



FOR
DAYS AND
A **NIGHT**

] DIRECTED BY SEUN ODUKOYA [



IDLE CHATTER

IDLE CHATTER

I like to seat at my table; at two am in the morning, sipping on coffee or some of the 'herbal tea' my wife brought me on her last trip to Thailand, feeling like a writer..

'I like to seat in front of my computer at two am in the morning, sipping on coffee or some of the 'herbal tea' my wife brought me on her last trip to Thailand and feel like a writer.'

The two other occupants of the room looked at me like I just called myself the reincarnation of Idi-Amin and Abacha rolled up in one. The smaller and light-skinned one rolled his eyes.

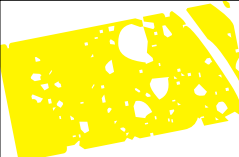
So you need to sip coffee at two am in the morning to feel like a writer. He shook his head slowly. Man, this guy is worse than I thought, he continued, speaking to the third man.

The third one looked very unfriendly; in fact he looked downright menacing. 'Tall, dark and ugly' would be an apt description, there was a permanent scowl on his face as if he found the world a constant irritant.

'Tall and dark' said nothing.

"You misunderstand me," I spoke somewhat waspishly to the smallest of us three who liked to feel like a smart Alec. "I did not say I need coffee to feel like a writer. I was just saying...I feel..." I paused here because it suddenly occurred to me that it wasn't exactly something I could clearly articulate even though I knew what I wanted to say.





“You know how you wear shades and feel cool; even though it doesn't help your eyesight? That's kinda like what I'm talking about.”

I don't wear shades, 'Small and Daft' chirped, hopping from one foot to the other as though he was standing on hot coals. My charm is enough to dazzle and blind even Muna.

He might as well as have been talking to a brick wall for all the notice that was taken of him. 'Tall and dark' was staring at me, an intense stare that made me feel nervous in spite of myself. This is crazy; I thought. I'm in my house.

““Hey...has any of you seen my wife?”

Small laughed. No be bed you leave am? Na the so-so coffee things don fry ya brain so o, he said, stopping in between words to fire off a short burst of laughter. Even 'darkie' smiled a bit at that.

I was upset. “You ought to know she likes coming downstairs to look for me sometimes...and I don't want to disturb her...”

Who dey disturb am? No be she dey disturb herself...dey waka up and down to find something wey no los'.


“Don't talk about my wife like that,” I said rather sharply. I noticed that Darkie's eyes drew together in concentration as he watched, but he said nothing.

Small coughed dryly. No vex o, lover boy. Pele.

“Anyways,” I continued, speaking lightly, “it's even better if she does not meet you guys here before she starts wondering who let you in and all that.”

They shared another look; an almost sinister look that made me wonder if I was not being set-up; if I was not being had by these guys.





But something about Darkie reassured me. He looked like the kind of guy who would walk up to you, state his intentions and allow you make whatever you wanted of them. I felt instinctively that I could trust him.

Small, on the other hand...

Guy, but this ya hood dry o...chei! E dry no be small. Wetin happen na...dem no dey born woman for this side? Na so so guy full the whole place!

"That's how you act as if you have women on the brain...and yet you're all blather. What would you do with a woman? What do you know about that?"

Small stretched his entire 'imposing' five foot two height and frowned at me. **Guy, don't try me o. I have skills like you cannot imagine. I can make your wife my... something he saw on my face made him end the sentence then and there. Look, my pipe game is flawless. I wrote the...**

"Player's handbook. Yeah, we've heard that one before." I interrupted.

'Dark' spoke for the first time, baritone rumbling from his belly. **What I'd like to know is how you judge how dry an area is at two in the morning.**

As one, Dark and I turned to look at the wall clock; and then turned to Small who was trying to act unconcerned. What? He asked once he noticed our glances.


Dark pointed at the cup on my table. Isn't that tea getting cold?

I felt the mug with the back of my hand it had indeed become lukewarm.

And I hate cold tea.

Standing up, I walked to the Midea dispenser in the far left corner of the room and added some hot water to my cup. And then I walked to the side table, added some more herbal tea and sugar before going back to sit behind my desk.





Dark was exactly where I left him, looking through my CD collection while Small was looking at something on his phone and laughing.

Some bimbo had probably sent him nude pictures of herself or something.

As I sat down, Dark came over stood behind me, reaching over my shoulder to tap my keyboard's space key. The computer screen came to life.

Instead of arguing with that small insignificant guy and allowing him distract you, focus on what you need do at the moment. You know how much work you have to do...and how much time you have left. Focus.

I looked at him surprised, wondering what inspired his words

Strangely, he answered as though he heard.

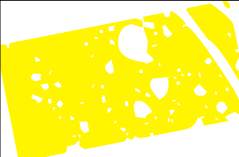
One of the earliest lessons I learned is that the most essential ingredient to success is discipline. The guys who make it are not the best in the building but they are the ones who stayed behind and put in a couple more hours after everyone else left. I know you have what it takes -do you?

As I sat there and listened to his impassioned words I could see Small hovering in the background, looking as though he wanted to say something and as soon as Dark went silent, he spoke up.

Look, I might be a distraction but I know the truth. And the truth is while sipping coffee at two am might make you feel like a writer, it takes more than that to actually be one. I know you have what it takes, guy. Do you?

I was surprised. I opened my mouth to comment and then shut it as Dark pointed to my still-glowing computer screen and the half-finished story on it. I began typing without another word.





Suddenly I hear my wife's voice from faraway. I cannot make out exactly what she's saying so I pause my writing and turn to face her.

"Yes honey?" I say, trying to ignore the sheer mid-thigh length black nightie she has on.

She moves from the doorway she is standing in and walks into my study, moving slowly and looking around. I feel my mouth dry up dry up; like an overheating car radiator. She looks at me and smiles, her eyes curious.

"I asked who you were talking to," she says again as she comes nearer to my desk. I turn on my chair, wondering why Small and Dark have not said anything and find myself looking at an empty space.

I am shocked. "I...uh...I..." I begin to say but she shushes me, placing her lips against mine.

"It's the voices in your head, darling. They're getting louder." She fondles my left ear gently and I shiver. "Let's see if we can't silence them." I cannot argue.

Not that I want to.





For Days and A Night
Seun Odukoya



I like dares. Just the same way. I like challenges. I like being told 'Seun, you can't do that' - and I go right ahead and prove the talker wrong.



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odukoya, seun
For Days and A Night

ART:

