

The OTHER SIDE OF TRUTH

WEEK 2 LESSON 4 LI: I can imagine and convey a conversation between characters





SC: I have juxtaposed speech and action SC: I have used adverbial openers SC: I have used similes to describe characters' feelings

EXT: I have used metaphor (personification) for dramatic effect

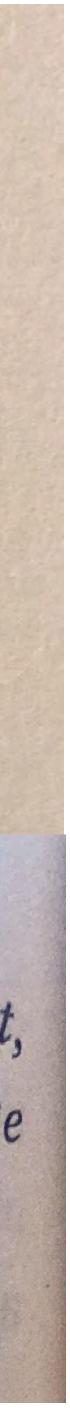


LI: I can interpret a metaphorical tale

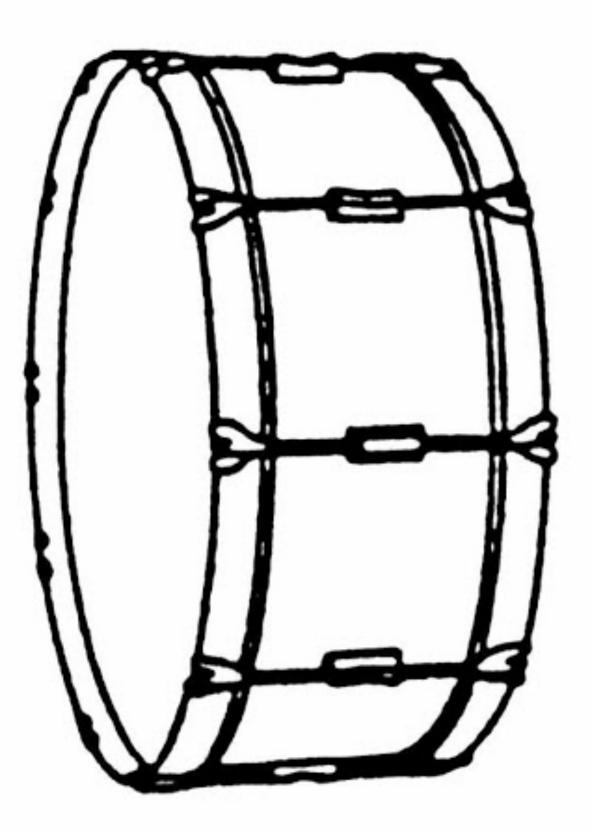
Analogy: a comparison between one thing and another, typically for the purpose of explanation

slow down! Think! Remember the children who entered the forest all on their own? When they met the small drum and heard it thumping, they should have stopped. Instead they jumped over it and travelled in deeper. The medium-sized drum tried to warn them too but they just raced around it and got even more lost. So it was too late by the time they stumbled into the largest drum ... the swallowing drum! It gulped them

down. And that would have been that except, luckily for them, their mother came to rescue them. But your mother can't.



Which story event so far might equate to the small drum?

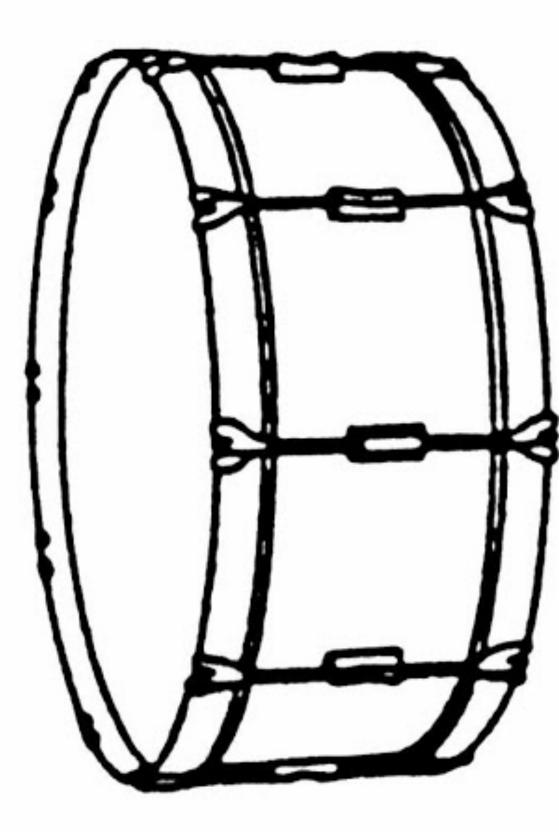


Which story event so far might equate to the small drum?

