

The Village of Hidden Talents

Gentle Urban Sounds sounds fading as the dialogue starts

Narrator: Chimamanda's Adichie's family did well for themselves. Her father was a professor and her mother was an administrator. They were solidly in the middle-class, and even able to hire domestic help, a boy named Fide.

A cup falls to the floor.

Adichie (shouting): Mom, MOOOOOOM

Footsteps getting louder before coming to a stop

Mom: What do you want, Chimamanda?

Adichie: I spilled my Milk, can you help me pick it up?

Mom: Really you spilled Milk. We just moved into this new house and you are already making a mess. I'll have the new house boy clean it up. Fide!

Fide: Yes Ma'am

Mom: Would you clean up the milk that my clumsy daughter spilled:

Fide: Of course Ma'am

Mom: Thank You, Fide. Chimamanda, you have to be more careful. We are lucky to have the food we have. Not everyone has this much food. Fide's family have nothing, and you are lucky enough to have this milk. Don't spill and be more careful.

Adichie: I'm sorry. It was an accident.

Mom: I know it was you just to need to be more careful. We have so much more than some people like Fide, so we should try not to waste any of it.

Adichie: Really I'm sorry. I'll be more careful

Narrator: Adichie's mother was always comparing what they had to what Fide had in his village. Everytime Adichie would waste anything, she would hear "Fide's Family doesn't have this much food." It got to the point that all she would associate with Fide is that his family has almost nothing. However, about a year later her perspective changed, when she visited Fide's home. She remembered seeing it. Their home was small and cramped, but it still had an intimate personalized feel that only a family home can have.

Knocks on door

Fide's mother: Hello

Adichie Mother: Hi, we've brought you some food.

Fide's mother: Thank you, this is very generous. I am happy my son is a good employee. Fide, go grab a basket. Really, this is great. Thank you so much

Adichie Mother: Of course, I hope you enjoy the food.

Fide's Mother: We will, *[slight pause]* thank you fide.

Adichie: Wow, that is a nice basket.

Fide's mother: thanks

Adichie: where did you get it

Fide's Mother: My other son, Fide's Brother, made it.

Adichie: He made that basket himself. It looks amazing

Fide's Mother: Yes he did. Weaved it out of dried raffia

Adichie: I can't believe he actually made it. It looks too good.

Narrator: Adichie's mother then tapped her on the shoulder to get her to be quiet. But she was still in awe of the basket. she just kept staring at it, shocked that Fide's family

were able to make such a beautiful object. All she had heard about them was how poor they were, but they are so much more. They have incredible talents and abilities. She never looked at Fide the same way after visiting his village. She had a new found respect for him as a person. He was more than just what her mother had told me, he was a human being capable of many different things.