I didn't know what happened but the only thing that I remember is afterwards, I was told that, "No, you had fallen, so we didn't know why you fell so," and I don't even know what happened, but it's more like I had fainted. I don't know why.

P: You were so upset that you actually fainted?

W: Yeah, but because it was during that day when, again I told them and then I had my other friend, my closest friend and his name was Justin, so it's like he's the only one who knew and the only one who believed what I was telling him. I told him that "You know what? Me, I am expecting a child," and you know what? He knew the same guy. He's like, "Like friend of mine the one who used to...?" Because whenever he'd find me with him, he would get upset. He'd be like, "Hey, you should stop being with guys what, what. They will just cheat you," but he was the one who was cheating me anyway, so and then I told Justin. Though, he couldn't believe it as well but at least he was like, then he told someone else, he told someone and that same someone, that very day again I told my cousins that, "You know what. Me, I am expecting a child." Again, they refused. Until at night again, that's when the same person came, so they're like, "So, is it true that you are expecting a child," so I was like, "Yes, it's true," so it's like and then again my cousin is like, "So you, what you have been telling us is true." I was like,

“Yes.” “Okay, if what you are telling us is true, then you have to call the person who is responsible,” so I was like, “Hmm, oh my God, how am I going to go there? Where am I going to start from and how? I don’t talk to the person. We had argued. I don’t even see him and it was today that I saw him, again.” I was scared. I was like, “But how am I going to face him? Where am I going to start from?” And, I was very lucky because he didn't even go back. He was still here, and it was around 23:00 - that's 11:00 pm, so I was like okay. Fine, that’s when N - I went with N. We went there, and we knocked at the gate because they were living there. There’s an extension in behind, and that’s where he was living with the elder sister, so when we went there we knocked, and the people who were in the main house came like, “No!” They were upset, “What do you want, this time, hey? What? what?” They started insulting at us, “No, it doesn't matter whether you insult us or what. The only thing that we want is for you to open the gate. If insulting us makes you happy, that's fine with us. The only thing that we are asking for is if you can only kindly open the gate for us. We want to speak. We've been saying it's something important, and it's urgent.” No is what they said, “You are disturbing us.” We said, “No, we are not disturbing you. You're disturbing yourselves because, why can't you just open the gate? We go there, then you go back to sleep, and you get the keys,” so that's when they said, “Okay fine.” Then they opened the gate, and immediate they opened the gate, so it's like I found him. He was just kind of like - he just came. Then he hugged me. He hugged me then he kissed me. He said, “You know what, I was expecting you. I knew you were coming. Now, just wait for me. They are calling me, I know,” so you know all

those things I used to be surprised at, “Who is this person? Why? How did he know? And, does it mean that someone is sending him or what?” You know what, because I was suspicious, I used to think bad things about that person. I was like, I don't know why he is doing these things. How did he know? And, he was like, “No, I just had this feeling that you're coming, and I was expecting you, and I know that I am being called,” so that's when we waited for him. Then we came here together, and then he was, “Ah, do you know this person? Do you know why we are here?” And he was like, “Yes,” and you know, I felt bad, and I was kind of embarrassed because of the things that he said. He was like, “Yes, I know why I am here, I know that she is expecting my child,” and so, it's like, “Do you know how many months?” He said, “Four months.” “Four months, so you know. Is there anything that you are planning to do about it?” No, by then it was three months, and he's like, “Yeah, at the moment I can't. Yes, and I can't say no because you know what, she's a schoolgirl. She has to go back to school.” My sister was like, “But you knew that she was going to school, and why didn't you think of that in the first place?” And he was like, “It is because of the things that she wanted to do to herself,” so when he was asked, “What did she want to do?” he didn't answer. He just kept quiet and, “No, forget about it,” and it was like, “Since you are saying that she still wants to go back to school...” And, he's like, “Yes, I want her to complete her education. She is more like my young sister,” and then you know, I just kept quiet, “And I know that it's because of me. She was innocent but I taught her everything, and I can't deny that,” and then she's like, “Okay. Before I say that, let me hear that otherwise justify me.” “Maybe

there is someone apart from me.” “So, I just looked at him, and he was like, “Okay, fine. I can’t say anything but I know that it’s me, and I know that I am the only one.” You know, on that, I felt bad, and I started crying.

P: You felt bad?

W: I felt bad you know it was kind of embarrassing again whereby someone can even tell you like your sister saying, no' I taught her everything. I felt bad again. I was like, I wasn't happy about it.

P: I am just trying to understand why you weren't happy about what he said.

W: It was kind of embarrassing.

P: Because they were talking about your private business?

W: Yes.

P: About what happened between you?

W: And I felt bad. It's like, you know, I also remembered what had happened, so it affected me, and I started crying. I wasn't happy at all.

P: You felt sad because it made you remember what had happened?

W: Yes, then they started, “Why are you crying? This person didn't even refuse he has accepted.” I just didn't feel okay. I didn't even want to face him again, so it's like, “No, you are not going anywhere you just sit here,” so they said, “You're saying that you want her to go back to school? What are you going to do about it? Does it mean that she will be going to school the way she is?” So, he said, “No.” By then my cousin had told him that, 'you know what? There is no one here to look after her and instead I feel like she has to come with me to Solwezi, so we are supposed to go on Sunday. On Sunday, we are supposed to leave for Solwezi,

and then he said, “No, I want her to go back to school, so you don’t have to go with her, and you shouldn’t leave her any money. I will give her transport money to come there, and since you go on Sunday, she will come on Thursday.” That was in January, so my...and then my cousin was like, “Okay, fine. Anyway that’s what we do.” He said, “Please, don’t give her money. If it’s food, I will be buying for her everything. I will be giving her.”

P: That was Richard?

W: That was Richard, so I was like, “Okay fine. She will just have to wait. I will go with her on Monday then I think I will even come with her to make sure that she is safe. But she will have an abortion, so they are like, 'on that you can't say nothing but what you have to know is that she will be the first person in our family to do such a thing, it has never happened before...

P: To have an abortion?

W: Mm, it had never happened before, so it means it's happening then she will be the first person, and again on that we don’t know what you two are planning to do it’s up to the two of you to decide, we can't decide for you, at the end of the day if anything happens you will blame us. So instead whatever you think is the right thing to do you just have to do it.’ So he's like, “No problem, she will come. You just have to go, she will come after an abortion then she will come,” and that was a Sunday, it meant that the following Sunday that's when they were supposed to leave so we said okay fine' then it was. That's when again he started coming, he used to bring food like he would buy me things and he would give me money you know. It's like just in case of anything, you can ... he even gave me the other

phone that he was using, so it's like a mobile phone that he was using, he gave it to me he said, 'if you have got any problems you have to I mean phone me, you call me then you tell me.' So that's what happened until the following Sunday.

P: How did that feel with him coming and giving you things?

W: Anyway it was, I think that was even the time when I started liking him. It was during that time that I started liking him, and there was nothing I could do about it. I knew that I was expecting his child, and I couldn't do anything, and those are the times when I felt, I wanted to be with him always, and you know it was kind of sad, and I mean it wasn't an easy thing but anyway, regardless of what happened there was nothing I could do. I knew that even if I don't see him, he will always be the father to my child and that I will never find another one. He's the only one and so.

P: You will never find another one?

W: Yes, that's what I thought.

P: You'll never find another father to your child?

W: No.

P: You will never find another man?

W: Another father - you can find another man, but not a father because he's the only father, and it doesn't matter what happens, the truth remains the truth he's the only father to that child. You can find another man but not a father, so that's what happened and Thursday came, he didn't show up that day. That was the day when I thought I was supposed to leave for Solwezi, and then again he came after three days that's when he came and when I asked what had happened and he was saying

that: He told me, “No, you know what. I've been, I went to see the doctor but the doctor told me that I should tell you that in order for you to have an abortion you should have at least continuous sex up to one week,” so I was like, and you know it's like mostly, I used to refuse. I only had sex with him once and that was the time when I got pregnant, so I used to refuse, and he told me those things. He even brought papers you know, printed paper and I didn't know that he had printed papers at work so he told me that too, and then I was like, but I didn't believe him. I was like, “No, first I have to find out.” He's like, “You, do you think that I can be cheating you?” That's what I was told, “And, these are the papers,” and you know even where it is written doctor, and then there was a signature, so I just said, “Okay, fine,” and so he said, “When are going to start?” I was like, “Ah, I don't know.” The only thing that I want, I mean, I want to get out of this situation and I want to go to Solwezi. By then schools had closed so and I was in grade 10. So it meant next year I was supposed to be in grade 11 and when the school open grade 11, I even went there to school: No it didn't show, so I was going there at least for two weeks.

P: So you can go to school if you are pregnant?

W: No, you can but because I was supposed to go to Solwezi, and there was no one here that I could stay with because of I had to go to Solwezi, and so I was like, “Now fine, so what do we do now, can't we think of any other thing?” He was like, “No, this is the only way out, and if you ask anyone people will laugh at you that you don't know.” You know, and so I believed what he had said and yes I went with him I think for three days and then the fourth day he didn't come, the

fifth day he didn't come, so I was like when he came back, he told me, 'No. Since I was away we have to start again and continue and we don't have to count those other times, so that's the time when I realized that no' this person is just cheating.

P: You realized that?

W: Yes, then I told him that, "No, you! You're just cheating, and I even lied to him. I said I went to see doctor, and the doctor told me that all those things that you've been telling me. You know, I didn't know but I just said it. That way, I lied and because of that, I mean I will never, never do it again, so that's when he said, "But you, why did you go there without consulting me? That doctor was just cheating you," so I said, "Okay fine, if you tell me that doctor was just cheating me, I want you to come with me tomorrow." Then he, then he refused. That's when I knew that, ah this person, then that's when I even knew that he's just cheating, and then but he continued.