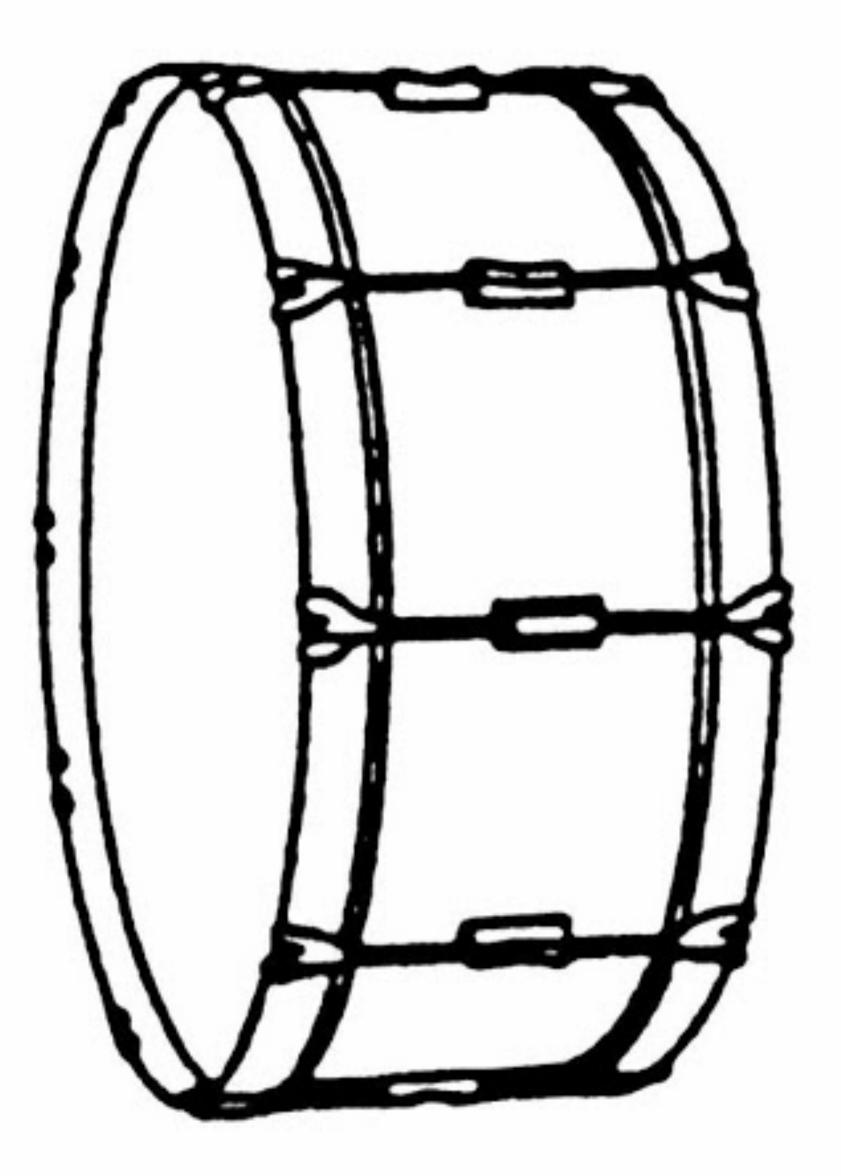
Seeing the baby crocodile skins

Strangers assuming they are beggars

Having to share a room with foster family



Which story event might equate to the medium drum?



Which story event might equate to the medium drum?

Damage done to the purse by Pepper Red Lips

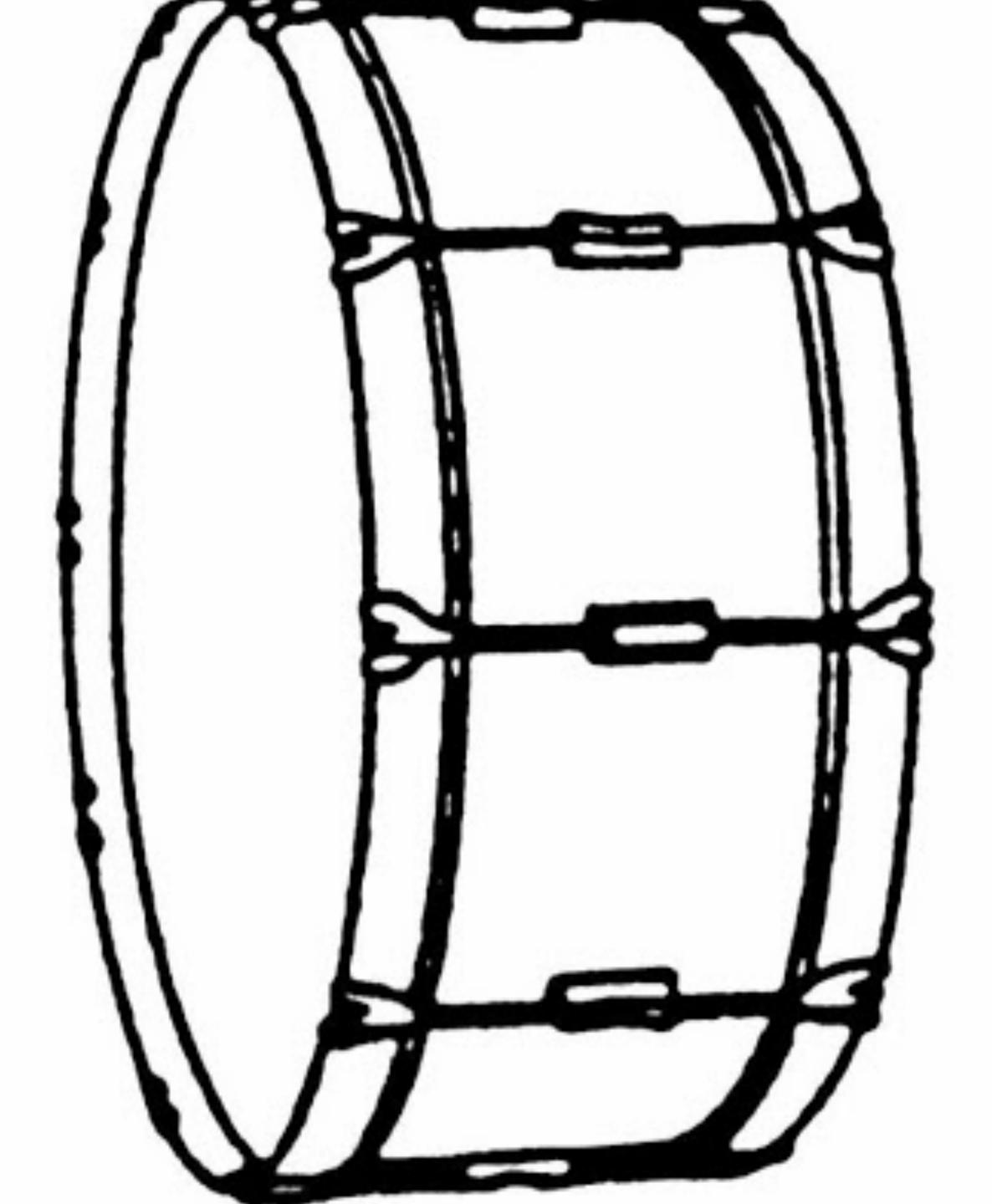
The physical discomfort of being so cold in London

Encounter with the alleyway man





Which story event might equate to the swallowing drum?

