

Confidence and Bugs

My ability to speak French is lacking. It truly is my fault for not having the confidence in myself to attempt to talk to others. Part of this [photo challenge](#) was a way to force me out of my shell and speak French. Today my shell was cracked open!

My gas tank was a bit low so I grabbed my cash on the way out the door to pick up Adah. When I pulled into the gas station, I recognized the attendant as someone I had spoken to before. I must have made quite an impression on her because she immediately began asking where I had been. She said she thought I had left. So I told her the truth, in my broken French. I said, "My daughter broke a bone." Then, I attempted to pronounce *clavicle* in French but settled for pointing to it. At this point, I pulled out my iPhone and showed her the X-Rays. She asked her age and I said she was three, but attempted to correct myself and say she was going to be three on Wednesday. She told me her name was Jezebele, and I told her my name. I was feeling pretty good about the progress in our relationship!



Delphine selling me tissues while waiting for school traffic to move

At this point she went to pump my gas, and I had left my car window down. All the peddlers took this as an invitation and came forward pressing me to buy tissues, gum, and hard candies. I normally buy from them, but today I was low on cash. I had a crowd of 5 guys outside of my window disappointed, but I decided to tell them why I was low on cash. I proceeded with the story of Adah and how she fell out of the car getting out, breaking her collar bone. The guys were all nodding solemnly and tsk-ing at the right moments. When I pulled out my iPhone to show them, they all jumped forward, pushing each other aside to see the X-Ray. It was then I realized they had never seen an X-Ray before. They began touching their bones attempting to discern their shape and began smiling with knowledge. After my story, they politely left.

But a new gentleman walked up to my car. He was definitely new to me and his goods were new as well! I was so delighted I asked to take a photo.



When I got home I had to ask Maman Cele what these bugs were. She explained (in French) that when the palm nuts no longer grow on a palm tree, they cut it down to make way for a new tree. When the tree rots, termites grow. These lovely bugs are termites and they are to be cooked and eaten. I did ask if anyone eats them not cooked and she just grinned. Might be one of those silly things kids dare each other to do. The termites are a delicacy but Maman Cele agreed with me that they don't look too appealing. I was not feeling THAT adventurous today!