

# MY STORY, MY LIFE.

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GIRL CHILD EDUCATION  
The power of a Scholarship.



"This made me feel very bad and wished that I had never been born to suffer in this world. I wondered why I have never been happy even for once in my life".

HOPE,  
GRATITUDE,  
THE STRENGTH  
TO CARRY ON,  
THE  
DETERMINATION  
TO EVEN  
PERFORM  
BETTER IN LIFE,  
THE FEELING OF  
CLOSENESS TO  
THE UNSEEN  
POWER AND  
GUARDIAN  
ARE SOME OF  
THE IMPORTANT  
VIRTUES THAT A  
SCHOLARSHIP  
HOWEVER  
LITTLE IT IS  
INSTILLS IN  
NEEDY  
STUDENTS.

My story, my life.

I am a student of Msgr. Antoni Vignato

[Pick the date] [Edition 1, Volume 1]

School in Kitgum district in Uganda. I was born in 1997, on 24<sup>th</sup> Dec. My name is [REDACTED] Victoria a student of S. 3. I did not go to a nursery school because the school was far away from our home. When I was four (4) years, I was taken to Kampala to look after the baby of my Auntie's daughter. My mother accepted to let me go because she thought that they (my Auntie) would provide for my education. So I stayed two years without any sign of going to school let alone any discussion about my education. After two years, they got a sponsor from Europe for me. I started my P.1 to P.5 from a school in Kampala called Omega Primary School. But when my sponsor went back to their home country, she left the authority of my fees in the hands of her husband. Before leaving, she told me that the fees will be sent to my husband every school term but this was not the case. Her husband converted the use of the money for his personal gain and I had no voice since I did not have any contact as it was removed from me.

When I reached P.6, another person was paying my fees from Canada and this money was passed through my Auntie's daughter. So the money for my school fees was shared among three more children who were studying in better schools in Kampala. When I reached P.7, my Auntie decided to bring me back to the village claiming there is no body sending money for my fees. She tried to pay my fees even after bringing me back home but stopped since she had used the money for my fees for paying her children's fees. I was left to suffer without education. My mother being poor, old and a widow had no money to pay for my education. She grows crops and keeps animals in order to enable me stay in school. My dad died when I was still a baby and my mother is a single parent. My brothers and sisters did not go to school

because of lack of money to pay for their education so they are peasants.

As the New Year was approaching, the Primary Leaving Examinations result was released and I was in division 1 with 11 Aggregate. I was filled with joy and excitement of joining secondary education although at the back of my mind I knew there was no one to support my education. My mother sold all the harvests from crops grown in order for me to join Secondary School. I wanted that at least in my family, I join secondary education since it is isolated with illiteracy and had no future and because my people -relatives thought that I would never make it.

When I joined S.1, in Second term, I was under a scholarship until S.2 term III. As I was joining S.3 this year, there were some people who were conflicting with my mother over land. But when my mother refused to give away the land belonging to my grandfather, she and my brothers were arrested and taken to prison. I had to stay at home alone since my elder sisters are all married and in their homes. I had to cope up with the situation although I would cry all the time as those who arrested my mother would constantly tell me that my mother would never be released from prison. When the term I 2015 begun, I had no hope of continuing with my education. I had made a decision to stay at home since my mother who used to struggle and pay my fees was now in prison but one of my cousin sisters advised me to go to school as I wait for my mother to be released. I did not even have any requirements to take to school and was hopeless. I neglected myself as being useless. My mother sent words from prison saying I should stay at home this year and wait to join next year 2016 may be when she is finally released from prison. This made me feel very bad and wished that I had never been born to suffer

in this world. I wondered why I have never been happy even for once in my life.

I had to comfort myself with help from my relatives and friends and I decided to go back to school as a day scholar commuting from one of my Cousin's home in town although with no much hope. When it was approaching mid -term examination, the school needed money for fees paid which money I did not have. Before this, I was picked among the best ten (10) students by the Exams master on ground that our fees would be paid. I had mixed feelings thinking that such a thing could not happen to me. The next day I was sent home together with some students who had not also paid fees. I went straight to the village although I knew there was no one at home. I continued cultivating our gardens in the absence of my mother.

After two weeks, the clan members contributed money in order to pay for my mother to be released from prison and come back home. I also sold some harvests (food stuff) that was in the granaries to add on the money. All I was wishing for was my mother coming back home and not education any more. She was bailed out (a prisoner from out) and was to continue reporting to police. This made me happy although I knew she would be taken back to prison anytime. This same week, the school was announcing on radio searching for me to go back to school. I heard my name but wondered what the school wanted with me. The head teacher and senior woman teacher were searching for me and any contact to reach me. After two days, I came back to school with my uncle who was called on phone by the head teacher to bring me back to school. On arrival, everyone was happy on seeing me and my teachers were even happier. While in office, I was told that my school fees had been paid for the whole year (term I -III).I could not believe this. I thought it was a lie

but the head teacher and senior woman teacher were just laughing. It was a shock to me and the thought that I would study this year never crossed my mind till then. I was so excited to be back at school and felt I had a comforter, provider and guardian just

near as I sat there in the office although I had missed the exams I consoled myself saying next time better.

With this I now have hope that my future will be bright and I trust and believe God will bless my plan of becoming a

teacher. Thank you so much River Fund and all who are supporting you to reach out to people like myself! I shall forever remain indebted to this generosity.

