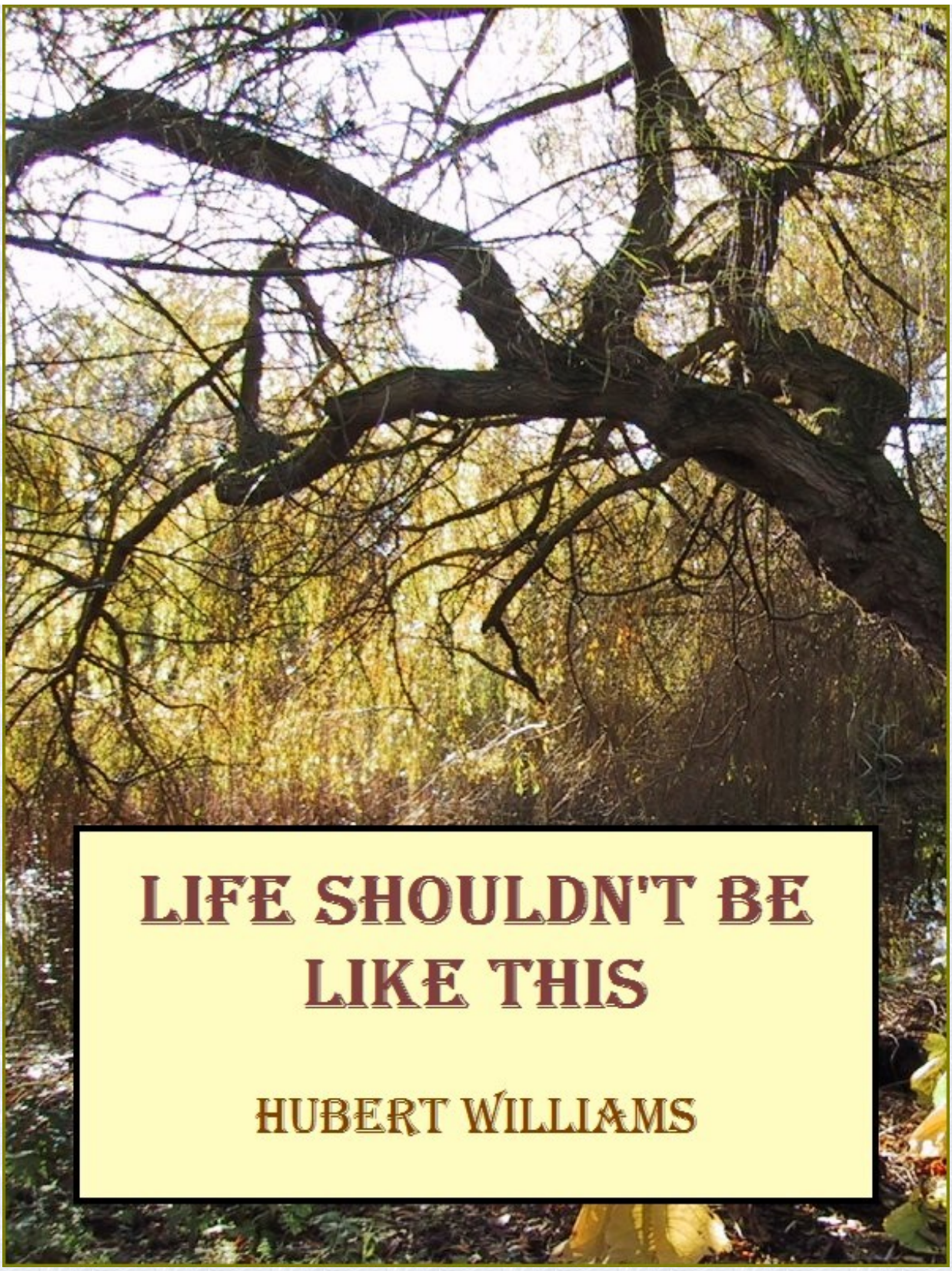

# LIFE SHOULDN'T BE LIKE THIS

HUBERT WILLIAMS

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by Hubert Williams

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# LIFE SHOULDN'T BE LIKE THIS

## A GRANDMOTHER - A GRANDDAUGHTER
## A YOUNG WOMAN

BY

HUBERT WILLIAMS

I decided to write this ebook at my wife's insistence. She has a relative who is facing the issue described in this story. I told her at first, that, although her relative's situation was tragic, it was not unique. I tried to tell her that there are so many stories of this type that I doubted that anybody would read it. She finally told me that it was okay if I didn't want to write it, that she understood that sometimes writers had to admit that they had lost their creative juices and could no longer write a story that anybody would want to read. Having read the above paragraph, you probably know why I decided that, perhaps, I could approach the story in a way that it would cover several identical or similar stories at once.

