

Chloe's chronicles continued – PART4: GOING TO FORM 3

A Jumbled Up Array of Experiences - I am Always Wondering

My mother insists I write this message to my aunts and uncles who have been praying for me through my second year at Saker. But most especially she says my message will inspire a few young “Sakerettes to be” or completely put them off based on my reality stories.

My experience in form 2 is for the most part similar to that of form 1 only with a splash of nearly a senior student. As I sail through my daily chores of scrubbing the dormitory, table serving, table captain, pots washing and most especially keeping my very own property clean and organized I don't lose focus on time keeping as this is crucial in keeping your name out of the punishment list. Luckily, I don't get to do all these chores on one day as they chop and change as the case may be. While I struggled with some of these activities in form one, they were less challenging in my second year hence I never had my name on the punishment list all year – this I am particularly proud of.

Outside general housekeeping, dormitory life is full of activities and events which will all nicely fit in an 80 leaves exercise book. Some bring forth sadness and others laughter. The saddest parts for me is when my things disappear or when the dorm cap is particularly grumpy but for the most part laughter and shock prevails – poo suddenly finds itself on the lawn and I wonder how and why?, buckets of water decorated with a floating pant each and I wonder what's the reason – I understand it is to stop your water from migrating and I join the dip pant cult, a girl smuggles in apple juice look-alike alcohol and a few drunken students are discovered. Some end up in hospital for some sort of intoxication. This leads to dismissal and suspension and I am left wondering why such harsh punishment when my parents drink alcohol but never ends up in hospital. I figure out I should warn mum to stay away from any apple juice type alcohol. All of these are boarding school life my mum says, but then again nothing surprises her. I am left wondering if she had same or worse in her time.

One day I went for my early morning rushed bucket bath and upon my return I could not find my glasses. This was the worst day for me. I know my mum will wear an ugly face and call me careless. I prayed that the saying “Saker girls don't steal; they only take” is well and truly true because if someone “took”, they would sure “return”, right? Phew! They were found after a thorough search. Don't ask me where they were found; but they were found.

Another thing! My sandals look peculiar because they are orthopaedic – this seems to be a major concern for many Saker girls who are not doctors themselves – why does Chloe wear different type sandals? – “*patcher*”, because she is white she can do whatever she wants – that's how this Saker is”... I hear some girls saying. Truth is, I hate those sandals. They are not pretty at all. In fact my aunts call them Jesus sandals – so you can imagine they are nowhere near fashionable (Pic 1 with sandals).

Likes and dislikes: I hate corn chaff when out-of-season corn is used; it really is “chaff” – so I just eat the beans. Warning! Never eat the sauce/soup of the beans because you are bound to queue for the toilet! Just eat the grains. My best meal is on Sunday afternoon- I wouldn't tell you

what that is. Most of my pocket money is spent on Tampico and “fullery” - 2 drinks sold at school. I just love them. My mum warns I will catch typhoid from these drinks but 2 years on, I await Mr. Typhoid. Coming from France you would think I was a fan of snails - didn't like them at all. But now I indulge on them when mami nyamangoro comes under the tree. However, I have noticed that the nyamangoro lady keeps reducing the number of snails per stick so 500 frs. doesn't go too far. I therefore plan to ask my dad to increase

my banking money. I like 11 February (Pic 2) and 20th May, I enjoy the marching practice and the days' competitions but the sun is scotching I must say. This year I march from the front line. I was pleased because it meant I march well but my mum says it is probably because I am one of the smallest. My brother says I have 2 left feet... so could never be a good marcher hmmm Ben, always very cheeky (Pic 3 meet Ben). Some weekends we celebrate birthdays and after exams we celebrate every day – rasta week we call it. Invitees come to the parties with some sweets or biscuits or drinks. We tell stories about our experiences from home especially things that happen in villages (most of which I have come to understand are made up, so I make mine up too, only problem is I don't know my village, so I talk about Nottingham), we sing the happy birthday song several times over, we also sing and dance some pop music; Rhianna's Diamonds, Ketty Perry's Roar are well loved and Lady Gaga's songs are popular.

Overall I enjoyed my second year better, chores seem easier, I made more friends, understood teachers better and even had better grades. I now look forward to my third year as I prepare my mind to be a senior student and promise to look after my cousin Amaris who will be a fresher. I know I will miss home especially after a fantastic holiday's in Malta, Monaco, France and England but I understand I have to study hard and achieve my own goals – which for now I don't know for sure what they are.