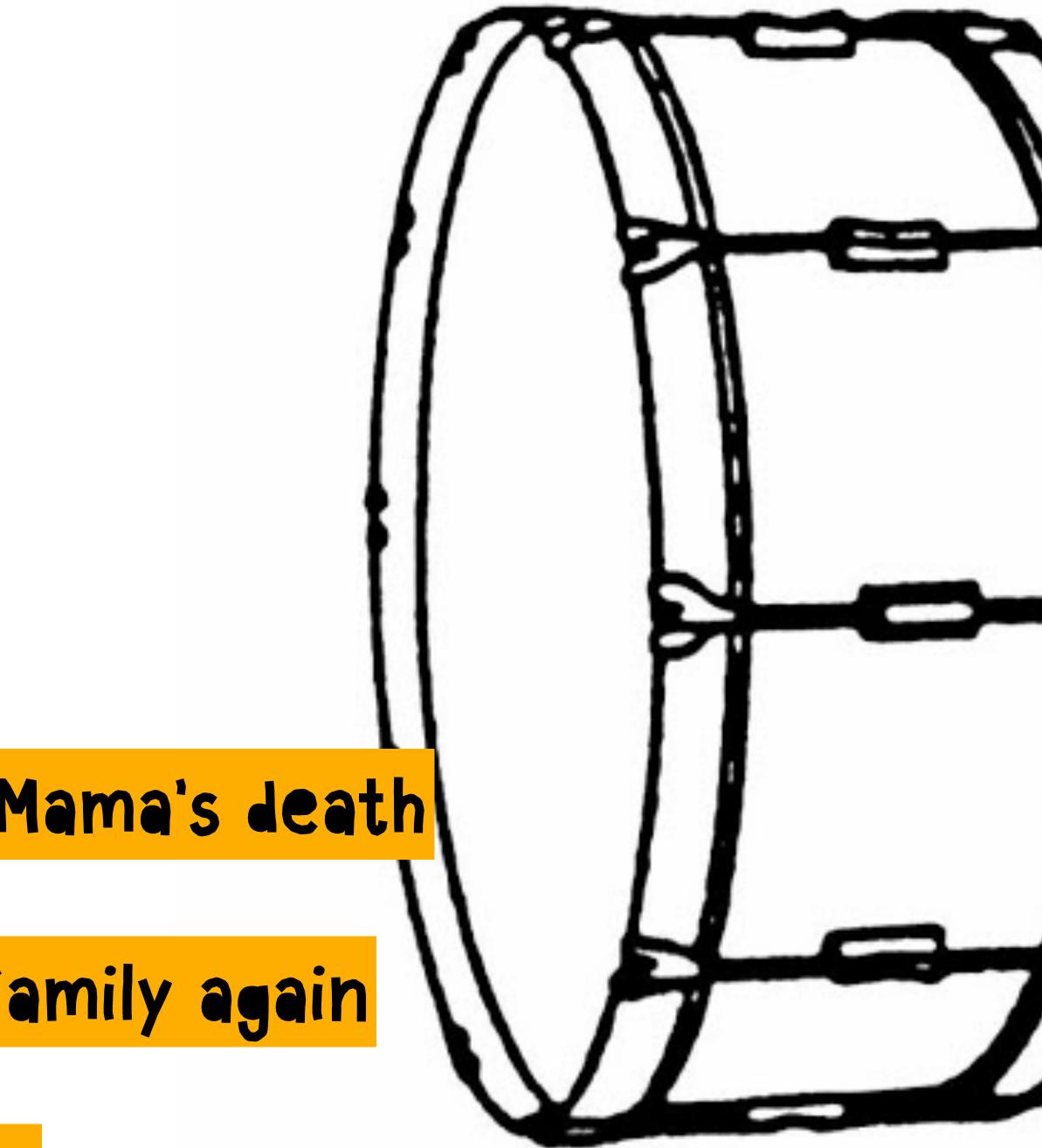


Which story event might equate to the swallowing drum?

The persisting pain linked with Mama's death

Uncertainty at ever seeing family again

Utter fear of police





Our reflections on Papa's drum analogy is a useful way to recap story events so far.

Keep these in mind: these will help you when it comes to today's writing task.



16. Refugees?

TYAWO-JENNY put her arm gently around Sade's shoulder, trying to comfort her. Femi shifted out of reach, further along the sofa. Iyawo-Jenny tried a few more 'Yes/No' questions, which Sade answered in small nods and shakes. But the Social Worker did not learn much more. Only that the children had come without their parents and that something unexpected had happened in Nigeria. Something dangerous enough for the children to be sent to London. But she learned nothing about what had actually happened to Mama and Papa. And also nothing about Mrs Bankole or Uncle Dele.

'It sounds as if we shall have to apply for asylum for you,' Iyawo-Jenny said finally. 'That means

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asking if you can stay here for reasons of safety. You know, to be treated as refugees. Nigeria has been in the news a lot because of what happened to Ken Saro-Wiwa.'

The surprise must have shown in Sade's face. Mr Saro-Wiwa had been at university with Uncle Tunde in Ibadan. Papa had been writing about him and the other Ogoni leaders locked up in jail. Papa's newspaper had been protesting for months that the Brass Buttons weren't going to give them a fair trial.

'Aahh, that poor man! Terrible what they did to him, wasn't it?' Mrs Graham had come in from the kitchen. 'So are these two from that same country, all the way from Africa then? And there's me thinking you'd just had a little spot of bother at home down the road!'

