

## Secrecy of Cape Verde Islands

The sun shone on the western coast of Africa, as it reached out towards the islands of Cabo Verde, supposedly also known as Cape Verde. The day was clear, with plenty of chatter among the tourists and villagers, as they lay shelter using the summer umbrellas under their beach chairs. Children were playing football, upon the fine-grained hot sand, it was funny watching, the little boys always tried to keep up with the big boys. Trying to tackle them and getting tripped up, whenever they finally got the ball. I stood in the middle of the beach, feeling the warmth beneath my feet of the sand between my toes, getting deeper and deeper, as if it was quicksand.

Staring into the distance, I peered upon a small, weird looking boat, approaching desperately.

My instinct was to run for authority, to question the boat. But I stayed still. Maybe, I am as inquisitive as I have been told by my father, as he says "there's only so much a child should discover", but it seemed like everyone else on the beach was the same too.

The shore got heavier and faster, as it crashed among the dark-gray rocks, drowning upon the boat's abrupt movements of speed. The birds flew faster, as if they could feel the lingering emotions of fear rising on the beach. My heart skipped, like a skipping rope as everyone began to run, like it was the apocalypse. Drinks were split, alongside the bafa that was being pecked by birds. The sea rushed upon my body. I fell backwards. I was just able to wipe my eyes, to see that it was only the boat that had taken my vision. The people on the boat weren't as scary looking, as i had thought, just normal. They didn't even seem to notice how I carelessly laid on the sand, like a mermaid praying for a human to capture and take beneath the sea. They scurried quickly, as if they were escaping. I came across a boy, he lay his arm in front of me "are you okay", I didn't speak, i just stared deep into his luminous, brown eyes.

"What's your name?", I declared. I have to know someone's name, since i'm not allowed to speak to strangers, but surely if i know his name he's no longer a stranger.

"Danilson... may i ask what's yours" he stated quietly. "erm Celina " i had said. Danilson looked quite weakly, and blank in the face, as if he had been sick the whole boat ride. I had finally taken his hand, which seemed as if it was shaking, and offered him some warm food, at my father's restaurant, knowing only my mum would be dealing with customers at the moment. As she wouldn't go as crazy, seeing me bring a boy to our place. Danilson wasn't as talkative as I wished, I wanted to know how he ended up here, but I guess it was too soon to ask any questions. We had entered the restaurant and mother had glanced at who was on my side. I guess she was able to notice Danilson's filthy clothes and weak stomach that was groaning, as she offered him some food. I went to fetch the warm bowl of Canjo that was steaming, deliciously. Danilson devoured the bowl, like a homeless child. I was about to ask Danilson on his journey here, but it seemed like there was some sort of commotion going on. I heard shouting from a distance, towards the beach.

Mother's face turned pale, I never knew dark- skinned people could turn such a colour, as the burning sun gleamed on our skin every hour of the day. Mother became fearful that Danilson was part of the trouble, and attempted to flee him with a kitchen towel, as if he was some vicious wasp. I cried and pleaded for her to stop. I liked Danilson. The people who were sitting down, enjoying their corn and

beans, had taken no notice. I took Danilson by the hand, up towards the attic. Before mother could grab hold of me a man had encountered her space for questioning.

I held my ear towards the attic door, hearing the conversation.

"Who's that young boy... is that your son?" the man declared, "I'd have to see some documents".

"There's been an incident not far from your restaurant on the beach"

"No sir... he's not my son, he's my cousin," Mother replied. I wonder why she lied. I had always thought lying was forbidden, perhaps that's why my father beat her.

"Ah... I see, if you see or hear anything about the people on the boat, make sure to let the police know" He stated firmly, "They're dangerous". I wondered if the man believed mother or not, but it seemed so as he left rapidly.

I gazed over at Danilson, who had still not said a word since we left the beach. I don't believe a word the man said, you can't assume someone is dangerous if you don't really know them, can you? I opened the door discreetly, hoping mother wouldn't hear, and noticed a group of about 5 men who were entering inspecting the Restaurant. They were from the Cape Verdean military. The commotion had risen not far from the beach, as I could hear dogs barking and men questioning people.

I slammed the door shut. My heart skipped, as I almost lost balance from shutting the door. I wondered if I was too loud, whilst peeping into the hole, hearing footsteps being taken upwards from the men. They had entered my room, I wondered if they knew it was never right to enter a girl's room. But my mother didn't resist. I hurried Danilson into a box, full of my mother's handmade clothes she had knitted. It seemed like he was used to hiding, since he didn't question it. I went to lock the attic door and kept peeping through the hole. I froze, as one of the men was in my vision. He wore distinctive trousers that seemed to bend where his hard, dark boots were worn. I thought perhaps, if the man was unable to open the door, he would eventually give up and kick down the door with me, and view my naive body laid down in front of him. Hoping that would make him leave for causing trouble.