

# Dakar Festival Supplement

Pages 51-70



CHINI WAS AMONG THEM the millions and millions who roamed the streets of a score of cities throughout the Federation that night—the night of freedom.

In this the capital city, all the streets were packed and milling with men, women, children; restless, floating, chattering, glum and silent, expectant, confused, drifting, banding together under the lights in awe of the unknown mysteries of Independence. Some were strangers who come from far corners where Africa meant Darkness and now they clustered in solid groups at the Square over which the fireworks shot upwards and exploded in spectacular cascades. Freedom was here.

*Krr... a... ka... toa! ... Krraakkatooaa!*

Chini drew nearer François and his protective arm tightened round her.

"It is romantic, *mon amour*? Too romantic, yes?"

"Oh, I want to die," Chini whispered. "I want to die—in your arms. I want to die for the New Nigeria!"

"*Ma chérie*, it would be good to die, and end it all. It would be good to die, now."

She turned sharply and faced him. "You mean that?"

He smiled. "Why not? This is the climax, the end of Imperialism, the beginning of *freedom* for Nigeria!" He pointed at the fireworks. Chini could recognise the quickly forming image. The glow resolved itself into the coronet of Queen Elizabeth the Second. "I suppose Imperialism has played its part," François sighed. "A hundred years!"

Chini looked away, but the Queen's image still burned in her eyes. She was a Nigerian beauty, slim and bronzed, with a statuesque firmness of curve that always made the Frenchman marvel. Often she had accused François of being in love with her body, but he always said he could never bring himself to ignore its presence. Chini was breathing with a love ripeness in her eyes. She was elegant, un-self-conscious, wearing English clothes with sophistication, and Nigerian costume with charm. Her every movement stimulated a flow of poetry from François and an ebb of embarrassment from her. She called him "My mad French lover."

Suddenly she reached out and held him. "Kill me, oh, kill me!" She was sobbing. From a million voices came the roar of the Nigerian National Anthem.

The roar echoed and reverberated over the entire field and vapourised skywards into the stars and misty tropical night.

"I would have been so happy now, but why did I meet you? I would have been *free*! Now my country is free, but I... I am in chains."

She felt his strong arms round her shoulder and she clung tightly to him. His face, bristly, grated against her tender skin.

"Chini, you are mine, *oui*?"

"Yours, François, yours," "You will come to Paris with me if—"

His grip was hurting her. He was pressing his lips on hers there in the Square with the mad crowds drifting about them.

"Oh, François, we're in public!"

"You don't mean that! No, you don't!"

His kisses smothered her sighs.

As the *Dauphine* sped towards Victoria Beach neither of them spoke. Chini looked straight ahead of her, her mind in a turmoil. Independence. François. Love. Marriage. Independence.

CYPRIAN EKWENSI, author of *Jagua Nana*, and other novels, plays and stories, is Director of Information in the Nigerian Federal Ministry of Information.

Independence. Freedom!... Trees floated past. She sensed that other cars with lovers in them were flashing impatient lights behind them and passing by.

François drove past familiar places now glowing with an unfamiliar radiance. The Federal Palace Hotel loomed in stately grandeur. Even as late as midnight swarms of people still floated past the pavilions of the Nigeria exhibition.

She remembered one afternoon when she had come near the site to meet François at work, putting up his own stand; and there were crowds as thick as the hairs on François' arm. That afternoon having fought through the crowds she found him in the basement of the stand. There he was, down among the workers who were cutting a steel bar with an arc lamp. The dazzling lights etched out his strikingly handsome face. He was dressed in a white shirt and white shorts, and on his face was an intense and shiny look of tiredness.

He turned just as she was about to steal away. "Hey, Chini!" She almost jumped. François wiped his hands on the back of his shorts and spoke quickly to the two white men standing opposite. They looked like Americans in their narrow drip-dry pantaloons and soft cotton caps. One of them was chewing gum.

François came up to her in an easy swinging manner, just as the wind billowed out her skirt and she reached out a hand to keep it in place, holding on to her straw hat with the other hand.

"You look a picture, Chini," he said. He took her hands and kissed them. Standing beside her he looked down at the stand and said: "How do you like it?" His arm swept a wide arc, but Chini was looking into his eyes, instead. He returned her look and said, "*Chic*, eh?"

"The stand or me?"