Iyawo-Jenny's midnight-calm eyes were solemn as she turned to the children. 'Try not to worry too much. Whatever it was, you have obviously had a frightening experience. You can tell us more when you're feeling a little better.'

She explained that Mrs Graham would take them to buy some winter clothes and that they would stay with her for a few days until other arrangements could be made. If possible, Iyawo-Jenny said she

Refugees?

wanted to find a Nigerian family to take care

of them. Sade returned to the bedroom. She curled up on the camp bed under the quilt to think about what Iyawo-Jenny had said. Refugees? They were those winding lines of starving people, with stickthin children. People who carried their few possessions in dusty cotton bundles, struggling across deserts and mountains. Refugees were people trying to escape famine and war. You saw them on television. Were she and Femi really refugees? She wondered if she had done the right thing, not giving their true surname. It was so difficult to know what was right and wrong any more. And doing the right thing could lead to awful things happening. Mama knew that. She had tried to warn Papa. They had heard the shocking news about Mr Saro-Wiwa on Papa's World Service, sitting together at the dining table.

'It has been confirmed that this morning the Nigerian authorities executed the political activist and writer Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight other Ogonis...

Papa's head is bowed in his hands. Mama prays. Sade and Femi join her. Even Papa joins in the 'Amen'. Afterwards Mama implores in her tender way.

'Please, Folarin, please take care. If they can do this to Ken, they will do anything. These people don't care even what the whole world thinks.'

'I shall be careful, don't worry.' Papa's face is sombre. 'But I have to be able to face myself in the mirror. And our children need to know that bad men succeed when the rest of us look the other way.'

Papa had spent the whole weekend working furiously on an article about the executions. That's why he had been eager to get to the office early that morning. On the day the gunmen came...

Mrs Graham put her head around the door. Her next-door neighbour had a daughter Sade's age and might be able to lend Sade a few warm clothes. Did Sade want to come with her? When Sade shook her head, Mrs Graham didn't try to

'Will you be all right on your own? I'm only next door. Expect you just want to get used to things, don't you? Jenny says she'll sort out the

Refugees?

money and we'll go and buy some new clothes

tomorrow, yeah?' After she heard the front door close, Sade slipped back to Femi in front of the television. supped anded, Superman was knocking out a bunch of mean-looking guards. The people who had been rescued were gasping, then smiling with relief. There was a lot of shaking hands and congratulations before Superman flew up and away into the sky. The programme that followed was much less exciting. Four people sitting behind a long table, talking.

'Too boring!' said Femi, turning off the button. Sade wanted to talk.

'Femi, was it all right, giving Mama's name - to the lady this morning?' Sade was anxious to know what he thought. Ignoring the question, Femi wandered over to the sideboard. Sade followed.

A telephone and a thick directory lay beside a silver-framed photograph of a little boy with a maroon bow tie, dark twinkling eyes and a head full of black curls. It looked like Kevin when he was younger. Another photograph showed him in the same outfit laughing as he sat on Mrs Graham's lap. There was no picture of Mr Graham. Femi began flicking through the pages of the book.

'See if Uncle Dele is there!' Sade felt a wave of hope. Of course, why hadn't they thought of looking in a directory yesterday? The excitement didn't last long. There was not a single 'Solaja'.

Femi went on browsing.

'Look! Nigeria!' Femi had found a list of codes for different countries with names of towns and cities. Abeokuta . . . Ibadan . . . Kano . . . Lagos.

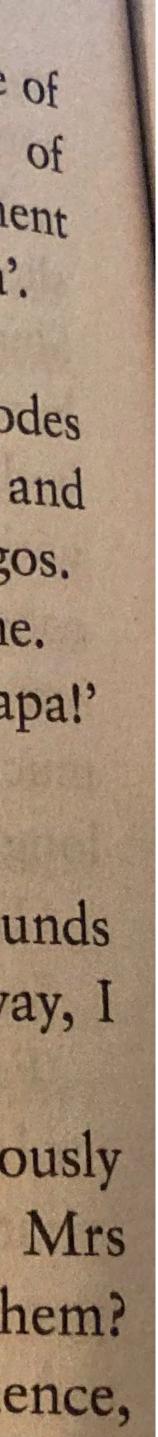
Femi picked up the handset of the telephone.

'Let's try to ring, Sade - I want to talk to Papa!' he pleaded.

'It costs a lot. We must ask first.'

'I just want to hear what the ringing sounds like from here. I'll put it down straight away, I promise!'

As Femi dialled, Sade's eyes switched nervously back and forth to the front door. What if Mrs Graham came back right away and found them? Femi tapped the final digit. There was silence,



Friday 5th March 2021 LI: I can imagine and convey a conversation between characters