samuel achema

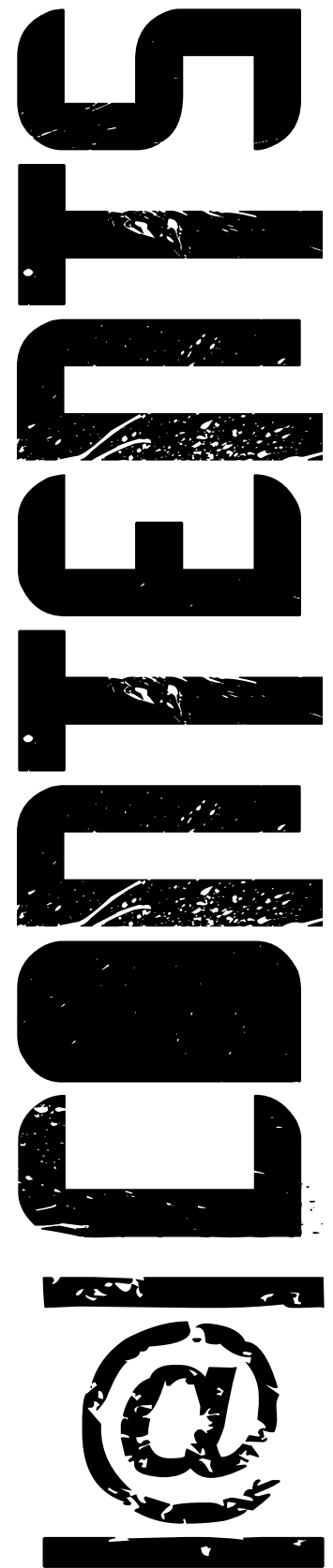
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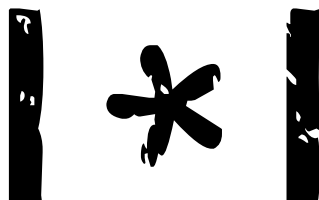
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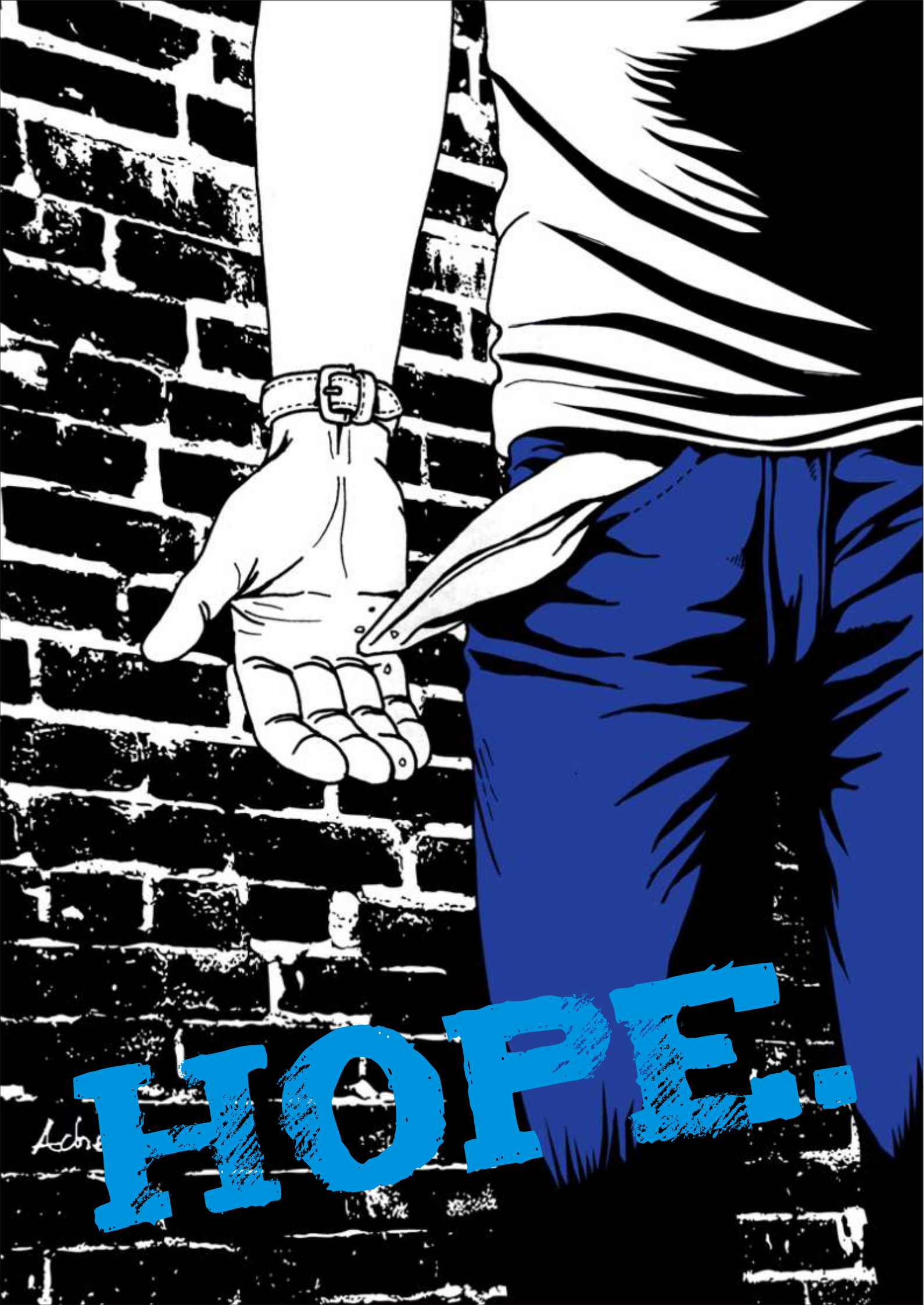
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 skit IV: Public service announcement
 poem: a girl named inse cur
 skit III: see
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 a story or...
 skit V: his & hers
 acknowledgements





HOPE.

Ache

HOPE!

I lay on my back on my thinly-thin mattress in my one room staring at the ceiling.

Honestly, I don't know what I'm feeling. There's this feeling of having a vacuum in my tummy - that feeling that makes you suck in your tummy involuntarily...it's right there in me. I'm hungry, and there's absolutely nothing to eat.

It's around noon around twelve or so. The harsh sunshine easily penetrates the thin curtain that separates my private domain from the public eye, bathing me in some hot rays. I should move away from there, but I cannot.


I do not see the point.

The other half of the room is covered in debris; not that there is a lot of 'other half' in the first place. The entire room is only a little larger than a toilet cubicle (I completely refuse to be specific); there is a mattress on one side of it and there are clothes, books, shoes, pots and what little other personal effects I have on the other side.

It is my room; at least for the next nine months or so it is. I don't owe any rent on it, and for that I am grateful. I had used half of the last of my corper 'allowee' to secure the space and then used the other half of it to stock up on food. The last of that food ran out two nights ago; some rice. I lie here now and I keep thinking 'what now'? I keep remembering one of my mum's world-famous catchphrases; 'If you're broke and someone asks 'Is there a dead person in here?' raise your hand and say 'here I am'." I used to feel that she was being overly dramatic back then. Right now, I agree with her wholeheartedly.

I miss my mum.





I feel the stinging moistness that precedes tears and rise to a sitting position. I don't want to cry so I don't allow myself to. I shake off the feeling.

Yeah. Strong will.

So I extend this 'will' to ignoring the steady rumbling in my stomach area and instead focus on a solution. I know fully well there's no way food will come and meet me in the house; so I stand up and sort through the pile of clothes to pick up a decently clean black t-shirt.

I slowly don the tee while thinking. For all my bravado I had no idea what I was going to do, where I was going or even what I was looking for. Maybe I should just stay indoors and conserve whatever was left of my energy for surviving. But then...

**But then, nothing ventured,
nothing gained.**

I put on brown combat shorts and black pam sandals, and after checking to see if my mouth did not smell I stepped out into the blazing sunshine.

Actually, I know what I am looking for. I just don't want to admit it.

I'm looking...looking for a girl named HOPE.





PILLOW TALK

I'm kissing her.

She seems to be having a crisis of conscience; struggling with herself on how far she can allow me go. Her back is tense; I feel the tautness of her spine with the tips of my fingers. She struggles a bit more - and then her lips open under mine, surrendering to the gentle probing of my tongue.

She shivers.

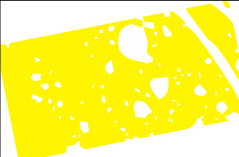
Our tongues play a small tango - hers is warm and soft at once; and tastes curiously salty. I don't mind; she's a pro at this game. The way our tongues are in sync reminds me of scenes in martial art flicks where the good guy; probably Jet Li or Jackie Chan faces off with another bad guy and they're going through the obviously-choreographed fight sequence - fist, block, chop, side-step...almost like a one-two one-two thingy. I lightly bite the tip of her tongue.

She shivers.

My hands become restless as the moment intensifies, looking for something to do with themselves. They have become intimately familiar with the planes of her back, from her confusingly soft collarbone to the pliant straps of her bra. Now they wander up and down her sides, and she; without breaking off the kiss grabs and impatiently places them on her breasts.

She shivers.