He laughed. "You, of course! Where shall we go, coffee?"

The way he talked she could not understand and it burned deep scars of pain in her heart. He would be going away in fourteen days, expelled from the country, so the rumour had said. Already it had leaked out among those who know that the Governor-General thought it would be "conducive to the public good" for him to leave the country. Yet he had told her nothing. But did he really wish to marry her? Had she given up everything for nothing?

The coffee stand was built in the Espresso tradition. She could imagine this same stand crowded not by Teddy Boys or Beatniks but by the tough city slickers of Lagos, once known as the *Boma* Boys, but now very much more refined with stream-styled cars to help them... drifters, waiting to pick up a beating-up commission from some irate politician, only to change their loyalty when the victim increased their fee. She remembered how it had been in Chelsea on the cold nights, trying to read for the exam. Now she had achieved her ambition: she had become a Secretary-Typist, one of the best. Into her ears went the most secret dictations. And she had now fallen in love with this Frenchman who must leave the country.

"Well, and how's Independence, Chini?"

"Independence is fine, for those who are free!"

He did not say anything. He was smiling and she went on: "Unity and Faith, and all that!"

"I love Nigeria. You Nigerians are the most moderate of all Africans."

"All Africans are one, François, when it comes to that. When it comes to facing all white men."

"You mean, I'm an outsider?"

She crossed her legs. A gleam of desire lighted up in François' eyes. Chini had the

most marvellous legs. This afternoon's skirt was split and the splits were held together by decorative buttons five inches apart from waist to hem.

"You're in one of your moods, Chini."

She stirred her coffee, but when she raised it to her lips it spilled on her dress. François sprang forward, handkerchief in hand. He dabbed the coffee pool on her skirt and on her breast, lingering on the splotch above the left breast.

For Chini the afternoon was ruined. She rose. He took her hand.

"I'm sorry, Chini."

"It's my fault. I feel like crying."

She walked. Head held high, she walked, flicking her heels and wiggling her hips with bitter malice. The car owners hooted and waved her to come into their cars but she wanted none of them because she had her own car. François had his own car and she wanted none of them because they did not understand what it was like to be facing an impossible love affair; to be facing the condemnation of your own people, especially when you are in a position of confidence which you have fought so very hard to attain.

"I don't love this man... I love him... But he is a Frenchman... It doesn't matter... It does... Before Independence, it did not matter. But now, we're different. I must remain in my own country and work and build."

Chini walked. There were two million people in Lagos, all milling about the bridge, but there were none as far as she was concerned, because she did not know anything about them.

She remembered now that her mother was to have come down for the celebrations but had so far not sent word. She might still come. Could it be that something had happened?

It would be best to tell her personally. One thing was certain. Nigeria Independent, was not Nigeria colonial. Women today, were in a different position. Black and white, yellow and red, when love whispered, it was the same response. But *why* fall in love with a Frenchman?

Only that afternoon she and François had been arguing.

"Nigerian girls do not know the meaning of love."

"What is the meaning, François? I want to know."

"It is not easy to explain."

He was looking at the sea. She was looking at the sea too, but the water she saw was there right in her eyes.

"It is not easy to explain." He was smoking.

"You see, love is all consuming, a personal affair between two people."

"That's in Europe. In Africa, it is a public affair. Everyone is concerned. My mother is concerned, so are my mother's people. My father is dead, but my uncle and his family must know. I did not drop from the sky, you know. Try and understand. You think I am weak."

"Nigeria whispers," he said, and tried to smile.

It was his way of teasing her, whenever she lost her temper. *Nigeria whispers*. It was his new phrase since Independence. "You Nigerians will now know the difference between being protected, and being on your own. You will always—in your public life and in your private have one choice to make: Self or Nigeria. But always, Chini, Nigeria will always whisper. Nigeria is in you. Go on! If you listen to yourself you will do one thing. It will not always be the same if you listen to Nigeria."

"Have you finished teasing me?"

"Yes, my Beauty Queen." He kissed her.

"You are very bitter, François."

"Wouldn't you be? If you had to leave a country you love and the girl you love cannot make up her mind."

"But François I love you."

"Will you come with me then?"

"It is not easy," Chini said. "I love Nigeria more. François, everyone is coming back home to Nigeria at this time—But all I know is that I love you and that our fates are inexplicably bound up together."

