
Diego Garcia.

time I convinced him the screaming had stopped.

The point is, I allowed myself to be mollified. I did nothing. I convinced myself that it was pointless. Me, the number one do-gooding, meddlesome creature, who has inspired the rancour of at least one aggressive husband of a friend, and a nun with my interference. I was not wrongon either occasionbut could have handled it differently.

Three months passed. Sometimes I would try and peer into the back alley, where she had been before from the roof. Nothing. And then last week, again, screaming. Blood curdling, heart breaking. This time I made a phone call. I had heard that someone had gone over there to inquire as to what was happening and I wanted to speak to them. I was assured that there was a good reason she was screaming like her skin was being peeled from her body. I was told that the girl was not a servant beaten brutally by her mistress as previously thought but the brain damaged child of the mistress of the house, who sometimes went into fits. She was not beaten, however, they sometimes tied her up in the back, which is of course, also unacceptable.

I sat and thought about this for a long time, next to the window, from where I could hear the girl continue to scream. I thought, at least she is not being beaten. At least she is the woman's child. But she should not be tied up, but who am I to say anything? Imagine knowing your child will never have the life she deserves to have. I cannot. So either I am growing up, or I am growing down. There is still a distinct possibility that I should have gone over there and said something. The point is, the crisis point is: I do not know.

When I said I am having a personal crisis, it is about things like this. The choices I have been making. I have been utterly confused by them recently when I had been so sure when I got here that I understood myself and my motivations. I really feel I am not alone in this but it is not something that is easy to articulate. I always considered myself professional and sensitive, and yet, allowed a situationnot the young girl, but maybe her too by my inaction-- to get out of control. I indulged my vanity and made the choice to do it. It was comfortable, it was easy, a well-worn pattern. Ah those! And, though I cannot get into the details, I can honestly say, it blew up in my face and has affected more than one person. Imagine, now, an entire people indulging themselves in this manner. Doing what feels nice and safe, instead of what is right. And what do you get? Well, a behemoth on her knees, the carcasses of people's hard earned retirement funds and foreclosed dreams around her.

But I still believe in what weji stands for. Especially now. I have driven straight through the barricades and landed in danger, and now, alas, it is time for me take advantage of the opportunity I have so generously provided for myself.