I dedicate this book to my wife, Lulu, for her powers of delicate persuasion.

This is really my wife.

Pictures used in rest of publication are not the actual people involved,

although their stories could be similar

## *Once You Taste Of Death*

*After you have taken your very last breath,*

*When the Reaper comes, and you have tasted death.*

*Do you vanish into darkness, or begin a new day?*

*Do your spirits stay among us, can you honestly say*

*What happens when you leave us? Once you taste of death.*

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## A Thousand Separate Lives. The Same Story?

There are many people in this world who only think only of themselves. I hope that you are not one of them. I hope that you are not abused by one of them. These people go through life with no care or concern for anybody or anything that they feel is beneath them. Many don't seem to pay attention to the fact that there other people on the planet. If they can't use, abuse  or manipulate the people around them, then there is no happiness in their lives. All this type of person feels is a passion for what they feel is right for them and that there should be no consequences delivered upon them. They are wrong. I would like to tell you a story relayed to my wife about a relative of hers who has suffered tremendously because of one such person, her own daughter.

There are three main characters in this story, the young woman who cares for nobody that cannot be of use to her. The grandmother who has loved her granddaughter unconditionally and sacrificed her own life for the child's for over six years. The other is the grandchild who has been with her grandma during her entire young life.

The reason that I do not give them real names is that, although the story of the lives of these three people is more truth than fiction, their story is not unique. I really don't like to use percentages, and the percentage I mention now is not in any way an estimate of these occurrences. It is said that there are seven billion people on this planet . Since everybody is so concerned with 1% lately, let's imagine that 1% are in the same position as the grandmother in this story. That is 70,000,000 people. Imagine how many people have even bigger problems. That is unconscionable.

By replacing the words grandmother, young woman and grandchild with 70,000,000 other names and leaving the rest of the story intact and otherwise unchanged; you will have heard 70,000,000 other true stories.

**The Young Woman**

A young woman, who cared for nothing, except herself and what could make her happy, gave birth to a beautiful baby girl. The condition of being pregnant is not a pleasant one for anybody, but for this young woman it was an extreme inconvenience and burden in her life. She could only think of getting past this horrible incident, so that she could go on with her life, any kind of life besides the ugly situation in which she was now involved. Taking care of a baby was so far away from what this young woman felt that she deserved. Raising kids was for other people, not her. It did not matter that her selfish actions in seeking fun and self-gratification had resulted in the creation of a human life that was her responsibility to nurture, love and teach right from wrong, to be a caring and responsible member of the world. This young woman arrived at the same solution that so many other young women do. Abandon her child.

Please, don't misunderstand and see me as callous. I realize that there can be many reasons that women can find themselves in this situation, including an uncaring man who thinks only of his own selfish needs. There are many women who accept their situation and their share of the responsibility. Sadly, they usually wind up shouldering the sperm donor's responsibility as well. There are also women who realize that their situation would not be a good one for the child, and find people who could give the baby, not necessarily a better life, rather, a better chance at life. I suppose that I should also mention the group that would decide to abort this young life, killing it and denying it the same chances to live that others have. The woman in this story is not a member of any of these groups. This woman is a woman who brings life into the world, while ripping the hearts out of all the people who have the misfortune of getting close to her. She just left, telling the child's grandmother that she did not want to be bothered with them.

## The Grandmother

The grandmother in this story is a widow who has had a very difficult life. Like many others in the area around Mount Pinatubo, her family lost everything they had, including two of their babies. They had received 10,000 pesos for their losses, which they used to relocate their family. Her husband had a difficult time finding any kind of work, in the new area. Steady work was unheard of. The money they had received to relocate did not last long as they had two young children to feed and clothe. Ten thousand pesos was only around $230. To help bring in money she would do laundry, clean houses and run errands for people, sometimes working all day, twee hours, for fifty cents. After years of struggling to raise their children and not always making ends meet, her husband, who had finally found a good paying job, died in a horrible workplace accident. The woman received very little compensation for the death of her husband. That was just another cross for to bear.