"What shall we do?" His voice was faint.

She saw his face now ferocious. He turned and pulled her close to him. Chini shut her eyes and felt his lips on her, hungry for her.

"Woman of bronze, woman with the hot animal blood. In my nostrils is the smell of you, in my blood is the fire of you. Without you, my soul dies."

Before such adoration Chini had no answer.

LAGOS WAS GAY and sweet. The buses rolled on along the roads, and the nurses at the General Hospital stood at the stops at the Marina, waiting before the gleaming white State House. The ferry shrieked and laboured homewards to Apapa, carrying the men to the Industrial Estates.

From the window of her office, Chini looked out and saw the *Dauphine* flash past. It was François.

The booming voice of her boss brought her attention back to the dictation. Her shorthand pen raced over the surface of the pad. In the wood panelled room, it was so silent that God seemed to be present.

"That will be all," said her boss.

Chini rose. She gathered her things together but as she made for the door a piece of paper dropped and she bent down to pick it.

"Chini," said her boss.

"Sir."

"Don't go for a moment."

She saw the deep frown on his face. He was scanning the files before him. When he worked, he possessed the fantastic ability of complete concentration. She had often seen him like that, when, with a little black Bible in his hands he migrated—so to speak—into another world, away from the Press, the Radio, and the Critics, away from the physical boundaries.

Through her mind raced troubling questions. Did he know about François? He must know. Was he going to talk to her about it? No? Yes? Immediately she was on the defensive.

Without looking up he said, "I shall be going on tour soon. And I want a good Secretary-Typist to come with me. You know that Miss Wells has not been feeling well lately. Of the eighteen Secretaries there's none that has a pleasanter manner than you. In any case, you have never come with me on tour..."

She saw the face of François now, smiling *Nigeria Whispers*. And she heard her boss talking. But what was he saying? Where was she standing? Why was he talking? Did he not know that François would deride her?

And then she realised that he had stopped. He was waiting for a reply. She was keeping him waiting.

"Will you come?"

"Sir?"

"Will you come?"

"I—I think so, Sir!"

SHE BRUSHED ASIDE the Hibiscus Bush. Dense and overhanging it reached out hands of destruction, ruffling her hair. In the windows the bright lights told her that François had not yet gone to bed. It was a hot evening and all day

long she had searched in vain for him.

Jideh, his boy, met her on the steps.

"Master no well," he said.

Her heart leapt. She pushed him aside and ran into the room.

François was lying on the bed, his face against the wall. She sat beside him, and took his hand.

"I love you, François."

"Chini!"

How was she going to break the news to him?

She looked round the room and found that he had already started packing.

"Get me something to drink, darling."

She knew why he said that. He always admired the way she walked. When she walked to the fridge, she took her time and wiggled. She was dressed in "native" and in the colours he liked. Blue.

She brought the drink on a tray and set it down and suddenly she felt his hot hand on her cheek.

His eyes were yellow with fire. She took off his hand quietly. "You're ill."

"You are my illness. I want to die in Nigeria, I want to die—with your love. Chini you have made up your mind?"

"To go to France with you?"

"Yes. You will come?"

"François, you know I want to come, but —"

"*Nigeria whispers*, I know!"

She could not stand the sneer. "Don't be cruel, François. Nigeria whispers, yes but your voice is above a whisper. And I hear and listen. Because you talk love."

*Oh God*, she thought, *how did I become so mad about this man? With all the young men who asked to marry me, how did I become so mad?*

She saw the young men now. In her first year at the University, Abiade fawned on her with all the devotion of a dog. She was flattered. It was her first year, and her last. She had been unable to continue her education. She wanted quicker results, more glamour. She went to England to study at Pitmans, and although Abiade wrote love to her, she learnt that he sustained himself with the flesh of the girls who drifted round Oke-Ado in Ibadan and the Marina in Lagos. They were legion.

She returned from England on a bright afternoon. Lagos lay somewhat in a haze of *siesta*. As Chini saw the towers of the Power House and the old familiar landmarks, she was filled with a choking nostalgia. Abiade. Only last night she had been reading his letter... There he was, waiting patiently and waving. He had come to see her.

