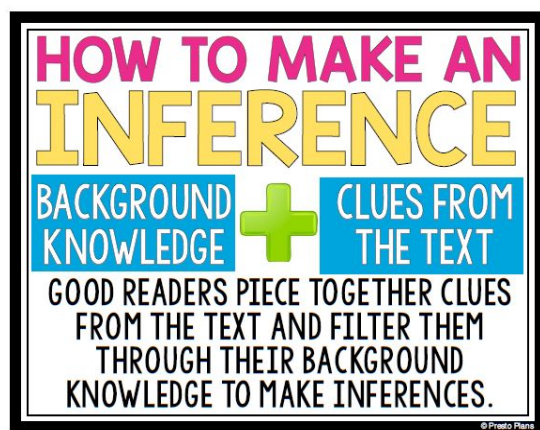


## The Danger of a Single Story By Chimamanda Adichie

I come from a **conventional**, middle-class **Nigerian** family. My father was a professor. My mother was an administrator. And so we had, as was the norm, live-in **domestic** help, who would often come from nearby **rural** villages. So the year I turned eight we got a new house boy. His name was Fide. The only thing my mother told us about him was that his family was very poor. My mother sent yams and rice, and our old clothes, to his family. And when I didn't finish my dinner my mother would say, "Finish your food! Don't you know? People like Fide's family have nothing." So I felt enormous **pity** for Fide's family.

Then one Saturday we went to his village to visit. And his mother showed us a beautifully patterned basket, made of dyed **raffia**, that his brother had made. I was startled. It had not occurred to me that anybody in his family could actually make something. All I had heard about them is how poor they were so that it had become impossible for me to see them as anything else but poor. Their **poverty** was my single story of them.



Courtesy of TED

Ms. Goldstein  
7th grade ELA