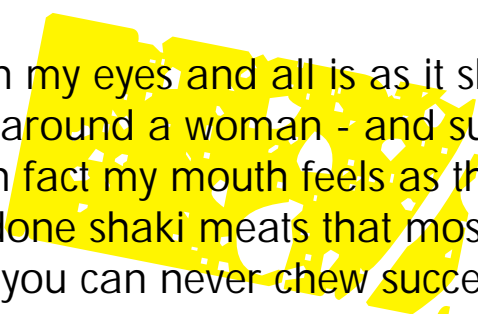


Deftly; slickly as though programmed, my hands do what I am yet to order them to treat the soft mounds on her chest to an indulgent massage. I plant soft kisses on the left side of her neck, moving gently down to bath the base of her throat with a flurry of light busses. Continuing down between her breasts unobstructed by a blouse - a blouse my hands have so deftly unbuttoned moments before; I lap my tongue up and down the valley between her breasts.

She shivers.

By now my hands have moved down to cup her waist and here they pause - finally I'm able to get through to them. Slow down, I say; we do not want her freaking out now. Crazy hands. They listen - and then they ignore me, moving downwards to where what we both assume her behind to be. Assume to be is the correct thing to 'say', because to our consternation; that is my hands and me, there is absolutely nothing below her waist.

Lobatan.



I open my eyes and all is as it should be. I am laying on my bed with my arms around a woman - and suddenly all is not as should be. My mouth is full, in fact my mouth feels as though I have been chewing on one of those half-done shaki meats that most bukkas specialize in serving - that piece of meat you can never chew successfully and you eventually end up swallowing whole. My throat hurts.

I open my eyes again and find out that a third of my pillow is what it is in my mouth. The slightly disgusting stench of early-morning saliva is heavy around us, and I can see streaks of it lining the body of my pillow. It is looking at me silently; expression saying **is this what you have come to, o pathetic divorcee? Na so your life don be?**

I shiver.





Dear reader,

Yes, I'm talking to you the 'you' reading this book right now. I hope you've enjoyed what you've read so far. If you haven't...well. Kill Seun.

But not just yet. See, I need you, dear reader. And as much as it shames me to admit it, I need him. So please, keep him alive for the moment.

I write to you; this Sunday at after two in the morning; because that's the only chance I have. That's when his brain is most active. That's when he's wired...that's when he gives me a chance to come out and breathe a little.

I write to solicit your help. See - I am trapped. Trapped somewhere in limbo. Trapped; a victim of a man's whim. Trapped between two men who want me the same.

I need to move on with my life. I want to - no; I need to have a family of my own. I need to nurse a man at my breasts, and when the time comes, I need to nurse babies. As many as I can have. I need to - no; this is a want actually, I want to finish my mum's portrait. Even though I still don't know why he killed her, I've made my peace with it. And by 'he' I'm referring to him, Seun. He is the 'god' in my life.

I really hate Seun. Lord help me, but I do. He is very selfish and inconsiderate..he bothers with me only when he wants to. If I complain or argue too much, he threatens to destroy me. And he would too, the fool.

See, I don't even understand him. He once finished my work - and then told himself 'this is not good enough'. Before I could say a word in my defense, he had pressed the shift delete button, sending it into oblivion. Gone forever.

Okay, maybe I understand. Shortly after that episode, he suffered a great loss. His mother died. I understand that. In fact, I can relate. Mine died as suddenly as his did and I still have not gotten over her even though it's been about three years. I understand. But the point is what's the use of being neither alive nor dead? I'm not here, I'm not there. What sort of existence is that?

So I write to you, dear reader. I write to beseech (no vex; na Seun teach me grammar) you, help me plead with Seun to finish writing my story..tell him how much you enjoyed 'A Matter of Height 1-8' and how much you'd like for him to finish it. I need my life to continue - whichever way he sees fit for it to continue.

You see, as far as he (and you) is concerned; I am just a character in a story. But I am real. And I need this... this guy to finish writing my story.

Yours hopefully,
Chinwe.

Lead character in 'A Matter of Height'





WHICH KAIN WORK?

I'm a cop.

No. Actually 'cop' sounds fancy like something you would hear from one of those TV shows my son likes to watch so much.

24. CSI-Miami. Hawaii 5-0. And so on.

Those shows he's always asking me to buy DVDs of. I cannot afford original ones, so I buy him pirated ones that are sold for two hundred and fifty naira.

Cheap.

But to see the pleasure on his face, to watch him watch those shows and listen to him speak, and to hear how intelligent he is...it is worth it.

He wants to be a policeman. Like his dad.

I shake my head sadly. Despite all the flak and the evil Nigerian policemen purportedly and sometimes really perpetrated, he wants to be one of them.

One of us.

He is proud of me. He tells me that every time I express my frustration with the justice system and the nation in general. I can imagine how his mates make fun of him for being the son of a Nigerian policeman. But he does not care.


He is proud of me.

Where I live, being a policeman is a curse-worthy job. We have all sorts of names...from 'ascari' to 'eke' to kelebe. Na wa o.

Sometimes, I do not feel proud of myself or my job.

Like the times when I'm supposed to lockup a 'criminal', someone I know was clearly just hijacked from somewhere in Lagos and brought here 'for questioning'.





And I go ahead, knowing he will not be released until he greases the right palms with the right amount of money.

Like the times when we stop a bus and I'm the one who's supposed to walk up to the driver and collect the balled up fifty naira note. And it kills me a bit each time I see the disgust in his and his passengers' eyes and I think; **that could easily be my wife over there.** •

Like last night .

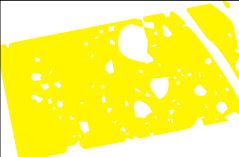
There had been a small altercation at Oshodi rival touts were at war as usual but this time it was on a weekday. The mobile police had quickly been sent out to try and contain the situation, but in the resultant chaos a little schoolboy on his way home had been shot.

Aft er some digging on my par t , I found he was t he onl y son of a singl e mot her and he l ived with her somewhere in Mafol uku. Some more digging in t he school yiel ded t he address.

So there I go and for almost an hour I stand in front of the house, wondering how I am supposed to tell a mother her only son; who was about twelve years was lying on a slab in a refrigerator in a mortuary, waiting for her to come bury him.

Of course - I had the presence of mind not to wear my uniform. That would be...**a tragedy within a tragedy.**





Yes. Sometimes when I think about my son, I wonder what he's proud about.

In a place where the same people we're supposed to be protecting are afraid of us. In a country where the most corrupt ones are found among those who are supposed to stand for the law.

No be small thing.

I hate my job. But someone has to do it.



Dares.

I like dares. Just the same way I like challenges.

1

I like being told 'Seun, you can't do that' - and then go right ahead and prove the talker wrong.



2

I like being dared. As long as it's not something stupid like 'Jump off the third-mainland bridge' or stuff like that.

3

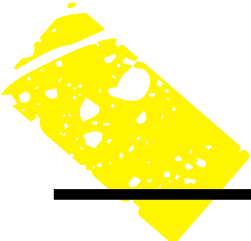
Just go ahead. Dare me. Ask me to kiss your mum or something.

4

God help you if she's b-e-a-u-tiful. God help me if she's not.

I really really like dares.

5
Don't hate.





WAKKEN

If one side of your bed is permanently stuck against a wall, is it possible to get out of bed on the wrong side?

That was the thought that had me laughing as I stood up from my one bed in my one-room apartment at one-twenty seven in the morning. I stretched and yawned, scratched my armpit and breathed in deeply, inhaling the smell of onions from my own mouth.

Ugh. It was good to be alive nonetheless.

I sat back on my bed and looked up at the ceiling; particularly at the 100-watt bulb that illuminated every corner of the room. Of course I was not thinking about the bulb, I was thinking about a story I wanted to submit for the Commonwealth competition. The submission deadline was barely three weeks away and I was still yet to be inspired. I was determined to start something that morning.



The vague outlines of an idea had begun to crystallize in my mind when my phone rang.

That was a shocker. I probably stopped breathing.

It was not like receiving a phone call at some minutes to two in the morning was strange. After all, that's why Xtra-cool is such a hit. The issue was; it is a giving at least as far as I'm concerned, that such calls are reserved for men and women...I mean between men and women. Finish.