She embraced him, but his face was a mask. Later on she was to know why. Meantime she kept his letters tied together with string and now she wondered what to do with them... Post them to him at his home address so that the pretty girl would be embarrassed, so that she might know that the happiness she found was at the expense of another's unhappiness. She carried the letters to the office, but could not now get herself to reread them. One evening she walked along the Marina.

Looking at the lights in the harbour, the ships from all parts of the world, she thought of her love affair. Then on an impulse, she dropped the letters into the lagoon.

In her first job, a young Doctor always called to take her back to her lodgings. She had not got the little *Fiat* then, and she lived at the YWCA Hostel. It was a great thing to have a man call to see her. The girls always looked out of the window and told her that Long Pipe was here, because this doctor was always chewing a pipe.

The pieces of the broken heart seemed to be mending. The feeling of elatedness, the lightness

## Poem against the rain

*All day I have been walking. My view  
Of the small part of England that's mine  
Has been rained away. There's nothing  
That belongs to me in this rotting place,*

*No house, no memory — even my body  
Is losing its battle with lust, stumbles  
In the slack fat and the hard breathing  
For the comfort of love. It is raining*

*Only the slow collapse of the hills  
And no thunder in the sky or the clay.  
And my head is falling too slowly down  
For my curses to break this coward,*

*My body, small feeble brother flesh,  
Of his clinging to the closed sky's hand.  
The rain marches before. I have lost  
All day my private war with the rain.*

C. J. DRIVER

## Death

*What will death be like? Will it follow  
As simply as night follows day?  
Will it be hollow as the box that houses  
That rigid echo of me? Will it be soft as  
sleep?  
Will it cut as deep as first love's betrayal?  
Will it give me the purity I seek but never  
find  
For longer than a summer rain's dismissal?  
Will it—could it cover my sins of omission?*

*Whether death be brief or simple, long or  
final,  
I shall never know: But its shadow follows  
me  
Steering me, a dark goad when my light is  
low  
And a cool reminder, a balancing pole  
When I become too proud. If the substance  
follows the shadow  
I shall be glad to continue my tight-rope  
act.*

PERSEUS ADAMS

of step, all began to return. One evening she was looking out of the YWCA window, when a girl shouted: "Chini, quick! Come and see Long Pipe."

The car had parked at the petrol station opposite. She could see that Long Pipe had tried to park it so that he would not easily be seen from the window. Chini saw him seated at the wheel and beside him a woman. In the rear seat were three children: two boys in striped singlets, and a pretty little girl with two red ribbons in her hair.

In the office she could not work. Promptly at ten minutes to two, she left and caught a bus. She would not let herself be caught at the office and she would not see him at home. But one evening he surprised her.

She met him in the sitting room. "You did not tell me you were already married," she said.

He had no explanation. "You are my girl-friend," was all he said. And she could read the implication: that it was nothing unusual.

"Do I strike you as the girl-friend of a married man?"

"I meant no harm, Chini."

She burst into tears. "You were deceiving me!"

They had told her jokingly—the knowledgeable ones—that in Nigeria a girl had one of two choices. They told her that if she did not find a man before the end of her training in Britain, when she returned to Nigeria, she would meet men who were already settled, but who would want to take advantage of her desire to get married. She had laughed when they said this.

She looked down now at the warm hand on her lap. She studied the intent eyes of François. Her meeting with him had been something stiff and odd. Of all places, they had met at an international seminar on African Culture.

FRANÇOIS FOUND IT WAS SOOTHING, healing almost, to sit in the air-conditioned room where books, paintings and sculpture by Africans were displayed.

Chini with two ear-phones smartly clipped to her ears, sat at the horseshoe-shaped table while the men talked. The interpreters talked at a somewhat slower pace, translating freely. François was speaking with so much animation that at one point, the translator seemed to hang in midair. She pressed her fingers together so as to split out the precise shade of meaning, but François rattled onwards without a break spouting out the words with real enthusiasm.

"... That is why one must be led to the conclusion that the Imperialist powers have left us with a doubtful legacy. The lace-doyley *petit-bourgeois* atmosphere of the educated class in Africa and other once dependent territories, is a sad commentary on the Imperialist's belief

that African Culture, or indeed, any other culture, can look after itself.

"... The time has come now, when ..."