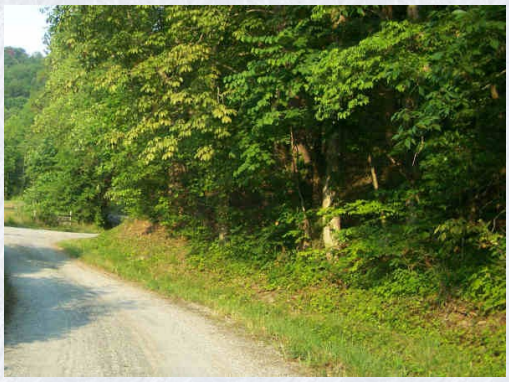
You might notice that I did not mention anything about the young woman that I talked about earlier in this story helping at anytime during her growing years. I did not mention it because she never helped. Here, in the Philippines, you see girls from the time they can walk trying to help their mothers work around the house. Oftentimes that help can cause more work for the mother, but they try. The girls usually seem to learn from their mistakes and keep working. This child never seemed to care and never tried to help.

After her father's accident, she really went wild, making the lives of everyone around her miserable, blaming her mother for her father dying. What is much worse is the fact that she was destroying herself and did not seem to care. All the grandmother in this story could do was to keep trying.

## The Grandchild

The grandchild in this story is a beautiful little girl with eyes as bright as the sun, flashing like black diamonds in rich cream when she laughed, and appearing as two chunks of wet coal when she was sad. She and her grandmother had no home of their own. They would sometimes build lean-to shelters to get out of the weather. Other times they would stay different members of the family for a while. The grandmother would work as a laundry woman in peoples' houses, doing laundry by hand 12 hours a day, when she could find the work. The grandchild was always trying to work alongside her grandmother, but many times the boss would not permit the grandchild to be with the grandmother while she worked. Other times, one day of work would be allowed so that she could by her grandchild something to eat. This existence went on for six years. Suddenly, the young woman wanted to be a mother. The woman who had abandoned her baby along with her mother with no concern for the life they might have, or their safety, suddenly wanted her child back. As mentioned earlier, the young woman expects no consequences for her actions; likewise, she accepts no responsibility. She only wants what she wants when she wants it. A few months ago, the woman started trying to have the grandmother arrested for kidnapping. Could you just imagine this for just a minute? She had abandoned her child for 6 years. Now she wants the grandmother arrested for kidnapping. What a mother!

When that didn't work in her favor, she resorted to harassing the grandmother, trying to make her give up the grandchild. That was not going to happen. This grandchild had been with her grandma for six years. Her grandma was the only mother that she had known. Finally, feigning reconciliation, the young woman visits the area for a couple of weeks. One morning the young woman had vanished, along with the grandchild.



## The Journey

Waking up to find that her granddaughter had been taken was overwhelming. The grandmother asked the people in the area if anyone knew where the young woman had gone with the grandchild. Several people told her that the young woman had returned to her home, some five hundred miles away. The grandmother, having nothing to leave behind, took the few rags of clothing she had and set off on foot to find her grandchild.

This search began during the typhoon season. With no shelter from the weather, no food and no money this journey would surely be very precarious. The mindset of the grandmother could be no less.

She was not unaccustomed to the hunger she felt on the journey. For that matter, the bad weather and lack of money were no strangers to her either. The worry and fear of what her grandchild might be going through was almost unbearable. The storms and floods, in her mind, could not harm her nearly as bad as the loss of her grandchild. The fears of what unknown dangers her grandchild might be enduring were immense.

The grandmother walked on, eating what she could find, sleeping whenever and wherever she could find a dry place. When no dry shelter was available, she would walk until she was too tired to walk anymore, and then sleep where she fell. As she got closer to where she was told that her grandchild had been taken she became even more anxious, more determined to find her. She continued to ask people if they knew the whereabouts of her grandchild and the woman.

In a small village not far from her destination, two men that she had approached for information told her that they knew the young woman and where she lived and that they would take her to the place where the grandchild was staying, but they demanded that their own desires be met before they would help the grandmother. When she refused to give in to their demands they decided to knock her out and rape her, repeatedly, until they were satisfied and their drunkenness had worn off. God surely must have been with the grandmother on that day, because, these men could have killed her and walked away. Instead of killing her, the two men, thinking about the grandmother and her search for her granddaughter, decided to revive her. They apologized to her and asked her to forgive

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