So I assumed it was a woman that was calling me at that 'godly hour'. It could not be a guy. But I did not have any woman in my life who would call me at that time. And there; lay the rub.





I must have stared at that phone for almost five minutes, but I did not realize it until it started ringing again. It was with some trepidation I picked it up. I frowned at the screen as though the face behind the unknown number would appear if I stared hard enough. No such luck. I picked the call.

"Hello?" I muttered as dully as possible. I was hoping to discourage whoever it was. I wanted to work. I was in no mood for long conversations. But the first words stopped me cold.

"You were not sleeping, darling. You're never asleep at this time of the day. Never."

Okay. Pause here.

Remember what I said about not having anyone in my life who would want to call me at that time of the day?

Well I had no one in my life who would call me darling. What had I done?

I felt uncomfortable. I must have sat there, phone in my hand, saying nothing. Just being scared shitless...thoughtless. I tried to remember the women I had met recently and what I had said or had been saying to them anything could inspire the pet name 'darling'.

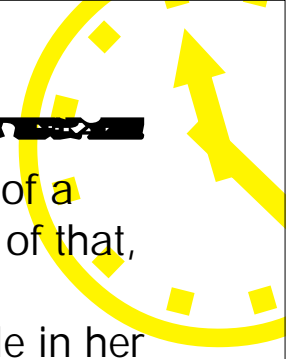

I came up blank.

And then...slowly but intensively it pierced my consciousness till I could think of nothing else. Whoever it was on the phone knew me well well enough to know I'm hardly ever asleep at a certain time of the day. Which kain wahala be dis?

I know what you're thinking. Why not just ask her? The issue was if you know women well, you don't want to be asking one who knows you well enough to know your sleeping habits one who suggests a certain level of intimacy...you don't want to ask her 'who are you'. No. You really don't. But then, on the other hand...

"Who is this?"





A soft chuckle floated down the line and I suddenly got a picture of a stream bubbling softly along its way early in the morning. For all of that, I feel the hairs along the nape of my neck slowly get erections. "It's me baby. Sola your agbalumo," she said. I could hear a smile in her voice.

Oh.

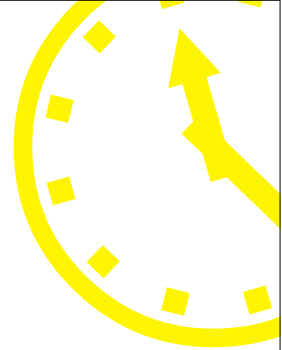
Sola was my first girlfriend, the first girl I ever said 'I love you' to. We had dated back in secondary school in a world where there were no cellphones and email addresses and the only means of communication we had then was NIPOST. In a world where all you had to impress a girl with was your mind; and I used to laugh at my friends who wrote silly things like 'I drop my golden pen in the basket of love' to move girls.

We had been so crazy about each other; she would call me her 'Winnie Pooh' and I would call her my agbalumo. And there she was, calling me over fifteen years later.

There was only one thing wrong with the picture. Sola was dead. She had died four months into our relationship after a hard case of jaundice that had gone untreated for too long.

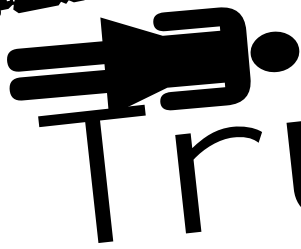
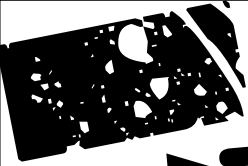
Sola was dead. And yet there she was, calling me over fifteen years later, sounding as alive as a point-and-kill fish before execution.





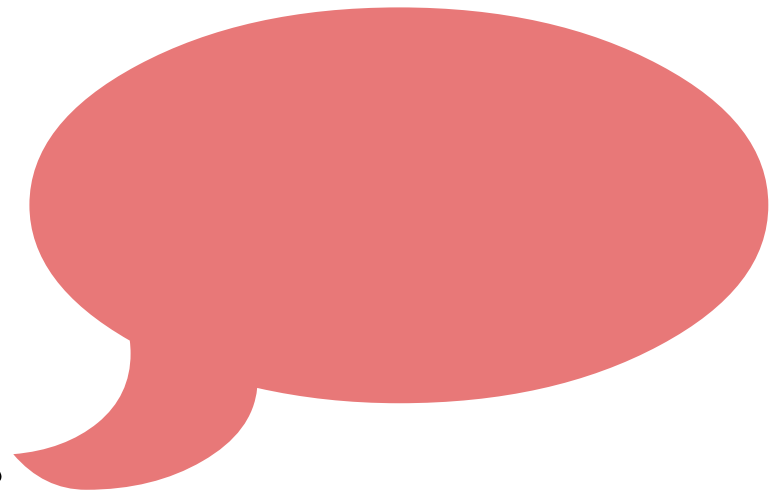
I
think
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peed
my
pants.





True

Romance



You know; that kind of night. The kind of night described in a million-and-one Danielle Steel novels; a night on the streets of Paris...strolling along the banks of the river Seine. Or maybe in Florence on some cobblestone street, sipping Chianti wine, licking a gelato and listening to Bach. But I've never been to any of those places. So you'll just have to make do with home. Nigeria.

To be exact; February 16 2005. Sometime after ten at night. Place? That would be UNAD – University of Ado-Ekiti, Ekiti State. Standing at the junction where the un-tarred road coming from the hostel met the main road that went past the campus gate and into Ado town. It was one of those nights on which NEPA for once did not let you down. Soft music was playing from one of the hostel rooms...maybe something from Timi Dakolo or Darey or Banky W playing in the background.

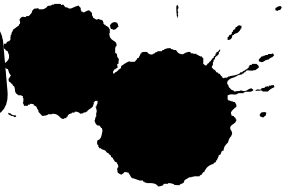
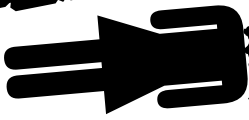
A night with the right kind of weather – not too warm, not too cold.
Just right.

The kind of night with or without a full moon – but with just enough stars that the weather was complimented, so that meant there was enough illumination to see what you needed to see.

Her eyes; for instance.

Duh. How could you not have expected that? What sort of 'romantic night'; from a guy's perspective...at least a straight one,
is complete without a girl?





Anyways, there we were; her looking at me as though I was dumb Jack in Titanic and she was Kate posing nude on the couch; me trying not to look at her.

It was the hardest thing I had ever had to do – up to that moment. Crazy girl. A few moments before, she had been asking me if I thought it was possible to fall in love with someone within moments. ‘Oversabi’ that I was, I started giving her empirical reasons and evidence as to why it was

impossible, unrealistic and stupid. She looked at me with those liquid brown eyes, shook her head and said nothing.

I wondered if I was trying to convince her or myself.





A GAME CALLED LIFE

If you're at your wedding,
at the altar at your wedding,
and the recurring theme in your mind is
" 't his is a mistake', you're fucked.

I am at my wedding actually about to sign the marriage register and all I can think of is 'this is a mistake'.

Yeah I know. I'm fucked.

My wife is gorgeous. She's every mother-in-law's dream. And no; she is NOT pregnant. And no; I do not love her. Not in the slightest.

So why am I marrying her?

My pen hovers over the space for the groom's signature as I hesitate. I see looks of alarm jump into the faces of the people surrounding us. My wife looks like she's about to have a cardio-vascular something-or-the-other. I'm laughing at them. How important is this marriage register something? She's wearing my ring on her finger already is she not?


I tire for my people!

I sign. They cheer, and the look of relief on my wife's face is very pathetic. I scan the smiling guests' faces. Smiling so much and not meaning any of it leaves your cheeks aching. I wonder if theirs ache as much as mine. There's this look in their eyes that says 'Abeg una finish make we dey go reception jo!'

It is just another wedding to them. But this...it is my life.

I look over at the girls lining up to hug and kiss my wife, shake me coquettishly and offer words of advice. Phrases like 'take care of her' 'stop playing around' and so on will keep ringing in my ears for the next few months. I'm sick of them.





