

Monologues

HIV/AIDS



I live in a small village in Mozambique, and I wake up early each day to begin my work: caring for my three children, my aging father-in-law, and harvesting the fields. Since my husband's death a month ago, responsibility has fallen entirely on me. I am tired, but there is no point in complaining. I still must do my work, and carry water.

A doctor who visits my village every week told me that my husband died of AIDS. I didn't know my husband was infected with a virus called HIV when I married him. I didn't know that he knew he was sick. At the time, I was only 16 and he was 31. I also didn't know that he believed that sleeping with a virgin would cure his disease.

I didn't know that using a condom might have protected me from infection, and if I had known, what difference would it have made? My husband and I never talked about sex; he simply demanded it from me. Sometimes he was rough with me, and I would bleed. I didn't know that bleeding increased my vulnerability of contracting the disease.

The sun is coming up over the horizon, glinting on the slow-moving ripples that mark the river's constant current. As I gather water and do my other work, my chest hurts, and a dry cough has been troubling me for the past week. This morning, I feel feverish and my body is aching. My husband's illness started out the same way. Within a year, he was dead.

I didn't know about AIDS before, but I do now. I know it will kill me, too. I know there is currently no cure. I know my family will be left alone. I don't know who will care for them.

Oh, to find Living Water at this well to quench my longing for hope.