

Mimi Mystery

Written by
Michael Daniel Ambatchew

Illustrated by
Edmund Opare

First published in Ghana in 2012
by Sub-Saharan Publishers
P.O. Box 358
Legon-Accra
Email: saharanp@africaonline.com.gh

© Text: Daniel Michael Ambachew 2012
© Illustrations: Sub-Saharan Publishers 2012

ISBN; 978-9988-647-83-4

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in a form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying or otherwise other than for reviews, without the permission of the copyright owner and the publishers

Illustrated by Edmund Opare

Designed by Kwabena Agyepong

To

**ULLA TORNEAS,
Danish Minister for Development Cooperation**

The MDG3 NETWORK

&

The GIRL CHILDREN OF AFRICA



Everybody loved Belayn's sweet voice. The girls in the village wanted her to sing *Abebayosh* with them every New Year. The boys wanted her to go with them to the bonfires and sing *Hoyeh Hoyey* for all the festivals before New Year. The young men wanted her to go with them and sing *Hailoga* when they fetch a bride. Everyone said she would become the best village singer when she grew up. Then one day her mother spoke to her.



“I don’t want you singing anymore!” said her mother softly.

“What?” Belayn asked shocked. She could not believe her ears. As a twelve year-old, Belayn was the girl with the sweetest voice! The girl who lived to sing! Her mother could not be serious!

“I don’t understand what you are saying,” sobbed Belayn.

“Some birds sing in the morning, others in the evening. Still others are rarely heard singing, though we know they can sing. It is the magpie that cackles all day long.”

Mother drew her close to her side.

“My dear girl, you know I love you very much. God has given you a powerful voice. Yet if God gives us gold, we don’t go to the Sunday market and display it for all to see. We keep it at home and treasure it. Isn’t that so?” Mother asked.

“Yes, Imama,” Belayn responded more confused than ever.

“My dear child, you are turning from a girl into a woman. It is unbecoming for a woman to sing in public!”

“But Zertihun and Wollansa sing all the time at every occasion?” argued Belayn.