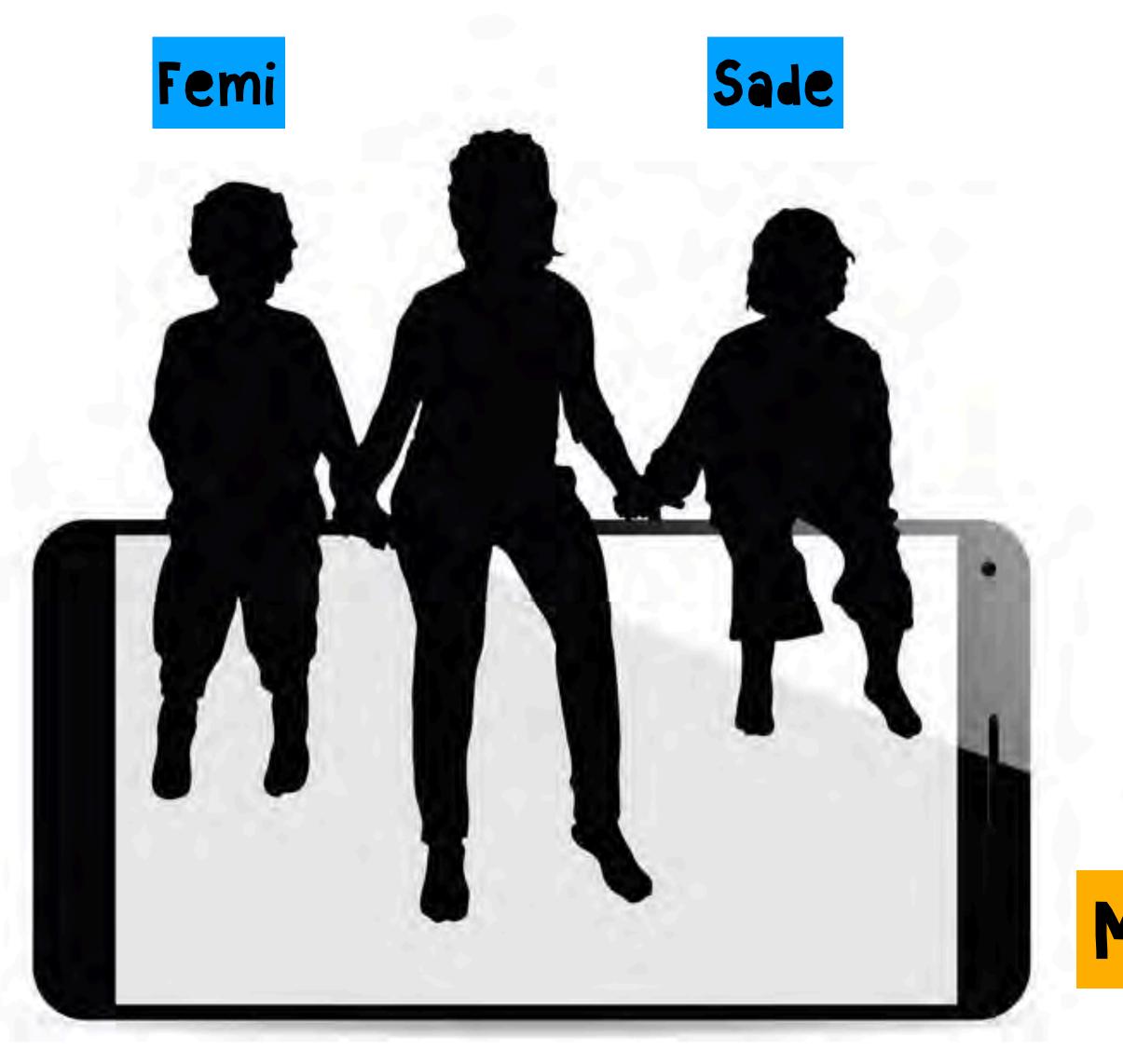


Imagine the conversation between Femi and Papa on the telephone, "if" Femi were to get through to Papa.









What would Femi tell Papa?

Would Femi leave anything out?

Why might he do so?

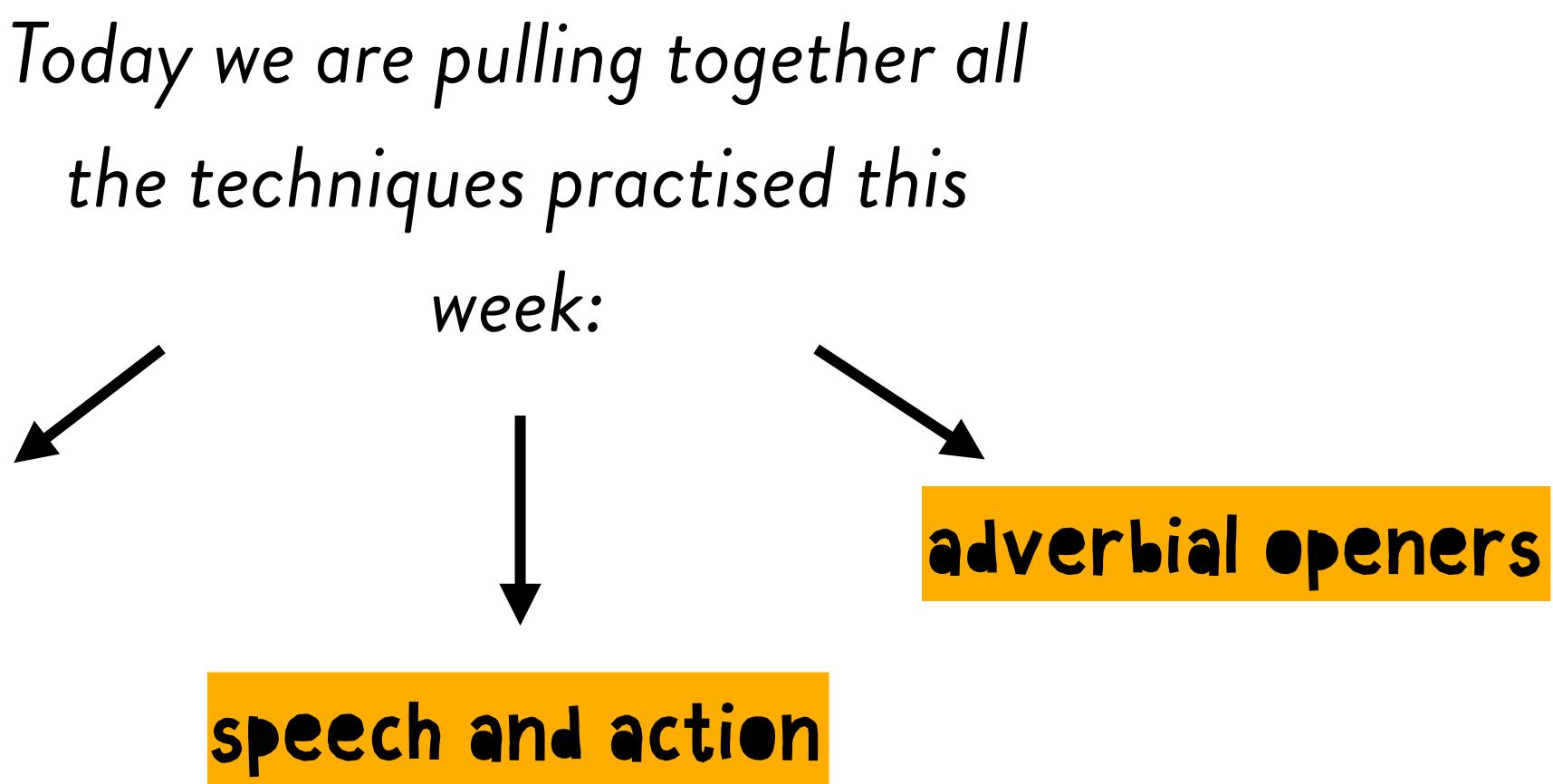
What would he ask Papa?