P: How did you feel?

W: I felt bad but again, I was like anyway, you know since I used to refuse. He used to find ways and whereby he can get me into that again but

P: So you weren't surprised?

W: No, I wasn't surprised, so that's the time when I asked him, "So what are you going to tell me now? What's the next lie that you are going to me?" So then he's, "No, no I won't lie to you. Just wait the doctor isn't ready, so we'll go there. Just get prepared. Tomorrow we have to go and see the doctor." So I said, "Okay, fine!" That day, in the afternoon, he didn't come. Then, I called him. I was like, "What's happening? Where are you?" He's like, "Right now, I am in town," so I

was, "You are in town but why didn't you tell me?" "No sorry, something came up at work. I didn't know," so I was like, "Okay, fine," and he came back the following morning, and then he came early in the morning, and then he told me that, "Today, we will go there." Again, he didn't come, so you know I felt bad and the only thing that I was planning now because every day he used to give at least or every day whenever he would come in the morning he would give me 15,000 kwacha [+/- CAD \$5]. Enough to buy what I want, and in the afternoon, maybe lunchtime, he comes. He would give me money so I just thought, "No, this money that he is giving me, I will be just keeping it until I have enough money, so I can use this money for transport to go to Solwezi." So, that day when he came he told something like, "You know what, I am sorry to tell you this but I have stopped giving you money," so I was like, "Why?" He's like, "I just have this strange feeling that you might run away." You know I felt bad but then I said, "Who's this person? Why?" He was like, "Yes, I have got this strange feeling that you might run away," and I was now five months pregnant, so that very day, I went to see his uncle, and okay, the uncle liked me, and I went there and then he told me that, 'I am afraid but there is something that you should know. So I was like what is it? He's like, 'Richard came here yesterday he told me something he told me that he has stopped giving you money because he is afraid that you might run away. And, the reason why he doesn't want you to go to Solwezi is because since your pregnancy is not very big, he is afraid that you might have an abortion that side, and that's the reason why. [A few people walk by.] You know the one who is laughing is the elder brother to mommy. They are three [siblings]. He's the

eldest then mommy and another one.

P: So?

W: So, that's when I went to the uncle that's when he told me that, he's afraid that when you go there your sister might...like, you can have an abortion there. That's why he doesn't want you to go and but don't tell him that I have told you, so I was like, "Oh, so that's the reason why he didn't want me to go, and he was pretending like he wanted me to have an abortion when he didn't." I was like, "And, he's saying that he can't give me money to go now." He was like, "He doesn't want you to go because you might kill his child." So, but I didn't even tell him, and he didn't know that I knew about it, and then that very day when he came, he was like, "You know that we have got money, and tomorrow you are supposed to go to Solwezi," so I was like, "But, you said that I had to have an abortion." He was like, "Okay, I don't want you to kill my child. Remember what I told you that this child is innocent and that the child has done nothing to us.' So I was like 'okay, fine what I then told him no I have got a lot of problems but right now I need money about 20,000 (Zambian Kwacha, =/- CAD \$6) and when you gave me ... and that same money my auntie gave me, the one who was here. It's like because I told her that I have got money but it's not enough so she. She said, "No, I will give you money again," so I used that same money. I felt sorry for him again and it was during...I gave her...I gave him the money, and he left his mobile phone he said, "If I don't bring you money for transport to go to Solwezi tomorrow, you can sell this phone," and it's the phone that he was using. And sometimes, he would leave it with me because he had another mobile phone, so I

was like, "Okay, fine," so I was using the same phone, and he didn't come. I was waiting for him, and the last day when I saw him, it was that was in 2001. Ah, no 2002, on 6th of February. That's when he came again. He's like, "No sorry, I couldn't make it so it's tomorrow that I will go to the bank, again I was waiting for him he was nowhere to be seen and it was during that time when I felt like I loved him. That's when he even withdrew his love for me. He went away, and I never saw him until the day when I went to Solwezi because I had given money to someone. It's like no, they came they said," No, you have to lend us some money then we will give you back, "so when I was given that money, it was that money that I used to go to Solwezi. I didn't even see him to say bye. He got my address but I didn't get the address that he gave me. I had put it in my sweatshirt, and the same sweatshirt. It's like it was cold, and he wore it. He went with it even with the address, so he knew my address but I didn't know his address that's when... when I went there, I went with the mobile phone, he told me that I should sell it but I didn't, and when I went there I stayed there for ... That was in? In February, March, April, May he was nowhere to be seen until June, that's when I gave birth and there was no communication. He didn't even like, I had given him the phone number but he didn't even call, not even to ask like, "How are you doing or what?" I felt bad again, and you know it's like you're just being kept, my cousin was alright; now the husband you know? It's like he would say bad things. The person who did this is enjoying somewhere, and she's here. What, you know they would say all those bad things. Sometimes, even insulting us, and but there was nothing I could do I just had to accept the things the way they were. I didn't know

anything, or I had no means nor ways whereby like I say, “No, maybe I can come back here.” I just had to live and understand things, though in pain but you know, you pretend like everything is alright but they knew that I wasn’t okay.

P: You were pretending?

W: I was just pretending to be alright, even when I knew things were not okay because I used to feel sorry for my sister just because, you know, she wasn't working. The person who was working was the husband, and thus she was being insulted. It was because of me, and I felt sorry for her. I wished there was something I could do for her during that time but no, there was nothing I could do.

P: You wanted to protect them

W: Yes but I had ... you know it's like you. I was nothing like there and when my child was born.

P: You were like nothing?

W: Pardon?

P: You said you were like nothing.

W: Yes I felt like I was nothing, to her I was somebody because she respected me and I like her up to now but for the husband, the husband either knew that I was nothing.

P: Worthless?

W: I was worthless, you know. The things he used to say, he would insult even me, even the children. You know, it's like they would say bad things, and you would be just there watching. Sometimes, he would send them to do bad things to you but you know, I accepted things the way they were coming, and I respected him

because I knew that there was nothing I could do, and all those things that they were having like problems with my sister, I knew that it was because of me.

P: You felt that you were responsible for there problems?

W: Yes, that's what I felt, and I know it's true I was because of all the bad things that were happening, because my sister was trying to protect me, and it's because of that - that things went like sour you know, so that was and by then Zvondai was four in Solwezi - Solwezi General Hospital. It was on 6th June, that's when you know, I...it's kind of I don't know why because I fell pregnant that was on 6th. Again, she was born on 6th, and she was three months. That's when I came back here in Lusaka, and when I came back, I didn't know where to start from 'cause I didn't, you know. Like Richard was someone I knew as a friend. I wasn't even interested in knowing more about his family or knowing more about where to find him - all the details about him. I didn't have that interest. I don't why but for these other friends I had, I knew everything about them. For them, it was different. I knew nothing about him. Even when I came here, I didn't know where to start from, like to start looking for him. Even like, for there like, he had a brother-in-law. The brother in law was good, also. He used to like me, as well. He would come here sometimes with Richard but I didn't know how to trace the sister - the elder sister to Richard. After the sister Richard was number six, so he was the sixth after the sister but the way...you know it's like every time even when he used to come here - whenever he comes here like to see me, the sister used to escort him for work. He would be talking to me and then she would be there standing, so sometimes I felt like, I used to feel like maybe that's the wife. You know how it

was. Again, it's like maybe this person is married but I didn't know it was the elder sister. You know it was strange whereby, whenever you see them, if he wasn't like going for work then you would only see them - the two of them, and because of that again, the brother in law to Richard was upset, so he'd come here. He'd be like, "You know what? I will never be surprised if anything happened of if I found out that my wife is expecting a child and that's how...maybe it's like Richard's child because the way she treats him. She treats him like maybe he's the husband or what. I don't know but that's how I feel," and that was the husband - now the brother in law, and Richard himself told that, "You know what, I don't like the way my sister treats me. It seems like there's something that I don't know why. I don't know because most of...a lot of people fear me because of her. They think that I am a married person, and she wants to portray that picture to people whereby they see me as a married man when I am not. She's my elder sister, and I am number six from her you." Can you imagine? So, I was like, "Well, she's still your sister, and there's nothing you can do about it," and I didn't know when I came back. I didn't even know how to face the same person because even, you know, it's like you could see that person whenever I was with him, she never used to seem like to be happy, so I didn't know where to start from.

P: She was upset when she saw you with him?

W: Yes. I just didn't like her, and so it's like I didn't know what to do, and I didn't know where to start from or where I can say how, you know, and I was doing nothing. I would just wake up and then think, "God, what am I going to do? How will my life be like? What am I going to give my daughter? I don't even know

where the father is.” I know that I had this strangest feeling that we'll never be together, even when I was in Solwezi, you know. I dreamt of something whereby I dreamt that he's somewhere, and he will be somewhere there telling me that, “W, I know that I will never be with you.” You know, things like that, and I even wrote it in my diary, and when I woke up I told my cousin that, “You know what: I dreamt of this, and I feel like my life will be like this and this.” So, I told her everything, and when I came here again, things were happening exactly the way I dreamt, and the exact things that I had said, and that was what was happening. I was doing nothing. I wasn't working, and you know, like for a baby you have to wash like the nappies, and then you have to look for soap you know - things like that. It was really hard for me and I had stayed for a week when I thought, “No, I have to go and see the brother-in-law to Richard but then when I left for Solwezi, the sister was very sick, and Richard himself told me that, “You know what, I am afraid that I might lose my sister. She's very sick. I don't know if she will survive.” So I was like, “Oh, anyway you just have to put everything in God's hands, and the brother-in-law was just okay. He was there, so it's like the day when I thought, “No. Today, I want to go and see the brother-in-law, so that maybe he knows where he is,” and that very day, that's when someone came. He was a friend: He was my sister's friend, so it's like he came, and he knew Richard, because there was a time when we even sent, so when I asked him. He said, “You know what, the husband to Richard's sister passed away,” so, I was surprised, and I was shocked. I knew that I would never know anything about him. Now, I didn't even know where to start from, because they were just renting the house and I

knew that I would never see him. Though you know somehow again I knew that maybe we will meet somewhere but not there so.

