

Majaro

My name is Majaro. I am a Mosotho boy of 9 years.

I was born in the district of Thaba Tseka.

I don't live in a hut like my friends but I live in a hospital.

My mother did not want me when I was born.

She tried to throw me down the pit latrine when I was about a week old but the door was bolted and so she left me at the door of the hospital.

The nuns who work at the hospital took me in and looked after me and gave me a special room near the kitchen. Sr Maria has a bed in my room and so I am not alone.

Last year I got very sick. I got Tuberculosis and had to take medicine. I could not go to school and I had to stay in my room all day. I know that the nuns were very worried about me. I wondered if I was going to die because I was sick for a very long time.

Sr Maria told me that I should get tested for HIV. There was new medicine arriving at the hospital that can make people with HIV feel better.

I got tested for HIV and I am HIV positive. This does not mean that I am going to die. It means that I have a virus in my body which stops my immune system from working properly.

I began to take Anti-Retroviral Drugs. They are new in Lesotho and I am one of the first people in my country to take them. They suppress the virus in my body so that my immune system can work normally.

I take one pill at six o'clock in the morning and another at six o'clock at night. I must always take my medicine. If I forget to take it then I could become sick again.

I feel better since I have started taking ARVs and I can now go to school and play with my friends again.

I know that I am still HIV positive and that there is no cure for HIV/AIDS but I have hope that one day there will be so I don't have to take medicine everyday.

I have a lovely sponsor in Canada whose name is 'M'e Shelagh. I write letters to her and she writes to me and tells me she loves me and prays for me everyday. You see, I am not alone anymore.