During the tea break, the delegates split into a handful of animated groups. They talked of the paper François had just read. They fingered the books and art works on display. Chini went over with them to see the books. She picked up a copy of *The Palm Wine Drinkard* and read the first few lines: *I was a Palm Wine Drinkard since I was a boy of ten years of age. I had no other work more to drink palmwine in my life. In those days we did not know other money, except Cowries, so that everything was very cheap, and my father was the richest man in our town.*

She was fascinated. She felt an elation, a sudden inclination to sing and shout about her discovery.

"Now, that is real African writing," said the man towering above her. "The author of that—he had sensitiveness. He alone among them somehow managed to fall through the bottom of the educational sieve before all the original genius was shaken out of him ..."

He spoke a strange French-English, a musical language rendered all the more charming by his delicacy of feeling. She was to associate this particular brand of English with François. Half what he said she did not understand but it coincided with her present yearnings. At the same time, it would not be good manners not to understand what was being discussed at a conference of which she had been sent as a verbatim reporter.

They talked about Nigerian writers. She found that he knew them all and their works. He spoke of *Things Fall Apart* as though he and Chinua Achebe had lived together as colleagues while he was writing it. He picked up *Jagua Nana* and told her he liked Cyprian Ekwensi's sense of scene but hated his sophistication. He was enthusiastic about the poetry of Gabriel Okara. But most of all he was rather disappointed with the slowness of Ghana. Some great work would, he felt, come out of Ghana, but it had been a long time coming. No other nation in West Africa he said, was so conscious of literature, music and art as Ghana. The newspapers never seemed to mention this, which was a pity. They were more interested in shouting aloud Ghana's interpretation of democracy.

They drifted from books to coffee and from coffee to themselves. François must be about six feet in height. At this conference he wore a red shirt rolled up to the elbows, displaying a fine down of brown hairs on his forearms. A perpetual smile curled the corners of his mouth, as though he knew what they knew about the professors, critics, anthropologists and observers who were gathered to talk about "African Culture".

Most of the people who came to the conference were oddly dressed. Chini had taken the trouble to be superbly groomed. Her hair was gathered in a little pig-tail at the back and she floated the extra yards of delicate print over her arm. For some reason her scrupulousness seemed to be a burden now. She felt out of place until glancing across the table she caught sight of a dazzling young woman who also appeared to be taking notes. She wore a pale blue transparent nylon material, lighter than the wind and thrice as clinging. Her face was made up in a manner Max Factor would have approved, even for an African woman. Chini learnt later that this woman was a reporter from Radio Nigeria.

"I am a Secretary-Typist", Chini said, answering François's question. She smiled. "One of eighteen Secretaries."

"You have always spoken English?"

"Yes."

"You write?"

"No. But I read what they write. I was sent here to report. No I don't write. I read: mainly love stories."

His face flushed. She felt she had said something out of place, and tried to rectify it. "The first love story I ever really enjoyed was *When Love Whispers*."

"I see! . . . I've never heard of it."

"A long time ago. I was in the convent then." She remembered the story clearly, and promptly began to tell him about it. But somewhere in the middle she realised that the tone of this conference was set too high for glib talk, and she kept quiet so suddenly that an emptiness descended on them in the large hall, though everyone seemed to be babbling away.

At this point the bell rang and they resumed their seats.

CHINI STILL WORKS in Lagos. They will tell you about her—those who know, and sigh and shake their heads. You do not need to look too closely to see why she was the flash-point of that international controversy. But she is very cool now, very calm, very collected. She is so efficient that sometimes her boss calls her to his inner office and says, "Look, Chi . . . you are working too hard. Take some rest."

And she smiles, that mysterious smile of hers and says: "Am I? . . . I like to work hard for my country."

When she talks in this manner her boss hastily stubs his cigarette and frowns in silence. It seems she has touched something very deep.

"May I go now?"

A slow smile grows on her employer's face and he talks without paying any attention to her.

"We have all had misfortunes, you know. You must not live with your own all your life. François is dead, through no fault of yours. It's true you loved him . . . But that was unfortunate."

Already she is crying. She is unable to stand up any more and she looks round and slumps into a seat. Her employer is talking to her now as a friend; as a man who knows her worth and realises that her efficiency is bound up with her personal happiness.

"Can't you find some other young man? Look, Chi. You do not go out nearly enough. You—oh, what's the use?"

He was exasperated. This man who could sway multitudes with his soft persuasive voice was exasperated before her, before Chi—his own typist.