Might Sade interrupt the phone call?



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Femi, this place It save, Sade whispercu. wors walking down the allergivay, Heboomed at them, "Clear of he snatched their bag and took expaorsted fet-black figure wars wall place is mine! Go avoy! as his own, "Mine now What do your emi lel 5 are much now... "Sade and Ferri Nost their Marna, Uncle Dele, Mrz Bankole and their clothes in the place of video shop. norror, they had

By Ed the extraordinary



Things to possibly include in Femi's conversation with Papa:





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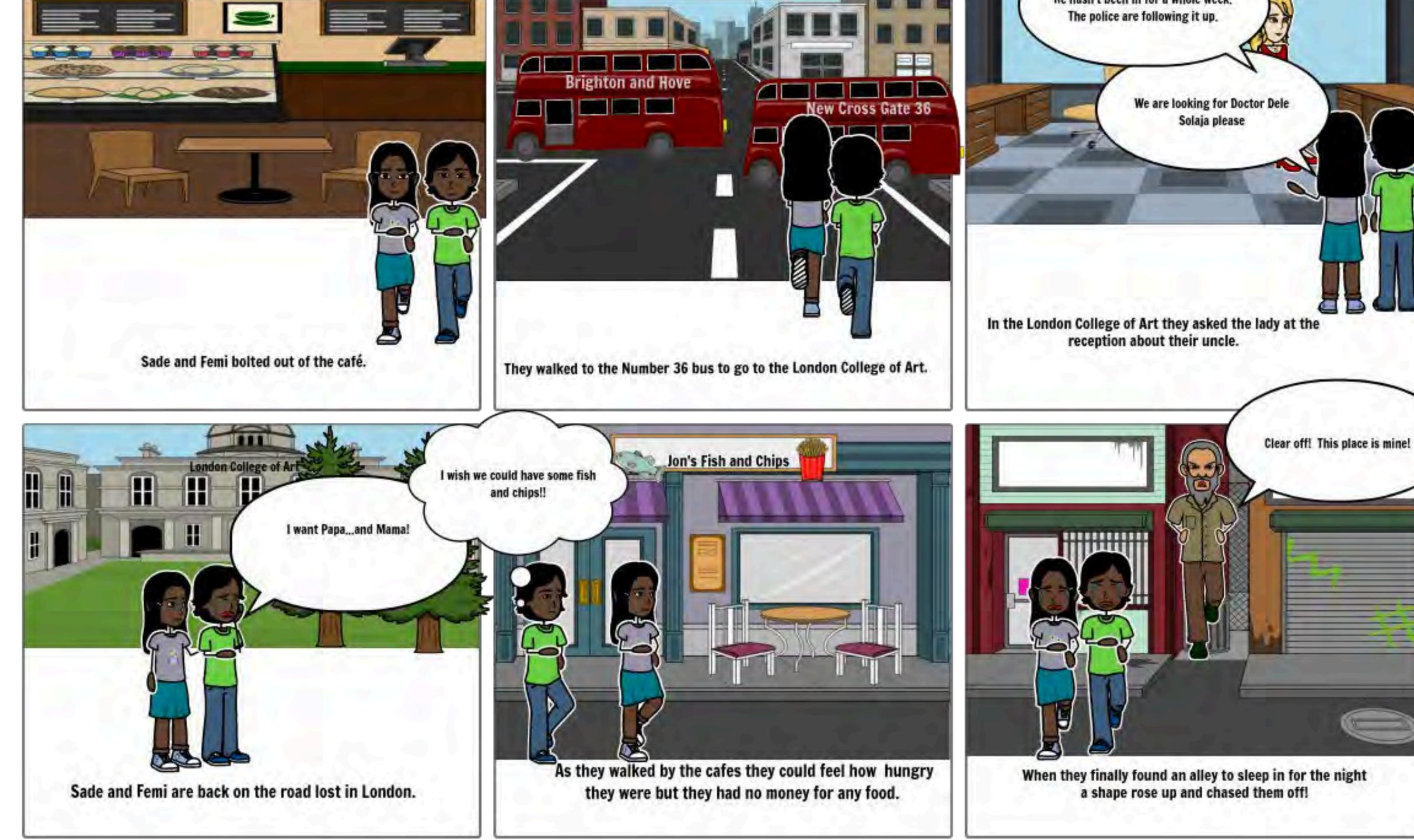
She see's some things that were at home.

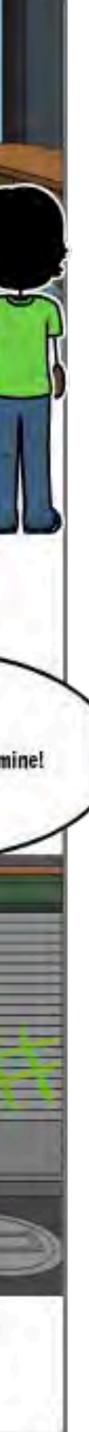
She gets upset about it.