P: Are you hoping?

W: Pardon?

P: Do you hope that you will see him again?

W: I know because I did, so after that person went, the same person, who told me he went and when I slept, I dreamt that I had seen the young sister to Richard, and she told me that we are still there, and Richard is somewhere else. So when I woke up that morning, she was the first person I saw, so you know, I was surprised and I couldn't believe it. I thought I was still asleep, so and she was there so when she saw me she's like, "Hi." I said, "Hello, how are you?" "How come I don't see you? Where have you been?" So, I was like I didn't say much now 'cause I was kind of confused. I was like, "No, I am okay, and I have been around," so she went. And, that was the very day when my cousin from Solwezi came because again that was the time when they were moving from Solwezi to Chirundu, so when she came I told her everything, and I even told her that I hadn't seen Richard, so she's like, "Oh, you haven't seen him?" So I said, "Yes. Okay, we'll go there today," so at night that's when we went there, it was in the evening, I can say. That very day, I went there alone first. When I went there, I asked the young sister, and you know the mistake I made, I told her the truth maybe if I had lied, things would have been much different. When I went there I asked her, "Do you know where I can find Richard?" She said, "Yes, I know where he is." He has moved from Olympia [suburb of Lusaka]. He's now in Longacres [and higher

SES suburb of Lusaka]. “Oh, that’s where he is. Okay, fine,” and then she said, “I will be going there tomorrow.” I said, “Okay if you go there, just tell him that I want to see him, and I want to talk to him. Even my sister wants to see him,” so it’s like you know, she started questioning me, “But how?” You know, things like that: “Why do you say so?” I said, “No, nothing. Please, just tell me the truth.” That’s when I even told that there’s a baby. “Oh, you have Richard's baby!” It was like she found it so exciting. She’s like, “Is it a boy?” “No, it’s a girl.” “It's a girl? You have got a girl! I want to come, so that I can see her,” so it’s like as if we were coming. Then she said, “Sorry just let me tell my mother.” She even told me, “You know what, you are very lucky because my mom is here.” Now that's Richard's mom because they are based in Kitwe. They just came because of the funeral thing, so I was like, “Okay fine.” When she went there, she took long to come out, and when she came out she looked sad. She looked sad, and then she told me.

P: Richard’s mom?

W: No.

P: Richard’s sister?

W: The young sister now, and then she said, “You know what, I am sorry to tell you this but I will just come and see the child tomorrow, and I am sorry because I wasn't around, as well, and I didn’t know that Richard has moved from Long-acres. He’s somewhere else, and I don't know where he is, you know.” I said, “Okay fine,” and I knew that she was lying. I said, “Okay fine but she looked so sad, and then when she went, I stayed here two or four days.

P: How did you feel?

W: I felt - you know, I felt bad but I just had to accept it. I felt bad, and then the following day, that's when my sister said, "You know, let's go. We have to go to see these people," so when we went there, we found the mom and the younger brother to Richard, and when she was told, she was like, "No but all those times where have you been, and now you are telling us that there's a child and that child is three months old. Don't you know that it's been long? How are we going to believe that that's Richard's child?" I said, "No, you can only find the truth from Richard 'cause he knows," and they said, "We'll see 'cause," and she, okay she used Bemba, "Abana ba kwa Richard bonse tabalubika," meaning, "All Richard's children, they look alike." [Simon Silavwe said that Bemba traditional laws on children outside of wedlock are so archaic and have been abused by men, who insist on placing the burden of proof on the woman. The men know about DNA testing and such but would rather the elders did not, for obvious reasons.] So, it's like they'll know when they saw it. It sounded more like Richard has got many children, and you know on that again I got hurt, so it's like this person has been doing this to a lot of girls, and I am not the only one. You know, I felt bad, and I was sad, and when I - that's when I came here, and it was during that time when my sister's husband came and then he said, "No, you have to come with me." So, it's like they went back to Chirundu, and again I was left here alone with my uncle - the one who came last time here, and the one you found me with there and so then those are the people I was left with, and the elder brother to that one you found here with last time. Now the elder brother, so it's like we are three and then

Chewe, the one who was passing and me and my child, so it's like so my sister went back to Chirundu. I was here left with these people and things weren't easy here for me. You know it was really bad, and I was always in pain, always locked up crying, you know.

P: You were depressed?

W: Kind of but you know, my neighbour the one who's there, they have the papers from our house. She is the one who helped me a lot, and the sister-in-law to the same person, she passed away. She killed herself. They were good people. They helped me. They went there, "You, what are you thinking. That person is an orphan, and she's more like our young sister, and we know what she's going through. why can't you call Richard? What are you thinking you people? Why do you behave like you are not women?" And you know, that very night the elder sister to Richard came and the mother, and that was the first time when they saw the child. It was night. I refused to give them my child. I said, "No, there's no ways they can see this child tonight. Why can't they come during the daylight? I don't want to give them my child. I feel there's something wrong, and I don't think it's right for me to give them. It's better they just go than to see my child." Then the neighbour was like, "No, just give us the child." Then I said, "Okay fine, you can get the child."

P: (After long pause) do you want me to ask you a question?

W: Pardon?

P: Do you want me to ask you a question or do you just want to carry on?

W: I don't know if you want to ask a question ...

P: You carry on.

W: I carry on okay, so I told you about when they came at night to see the baby, and I didn't want them to see the baby, so until my neighbour they said, "No, you just have to give them the baby, so that they can see." So, I gave them the baby, and they went with her, and whilst there, the mother to Richard said, "No, this can't be Richard's child because she is dark, and Richard is coloured [mixed race]." That's what they said but I wasn't there, and after that, my neighbour, they brought the baby, and then the following day, you know, no, the third day after that day after, no, before that, it's like they started saying things. They were rumors. They were just talking. They were saying that me, I was naughty, and they used to see me with a lot of guys, so my other neighbour again, so they were not happy about it 'cause they knew what kind of a person I was, and so they went there. No, they met Richard's young sister. Then, I don't know what she was saying, so my other neighbour got upset, and then she approached her, and she said, "Why do you say all those things and to make the matter worse, the time when you saw that child, it was night so even you, your mom say's that you're coloured but look at you. You are dark. She's even lighter than you, and you say that. You shouldn't behave like that because you are also a girl, and maybe she's even lucky that she even knows the father of her child but you maybe you'll never even see the father to your child. Don't you know that the person you are doing these things to? She is an orphan, and don't you know that God can punish you for that? You don't have to do that. You are also a woman, and you shouldn't say bad things about your friend because you don't know what will come tomorrow," so after that, it's like again

Richard's mom and the sisters were annoyed. That very day, they came again. They approached my neighbour, and then again, they started insulting her. They started shouting, and she wasn't there, so again when she came back because even her also when she came back, she went there again, and then when she went there that's when they started saying, "No, we wanted to see Juliet." Her name is Juliet. "We wanted to see Juliet because we heard that she was saying things, and I don't why she's involving herself in this thing because she's not even related to that same girl," so it's like they didn't know it was her they were telling. And then after that, so it's like they were very upset, and they wanted to beat up the same Juliet, so that's when she said, "Oh, I think now I have given you the chance to beat me up because the Juliet that you're talking about, it's me," so they're like, Oh, really? Sorry." Again, they started apologizing, "No, sorry," and then she just told them. "You know what, we know that same person, and we feel sorry for her because we know that she's got no one to talk to, or no one to help her," and then they are like, "No, we didn't know. Us, we are good people, and if that's the case then you have to tell her to be good to us, and if she's good to us then we'll be good to her," so they're like, "But why are you saying those things? You've never stayed with that person, and you know not much about her, and to make matters worse, you don't even want to hear everything from her," so that's when they came, and then after that, they said no, they didn't want anyone to go and talk on behalf of me, and it was at night, yes. No, it was around 7 pm. That's when the elder sister to Richard came, and it was my first time talking to her. She came, and she started asking me things. No, before that she started telling my neighbours that, "No, we

talked to Richard, and Richard agreed that yes the child is his but we don't know if she knows that Richard is married and that he has two kids." At first they said, "Richard is married, and he has got three children. That's two boys and one girl, so we don't know if she knows, and Richard also told us that just in case she doesn't know, that she should know from us that Richard is married, and he's got three children but we don't know where the wife is." So, it's like my neighbours then came, and then I was told the same thing, and I didn't know what to say, when I was asked, "Do you know anything about this?" I said, "Yes. I know. Richard told me that." Which was a lie because I didn't know, and I had no idea. I just wanted to see if what they were thinking or what they were telling me if it was true, so I said, "Yes, Richard told me that, so my neighbour again went back, and she told them the same thing, and then after some days, that's when they came again. They're like, "No, Richard has gone to South Africa, and we don't know when he's coming back but he's got two kids, so we don't know if she knows," so I said, "I know." That's what I said. Again, I was like, "I know, Richard told me," so like you know, I guess they were guilty. They tried to say all those things, and I just accepted whatever they come tell me, so I say, "I know he told me about that." So, it's like they were shocked, and that's when they went back again, and after hearing all those things, they are like, "No, this person knows all those things that we are telling her," that's when the young sister to Richard came. No, after that they started saying things like, "No, she's lying. She's cheating. How come she's agreeing to everything we say?" And Richard himself told us that he doesn't know her, so that's when my neighbour said, "You know what, Richard is