When he had talked and talked she knew that he was talking from the other side of the wall. Her feminine stubbornness was standing between her and him and she could not see him—or even hear him.

## A few nights and days

—Chapter one

MBELLA  
SONNE  
DIPOKO

"DOUMBE, why don't you want to meet my parents?" Thérèse asked. We were in bed.

She was nineteen. She liked to carry her hair long over her shoulders and back. She was a geography student. She was slender, but broad-hipped. She didn't like her hips. She would have liked them to be narrow; and she was big at her backside—heavy there really; and that too she didn't like at all. From the start I was very fond of her. She had such an attractive face; simple eyes and rounded lips.

"Your parents?" I asked.

"Yes. Why don't you want to meet them?"

Her father had a firm in Africa, in the Ivory Coast.

"One of these days."

"But when?"

"I don't know . . . Give me a bit . . ."

"Non!" she protested.

"Allons!"

"When will you meet them? At least my mother?"

"I've told you, one of these days."

"But when?"

"I'll tell you after . . ."

"You always say that."

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

I breathed deeply—in, then out.

"Listen . . ."

"Why are you in such a hurry? It won't run away."

"You too are in a hurry. Your parents won't run away."

"But Doumbe, I can't understand you."

"Come on. You'll understand me after."

"Yes! I'm no longer naive."

"But Thérèse!"

"When will you meet *maman*?"

I didn't reply. After a minute or two of silence, I sighed:

"Umm."

"Umm what?" she asked. "You won't reply?"

"Next week, all right?"

MBELLA SONNE DIPOKO, author of this first novel, *A Few Nights and Days*, to be published by Longmans in July 1966, is a Camerounian writer and poet now living in Paris who has the distinction of writing in both French and English. His poems have been published in *The New African*, *Transition*, and *Montparnasse Review*. *A Few Nights and Days* is the story of an African student in Paris whose casual affair with a French girl leads him into deeper emotional involvement with her which is blocked only by her father. Failure to get parental approval leads to tragedy when the girl finally commits suicide. Ironically the African student gets off the hook that way.

This pre-publication extract from an important Camerounian first novel sets a scene which reverses the roles of the French and African lovers in Cyprian Ekwensi's story (p 51)

"Sûr?"

"Umm."

"Sûr, sûr?"

"Yes."

Her feelings for me were a mixture of love and gratefulness; mine were tinged with a profound sense of responsibility. I was the first man to touch her and talk to her of desire. When I had said she was pretty she said I was lying. If she were pretty why didn't the boys talk to her? I told her that there was no hurry in those things. She replied that some girls got married at fifteen. Many girls began going out with boys at sixteen, even earlier. But she had been alone. Alone. She hadn't even girl friends until nine months ago when her mother took on Bibi, a Swedish girl who did house-keeping for them in exchange for board and lodging and a few francs.

Thérèse liked Bibi very much. It was through Bibi that I met Thérèse. I had gone to a dance and had asked a girl to dance with me. As we danced she said her name was Bibi; and I told her my name. I had then dropped a hint to the effect that I wanted to become acquainted. But she said she had a French boy friend so she couldn't be more than ordinary friends with me. I said that was all right with me.

Then one day I saw her on the Boulevard Saint Michel with another girl—Thérèse. I talked to Bibi and she introduced Thérèse to me. We went into a café and talked and joked and laughed. Bibi went to the telephone box. That was when I told Thérèse that she shouldn't be surprised; but I thought I liked her. I meant it. I would love to see her, alone, I said, sometime. How about her meeting me in that same café the following day? At three in the afternoon?

She said she didn't know whether or not she would be able to make it.

Bibi returned from the telephone box.

I told her that I thought her friend was charming. I really meant it.

Bibi put her hand maternally on Thérèse's shoulder, and tilted her head sideways to look into Thérèse's face.

Thérèse was shy.

The next day she turned up for the date in that same café. That was how it began.

Now it wasn't only meeting Thérèse. I had to meet her parents as well, at least her mother, as she herself had just said.

I knew what that meant. I wasn't really against it; but I didn't want to be rushed into anything, or rather rushed into it, since I knew what meeting her parents would mean; what it could lead to. I liked Thérèse very much and her profound sense of solitude made me feel very much attached to her. I thought she had even more need for me than she seemed to realize. I had taught her to hope, taught her to