

Trouvez la Ndoki.

(Find the witch.)

Psalms 35:15 But when I stumbled they gathered in glee; assailants gathered against me without my knowledge ;they slandered me without ceasing .

Tuesday 14th november 1689

I sit here and remember, inky words leaning against each other as they scurry my quill as I write ,eager to get it all down.

I remember it all.At last.

I remember my heart turning wooden in my chest ,its beat slowing into a mournful battle drum then accelerating again.

I remember.I remember it all.

Fear was cocooning me as beads of my sweat glistened in the dim candle light held in my quivering hand . I Remember.I walked on groggily , dragging my feet from how tired I was . I remember the dirt that scratched at my toes and the never ending darkness that surrounded me , blinding me .

My recalcitrant breathing was quite simply erratic .

Nzambe.

That was what was going through my head then.

God.God help me.

pause.breath.Resume.

Fleeting shadows whispered in my ear.A sour snigger had trickled out from my mouth in response.

The voices eh ?

'NDOKI' someone had howled .I had tried to let out a gasp but it had gotten stuck in my throat .Yes.

Yes.I remember don't I ?

My pulse was racing .They had found me.

Gathering my skirt in one hand ,I ran deeper into the night , coldness nipping and tugging at my bare skin .I remember it just as if it was yesterday .

'Ndoki!'

Another one.

I dropped the candle , the darkness extinguished its flame and any warmth it brang.

The cross.Clutch onto the Cross.I fumbled to find it on my chest.

'NDOKI'.

Witch.they were calling me witch .

Me?

My grip on the rusting cross around my neck tightened.I staggered.Running was never my speciality , It still isn't now.The Lord's prayer.Say the Lord's prayer .

Our father , who art in heaven.

Left .Right.Turn.Turn.

Hallowed be thy name .

They were hurling insults at me .

Throwing items at me.

Thy kingdom come.

They thoughtwas a witch.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven .

The enraged wind was tossing my raven black hair back and forth causing me to wobble.

I was slowing down.

Give us thisay our daily bread.

close.They were close.

I should have made haste.I should have had.

And forgive our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us .

The sound of near fast footsteps flooded my ears as torch flames hissed and fed on my fear .

Lead us not into temptation.

Me? A witch ?

But deliver us from evil.

My hair was disheveled and my rational thinking was wearing away strand by strand. I giggled .

For thine is the kingdom.

Dear Reader ,I'm afraid I was awfully mad.

The power and the glor

'NDOKI' someone yelled.

Forever and ever .

I felt sharp nails on my shoulders as someone clawed at me.The screeching of a banshee had erupted from my mouth as a result.A screech that caused my throat pain right after .

Someone must of had dragged me back after that .

Nzambe.

Next thing I know, perilous flames engulfed my head whole.

My hair was on fire.

How dare they.

I screamed , scratching at my head furiously and attempting to yank it out .

Yes.I remember.

Pain.A lot of pain.

'ZOBA' a tall figure spat at me, meaning idiot.

I curled myself into a foetus position on the ground as fist and feet came in contact with my body .

I remember . Pain.Then darkness.Then nothing.

I sit here now with wrinkles carved into my face, determined to tell my story.

I sit here now, my eyes emotionless, and etched with sadness, that of a dummy you may find at the front of a shop's ~~wind~~

Revenge is something I Should've contemplated long ago.

Scarred that is what I am .Scarred and tainted .

This , is where my story ends but where it also begins.

A day in January, 1645.(I can not remember when)

She was in there with me , ~~tragic~~ presence nowhere to be found.

Shouting. She was shouting, screaming in lingala.

'ZOBA' she screeched,

'I'm sorry ! I'm sorry!! ' i cried out over and over , getting my tongue in a twist .

Kitoko. Her name meant 'beautiful' in our mother tongue. ~~Saying~~ but .

She started to throw jagged broken pieces of glass at me , missing everytime .

'ZOBA' she howls , her congolese accent thick and unpleasant .

It was the same dream every time. I must say , Kitoko still haunts me till this day. I

Prefer not to talk about her though .

They say time is a great healer . They lie.

I woke up from that dream panting, the first smudges of daylight yet to be seen.

Dieu Merci

The state of my bed suggested tossing and turning throughout the night. I lay awake trying to calm my breathing with my right hand on the chest clutching my cross. The

darkness around me seemed to spread like ink on a tablecloth and suffocated me . I

laid there almost lifeless and thought about yesterday.

Mon Dieu.

In a religious town like mine ? I couldn't believe it. A bible verse sprouted in my head.

Titus 1:16 ~~They~~ claim to know God, but by their actions they deny him.

I wondered who it could be. Who ~~was~~ The question chipped at my peace of mind

, causing my mind to become knotted. Before I knew it , the sky had appeared and

mirrored that of a cerulean sea and pools of warm sunlight crawled into my stuffy

damp room . Little did I know what was going to ~~happen~~ happen that day .

Divine. My name is Divine. Divine Kasango. Big Dark brown eyes , soft round features and eyebrows that furrow quite often. I'm nice ~~not to~~ meet me. That's ~~all~~ you need to know.