KADIATU H SYLLA

ENG: 100

ESSAY #1: Creative nonfiction

Due date: 10/20/14

 Last week Friday night was one of the fun nights. My friends and I were having a girls night out, we ate, argued, and dance.

 M y friend Fanta invited me and my other friends last week for girl’s night out in her apartment. She wanted to cook for us, Fanta asked us about what we would like to eat when we get to her apartment and our respond was potato greens and rice. We went to Fanta’s apartment at 9: pm thought that the food will be ready at that time but unfortunately she was at work at 9:pm.we waited for an hour, but when Fanta got home , she was wearing a black dress and a headband around her head but she got in house she took her shoes off and started walking bare foot. I started setting the table for 4 people thought that it only going to be 4 of us but as the cooking goes more guess are coming so I had to expand the table. She had two pots on the stove .The big pot was for cooking the potato greens with cow skin, red palm oil, dry fish, chicken, and meat all together and the other pot was for the rice. Fanta was sitting at one end of the table, I was sitting at the other end and some of the friends were sitting on the floor and we started our first argument about who cooked the dish instead of eating only because the food looked delicious and we recorded a video during the argument and posted it on social media like Facebook and Instagram. After our bellies were foul, while Fanta was doing the dishes me and the rest of the friends started a conversation about politic in our country. In our country there is tribalism going on between two tribes the Fulani and the Mandingo. Fanta and the other friends are Fulani and for me I am mixed with both Fulani and Mandingo. When they did the election the Mandingo won the election but the Fulani’s were not happy about it because they were so desperate about someone from their tribe to be president but they lose the election. They started fighting against the other tribes. It was really bloody fight and incent people were dying. So any time we are together we argued and I will tell them to stop the tribalism because that will not help our country. They also thought I will be in favor of their tribe because my mom is Fulani and always tell them that no matter what I always be on my dad’s side. The conversation went on a little while so Fanta got upset and called my mom’s name in the argument. When she mentioned my mom’s that really got me angry I started yelling at her and told her to shut up. After I told Fanta to shut up and used some harsh words on her and room became so quiet and she quickly realizes how wrong she was at that time. When turned around and see the look on my face, she knew that she has crushed the line and she also knew that if she said word to me instead I’m sorry we will end up fighting. Finally Fanta said “I am sorry. After she said I’m sorry everyone in the room was happy again. We sat down for a while, and they knew that the only way to get me on the same as they was to play some of my favorite music because I love music so much even when I am as sleep I will play music. I was happy at the end, we started talking but this time was telling story about our past making fun of each other. The conversation got really interested and we started dancing, making videos and posted them on Facebook and Instagram. We were up all night till5:30 am and some of us had to start working at 7:00 am. Because I had to working in the morning, I couldn’t go to bed after 5:30am.at 6:00am I went and took shower to get some sleep out of my eye and dressed up and left for work. On the next day Saturday I was tired all day because of the sleepless night I had on Friday. After I got off from work I went home and straight to my bed without eating anything till the next day. On Sunday got a call from my other friend saying that we have to go to a concert at night. When I got to the concert all of my friend was wearing different outfit, some had legging on, and some had skirt and tops on and I was wearing an outfit from my country so I was looking different from the rest and I ask the why you all didn’t tell me the dress code and they was like we thought that you are going to wear a dress so that’s why we didn’t say anything to you. The concert was fun we had a great time.