She goes into a toilet cubicle to cry.



miss bankole was abandoning the kids so she and her husband can be happy





LI: I can imagine and convey a conversation between characters

"Oh P-Papa! I..." Femi broke off, overcome by feeling. London?"

have so much to tell you..."

- The phone line clicked and Femi heard Papa's voice answer nervously. "Yes, hello?"
- "Femi! Is that you son? Oh my; I cannot tell you how relieved I am to hear your voice! How are you - are you safely with Uncle Dele? Has he helped you settle in? How is
- "I, it..." Stumbling over his words, Femi felt it was as if they were clumsy, awkward bricks that refused to stack neatly together to build sentences. His mouth was so dry and he couldn't imagine where to begin. What they had been through already in just over 24 hours was so difficult to express. The confusion. The fright. The loss. And yet, here was Papa on the line. Surely everything would be okay. He could help. "Papa, we

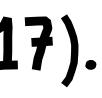


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Class book: read pages 118 – 130 (rest of chapter 16 and all of chapter 17).



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'I just want to hear what the ringing sounds like from here. I'll put it down straight away, I promise!'

• As Femi dialled, Sade's eyes switched nervously back and forth to the front door. What if Mrs Graham came back right away and found them? Femi tapped the final digit. There was silence, then some clicks and silence again. Femi sucked in his breath. He was not going to give up. Checking the code, he dialled again. Once more there was silence then clicks. But this time they were followed by a high-pitched hum. Whatever it was, it wasn't a telephone ringing.

Refugees?

In the evening, when Kevin was sprawled out on the sofa and the twins already in bed, Sade went to Mrs Graham in the kitchen. She had been answering Mrs Graham's questions with nods and shakes of her head. Now she would have to talk.

'Can you help us make a call to our uncle in Nigeria, please?' The question came out as a whisper. Mrs Graham stopped wiping the table and asked Sade to repeat it. Femi hung by the doorway, watching. They had decided it was best not to mention Papa.

'Ooh dear, that's going to be a bit expensive! D'you know what I'm saying?' said Mrs Graham when she had understood. 'Perhaps the Social Workers can do it for you at their office? Yeah, why don't we ask them tomorrow?'

Sade was silent. They needed to speak to Papa now, not tomorrow. Her eyes misted over and Mrs Graham put down her cloth.

'All right, all right!' she reassured the children. 'We don't want tears. Let's make the call and I'll sort out the money with Jenny later.'

Yeah, that's typical, Mum!' Kevin had come ^{up} behind Femi. 'You don't even let me chat with ^{my} mates, going on about your phone bill.'

'Don't be cheeky, young man! You see your friends every day at school. So don't go comparing yourself with Sade and Femi.' Mrs Graham looked at him sharply.

'Oh yeah, yeah, yeah!' Kevin crooned, ambling back to the sofa.

Sade jotted down their home number on the telephone pad while Mrs Graham got lost in the directory searching for the code to Nigeria. The children had to bite their lips not to tell her where to find it. Sade explained that their uncle lived in Lagos. She was sure that Mrs Graham would pass on the information to Iyawo-Jenny. When Mrs Graham finally dialled, Sade willed the clicks to end, to switch to the ringing tone. Would Papa still be at home, she wondered? Or had Uncle Tunde persuaded him to go somewhere safer? If Papa wasn't there, Joseph would be. They never left the house completely empty. Joseph always looked after it for them. She could already imagine the surprise and delight in his voice at hearing them speak all the way from London. Whoever answered, she would talk in Yoruba, so Mrs Graham would not understand.

But the clicks were followed by silence. Mrs Graham tried twice more. It was the same every time. 'Do you have trouble with your phones in Nigeria then?' she asked. Sade didn't know what to say. 'Well, well! This is turning into quite a palaver, d'you know what I mean? I'll get the operator to check it for us.' Mrs Graham sighed.

The operator called back thirty minutes later. He had spoken to someone at the telephone exchange in Nigeria who had checked the number. The report was that the line had been cut off. It was completely dead.

17. Lies Thicken

THE elegant lady at the door reminded Sade so strongly of Mama Buki that she was taken aback. It was something in the lady's assured, confident face. Her black and green gele was also wrapped above her broad forehead in Mama Buki's favourite style, the corners of the headscarf perched up like the tails of two little birds. Iyawo-Jenny stood beside her, smiling.

'Mrs Appiah is from Ghana. She works for the Refugee Council here. She's an Adviser for Refugee Children and I've brought her to meet you and Femi.'

'Thank y-' Sade dropped her voice to a mumble. She suddenly realized that she didn't know what to call Iyawo-Jenny. Yesterday the Social Worker had introduced herself simply as 'Jenny'. Back at home, for children to call her by her first name would be rude.

'May we come in?' asked Iyawo-Jenny. Sade pressed backwards against the door, embarrassed.

Mrs Appiah talked with the children as if she had always known them but simply hadn't seen them for a while. She asked about school, their teachers and friends and their favourite games. She spoke in a way that made it almost seem that everything was normal. Like Iyawo-Jenny, she began with questions that could be answered without speaking. She had a way of probing and smiling, just like Mama Buki too. In between her questions, she told them about her own days at school, stories about friends and rivals, fearsome teachers and getting into trouble. Slowly she coaxed Sade into single words, then into short sentences. Even Femi was drawn into listening and finally into whispering the number of goals he had scored for his school football team last term.

Iyawo-Jenny slipped away, leaving the three of them alone on the sofa.

'Tell me now – how are things there at home?' Mrs Appiah asked gently.

