

Village Head 37

Chapter 37 My Mother's Tears

And because of that, I didn't mind the journey or the stress of going back and forth, as long as it ends in me knowing how her insides feels like.

Agreeing with a nod, I acknowledged her words. Her lips curved into a charming smile as she responded, "Splendid! Let's freshen up and get into our day."

"We," I blurted out in confusion, feeling like I had just stumbled into a conversation that was already in progress.

The look on her face was one of curious amusement, as if she was trying to solve a puzzle. "You bathed with your aunt Greta to save water, yet you're surprised about bathing with your mother?" Her eyebrow arched up, challenging me to explain myself. Before I could even respond, she flicked her fingers against my forehead with a playful smirk. "Don't tell me you forgot about all those memories of bathing with me and your sisters too," she teased, with a suspicious glint in her eyes.

Without hesitation, I nodded my head in response, already knowing that I didn't have to come up with a plan or waste time racking my brain for an answer. But as I looked at her, I could see the disappointment etched on her face. She let out a deep sigh and dropped her shoulders down in defeat.

"I was hoping you would remember something, at least," she said, her voice tinged with frustration. She shook her head vigorously and slapped both of her cheeks with her hands. "What am I even thinking?" Her words were muttered quietly to herself, but they were still loud enough to penetrate my ears.

Suddenly, she locked her eyes with me once more and released a frustrating sigh. "You know, it's hard for me to keep track that you lost your memories when you keep behaving like this," she said, her voice heavy with exasperation. "At least your little questions help to remind me once in a while that you did lose your memories but are also trying your best to recover them back."

As I watched her talk to me and to herself, I couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt. But then, I remembered what I had to do. "Mom," I said, watching as she quickly snapped out of her thoughts and stared at me with questioning eyes.

"There's something I've been meaning to tell you since yesterday," I said with a sense of urgency, even though it was a lie and I had only thought of it recently after noticing her strange behavior. But I felt like there was a need to address it before it got worse and before I kept getting reminders about my fake amnesia every hour.

"Oh" Surprise suddenly etched itself upon her face as she responded "And what is it that you have been meaning to tell me?".

I sighed exaggeratedly, making it look as though the matter had been weighing deeply on my mind before I responded. "It's about my memory loss..." My shoulders dropped down low in defeat as I explained. "Ever since I woke up and couldn't remember who or where I am, I felt the sudden urge to create new memories. New memories that would overshadow my past ones and make them so irrelevant that I won't feel the need to feel bad whenever I remember my situation."

Suddenly, she stretched out her hand and grabbed my chin. "So, in essence, what you're trying to say is..." My mother wasn't even able to complete her words before tears began to drip down from her eyes, causing her words to turn into mumbling nonsense.

Nevertheless, it was easy to see that she had understood my words easily. As I stretched my hand forward to wipe away her tears, I continued. "From now on, I want to live my life to the fullest, irrespective of my past memories. But that won't be possible without you guys. So, I want you guys to help me make it happen."

She used her other hand to cup my hand that was still on her cheek and then proceeded to mutter to me amidst her teary voice. "Is that all, son?"

I nodded in response, "Yes, that's all."

With a gentle nod of her head, she wrapped me in a warm embrace, conveying an affection that could melt any heart. "Don't worry, dear," she whispered softly. "Regardless of whether your memories return, we'll create new moments that will surpass the old ones and make them pale in comparison." Her fingers then delicately combed through my hair, soothing me further. "And as for your sisters, they'll be informed once they return, so you need not worry about a thing."

Although it wasn't my intentions to disrupt such a moment, but as I buried my face in the softness of her midriff top, I couldn't help but let out a contented sigh, savoring the momentary pleasure of being pressed against her plump fleshy breast and feeling stimulated by it as I gently rubbed my face against it.

In a sudden movement, she released her grip on me and flashed a smile, "Come on, let's wash off our body and resume our day!" I eagerly nodded in agreement and observed her as she gracefully strutted back into the hut.

"Remove your dirty tulga and wait here let me go and get a clean one for the both of us".

Her voice trailed behind her as she disappeared into the hut.

As I dutifully removed my dirty garment, my eyes wandered towards the backyard, a peculiar sight that i hadn't seen yesterday's night met them. Despite being encircled by towering fences, each hut had its own row of jammed objects, forming a makeshift barrier for some semblance of privacy. At least, that's what I could deduce in this primitive world.

After a few moments had passed, my mother reappeared, holding our freshly washed tulgas, in her hands and proceeded to hang them on the makeshift stick fence that surrounded our hut. Although I was uncertain of how many garments each of us possessed, as they all seemed identical to the one I had been wearing, I was in no hurry to investigate further.