the one who gave her transport money to go to Solwezi, and he even gave her a mobile phone, and she's still having that mobile phone.” So it's like again, they were shocked, that's when they came back now, that was the time when she came now, the first time that I talked to her. She came and then she said, 'Oh Richard called me and I was talking to him and he said that he's coming next week and that we should let you know that, he's married. And then I said, I told her that I don't know that he's married but I know that he has got a kid, and I know the child. I've seen that child. So, I don't know, and the same mother to that child, she's even married, so I told her. Then, she's like, she was shocked. Then she said, “Oh, so when I was talking to Richard, Richard told me that, asked me to come and get the mobile phone -the phone that he gave you, so that it can be easier for him to communicate with you. At least, if he calls me then I can be bringing it.” And then I said, “you know what, that's not the best thing to do. In fact, I would have preferred if Richard asked for my number, so that I give you my number, and you give it to him. That way, I can say, ‘Oh yes,’ but the way I see it, it's like you're just lying because there's no way a normal person can say that, ‘Go and get that mobile phone,’ ’cause it's me, who he is supposed to be communicating with. And on that note, that's what he wants, just tell him, when he calls you, just tell him that W has refused to give me the phone, and she said that if he really wants it, then you have to come by yourself, just the same way you gave it to her.’” That's what I told her, and then she's like, “Hm.” That's when she said, “Okay, bye,” and she went, and again the following day, she came again, she asked for the mobile phone and then again, I refused. “No, he said that

you should give it to me.” I was like, “No, I am sorry that mobile phone, it isn't even with me. I left it in Solwezi with my sister.” “Oh, you left it?” I said, “Yes.” “Why did you leave it?” “Because Richard, he asked me to sell it, so that I can use the money, and I don't see any point of him wanting it back. He gave it me. He even asked me to sell it if I wanted, so I don't think he needs it.” So, she's, “No. You know us, we are very good people, and if you want us. I know that I am older than Richard, and for me Richard is the fifth born in our family, and it's more like I am your mother-in-law,” that's what she was telling me, instead of a sister-in-law. Then she said, “Since I am very old than him, then it means I am more like your mother-in-law and you have to respect me. If you respect me then we can be good people to you, and in fact, you can't even see Richard. The only way you can see Richard, and the only way you can talk to Richard is through me.” So I was like, “Okay fine, but what can ... They even said, “You know what, that it's hard for us to believe that this is truly Richard's child, since we were not informed when you were expecting her.” And then I told her, “You know what, I think it was best of me not telling you, because I think it's best you didn't know if you can't accept the child, even when you see her. When you even look at her, then you see that she looks exactly like your mom but you're there denying her. What of when she was still in me, when you couldn't even see her? It would have been worse, so I thought I did the best thing not to tell you, and it's something that I am very happy about 'cause maybe you might have done something bad to my child.” And she was, “No, you shouldn't talk like that. Us, we are good people.” “I can't agree that you are good people, not until I see what is good in

you. You know a lot of people pretend, and the way I look at it, you're not good people. You are not good because if you are good, looking at my situation, I think and you being a woman, you should know what girls go through, and you know, it's hard to bring up a child, especially as a single parent. At least you were married but look at me and instead you are even there discouraging Richard, so that's when she said, "No, the only thing that we are asking from you is for you to respect us, and if you want anything from Richard, is through us that you can go to see him." I didn't say anything that day, and then she just went like that again. Now the same day when she came, it was in the morning. Then she said, "No, there are people at home, and they have sent me, that I can come and get the baby, so that they can go and see her, it was during dinner and then I said but why? Already you have said that this child isn't Richard's child and Richard is coloured and she's not, why do you want to get her? You know what? The thing is I'll go anywhere I'll find .. I'll meet a lot of men but the situation remains the same, Richard is still the father to my child and I will never, never find another father, he's the only father. And if you're doing that then it means, you're encouraging him to be doing bad things, understand that you will realize that he's been doing is wrong and then it will be too late. It's not that I am saying no' I need Richard or maybe he should marry me or not, that's what I don't want. I don't know what he's been doing when I was away. I know what I have been doing but I don't know what he's been doing and that's the reason why I can't even be here. The only thing that I am asking for is for him to support the child, that's all. I need nothing more from him. And then she's like, "no sorry for what we said it's only that it

was dark and ... " Then I said no' that's what you wanted to do, you knew that you couldn't support her why didn't you come during the day-light like the way you've done and now you want to take her? "no please just allow us.' So my other uncle the elder brother to Owen, then said okay, just give them the child and then when she went with them, I was left alone and then they brought her back, maybe they were with her for about three hours or so she never used to cry, she was so sweet. Then after three hours then they brought her back and then they said no' here is your baby and that night I didn't even sleep, she was just crying, she was just crying and then again the following day they came, they got her and then the same thing, so the last day when they came I told them that, 'you know what? I think you should just stop getting her because I am surprised that whenever you take her, when she comes back I don't sleep, she always cries and I think you should just stop taking her. 'No but she's our child as well.' Then I said 'it's because you denied her at first maybe that's the reason why she's crying.' And then they're like, "no did you give her a name? Because mostly like it's common whereby, the father's parents have to name the child especially the first born. So I said, "yes I gave her the name." Then she said that, 'no my mother has asked me so that we should give her another name.' And the I said, 'it's up to you that you give her the name.' And it's my sister, the same sister the one I was living with in Solwezi, who gave her the name and then that's when they went again, and I was like 'no it's up to you but for us we know that she has got a name and they can't say anything. So that's when they went and then it was, and then again they came back it was in the morning and I was with her. By then I started troubling them, I

was like, "Ah, where's the father? I want to see Richard myself, because I don't even know if those things that you have been saying are true or not, I want to hear it from him." They're like, "No you can't see Richard. It's through me that you can see him and to tell the truth Richard is not even within. He's in South Africa." So I said, "Okay, that's fine," and then that very...it was around 12:00. And then that was 12 am - 12 noon, and then I was like, I was asleep during day 'cause I love sleeping after I have finished doing everything then I sleep and then I had a strange dream. I dreamt that Richard had come, and he was asking me the things that he asked me. He was like, "W, do you still have feelings for me?" And then, I said, "No." I said no Richard. Why I said: "It's because of the things that you do to me. The time when I thought I was in love." The time when I started loving him, that's the time when he withdrew his love from me, and on that, I was hurt. And again the other thing that hurt me most, it's like you know at home even if they're accusing you like, or even if I was being mistreated but they used to trust me, and they knew that I didn't have any boyfriend, but because of him you know that trust again. Even now it's something that I still cry for.

P: You feel you lost their trust?

W: The trust, yes and I felt bad. I was a good example whereby even if they were saying anything, but they would say look at her again. Look, and that thing even now it's something that hurts most, I lost it and I even told him. It was in my dream but I told him at you know what? 'it's the trust that I lost that will never, never allow me to go back to you, because of that trust and the things that you did. So when I woke up, I went to my neighbour, and I was just telling...I told her

everything, I told her my dream. I even said that even now were I am sitting here, I can feel that Richard is very near, and then she's like, "No, you and your dreams," so I said, "Okay, fine." I went inside again but the same thing, I went back I told her that, "You know what, I don't know. It's not that I am crazy or what but I can feel that Richard is very near," and so whilst we were there, someone came, so he's like, "She told my neighbour that. You know what, the father to W's child is there. He has come to-day," and you know, she was shocked. She couldn't believe it, and the same Juliet went there, and the car was parked outside, so when she went there, she was told that, "No," because Richard was inside. "No, Richard is not here. He's still in South Africa," and so she said, "You know what, Richard is my friend, and as I was coming from where I was going, I saw him. He saw me. I even talked to him. He told me that I should find him here," and then again, they were shocked. That's when they said, "Okay fine." Then that's when Richard came out, and he was like, "Oh, Richard," so he was surprised because he didn't know the person. "No, come with me." Then they went and then they talked, so it's like, "No, I want you to come and see W and your child, so it's like the people now were upset there, and the mom even told him that, "Why are you here? We told you not to come here but why are you here when you know that here, there are problems," and then Richard said, "But mom, that's my child, and no matter what, even if I run away today, she will still be my child, and I don't even deny her. I will always accept her," and my neighbour was there, so it's like that's when she came back, and then she's like, "So, you mean you accept that child?" And then he said, "Yes. Okay fine, you'll never go to see

that child, and that very day when he said that he was going to come but all of a sudden he changed his mind and said, 'no you'll have to call her so that we meet here. It was just at the road, and then I said, "Fine, if that's where we used to meet then I'll go there, and if not then..." So, the same person went back and told him. He's like, "No, please just tell her I really want to see her and the child," and I was like, "He used to come here but what has stopped him to start coming here? I won't come, so she's like, "No W, just go you don't have too far." I went there again and then he said, "No, we have to meet somewhere near the police post - just there," and then I said, "Okay, I'll go," and that's when I went there, and as I was waiting for him, it's like he tried to run away - like to speed the car. Then I threw the baby inside the car, and then I told him that, "You know what, if you won't stop and talk to me then you'll go with that child." I knew I didn't want to give him the child but because I was upset, and that's what I did, so and it was October 6th, and she was exactly four months old. That's when I did that. He's like, "No W, you don't have to do this. You'll make this child suffer!" Then I said, "No, because that's what you want." He knew that I had problems when he went there, and I said, "Richard, I can't accept that. Even you knew that I had a problem and for me it was even serious, so you only want me to consider your problems when you won't even consider my problems as problems. I am sorry. If that's the case, then you can just go with the child. I have got nothing to do. I kept your child, and you asked me to keep my child, which I did, so I think we should be grateful, since you've seen this child. "Here is the child. Now, you can go with her." Then he's like, "No, you don't have to do this to me. I'll just come

tomorrow,” and then I said, “...[unable to make out recording].” He said, “I swear! Please get that I’ll come tomorrow, so that we can talk, and I have to see your family,” and then I said, “Okay, if that’s the case then fine,” but I knew that he was lying. I knew because I wasn’t convinced deep down in my heart that he would come back. That’s when he went, and I got my child. Then I started staying with her, so it took so long, and I heard nothing from him, so I went back. My aunt...I sent my uncle to go there. Then he went there. That’s when he was told that no, this person is not around, so he said, “Okay,” and then there was this younger brother to Richard, he even passed away. He was good and I think - you know sometimes, I feel like maybe it’s because of me that he passed away.

