



Grace's Story

My name is Grace. I am 16 years old. My mother died of a long illness 3 years ago; my father a year before that. I am caring for my 2 brothers and my sister with the help of my aunt. A while ago, my aunt started becoming angry with me – always telling me I was useless and that I should be earning more money to support the family. She sent me to a “cousin” in the capital city. I thought I would be cleaning people’s houses.

My first night, “John” came to visit. I served him tea properly and went to the bedroom to rest, but John followed me and forced me to have sex with him. I cried the whole time.

The next morning, I talked to my cousin. She said that I should trust her and that she would help me. I told her I was a Christian and that this was wrong. She slapped me, pushed me into my room and locked the door. That night another man came.

Where I come from you have to listen and obey those who are older than you. You have no choice. My cousin makes me a special meal on Sundays. She must care about me. I used to love going to church on Sundays. When I first came to the city, I prayed all the time, but now I don’t because I am so sinful and ashamed. One night a policeman came to my room and I thought I was being rescued. But he raped me too. God must have seen that. He must have seen how evil I’ve become.