

1 - My daughter's conception and birth: - Salome'

It was about August 1979.

I was twelve years old.

I had contracted diphtheria, which was a very contagious disease those days, and I had spent a couple of days in Hospital.

On being discharged I was to stay in bed at home. Still taking medication. I do remember this was very strong medication.

Whilst at home and in bed a male friend of my parents came to visit. I recently learned that this man was having an affair with my Mom at the time. My Mom and Dad were still married then, and they were both at work. I recall him spending some time talking to me in my bedroom.

For whatever reason, be it the medication, or any other involuntary induced drug I don't recall much from there.

I suspect I fell asleep.

When I was well enough, I returned to school.

At some point several months later I started feeling sick again. Nausea, No energy, Listless, always tired.

My Mom took me to see a Doctor.

At the examination the Doctor proclaimed that I was pregnant. And about 5 months already. Remember I was only twelve years old.

I remember my mother talking to the Doctor about an abortion. But the Doctor said this cannot be considered. I later learned that the laws, thankfully, did not permit abortions in those days. It did, however, amaze me how my mother would even consider this.

My mother then interrogated me on what had happened. I do not ever recall having sexual intercourse. Again, I was only 12 years old. I told my Mother about their friend that came to visit when I was sick. It was concluded that I must have been sexually assaulted then. I do not however, remember my parents ever trying to find this guy or laying any sort of criminal charge against him.

In those years, pregnancy of a twelve-year-old was taboo.

Even greater disappointment was my school refused to take me back and I was expelled.

My parents then sent me to a home for pregnant young mothers in Pretoria.

It was a Catholic place.

I remember constantly phoning my mother and pleading for her to take me away from this place.



My Daughter born April 1980

One day my mother arrived, and I was taken to stay with a friend of my mothers. I stayed there until the birth of my Daughter.

On the 25th April 1980, I was taken to Hospital at about 12pm. My beautiful daughter was born the morning of the 26th April 1980 weighing 3.3kg.

Even as a child myself. I realized, that although the circumstances to her being there were very traumatic. This was my daughter. Something that belonged to me. Well so I thought.

I had to stay in the hospital a few days because of tearing that occurred with the birth of my daughter before being able to go home.

I was now 13 years old and had to raise my daughter. What does a 13-year-old know about these things? My parents were working again, and I spent the days at home alone with my daughter.

The situation in my parents' house worsened. And my Mom and Dad started fighting more frequently. My Dad started to drink much more than usual and when he had a couple of drinks became violent with my Mom. The safest thing for me to do was to just keep out of their way.

This was not easy to do with a baby to take care of.

All information supplied herein is truthful and fact.

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