Sade winced and shut her eyes. It was as if another blanket had been thrown over her, smothering her voice and everything else. She felt Mrs Appiah taking her hand. Sade wanted to pull it back but the strong warm grip held it firmly yet without squeezing.

'I can tell that something terrible has happened _ it's hard for you to speak about it - but it's very important - so we can help you ... and call me Auntie or Mama, like children back there, at your home.'

Softly and surely, the words threaded through Sade's darkness. An arm enclosed her.

She is silently wrapped in Mama Buki's arms, Mama Buki is reaching out to pull Femi in. Sade feels him soften as their aunt presses them close. They are enclosed in the heat of the day and the warmth of Mama Buki's body. But the sound of weeping winds its way through the house, seeking her out, seeping into her.

Great sobs stirred inside Sade like gusts of wind whipping up palm leaves before a storm. 'We all need to cry sometimes,' Mama Appiah consoled quietly. 'Cry and let it out.'

Sade gave up trying to hold back her tears.

She wasn't sure for how long she cried, but slowly, as her crying began to subside, she became aware of how comforting Mama Appiah's arm felt. She glanced at Femi. He was silent and dryeyed but with a look of such sadness that Sade's tears threatened to swell up again.

When you are ready, I want you both to help me understand your story,' said Mama Appiah. The birds' tails swooped gently with her gele as she turned to each of them.

'Take all the time you need.'

For a while Sade sat tongue-tied. Conflicting thoughts raced through her brain. Part of her wanted to tell Mama Appiah the whole truth, including that she had given Iyawo-Jenny a false surname. But fear stopped her. When Papa was safely in England, then it would be different. They wouldn't need to worry any more about police and soldiers at home because Papa would be with them. Until then, it was better that they were Sade and Femi Adewale. Was it safe, at least, to tell Mama Appiah about Uncle Dele? If they didn't find him, how would Papa ever know where to look for them when he got to London? Perhaps Mama Appiah could help them. It was a risk they would have to take.

'Our uncle ... he's in London,' Sade began, 'but ... but we don't know where he is.'

Stumbling a little at first, she told how they had gone to the College of Art only to find that Uncle Dele was missing. She gave his name, Dr Solaja, but let Mama Appiah think that he was Mama's brother. When Mama Appiah asked how they had entered the country, Sade simply replied that they had come with 'a lady'. Mama Appiah didn't press any further.

Three days later, Mama Appiah escorted the children by bus from Mrs Graham's flat to the office of Mr Nathan, a 'refugee lawyer'. Sade flicked over the pages of a magazine in the small waiting room, trying to hide her nervousness. If this Mr Nathan was anything like Uncle Tunde, they could be in trouble. Papa used to joke that Uncle Tunde should have been a detective rather than a lawyer because he was so good at getting to the truth.

'Of course lawyers have to be good detectives! And if they are anything like your Uncle Tunde, they are also brain surgeons – looking inside their clients' heads!'

Did that mean this Mr Nathan would know when they weren't telling the truth? Sade had tried to talk with Femi about what they should say, but he refused to show any interest. All he seemed to do was watch television and play on his own with the twins' Lego. For the last few days, he had hardly even spoken to her.

The man who came out to shake hands with Mama Appiah limped across the room, one foot sweeping the carpet. He was short with a small wind-beaten face that made Sade think of an old sailor rather than a lawyer. A tuft of greying hair hung over his forehead down to his spectacles like a clutch of dried grass. He greeted Mama Appiah like an old friend before turning to the children and inviting them to follow him into his office. When he smiled, his grey-green eyes seemed to ripple and light up his face.

Leaning across a wooden desk that looked even more worn than himself, Mr Nathan began by explaining what they would have to do to get permission to stay in England. Sade soon lost track. Asylum, immigration officers, forms, questionnaires, interviews ... it all sounded strange and difficult. The desk was as untidy as Papa's, scattered with papers. A forest of books surrounded them, stretching from the floor to the ciling, while files stacked on the carpet rose up

like a thick undergrowth. But instead of the scented pink magnolias outside the window of Papa's study, the rain-stained glass revealed a dense cluster of dull brick and concrete buildings' under a drab sky.

It was only a short interview. Mama Appiah briefly told Mr Nathan what Sade had already told her, including the information about Uncle Dele. She had already made enquiries at the Art College herself and there was no further news of him. Mr Nathan wrote down the children's full names with Sade spelling out 'Folasade' and 'Olufemi Adewale'. Sade was relieved that Femi let her speak for him. In his 'don't care' mood he might easily give away their real names. Mr Nathan also asked for their dates and place of birth.

'So you are Nigerian,' he said. 'And is that where you have come from? Nigeria?' and an and the Statistic statistics

Sade nodded.

'Well, that's all we need at this stage to get you Temporary Admission. But later you will have to explain more about why your family thought you were in danger - and why they sent you here without proper passports. The immigration officers will also want to know how you came - How waters his starter samplies into the country.'

Although Mr Nathan spoke without any threat in his voice, his words triggered something in Femi, setting him off like a firecracker.

'We came with a lady but we don't know her name!' he blurted.

Sade stared at her brother.

'Did the lady tell you her name but you have forgotten it?' asked Mr Nathan. He scanned both children as Mrs Bankole's words rang in Sade's ears.

'If you tell anyone my name, my friend in Lagos will never help your father.'

Sade hesitated. Keeping quiet was easier than lying.

'She didn't tell us,' Femi mumbled.

'I'm sorry. I didn't hear that,' said Mr Nathan.

'Didn't tell us,' Femi repeated more loudly. He kept his eyes fixed on his new trainers, which were busy scuffing the carpet.

'You know it will be very important that you tell us everything but this will do for now.' Mr Nathan spoke patiently. Sade felt her cheeks were burning. Surely even Mama would have understood why they dare not tell the whole truth?