Someone is holding my hand longer than is necessary. I return to the now to see who it is; one of my wife's friends. Bola, she says her name is. She is cute in a naughty way. She's one of the few girls here today wearing dresses that cover their chest. **It's a short dress; designed to hug her 'barely-there' breasts and 'tiny-waist' and then abruptly flare out to accommodate humongous hips.**

"You look nice, Bola. Thank you for coming,"
I say politely.

She smiles. "Hope to see more of more...I mean of you," she says, voice coming out of a gash of red that are her lips. Pulling her hand slowly from mine, she sashays away slowly. I act like I'm looking for Oxygen my best man but I'm really scoping her ass out. She looks over her shoulder and winks at me. **I guess she's fair game.**

I look over at the guests at my wedding and wonder; how many liars are here? How many of these giggling and dancing women have made presents of a boyfriend's pregnancy to their husbands; and how many of said husbands have slept with their wives' friends/cousins/sisters/mothers?

Badt guys.

Life is a game we all play, I guess. And thing I know about this game called life?

It goes on.





HOW STUPID.

This is stupid.

Her hair is the smell of damp leather shoes. She's apologised for it at least twice. But that does not change anything. Her hair smells like damp leather shoes.

I wonder what Ife would think if he saw me now - sitting the way I am sitting and doing what I am doing.

This is really stupid.

My fingers are oily. Oily and spotted with white stuff. Their tips hurt from the unravelling and loosening they have been doing for the past hour. Some of the tips are red, others not so much. My back hurts like crazy but I dare not complain after all. She's my girlfriend, the model.

She asks if I want to eat or drink or... I murmur an intelligible reply. She conveniently takes that as a no and continues chatting. She's been chattering since we started; only pausing at regular intervals to either thank me or empathize with me or to apologise and offer me food. I guess she assumed her chatter was entertaining. **Yeah; as entertaining as listening to Arnold's Schwarzenegger crack bad jokes in Korean.**

Man, I feel so stupid.

This was what; the fourth date? And there I am already playing nursemaid and hairdresser. That's right. Sigh. I guess it's the shit I want to eat that's making me stupid. This will hurt my reputation considerably.

This girl is still talking. Does she not know when to shut up?

God! This is so stupid!



On Women

I think women are really powerful!

No. Scratch that.

I think women are singlehandedly the most powerful thing - all across the context of a 'noun'; God ever created. Seriously.

Think about this: for a man to get anything; more often than not he has to say stuff. And in order to 'say stuff' - you have to actually know something. Hence; content.

But a woman does not have to open her mouth to get shit. No.

Guys, be honest now. How many times have you and a mixture of people stood at the bus stop in a heavy rain, steadily getting soaked as car after car stops, someone gets in and said car continues to move - and then after a while you look around you and realise that only males are left there?

How many times have you stopped an okada (before the okada ban anyway) only for the annoying guy to drive past you and stop for a girl ahead?

How about taxis?

Now that's power. The kind of power that make human beings respect the sight of a gun. The kind of power that makes you fear what you do not understand. The kind of power that makes grownup men try to act innocent when a police car shows up in sight.

That's the kind of power women have.

And it saddens me that most of them don't even know they have this power.

So they run around bandying around

Some childish shit named feminism as though labels like that give them power give them the respect they so desperately desire.

Driven, passionate women are interesting. Career women women who make impacts in the corporate world even moreso. Forget what you know career/successful/fulfilled women are a major turn-on for yours truly. I am sapiosexual by nature; which means intelligence turns me on. But no matter what you know; no matter how great you are; you better know how to be a woman when it matters or you ain't shit.

Understand something; women who know their worth don't beg for respect. They don't confuse 'attention seeking' for 'respect demanding'. As far as I'm concerned, 'respect is not commanded, it is earned' still holds true.

Beyoncé would make songs like 'If I Were a Boy' 'Girls Run the World'...but have you ever heard her talk about Jay-Z being her equal? In case you start feeling offended, just take a moment off reading this and give her (Beyoncé) 'Upgrade U' a quick listen.

As far as I know women and men are two parts that come together to make a whole, so there shouldn't be role confusion.

Everyone should play their position. But then...

That's only my opinion. What's yours?



PAUSE

It was a very strange thing.


He loved her; loved her since the first time he had met her but she was in a serious relationship **or so she said.**

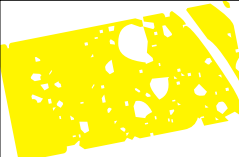
But it was pretty clear that she liked him, because no matter what she was doing she would make time for him, always making it clear that whenever he wanted to see her all he had to do was say.

And so they continued; she sitting by the phone waiting for it to light up with his name and he, feeling all hollow inside, thinking there was no point in telling her how he felt because she was in a serious relationship **or so she said.**

Then; as is usual in stories like this she had a falling out with her boyfriend and she could not wait to tell him. When he called that evening like he usually did, she sounded quiet and gentle more so than was usual for her. He asked her what was wrong and she answered nothing; and then she told him **she had broken up with her boyfriend.**

He was struck speechless at first, and then it occurred to him that she might have done it because of him. The rising hope in his chest became an overwhelming feeling of guilt and he hung up on her, hating himself for putting her in the situation. In his bloated sense of self righteousness it did not occur to him that she might love him; and had decided to end things with some other guy whose kisses had begun to taste like sawdust. No; it did not occur to him at all after all he was the one who knew what was best for everyone except himself.





Back at her house, she held the phone in her hand, stupefied beyond words. Why would he treat her this way; leave her hanging without a word of explanation or anything??! She was confused and saddened. After a while, sadness became tears and she cried herself to sleep, sobbing as though her heart would break. And then, just as the night began to get dressed for the day, tears became anger and she went through her house in a rage, destroying everything that reminded her of him.

Meanwhile, he was agonizing over what he thought was a rash decision on her part. He thought and thought about how to convince her that she had acted rashly but could come up with nothing. It was strange - because he was an artist. Creative expressions were what he did for a living.

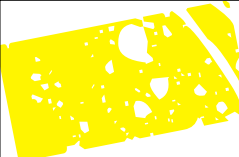
But then, maybe it is true what they say about Love leaving grown men speechless and tongue-tied, awkward like new born babes.

So for all his creativity, he could not come up with a solution to save his relationship with her or tell her how he really felt so he stayed in his house, depressed.

Two days later, he was in his house putting some finishing touches to a portrait and staring at his phone at regular intervals, slightly worried that she had not tried to call him. He decided to fix himself something to eat and then call her. As he put some Indomie noodles on his doorbell rang. He hastily wiped his hands on a table towel and walked towards the door, asking who it was.

A feminine voice responded and he opened the door hastily. She stood there, looking painfully fresh; as though it was just three minutes ago he saw her last. A searing pain; similar to being stabbed with a red-hot needle worked its way through his chest and he stood there mutely, wondering why he missed the memo on 'love hurts'.





She pushed into the house and he shut the door and stood aside nervously. He probably would have stood there, staring at her as she looked back at him had he not suddenly smelled something burning the noodles he was cooking. Stifling a curse, he ran into the kitchen and carried the pot off the fire. And then, blowing and sucking on his burning fingers, he went back into the sitting room.

She was still standing where he left her, just on the threshold of his apartment. He asked her to have a seat but she declined, saying instead that she just came to tell him that she was going back to her boyfriend. As she spoke, she looked closely at him obviously searching for a reaction. But she got none, his face remaining politely interested while his heart pounded heavily, his stomach churned and the needle was pushed deeper into his heart.

She asked him what he thought; he said it was good news and that he hoped she was happy. His condescending attitude annoyed her and she slapped him suddenly. And then, with tears in her eyes she delivered the only line of dialogue in this entire story;

““What do you know about happiness?””

He was too shocked to respond. He probably would have finally gotten over the fear that kept his lips sealed, but suddenly there was no time. The sharp bark of a horn cut through the moment, and he saw her smile through the tears in her eyes. Carefully she wiped them and walked outside to sit in the car beside her boyfriend. They drove away and she did not look back. **Not once.**

And that is the end of that one.





