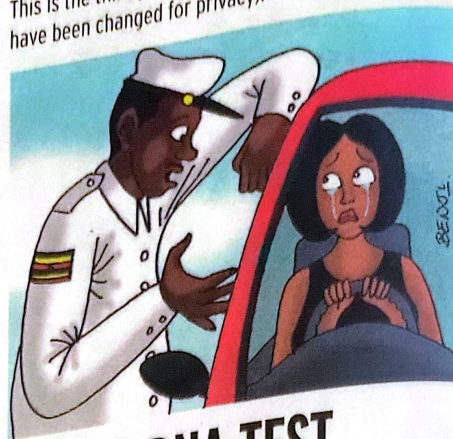


This is the third part of Cathy's experience. (Names have been changed for privacy).



WILL A DNA TEST SOLVE THE PUZZLE?

AS TOLD TO ASHFRAF SIMWOGERERE

I called office and asked for a day off. I stayed home in a sea of thoughts. If Reagan had raped me, how would I tell such a thing to his elder brother, who was my husband? And what about his HIV status? What about their family? They had all urged me to send him away, but I did not agree with them.

They would think that I really had an affair with the boy and I was now acting.

I took the urine sample to a lab in town for DNA tests. The lab technician would only have to wait for my husband's semen sample for comparison purposes.

I told the doctor about my fears. He asked me not to worry and gave me PEP (post-exposure prophylaxis medication) to start immediately. He then took my urine sample and told me that even a small piece of my husband's hair or finger nail would do for the comparison sample. He added that even a sample of Reagan's hair would suffice, to see if he was the same person who raped me. But Reagan had left for a hostel near the university.

I was in tears. I could not imagine myself buying condoms to use with my husband. I asked the doctor to buy them for me, but he simply pulled a full box from a drawer and gave it to me. I pushed the box into my bag and I left.

I drove home deep in thought. At some point while in traffic jam, a Police officer came and asked me whether I had a problem. The cars were moving, but I was not and tears were flowing down my cheeks. I got home safely, but felt so lonely as our children were in boarding school and we had no maid.

Knowing our plans for the night, James kept sending me text messages to put me in the mood. I also responded to them warmly.

When James returned home, he brought fried fish, still hot in a foil pack. We ate it with beer and some whisky, but I was careful not to get drunk. We played in the house and he was enjoying the evening. As things got more heated in the sitting room, I pushed him jokingly and ran to the bedroom where the condoms were. He followed me. I then entered the bathroom to calm down.

James started talking about Reagan, saying he was crying as they were going to the hostel. He never wanted to leave this house and said he liked me. James said his brother then told him he was sorry, but did not say for what. "I told him to be sorry for himself," James ended by laughing.

THE STORY CONTINUES NEXT WEEK

