

Weh Ih Grani Doz Seh tu Ofeelya

Laas week, wi mi tank Miz OFELIA BROOKS ahn sen unu fi reed fi shee **"Mother Tongue."** Tudeh, wi di shyaa sohn a di frays ahn sentens eena Kriol ih Grani doz seh ... unu wahn injai fi shee stoari da:

<https://cutleafjournal.com/nonfiction/mother-tongue/>

"I walked into the hospital room and announced myself. I approached her slowly and pulled down my gold sequined mask to kiss her forehead. I caught her eyes glimmering and asked, "Do you want a mask like mine?" She nodded and interjected,

"Bot Ai noh waahn fi mi maas bee soh bizi bizi."

I sighed with relief. But I don't want my mask to be too busy, she had said. Although I couldn't speak a word of Kriol, I understood every one of hers.
...**Mikays, noh, mek wee geh bak faas.**

Hurry up, okay, so we can get back quickly. ... *Lef mi loan; yoo di dischrak mi fahn di teevee.* Leave me alone; you're distracting me from the TV.
when I was seven, she took me on a trip with her to the grocery store. She asked the cashier at the register,

"Ya ku chaynj dis dala intu foa kwaanaz fi mi?"

The cashier waved his hand at me, "Hey kid, what is she saying?" he demanded. "I cannot understand her. What does she want?" "She needs change for a dollar," I said, annoyed that he didn't understand what seemed perfectly understandable to me. The cashier's face illuminated and then I knew.

[Mikays goh reed "Mother Tongue" da:](https://cutleafjournal.com/nonfiction/mother-tongue/)
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