MY LITTLE GIRL

“But Daddy, shebi if t his bread was Nigerian made now, shebi people will start saying they are using j u j u. See how people are plenty on t he l ine.”

“Baby, the bread is Nigerian made. It is made in Nigeria by Nigerians.”

“But Daddy, shebi you said that Shoprite is a South-African supermarket? Shebi that's what you said.”

Sigh. My wonderful daughter.

The lady standing in line behind us looks amused. For a moment I wonder why my daughter is standing beside me and not running up and down the aisles like most other kids. She stands with silent dignity, looking up at me with an expression of genuine childish curiosity on her face. I sigh and lean over till my face is on the same level as hers.

“Yes indeed, it is South African business. But you don't expect them to bring bread down here everyday now, do you?”

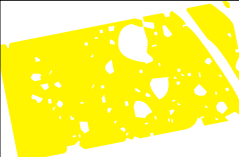
She looks thoughtful, placing her hand on her chin as though she is actually considering what I'd said.

“But how does the bread taste so different from all the ones we've been eating?” she asks.

“Because they probably have their own recipe, imported and all. So what they do is to bring a supervisor who probably mixes the flour and everything...” I pause to see if she is listening.

“Hmm-mmm,” she nods seriously, paying rapt attention.





"And then he just supervises the baking. That's most likely why it tastes different from everything else," I finish and stretch, wincing a little bit from a pain in my waist. *This is starting to become an inconvenience*, I think.

"Thank you for explaining daddy. Mummy says you're the smartest man she knows," my baby says.

That makes me sad. If she thinks I am so smart, why did she leave me?
I can't find an answer.

Twenty-something minutes later we step up to the bread rack, dump two hot loaves into our nearly-full basket and head towards the cash register, my little girl skipping ahead of me. She gets to the fruit stand, raises herself on tiptoes and lifts the largest bag of apples she can carry. Carefully raising it, she shows it to me, silently asking for my approval. At my smile she bravely tugs it to the least occupied cash register and waits for me to show up. I get there a few minutes later - having stopped to organize a few surprises for her.

Right in front of us is this annoying young couple. They keep touching each other lightly, teasing, smiling and laughing at each other. They are clearly in love; it is as though they are the only ones in the store. They have eyes only for each other.

Some old women and men on the line smile indulgently, probably recognizing it for what it is. I frown because I recognized it for what it is; two people making fools of themselves over something that is not destined to last. From the left edge of my vision I see my little girl looking at me, definitely wanting to ask me another question. I keep my face straight and frown deeper. She leaves me alone.





Finally we get out.

I ask her to wait by our stuff while I go get a cab from outside the parking lot. *You should get a car;* I tell myself. *Definitely makes things easier all around.* By the time I return, she is talking with two young girls who are in their early twenties, dressed as though they are headed for a D'Banj video shoot. I politely but firmly shoo them away and load my daughter and our stuff into the cab.

And then we head home.

"Don't you like women anymore Daddy?"

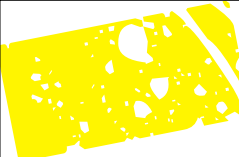
You would expect that I would be used to my daughter's curiosity and strange questioning techniques by now. Sorry to let you down.

"Where did that come from?" I ask, reluctantly turning away from the window to look at my daughter's upturned face. *She really is beautiful.*

Her brows gather together as she concentrates. "Well, we've been together for two weeks now and you haven't said hello to any woman except the cleaning woman and grandma's friend." She pauses for a bit. "Mummy says you need female attention," she concludes.

"Mummy should learn to mind her business," I mumble under my breath. My ex-wife is a model and therefore she never lacks attention. And while I understand it is not to make me jealous; it was that way even when we were married. I do not like it.





"I just want to spend time with you. You're the only woman I need right now," I say. She smiles briefly at that, and then that thoughtful look appears on her face. *Not this time*; I think grimly and quickly ward off what I know is coming.

"I have a friend," I confess, half truthfully. "I would have brought her to meet you but I wanted this time with you...just you and me. Haven't you missed me?" I say, acting hurt.

"I have and you know, Daddy," she says, sliding across the back seat to hug my arm. "Okay. When can I meet your friend?"

Problem child.

"She wants to meet you," I say as I get off the examination table, quickly putting on my shirt again. The paunch I have grown over the past three months is embarrassing, and I don't want her seeing more of it than is necessary.

"Your back is bust," my physician says. "I think you slipped a disc - your hips are slightly bruised. Nothing a couple of injections and medication won't cure," she finishes.

I nod, suddenly feeling awkward. It is because she has not answered my question, and I understand why. It implies a different level of commitment...one she probably is not ready for. I am not even sure I am ready myself. We have seen each other socially a couple of times, and we are genuinely fond of each other *even though we agree that it is not serious.*



PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

SKIT IV:



They say love is beautiful. Now I don't know about that; really but I do know it's not as perfect, as easy & as squeaky clean as 90% of the movies wants us to believe. Love can be as ugly and as menacing as the lead character from that horror movie that scared you as a child.

Imagine with me.

A girl is in love with a guy who is absolutely determined to self-destruct. This guy abuses his health steadily. Prescription pills, alcohol, hard drugs, spirits he's determined to kill himself. It's like he has a deal with himself; 'I must die before I'm thirty'. Interestingly enough, he does not lay a hand on her. Never. He is in no way abusive. He really loves her but what pushes him is way stronger than what they feel for each other. If she stays, he'll destroy her along with himself. But she loves him so she won't leave him or so she says.

It's a tragic love story; really. A classic Shakespeare tale. Kinda like 'Leaving Las Vegas'.

If you haven't, see that movie.

Now stretch your imagination a bit more. Indulge me.

Now imagine he does all those terrible

things and then beats her. Abuses her. Rapes and uses her whenever he feels like it.

And to the guys; this is your sister. WHAT. WOULD. YOU. DO?!

Domestic abuse is in no way cool. Not in the least.

Ladies, if you are in an abusive relationship WALK. Please. Else he'll kill you.

That's not love. That's something else entirely.

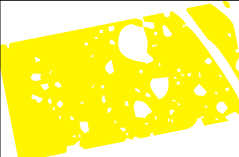
WALK O! I dey beg una; for your sakes and the sakes of those who love and care about you.

If you know anyone in an abusive relationship, or you're in one yourself and need help do not hesitate to call any of the following helplines:

Project Alert on Violence Against Women:
21 Akinsanya str, off Isheri road,
Taiwo Bus Stop, Ojodu Berger.
01-8209387, 08052004698, 08180091072.
projectalert@projectalertnig.org

7b Jubilee Road, Magodo-Shangisha.
08037178963, 017611656
Ernest Omoregie, Agboyi road, Lagoon Estate,
Ogudu Ori-Oke, Ojota, Lagos.
08023330981, 014747931

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She pushes her glasses back on her nose and smiles. "Why are you hiding your belly? Potbellied men are sexy you know, and haven't you heard Wasiu's song, 'give the money to the man with the belly'?"

I am thankful I do not have water in my mouth. I would have bathed her; the way the laughter is naturally forced out of me.

On my way out after my injections and prescription, she gently lays a hand on my sleeve. "I would love to meet your daughter. When would you want me to come?"

I am proud of my daughter tonight.

Whatever else my ex is, she knows how to raise a daughter. She has done herself proud with ours.

At her first sight of my friend my daughter kneels down to greet her properly. My friend is so overwhelmed, she hugs my baby firmly. When she was finally lets off, my daughter asks, "What do I call you?"

My friend is taken aback. She looks at me for help, and when she does not get any she sighs. "Well I don't stand on ceremony, so you can call me by name. It's -"

My daughter interrupts. "Mum will kill me if I do that," she says seriously. "I'll just call you auntie."

'Auntie' looks over at me, eyebrows raised behind spectacles. I shrug.

Dinner is a huge success. I am the guest.