P: Why?

W: Because you know, he liked me so very much, and he was always against his mother’s ideas. Whenever they tried to stop because at first, the first day when we went there after the mother said, “No, Richard has got so many children, and you know Richard’s. They all look alike,” but he was who said, “Mm, mom! Why are you saying all those things? The things that we don’t even know. That’s not good,” so it’s like she was embarrassed. You know, sometimes I feel that she killed him because of that because he was always against her.

P: He was killed?

W: Yes.

P: By whom?

W: No he just fell sick, but you know

P: It was a bad feeling?

W: Yes' and you know it's very strange and I don't know what kind of a person am I but you know sometimes I just have to accept myself. After that, the same brother ... so I went to the legal aid and then I was given a 'call-out' and when I took it there. They said no Richard will come back, so after some days they started saying, "No Richard is not available ... no Richard said you should talk to him on the phone. " The I would talk to him and he'd be "Do you want to know where I am?" I said no. I am not even interested in knowing where you are, the only thing that I am interested in is to know when you are coming and when are you going to be ready and the same sister she's the one who used to go there to the legal-aid and stand for him. So the day when he came, when he came I found him there: And you know? People like me and my friends. First it was ... again it was kind of embarrassing because he felt that I had told those people to do such things. You know they would just come, "Ah P, whose baby is that?" And then they're like, "I think we would like to see the father to this child and how he got you through this. You, the way we know you?" You know, things like that. It seems like he didn't like that, and he thought that I had told people to do that and which I didn't even do, and people - it's like they were surprised, and they wanted to know why. You know, things like that, and I had just come from Solwezi because I was away again, so for him, he didn't like that. He even threatened to beat someone because that person was even talking to me, you know, and because of that those people were supposed to like because the only person who was there with me was my uncle - the elder brother to the one who is inside. He even passed away, and my neighbour - the mother to Naomi who lives behind – yes, those

people - our tenants - and because of that, she was threatened again. She ran away, you know. It wasn't a good thing, and when we went there, you know, I was asked, "So, what do you want? Do you want this person to marry you or what?" But, I said, "No, the only thing I want, you know, I am supposed to complete my education. If only you can find someone for me, who will keep this child, so that I can continue with my studies then that would be the only thing I am asking from him," and then they said, No, and then it's like, "So, are you ready?" He was asked, "Do you have children anywhere else?" He said, "No." "You are you sure?" Then that's when he said, "I only have two children. The other one is a boy, and, the other one is a girl, and so they're like, "Where is this other child?" Then he said, "The boy is with the mother just within Lusaka," "And the girl?" He didn't know where the girl was. The only thing that he did was he looked at the child, then he smiled - that's all, so we don't know if it's the child or if it's the other person but what he told me, he told me that he only had one child, and the mother to that child is married, and then I know the mother. I have seen the mother. So, it's like the sister was embarrassed and then like that's when she interrupted and said, "No, he's got." And then they said, "No, it is not you we are talking to, we are talking to him, and you have to give him chance." So they asked him, "Do you work? What do you do for a living? Are you working somewhere?" So, as he was trying to answer, the sister again interrupted, "No, he's not working." So they're like, "But why are you talking on his behalf? Does it mean that he cannot talk for himself? I think he's old enough to talk for himself." That's when he said, "On, fine, fine," and then so he was asked, "Are you sure

you don't work?" That's when he said, "Oh me? Okay, no I don't work." You know, it's like he wanted to tell the truth again but he was scared to disappoint the sister. Then that's when he said, "No, I don't work." "So, are you willing to help the child?" He said, "Yes, this is my child, and I am willing to help her." "So, what are you going to be doing?" "Every month at least, I will be giving her something for the baby so that she can be buying food, since I know that she's alone, and she's got no one to take care of her, and that money I think will help to, like to buy food for her." "What of clothes?" He said nothing, and then he said, and then I was asked, "What do you want to do? Do you want him to bring the money here, or he should be bringing the money at your place?" That's when I said, "I think the best thing to do is if he can be bringing the money here, 'cause I know that like his family won't be happy to see him to come and because they might think of something else so, I mean I would be very happy, if he brings the money here so that I can be coming here collect it. At least if he brings money here then send someone saying no' I've got the money you can go and collect then that is the time it is. Then they're like "okay fine, so you've heard, you'll have to bring the money here." By then my child was four months and some weeks and then they're like okay fine, that's when we went. And then months passed he didn't even bring the money, you know he would come and just stand by the road side, then he would be just pointing, 'you people that's my child.' Sometimes even crying 'she's my child you people, that's my child.' and then it's like, 'But if you know that she's your child, then why don't you go there so that you see her?' And you know what? He failed to come and see the child and you know people would

say no' maybe the mother has used medicine you know like charms' So that he doesn't .. it's like no matter how hard he tries to be there then he wont come because of the charms that the mother did. And it hasn't been easier for me because even the money that he promised he never gave me any money.

P: No money?

W: No money, and that very week, it was the week when they came, and they even got. They went. You know, they'll say "No, someone wants to see," but I knew it was the father, though they didn't want me to know. They'd say, "No, someone want's to see the child," and everything what, what but I knew it was him 'cause I could even feel it, and so then that day when she came, when they brought the child. I was just by the road. That's when they said - the young sister brought her and she told me that, "No, my mother has given her the name, and she's Mary." That's Richard's elder sister's name. The other sister, not that other one, the one who used to come but the other one, and then I said, "Mm, so the name is Mary?" And then she said, "Yes," and at night, I didn't sleep with her and so in the morning, early in the morning what I did wake, I went. When the elder sister came, they said, "Were you told the name?" I said, "No. I am sorry, I won't accept this name because I am surprised why I didn't sleep with her, she cried all night, and I think it's because of the name that you gave her, so I won't accept it." She was like, "Okay, fine. You said you wanted to see Richard?" I said, "No," and then she said, "Yes, there's no way you can see Richard. It's through me that you'll be seeing Richard, and to have a communication with him," and then you know, I was very upset. I got annoyed and then I told them that, "No problem."

that's what I answered. I said, "No problem. That's not a very big problem with me. Since I was given this child through you, I'll be getting things through you," and she was shocked, and she's like, "Ah but why can you say such a thing?" I said, "No, it's because of the things that you have said – been telling me. It's not the first time that you have told me that I will be going to Richard or to talk to him. Instead, it's through you that I can talk to him. It's through you that I can, that's why I have said no. Since it's true that I was given this child through you, I'll be getting things through you from him," and then they were very upset and you know, they didn't like the idea, so when they went back, they didn't come, and then that's when we went to...and then I told them that, "No, it's seems like things are not working out, so instead I'll just go to like buy a summons, so that we can go to court." Then they said, "No, we can't go there." You know, and then the same brother to Richard, and then that's when he came he said he was just passing, and then she stopped him, "Have you heard what she's saying? She's saying that she will take Richard to court," and then he's like, "Yes, I think I'll support her to do that." You know, and I liked him because of that. "That's the best thing to do since you don't allow him to see the child, then I think you know what Mommy, the only thing that you can do is to buy a summons," and that was the younger brother to Richard. So after three days, and you know I had never seen like Richard's mother during daylight, but that day I had a strange dream again. I dreamt that the mother to Richard came and then she said something like, "You know what, you're a very difficult person, we've tried to get our child but you won't accept." 'Cause I dream most that it's like Richard who wanted to get

the child, and then you know we'll be like quarrelling, fighting. She...he'll be pulling her, and then again I'll be pulling her until I win - until I get her, you know, and then I'd even tell him that, "You know what Richard, you will never get this child. You gave me this child, and you asked me to keep her, and you will never get her. I'll always be with her." You know, such dreams, and then there were dreams that I wasn't comfortable with, and then that the mother, she came and then she was telling me that, "You are a very difficult person. It seems like we won't get this child, and the younger brother to Richard has been supporting you and because of that you will see." You know, I felt bad. I started praying. I was praying but both our...You see, I'd pray and say "You know God, you can't do this to me. He's the only person, whose on my side." and "Why, why?" And then he said, "You're late because time has already come, and this person has to go." You know, and things like that, and when I woke up, he even showed me the medicine, you know, like the root things and the hair that she had, so I was just standing by my neighbours house, and it was in the morning. I was just telling her my dream, and I am like, "You know what, I surprised that I have dreamt about Richard's mother during daylight," and it was the first time that I did that. And I don't know, She was carrying, you know, some herbs and root things like that she had, so whilst there the mother to Richard came.

P: She came?

W: She was with someone else, and she was carrying the same things, and I was just from telling her, you know, and then she just looked at me, and it was the child who called her. She said, "You, come, come." Those were the words that she used

to know by then. That's when they came you know, "Sorry, we didn't have time to come in daytime because like at our place we've got a lot of problems. The younger brother to Richard is sick. He's got a stroke. He just fell yesterday." And, the sister to Richard, I don't know in that dream, I also dreamt that someone was telling that Richard's sister, the one who used to come, "She's not with him but she's gone somewhere," and, they said, "She's gone to like, buy some medicine," so I was surprised, and you know, I was like "Oh," so it's like when the younger brother to Richard came. The younger sister, she told me the same things, "No, my sister is not around. She went to do this," and, it was something that I had dreamt of, and I said, "Oh, oh, I know," so, she was surprised, "How do you know that?" "No, nothing. Just forget."

