



FREE SPIRIT

Fatima Bhutto
*remembers a time, a city,
 where freedom meant a
 child's pure, unthinking
 sense of belonging*

We tell ourselves stories in order to live. I am writing this in Karachi, sitting at my desk, in my room. Outside of my room, there is a gate that separates me from my city. Outside of that gate, are guards that separate the city from me. When I was asked to write on freedom, to think of a time when I felt free, I didn't understand the question. What is freedom? How can you be free when you are attached to the world?

I am seven years old. I have just been given a journal. Since I have learnt how to write, I have harassed my parents with letters, stories, cards and plays. I have written to them when they are in the same house, just next door in the kitchen. I have written to their friends. I have discovered the postal system. I send my Dadi in Karachi postcards that say little other than her name and mine and a few lines scrawled in between. Basically, everyone has had enough.