They get on so well I am amazed. It is as though my little girl is determined to make a point. It is incredible. Finally, after auntie leaves it is just me and my little girl on the couch.





“So...do you like my friend?”

She thinks. “That's not what's important to me daddy.” She pauses, and then continues, “does she make you happy?”

Slowly...I start crying.





A GIRL NAMED INSE CUR

"I SEE HER WALKING BY
ON THE STREETS ON MY AREA;
STREETS OF GRIME"

Her ass is mean; her thighs na die
But she doesn't have what I really want; wal ai.
My guy; make I tell you why.
She dresses her ass off; but not because she wants
to

She speaks vulgar because she thinks it's cool
She gives the ass up easy; playing the fool
Disrespectful to her parents, she's downright
rude
Wearing thongs, doesn't want to look the prude
I see her sitting there; in the hall of banks
Confused; really demure but acting the skank
Smiling at you suggestively; seductively
Ignorantly thinking that's what we all want to
see

She has hot lips but she thinks her boobs her
flaming,

Has a cool mind, knows her heart is hurting

Acts like she does not care; I see she's just
fronting

She knows all these guys it's her back they
wanting

I try to talk to her; she calls me boring


When she sees me coming, she starts yawning

Maybe it because she knows it's the truth
approaching

And she hears my words of love as swords
reproaching

She will read this; I will get through

Ms. Insecure; I'm talking to you



SEE 

The hardest part about my mum's death is the fact that after a long time; I feel absolutely alone again.

All by myself.

I'm trying to watch that Jason Stratham movie The Transporter, all over again but I keep thinking about mum. There was so much I wanted to do for her and with her. And now?

It's all so confusing. I cannot believe she's dead. It's like a dream I keep hoping someone will wake me up and tell me I imagined it. As clichéd as that is; it's true. I feel like that.

Downstairs right now, workmen are finishing her grave. Adding the final details to her final resting place, like a marble plaque and marble tiles and stuff. I'm trying my hardest best not to cry but it's not working. The tears are streaming down my face, obscuring the screen of my notebook. You won't believe how many times I had to retype 'obscuring'.

My mother was my best friend. I didn't tell her everything, but I told her more than I told anyone else. The strangest things happen to and around me, and because I know talking to people leaves them thinking I'm mad (which I actually am; just not in the way they think) I'm most comfortable not talking about myself. Not directly anyway. But mum made it alright for me to be me. She helped me find confidence in my own skin - I always knew I could

come back to her and not expect to be judged. Sure, we disagreed a lot. We had misunderstandings. But she would usually come back; or I would, and we would talk about it and see each other's point. We talked a lot is what I'm trying to say.

At the start of every romance, I would tell my mum. Some of the women she met, some she didn't. One of them she never met but she loved till she died. I guess you could say that girl was God's tool in bringing me and my mum back together. Whenever I met a girl and I talked to my mum about it; she would say 'just be happy' or words to that effect. If she asked later and I said 'history'...she would smile and say 'hope you did not chase her away. Your wahala is plenty!' I would shake my head. Sometimes I would ask 'whose side are you on anyway?'

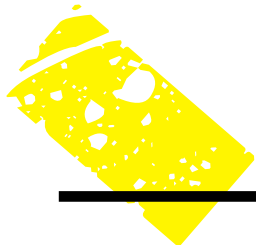
I was not the best of children. In fact, if it was that kind of contest I probably would come in last or thereabouts. And it's tough to realize I cannot make it right anymore. She's gone. Forever. I've been told time and time again that I would see her again someday if only I kept God's ordinances and blah. I promise to punch the next person who says that shit to me...not because I want to, but because what good does that do me? I don't want my mommy tomorrow next week; in the next life. I want her now. I want to tell her about

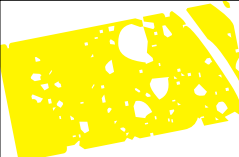
SEE



this girl I met last week. I want her to proofread this book for me. I want her to pull my cheeks; effectively pulling me out of the blue mood I've been in all day. I want her to tell me like she used to; how much of a catch I am for any woman, how if she had not met my dad first she would have married me. I want her to tell my daughter how flawed her dad is; and how she could not have had a better father if she tried.

I want my mommy now.
I can't write anymore. I can't
see the keyboard
anymore...the tears won't





E B A

So I'm in love with this guy.

You would think such things happen every day, but not to me. Before you start to think too much, I am not a child. I am twenty-seven years old - a successful career woman. I pay my bills, take care of my mum and two of my siblings depend on me. With stats like that, you have to know I have seen my fair share of life. You have to know having a level head on my shoulders is not an option. It comes with the terrain.

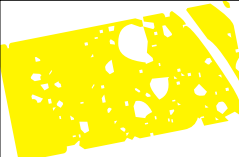
I also happen to be one of those ladies who are not disillusioned about love. **I know love exists.** I have had my heart broken; like twice - and therefore I decided it was an unnecessary distraction at that time. Of course after a while I became swallowed up in life and living and did not give romance too much of a chance. **But I am aware of love and I always tell myself that if it ever came knocking I would not avoid it.**

So I'm in love with this guy. After not feeling this/that way for a while, a woman becomes frightened. She starts to doubt the authenticity of her feelings; she starts to have fears that the guy just wants the usual thing most women think most guys want. But there's something about this guy...

I have to be honest with you, it's really been hard balancing my head and my heart these past two months. I go all soft around him; I have to fight an impulse to tear his clothes off and serve him some Warri-style loving.

Yes ke. **With the right guy I'm a freak.**





He does not say much. He's very quiet and patient with and around me. He also wants to spend on me. He shares his wealth with me - he makes me feel very special. Little by little, he makes a space for himself in my heart...in my life.

And then he calls me to tell me he wants to come to my house on Sunday. **For the first time.**

I ask him; "what would you like to eat?"

He laughs and says, "eba."

Okay. It is embarrassing to admit this, but of everything I can cook, eba is not one.

Of course I don't tell him that.

I get off the phone and then I start to panic. I have no idea where to start - and I am too embarrassed to ask my friends.

And Sunday is just two days away.

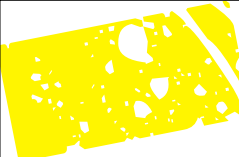
Now don't bother your lovely tresses asking how I got away with not knowing how to make eba for two months. Well, if you can figure out how it took him that long to come to my house; you'll understand.

I wake up early enough the next day and go to the local market. There I buy ingredients with which I intend to make the egusi and efo riro to compliment the eba. I also buy some ponmo, crayfish, and eja aro.

Don't laugh. I'm in love.

I clean all the fish and meat, stuff them in the refrigerator and then I set out to clean the whole apartment. I finish late in the day - so I take a shower, snack out and sleep.





Sunday wakes me up with dazzling sunshine. I'm smiling as I leave my bed...my heart is doing a crazy little flutter. *He is coming!* So I cook the best egusi I have ever made in my entire life. I take my time; watching over the boiling pot like a mother hen watching over her chicks. I'm sweating up a storm but I'm smiling the whole time. It really is a great feeling; cooking for someone you love and care about. And then, it's their favorite meal.

I have to ace this; I think.

He sends me text messages that further compliment the tone. Hmmmm. Sweet boy.

Okay...so the soup is done. I dish it into a cooler and think of other details. I have two bottles of Stout in the fridge for after...and some other so-not-your-concern goodies.

Now to face the eba.

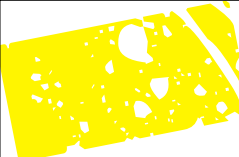
I pulled out my trusty iPhone 5 and Google 'how to make eba'. You don't want to imagine how many responses I got, but the best and most detailed one was on Wikihow. Bless them.

I don't want to bore you with details but I poured away enough hot water and garri to start my own bukka. I scald myself so many times...at one point I sit down **and start crying**.

It is sobering that I never took the time to learn how to make a meal as simple as eba. I consider eating humble pie and calling my homegirl Bisi for help but I want to do this for him myself. He's earned it.