P: Did it surprise you?

W: No, so I said okay fine, and that very day that's when the mother came, and you know she started telling me all those things, and I am there like my neighbour was there, and it was my first time seeing her during daylight, so I said, "Okay, there's no problem with that," so it's like she went and then again at night, "No, we were just going to throw like the rubbish from home." So I was telling my neighbour, "No," I was saying that I was like, "You know what, I feel there's this strange thing in me that makes me feel like I don't..." I was saying that I wonder if Richard is human, because I don't feel that he's human, and then she asked me why. "You know the way he used to like me, and now there is the child that's his blood but why is he that every time, whenever he comes instead of coming here, he'll be just there saying things, "Ah no, that's my child you people," every time

but why can't he come. I think he is just being used. He is not the same Richard I used to know. He's not human as for now, and then at night I slept. The mother to Richard came to me then she started saying, "You know what, you've revealed a secret." I said, "What secret?" "Now that you've revealed a secret, I want you to be shown things. I will show you things, so that you know what kind of people we are." You know, and she started. It was more like a tunnel thing, and in there, there were like a lot of dishes, and in those dishes, medicine - no meat, blood, things like that, so it's like again, I said, "You know what, even if I am seeing all these things, to me these things will never work. God loves me, and it's because God loves me, that's why he's even showing me all these things, and you can't do anything. Even my child, you'll never get my child. I love her so very much, and it's because of that love that I have for her that will always protect her, and to tell you the truth I had my uncle. I had a grandfather, who happens to be my dad's uncle, he tried to do that. You know what, because that's what he was trying to do but because I had my mom's blood whereby she could also...she knew like you know. She used to play. She knew that things weren't good, and my blood will never take you anywhere, so I am sorry he failed, and I know that even you you'll never...to make the matter worse, you're not even related to me. The child is related to you but she's got my blood in her, and it is because of that, that you will never get her. And you know, it's like they were upset but even though they were upset, they showed me all those things, and then when I woke up in the morning, you know that's when the young sister to Richard came, and was like, "You know what, I fear you but I give you respect," so I said, "But why?" And they even

stopped like coming or even passing that road. They stopped, and then they started telling people that, "Well no, we fear that person," and like mostly people used to fear those people. Then they started to fear me and then when she came I told her "No, you shouldn't fear me, instead I think I am supposed to be fearing you people, because you're mean but look at me here! I am alone, only with my child and you're saying all those things, I think it would be best for me to fear you." "No, we fear you," so that's when they even stopped. It's like completely stopped coming. I think for about maybe two weeks, I even stopped seeing them and then the day when she came she said no' Richard said that' he want to talk to your family and that he'll come, and that day he didn't come, so then I met the young sister again and when she came. She told me, "No, we came yesterday. We were knocking but you didn't answer," and then I said, "You know what, I am surprised that there's that centre road but you crossed it, and all these houses, just to come and tell me lies. You know I am the person that you can never tell lies 'cause I know, and I am old, and God is always with me, so I'd appreciate if you would leave me alone." Richard was asked to do something that he failed, and I think God will help me bring up this child. I don't want to see you, and you should even tell him that I have denied that I don't want to see him, and you shouldn't come. I don't even need his help. That's when she said, "No, I can't do that," and the younger brother to Richard, now it's like he came and said, "No, you know what, I am very disappointed with my family, even the first person. The mother to that child, that's her dad, it's the same thing that used to happen to me, especially my sister and my mother. I don't know what kind of people they are

but what I can tell you. I am very happy that you are a very strong person. It's like you've managed. They have failed you, and I am very grateful for that. You are a very strong woman," and then I said, "Thank you," and then that day, when he went, that's the following day when I was told that he's got stroke now, and you know at night, and my sister was there now. She had come from Chirundu 'cause they had moved from Solwezi to Chirundu. Then she came, so at night my sister woke me up and said, "You were crying. Why?" And then, I said you know what? I dreamt that the younger brother to Richard has passed away, and I was told that it's because of me that he had passed out 'cause he was on my side. You know what, I felt bad, and when I woke up I still had that feeling that I even told them that, "You know what, I have to go to the funeral house 'cause that person has passed away." "No W, you don't have to say all those things." I said, "No, but it's true. If not, then why is this feeling coming on? It's even growing stronger and stronger. I have to be there, so I told them, and like you know, my sister even told my neighbours, and then she said, "No, that's what she always does, and if that's the case, then that's how things happen. Let's go and find out." That's when the younger brother to Richard, now she was just passing. It's like she tried to tell me but she couldn't because she was scared again, so that's when my neighbour - again Juliet - the same Juliet approached her, and she was told, "No, given has passed away, you know," and it was something that I felt responsible. I was like, "I knew all this. Why didn't I warn him? Why? Why?" So, I started blaming myself. Even now, I still blame myself, and after that, after that, you know, they said, "No, we won't." Like you know, "We won't. We'll have to go and bury her.

We were supposed to go to Kitwe, so I didn't even go there, and that night – no, after three days, then they carried the body, and they went to Kitwe, and after that funeral, you know, they started coming at night. They got their things. They went. Even up to now, that's how they run away. They didn't even tell the owner of the house that they were going.

P: The family?

W: Yes the family had moved and that's how they moved. They never came back, up to now. I don't even know where to find Richard even if I was sent ... maybe saying we have to find him, I don't even know where to find him I don't know and that's how he went up to now, and now my child has got two years and six months but he's nowhere to be seen, and he never never came back. Up to now, I don't where to find him, even the family but you know I've been hearing rumors. “Some people are saying, “No.” But I know he's got a house in Kabulonga, so I don't know where exactly but I just know that he's got a house in Kabulonga and the elder sister the one who used to come, they have moved to they say at first they were in Kanyama, from Kanyama and then they to Garden compound and I haven't seen them though some people have been coming like you know. Those people have explained to the same family, they have been coming they'll even tell people like, 'you know the father to that child misses the child but you know. I won't even ... I can't even do that because I don't know they don't want to come or nothing and that's the reason why they will never get the child, and I can't wait for her to grow up so that ... you know? I'll never stop her, maybe if he happens to come back and say's he wants to get the child I can't stop her 'cause he is the

father and he never did anything bad to me. And he has always been good to me, the only thing that he did that I am disappointed with ... only to support the child, and it's like he didn't support the child, that's the only bad thing that he did to me and just went without even saying you know he was sorry. You know but I still ... you know there're times whereby I dream that he's there crying for me and he wants me to be there and he's always telling me that, 'you're the only one who can get me through this you know.' But it's true even if he comes back, I don't think I can go back to him. I know I can never do that as if it has never happened but I think I want to be the first person in like, maybe in Zambia, 'cause you know, like there's a belief or whereby they say, "Once a man goes, and he comes back then the woman must accept it." But you know, I don't want it to be like that 'cause mostly, I think, men have taken advantage of that, whereby they go, go. They leave us. They just give us children then they go and then they do whatever things they want to do then they come back, and we accept them but I want to be the first person maybe in Zambia who has denied that. I don't want it to happen to me and I think that's the other thing that I wouldn't like and I take care of my child. I kept her and I love her so very much that I accept that she's my child. Though you know there are times whereby that I don't feel like I am the mother. You know it's because it's more like a mystery to me, but she's still my child and she's still with me.

P: You don't feel like you are the mother?

W: Yes.

P: In what way?

W: You know the way she came to me and looking at the things, like the kind of person that I used to be, and you know I find very hard to accept or to believe, but maybe as time goes on, but I love her

P: You love her.

W: Yes I love so very much.

P: How do you manage to talk them?

W: How I communicate? No after, like after what happened when that family went again, I went to the ZCEF, and that was the first thing that I did. There was this office, it was called ZCEF, Zambia Children Education Foundation. It used to help like those people who couldn't like manage ... if you don't manage to go school they'll they used to help the orphans and so I went there and the only thing 'cause I was told that; this people they help like people. If for example you've got a child then they'll even look for a maid so that, that maid' can be keeping your child then you go back to school and afterwards when you start working then you have to pay back the same. So I said, "If that's the case then I have to go to the centre," so I went there, and she was so seven months. That's when I went there, and I told them my situation, and the problem that I was facing. You know, I didn't have anything or where to start from. I was doing nothing, and I used to have difficulties, like maybe to support her. By then she...I would need soap you know, to wash her clothes and things like that, so I said, "You know, I have to do something. Those people! If it's true that they help people, then I think I wouldn't mind doing anything, as long as they take me back to school, and they keep my child," so that's when I approached the same office,

and when I went there, I was told that, “No, at the moment we don't have like money or to take you there. The only thing that you can - maybe you can just go back when we've got money again, when these donors, like when they donate the money, then we can even take you to maybe any skills training whereby you can go for catering or anything that you would like to do.” So I said, “Okay,” and then I came home after two months. Then that's when they came back to me. Then they said, “No, since we haven't found anything for you, we would like you if you can be working with us,” so they asked me. They said that I should be keeping, and I was their office keeper. You know, I'd clean their office, and when they come back, I come back home, so I would go there in the morning. Maybe I'd wake up at 5 am. I'd go there and sweep. You know, I'd clean. I dust everything then I come back, you know. I used once and maybe in the evening just to get the keys. That's what I used to do but the money again, it wasn't a given. I was just given 40,000 [Zambian Kwaches, +/- CAD \$13] and you know.

P: For a day?

W: No it wasn't for a day, a month

P: 40,000 a month?

W: And you know there was nothing I could do. I said 'anyway it's better than nothing, it's better that I get something at least I work, at the end of the month I know that I'll be expecting something just for myself and you know with that money I couldn't even buy a bag of mealy meal, it was less you know. So again it wasn't good for me but I shared my money whenever they'd give me the money then I'd make sure I buy soap and things like that and again during that same

week maybe some people would come, “We would like you to plait our hair.” I’d plait their hair, and I would use the money to like to buy our food and clothes.

You know, everything, and then after that whilst I was working again, there was this person again who came, and they said, “You know, I am trying to open a shop, so I would like if you can be working there,” and that person said, “I will be giving you 60,000” [Zambian kwachas, +/- CAD \$20.]

P: A month?

W: A month, and then I said, “Okay, fine I knew that,” so I used to go there to the office in the morning, and then after that - 7:30 again, I am supposed to go to the shop, so that’s what I used to do. I used to work like that but you know like again I didn’t like go on working because again, I was disappointed. You know, I used to do everything, and the staff in the office, sometimes they will even use me like maybe a receptionist whereby someone will come, ’cause they used to come. They’d, of course, be very late, and I’d be asked, you know, I should be there like talk to people, so that I keep them there, and you know, things like that, and, that’s what I used to do but still more. They... and they had promised that, “We’ll see how you’re going to work and then after that maybe that’s when we’ll even add on to your salary.” Then I said, “Okay,” so I started working with them, and I think I worked with them for eight months, and there was no change in my salary, but you know, amongst those people, they were people who were good. They knew the problem that I had, and sometimes they’d even say like even before it was the month-end, they would give me money, and the wife did the same. The director, now the wife, she’s coloured [mixed race], and she was very good to me. She

used to sometimes, she'd even give me money, maybe 50,000 [Zambian kwaches, =/-CAD \$16], and instead she'd just give me that money, and then I would think no, maybe she'll deduct from my salary but then at the month-end, she'd give me my salary, and you know she was good. Again at the shop, I used to work, and I worked. I worked there for six months without being paid but you know I kept on working saying, "Maybe, maybe." You know, you just say, "Maybe, he'll pay me until he stopped. He was like no I can't...the owner of the shop said, 'no this person hasn't been paying so instead. We just want him to move from this shop.' That's when he moved out, but you know at least even though he never used to pay me but. I'd get soap from the same shop, I'd get sugar you know things like that, and then I said no' you'll deduct from my salary. But he didn't pay me until he moved. When he moved that's when again I went to the legal aid and then they gave me a 'call-out.' That's when he said no' I will give you money but he only gave me ... he managed to give me for three months and the other money for three months he didn't give me, up to now. That's when he went I don't even know where he is at as well, but he's got relatives here he even talked someone to visit them. And for the office? Whilst I was working there the wife, the same person who was coloured, she stopped. Now the ... its like she had stopped 'cause she was tired so she went home and I had to work with the husband now and he wasn't a good person to work with.

P: He wasn't a good person to work with?

W: No, I was working but at the end of the month you expect that you'll be paid but he never used to pay me, and then I said 'no maybe ... you know that's maybe!

Thinking that maybe someday on he'll pay me, and then things got worse, and then when I went there so it's like I stopped. By then she had gone to Matero to live with my same sister, the one who... 'cause they had moved from Chirundu again, and now they are here in Lusaka, the one who's my friend, the one who used to keep. "Yes," she said, "Since you haven't been paid, and I am afraid this child might even die of hunger. At least her, you can survive." That's when she went with her, and you know there she... 'cause again, she doesn't cry, and she likes her very much. When she's with her again, I feel more safe 'cause I know that that person is a very good person. It's only that the husband isn't a good person, so I was told by the husband, the husband to my sister, now the brother-in-law, that's when he sent a message. He said, "No, you have to go and get your child," so I thought maybe, she was sick or you know. I felt bad, and then I wanted money, so I went to the office, and I talked to the director, and then he said something like, he told me that, "We don't have money here, and we don't make money here," and you know, I was upset. I was like, "but, I've been working, and it's now five months, and you haven't been paying me. Is that what you can tell me? Don't you know that I get things on credit knowing that at the end of the month, I'll have something to pay it back, and now my child is sick, and I have to go and get her. She's in Matero," and the he said, "But why don't you want to go and live there?" I told him that, "You know what, my sister is married there. She's not working, and if she was working, she would have loved to keep us all but it's because she's not working, and I feel sorry for her. She's the one who kept me when I was in Solwezi until I gave birth to that child, and now

she's with her, and I need her back 'cause she's not okay, so, so, you know, I got upset, and I stayed for three days. I didn't go to work, and then when I went there, that's when I was told, "No, why didn't you come?" And I was like, "I told you I had to find money, so that I can go and get my child, and that's not the question to be asking me. You didn't pay me, and where did you expect me to get the money from?" And then he was like, "No that's the problem to work with people who've been to school before," and then I told him that, "You know what, they're people who've been to school but they don't know their rights, and it's not that until you go to school then that's when you can know what you are supposed to know. It's something that I know, and you don't have to maybe take advantage of me because I am poor, and I've got nowhere to go or to run to, and there's no one to help me. I came here so that you can help me but instead you're creating more problems for me, and don't you know that I can even report you." You know, I didn't even know what I was saying but that's what I said, "Because you're registered, and you are supposed to be helping people like me but instead you're there creating more problems for me. That's the reason why I am going to sue you, so I think the people who even help you like will even be more interested to knowing how you're doing and what you're doing, 'cause you just pretend. You use people like me, so that you can get." You know, in that same computer, my name was there and it was even written that I have been given 1.9 [1,900,000 Zambian kwacha, +/- CAD \$600] per month, and I only got not even half of that money.

P: 1,900,000 kwacha?

W: Yes, and I was just given, uh what – 40,000 kwacha. You know I felt bad when I found out, I felt bad and I told him that, “It's because of that that I am going to sue.” After that when I went home, he stopped coming. It's like he was scared. I even got a call out. I went to the legal aid again, and I was given a call-out. It's still in the house, I was supposed to give him and that's when he stopped coming, and then I went to Matero. I wasn't feeling well, and I was alone so my sister came and said, “No, you have to come with me. When you are okay, then you'll come back,” so I said, “Okay,” so I went with her there. I stayed there for three months. When I came back I went there to the office and then they said, “This office hasn't been open for now four months.” It's like he was scared, and then I said, “Oh, oh.” Do you know what, the things were still there. That very week when I came at night that's when they came and got the things, and that's how they went. Up to now again, I don't even know where they are. They didn't even give me the money, and my sisters used to help me you know. Sometimes she'll come here to give me money. Then I use that money to buy food and you know like at my place there there's no one who's working. All my uncles are doing nothing, and even if they've got money but they can't give me money whereby they say, “I have to buy her clothes or what.” They will just buy food and like soap and things so I just have to work hard, so sometimes other people come' they want to do their hair then I help I do their hair, and that's the money that I used to buy soap and food for her and that's how I survive.

P: Life has been so tough for you.

W: Yes, it has been so tough.

P: What would you say was your greatest loss?

W: My greatest loss? I think what was my greatest loss, I think, when the people who used to help me, they went away. That was my greatest loss, and again you know even now the thing that I lost that I know that no matter what I'll never like if any it's the trust that I used to have and that's the thing which I also think was my greatest loss.

P: Help me understand why it's so important to you?

W: Pardon?

P: The trust, can you help me understand why that is so important?

W: You know, it was something whereby I was even proud of. You know, people used to trust me. Like my family, they used to trust me in terms of whereby they knew that even though some people were not like...they weren't happy with me but at least, I had that trust whereby I didn't have a child. And they trusted me, and they used to use me as a good example whereby whenever they would say maybe they...because my sister, you know what, my cousin like they'd become jumpy sometimes, and that's when they'd say, "No, look at her. She's now in grade 10, and we haven't seen her going out with anyone and you know because of her." Again you see, it's something like those people would say, N, this person was naughty again. Look at the child and because of that again, it's something that really affects me a lot. If I didn't have her, I'd still have trust but now in whatever I do they don't trust me. They say, "No, she's got a child. We don't know what she's doing. We were trusting her but this is what she did to us. She disappointed us." Even though they didn't support me like in my dictation but they will always

say...they will pretend like they were very good people, and they will say it's because of her that they didn't educate me. It's more like I am the excuse for them now.

P: You feel like they have the excuse to treat you poorly?

W: Yes, they will say, even now, there are some people that say, "It is because of this child that you didn't complete your education." They have taken now advantage of this.

P: They put the blame on the child?

W: Yes they will be saying that, "It's because of this child, that's how we didn't help her," but that wasn't the case. It's because I wanted to be educated that's why even this happened to me. I feel so bad you know they, at least with class, they will respect you, and I used to be a good example but today I am a bad example some say, "Look at her." You know, things like that. They will say, "You don't have to be like her. Have you seen now? Where she is? She's now got a child. She's nowhere now. She's now suffering with a child." You know things like that, and those are the things that hurt me most

P: You think that you are a bad example?

W: Yes, I think so.

P: Because?