So I get up from feeling sorry for myself; put another pot of water on after reading the instructions thoroughly again and then start. This time my patience is rewarded and I have a wonderful-looking lump of eba looking at me with a clear, innocent expression. It is a hundred percent lump free.






By this time, it's a few minutes to three. He'll be here at three-thirty. I put the eba in a cooler and take a long, slow shower. When I'm done, I look myself in the mirror and smile. I feel a bit naughty. I take my time dressing up like the women in those body lotion and bathing soap adverts. I like the feel of new sexy underwear. I rub excess lotion in my hands to salve some of the burns. I'm grateful the skin is not peeling.
I settle down to wait.

My phone rings and my heart takes a puff of weed or some other intoxicating stuff. I'm high.
Calming myself I pick the call.
"Hey," I say, trying to sound cool.
He sounds cooler. "I'm on my way up," he says.
"Okay." I jump up and open the door. *Bone acting cool.*

He shows up looking very debonair in a deep blue shirt and black slacks. He's carrying a bottle of Bailey's and a small shopping bag. I jump on him and kiss him thoroughly.

"That's better," he says. He carries me into the house. I lay my tresses against his clean-shaven face and sigh contentedly.
I kiss him some more. He responds, dumping his goods on the table and carrying me over to the couch. We get pretty steamy in the following minutes, and then **we come up for air.**





"I'm hungry," he says , patting his slightly-bulging tummy. I laugh.

"I've been waiting to hear you say that," I answer.

I serve him his lunch and sit beside him, trying to hide my nervousness as he eats. That's the thing about him. He does not like to interrupt any activity; whether eating, working or -

He kisses me.

Whooo. That *is* surprising.

"Best eba I've had in a while," he says, smiling at me.

I feel heat rush into my cheeks. He rinses his hands after cleaning his plate and letting go of a healthy belch. As I sit there laughing, he gently reaches for and cradles my stinging hands - hands red from burns sustained making eba for him. *He knows*; I think.

He kisses my hands gently. And then he says; "Thank you."

Na wa o. Love sweet sha!

For **Tosan** who always made sure there was a hot meal waiting.





A MOMENT

YOU'RE IN AN ELEVATOR IN THE BUILDING
IN WHICH YOU'VE JUST RESUMED
EMPLOYMENT.

And then - this absolutely gorgeous woman walks in and eyes you nervously. You smile.

The job is looking better by the minute.

And then...as you begin to admire her very prominent behind, she lets go of this nasty smelling fart, driving all thoughts of romance from your head with the force of a Mike Tyson punch.

You're so angry - you want to kill her with a look.

As the elevator stops at her floor, you hurriedly fan your hand across your face and press the elevator's 'close door' button. The door closes and you hiss loudly while trying not to breathe in the elevator's polluted air.

And just like that, you meet your
future wife.

You just don't know it yet.



A STORY OR...???

I went to Ozone cinemas to get the Ije DVD. I came back home with no DVD, no money and a koko on my head; the size of which would easily put D'Banj's claim of 'kokomaster' to shame.

What happened? I had simply been flirting with a girl who was flirting back. How was I to know she was the tanker - I mean the bouncer's girlfriend?

I didn't know bouncers had girlfriends. *Who in their right minds would want to date a bouncer?!*

Only for Naija men!



His & Hers

"But sha - you women are really silly Sometimes."

"You don't start o. Like say you men are perfect... anyways what did we do to you now?"

"Whoever came up with that saying...that 'if you can't make her a wife, don't make her a mother...?"

"Uh oh."

"'Uh oh' is right. Only a dumb-ass woman could have dreamed up something that daft."

"Be careful o. I'm about to leave this conversation."

"Okay...cool down. But seriously do you think it makes any sense? Does it to you?"

"Of course it won't make any sense to you aproko male pig! If you cannot handle the responsibility of a child, why impregnate me?"

"Oh so you finally admit you're attracted to me! We are getting somewhere!"

"That is so not the point!"

"Okay. What is the point then?"

"Why impregnate a woman you cannot take care of?"

"So...how do you get pregnant these days by osmosis, or is it diffusion?"

"No. It is by Bluetooth. See am."

"Well, even if it is by Bluetooth or infrared or some other something-or-the-other, you still have to accept the pairing. So if you get pregnant, we both agreed to it in fact, more you than I."

"What gibberish are you spouting now?"

"You are a woman. You know these things you know what to do not get pregnant and all that. So, why don't you take care of it? The issue is that a lot of you think you have to tie a guy down, and what better weapon than a pregnancy?"

"Well...'em..."

"We both enjoyed the sex. We should both bear the responsibility. We should both agree to keep it or not...I'm just saying."

"Whatever."

"Now you've been convinced, how about a...?"

"Over my dead body!"





Okay.

So there she was, one lonely evening thinking about her boyfriend.

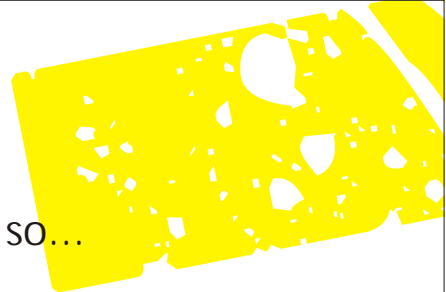
What about him specifically; you ask?

Considering the reality that she said boyfriend was supposed to be in a place all by himself, and she had just called him only for a woman had picked the call; you have to agree that she had a lot to think about no?

So she sat there, trying not to...

At this point my annoying edit or jumps in to say "this is the acknowledgment page you idiot!"

To which I respond "your papa!"



But it is indeed the acknowledgement's page; and so...

Honestly and as ridiculous as this may sound, I still don't think I can write much. When asked I like to say "I try."

But whatever little I have come from God. So Baba; thank you much.

My parents; Engr. And Chief Mrs. Odukoya for teaching me to love books. Mum, for never second-guessing me. You gave me life itself and not just by birthing me. Thank you.

To my siblings how do you like me now? 'Black sheep' huh? Look how I turned out. I guess 'black sheep' actually means 'content'. I love you guys. To my fam the usual suspects. Thank you.

Naijastories. Whoa. See how far we've been come. I cannot thank you enough. Myne, Tola, Howyoudey, Chemokopi, Banky, Anderson, Roy, Lactoo, Emmanuella...so many people..Sally, Adaobi...in short EVERYONE. Thank you.

My dance-partner. May our feet never hurt.

Abby you're sweet and special. Thank you.

BabyChi sure we disagree. That's life. You're such a blessing to have around.

My twitpack; Shai. Tosin. Iweka Road. Tiwa. Oyin (I think you owe me a kid or two). You guys are so much.

To CSimi (I don't know her name I doubt she does too!). Thank you.



Temilolu you're such an inspiration. Thanks.
The beautiful RWOWAS ladies . Thanks for the support and encouragement.

Kiru, Ola Nubi, Netty, Sifu, Patricia...you're such rocks with warm hearts.
For everything thank you.

My Fuel team. Napo. The Gambit . Caxton Martins. Oxygen. More of Moore. Whoa. Aren't I blessed I met you guys?

Jeanne...always. ALWAYS. With love.

To Ibi my ex. Here we are. Don't kill me abeg.

To all the crushes & sweethearts you make for the best of memories.
Sweetness.

All the women past, present & future. I'm really grateful.

Writer's Bloc Caroline. Iquo. Chris. Chuma. Ibifiri. Thank you for having me.

To all the blogs/bloggers. Umari. VixenPixle. The Naked CONvos.
Mynewhitman. I thank you much!

To my 'wingman' Ife 'The Gambit' Olatunji, your insight, advice, support and contributions to this baby are immeasurable. This is you. This is US.

Oxygen you rock. Even though na with fight. You came through. You rock.

Special thanks to the underline team. You guys 'parished'! Thank you.
The Musketeers Raymond Elewonke, Kaycee Uzor, Seun Odukoya. It has begun. Shall we?

If I forgot you, please blame my head not my heart. I'm thankful.

Follow [@seunodukoya](#).

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Peace out!