W: Because I didn't achieve what I wanted, and you know I can't be a good example to like my sisters like now outside. They can't say, "No, you have to be like her." They all say, "You're not supposed to be like her. She's got a child and a fatherless child, for that matter. At least, if there was a father who supports the

child but they will say, "She's got a child, and then that child is a fatherless child," you know, and it doesn't even give me respect 'cause people say, "No, you just have a child without a father." You know, it's more like, I don't know, you know it's like children born out of wedlock, you know, things like that. I am very much disappointed though I love her so very much but and I hate myself for that. It hasn't been a good thing, but you know even though I am not happy about it, I don't want to show if like to my daughter because I feel she'll be affected as well and that's the thing that I don't want. I don't want my sadness or the bad things that I am going through to like affect her and I also don't want her to go through the same things that I am going through. Even my cousins, you know though they don't respect me for whom I am today but I always tell them that I didn't want, and men, you know men can cheat. Never trust even a friend, you know I've stopped trusting friends now. He was a friend, and he did this to me and if he did this to me, what can stop someone else to do it to you, so even if they don't respect me but I'd appreciate if you get my word! You have to work hard. Trust yourself, and you have to respect yourself so very much, and I don't want anyone to go through what I am going through, and I always pray to God that I don't want to see any of them bring a fatherless child. If anything, I want to be the last person in this family that such a thing has happened to me. I want to be the last person, and I will always pray hard, so that they don't do what I did or what I did to happen to them. I don't want that, thus I always tell them that you have to respect yourself. I am not jealousy, and that's the good thing I love about myself. I am not a jealous person were I can say, "I have to be jealous," like to encourage. You

know like there were we live, I live with...I used to...it's only now that my mom has come here 'cause she was in Botswana, and we were alone but I will tell my young sisters though. You know, they will go like maybe, they will come late. I tell them. I say, "You know what, I know I have got a child. It's not that I am jealous. I know what it feels like to, you know, when I mean you love someone, you might go back. What will come tomorrow is the thing that hurt the most. I am not jealousy of you. It doesn't mean that if you see, you don't see any man come here then it means I am jealous because of that. No, I care for you, and I love. I feel if anything bad happens to you, I will be responsible 'cause the people around here won't say it's because you did it but they will say I encouraged you since I've got a child, and I wanted you to do the same thing, so that you can, and that's not the kind of person I am." I always discourage them to do such things, and I know that I will always do that. If they don't listen to me, then I will make sure that I talk to their boyfriend. I will even chase them.

P: The boyfriend?

W: Yes, I will chase them. I don't care what my sisters will think of me but I will tell them that, "If you continue coming here, then I will tell my uncle." I know that they will be afraid. Their boyfriends will be afraid. They will run away.

P: So, you protect your family?

W: Yes, I protect my family.

P: How would you say, with all these experiences that you've had, how would you say it has affected you, or changed you?

W: You know, it affected me in a way whereby I didn't complete my education, and

now, you know, I can't even go anywhere to say, "I have to start looking for a job," because I don't have those papers, those qualification papers, so that I can start working, and the other thing is, I can never be respected. Though I might think that people respect me but you know, I am there, and I have this child, who has no father, and I am still in my guardians' house. At least if I had my own house whereby I've always wanted to like complete my education, maybe find good work. In fact, you know from childhood, the thing that I didn't want was to get married or to have a child.

P: Really?

W: Yes, I've always wanted to like complete my education then, so that I can take care of my cousins' children. You know, things like that. That's the thing I wanted most, and I feel maybe it's because of that that God said, "No, this person has to, should have a child." You know, I feel that way again because I didn't want that. I wanted to complete my education and take care of my children especially my brothers' children. You know he's not working as well, even where he is. Okay, I know, I can't call it job, whereby all of us can benefit. But I know that if he had completed we would have been better people and he would have managed to educate me, because he's a kind person and when he used to work he used to manage to buy like a bag of mealy meal. There at my grandmothers place, at my uncles place who used to keep him before he started working and at his house again after he got married, because he was doing a better job and when he stopped, things have not been easy and that again I used to feel bad. Even now, I feel so sorry for him, and I feel if I had completed, he would have been a better

person as well, at least I would have found something better for him to do. Maybe if I had started working, then I can even manage like maybe raise money for him, so that he can start his own business, you know. Things like that, and I have to take care. I feel it's my responsibility like to take care of his son, Eddie. I feel it's my responsibility to do that.

P: Because you are the aunt?

W: Yes I am the aunt. I don't like the kind of life that we live now. He has become a changed person. He's a heavy drunk, and hard person, you know. He drinks, and I feel sorry for Eddie because at least for Eddie he's got a mother but now you know, they all drinking. Even now when he goes there, I don't feel it's a better place for him. I really don't want him to go but again I can't keep him because it's not my house. I am doing nothing, and what am I going to give him, you know. It's something that I don't know what to do but if I had completed, I know that it would have been better 'cause I would have educated Eddie and my child as well.

P: So what's keeps you going?

W: I think it's acceptance, the way I accept life, you know. Even though I have found myself in such a situation but I accepted it, and I would love to be an example whereby it's not that if you've got a child then it means it's the end of the world. Even though I am not educated, and I am doing nothing but I should keep that thing whereby I have to be there for my daughter because you know some people, once they have got a child, then they will...I know that there was a time when I wanted to kill myself. I thought I was going to kill my daughter then kill myself as well but I realized that this person will be...I know that she'll be a very

important person in society someday, and I want her to continue from where I had ended. I want her to go through that. She has to pass, and the only way she could be there, is for me to live on, you know. I have to live as though I have to take care of myself, and I don't have to engage myself into worldly things you know, so I have to survive and I just have to take care of myself and my daughter as well and get the little that people help me with. What they give me then I give it to my daughter, I can show a lot of love to her and live on.

P: I see that. Where does your strength come from? What makes you strong?

W: I think it's something that ... I don't know. Maybe God?

P: God makes you strong?

W: I think God makes me strong but you know you can't be strong against God. You can be strong but again, you have to be strong yourself. That's when God can make you strong, so it's the things that you commit yourself to, you know. I always commit myself to God, and I know that I survive by the grace of God, and I have to praise him. I just make sure like to, you know, avoid maybe, abstain from worldly things. You know, like worldly desires, and you don't have to be maybe a jealous person, or you want to get this and that, because if that's what you want, then maybe why my friends have got that and I have to get it as well and at the end of the day you find yourself in a bad situation. You just have to accept the simple life that you are having. Always be strong, so you have to be strong, and so I think I get the strength from myself and the things that I do, and you know what people say, not all people can be bad to you. Some people will encourage you, "No, you are a strong person," and you have to keep on that, and you have to

live on. People wait but though you don't have to follow the bad part of it, you just have to choose what is good, and if you think that's good for you then you just get the best out of people, that's the thing.

P: So, what would you say you need?

W: I think I need to complete my education, and also there is need for my - that way I can help my children and my children there are two now, my brother's and her, and even my other cousins, especially you know again especially for my sister the one who used to keep me. I don't know but I know that I have to do something great for her. She's been grateful to me, though the husband is not a good person but I want to show the husband that we are not what he thinks we are, and that we are better than his family or than his relatives. Though I have got nothing but I can help my sister because if it wasn't for him, this time I would have completed my education because my same sister says that once I gave birth, I was supposed to go back to school in Solwezi, and she said she was willing to pay for me but because of my brother-in-law. He is the kind of person whereby just because the way he was brought up, it wasn't good, and he thinks since he was suffering and he wants us to suffer because of that. He's not a good person because he always said that when I was being chased, I used to suffer, so I would love. If your young sisters can be suffering as well, you know, which is not good because he's got children. If he shows love to the people that he keeps, then those children will be blessed. People won't be doing bad things but if you do bad things to those people, just know that people will be doing bad things to you. You have to be good so that people can be good to your child, You know, whenever they try to do

something, then they will remember you, they will be, “Mm, but you that person was good to us, why are we troubling this one?” But if you are bad you know, it doesn't...you can't show, and it won't even be written whereby say, I am doing this. This is the best thing but it affects your children as well, so I would love to complete, the most. The thing that I need to complete my education, so that I can take care of other people, so that I can also educate other people. That's what I would like to do or maybe if there's anywhere I can do like maybe you go for a skills training, I wouldn't mind doing that as well. I might go there, so you know, with school there's no... there's nothing like an end to education. Even whilst you are working, you can go to school, so I would like to go for a skills training maybe. Then after that, I know that after I finish, then I can start working. I can be going to night school. After work, then I go to a night school, so as for now the most thing that I would need, maybe is to go to a skills school. Anything, as you know, we all learn. It doesn't matter what kind of a situation you go through but you just go there you learn. That's the thing, as long as it's there, then you just have to there.

P: What kind of skills would you like to learn?

W: Maybe I think I can go for maybe catering or computer lessons, you know, so that you get skills for maybe to computer actions, you know. Like, as for now 'cause that's the most thing that's needed, I think I would love to do that as well.

P: What's your hope for the future?

W: I just hope that I can be a better person, and so that you know maybe to have my own house and take care of my...those people around me, those who have got no

one to take care for them. I think that's what I hope for. Just that things would be better for me so that I can maybe you know 'cause if I am a better person then I know that even my brother can be a better person because I would love him to go again for night school, you know because even now, he always drinks himself crazy. If there was someone to help me, I would have completed my education. I think that's what I can. I just hope that I maybe find something better to do in life, to have my own home and do...maybe to start work and take care of myself, so that I can take care of other people as well.

P: What would you like people in North America to know about Zambian girls, who have lost their parents?

W: I think there's a lot that they have to know, and you know what, I can't say what, because people are different here.

P: You were saying that, W?

W: They have to know that Zambia is a beautiful country, and that whatever situation they do they always put their trust in God. And you know, I'd love for people like in North America to come the way you did, so that they can also learn more 'cause not all people are like me you know, and I think that there's a lot that they have to learn about orphan girls in Zambia, and we are not the same. We are with different problems, and not all the girls are stubborn the way I am. No, we have got different situations, and I'd love if more people can come here in Zambia so that they can learn as well, what you've learnt. That's the thing I'd love for them to come and experience for themselves, 'cause I know that not all people would love the kind of life that I am going through because I know that there people out

there who have got different situations, and the things that they have gone through and I can't say for them. So, it would be better for them to come and experience it themselves but they have to know that Zambia is friendly. It's got friendly people you know, kind people, and very welcoming.