

Why are you ignoring me ? If anyone is supposed to be angry , I think I've earned the right. You seat there gawking at me all day . You have not gone to work in two weeks . Bolanle , your receptionist who has a mountain on her back and two watermelons masquerading as breasts called our home phone to ask why ' Oga, has not come to the office since last two weeks ' .Really! like I would know what goes on in your mind or why you choose to go or not go to work .Anyway,she sounded very worried, it's what love or infatuation does to people, they start to worry when they don't hear from the object of their desire , I wonder if she feels the former or later or maybe she just misses her cash cow. Remember the scar you gifted me when I asked if you were cheating on me with her? I now caress it when I'm nervous, it calms me ,I'm caressing it as I stare at you right now . I had gone to the kitchen to get a glass cup and I tripped in front of you which made the glass shatter into a thousand pieces in different directions , you would have slapped me if I broke a glass cup two weeks ago so imagine my surprise at how calmly you're looking at me now and saying nothing .

I should go to the shoprite to buy a cart load of a cleaning supplies and air fresheners because you gave up bathing two weeks ago and now every time I'm in the same room as you , your body odor makes my eyes water and choke my throat up . Look at you! You're a mess , your once perfectly ironed white shirt is now sporting wrinkles in a lot of areas , it looks like one of those paper balls Kudus makes just to throw in the bin , remember the day he made so many to play with ? you came home , drunk as always , shouting at him for making a mess . I told you to stop picking on him , you like picking on people who you can pick up from the ground with one hand. You called me a bitch and told me to stay out of ' father and sons business' .

' The boy is too soft.' You said.

I stood up from the couch and tried to get between you and Kudus as soon as I could but the cursed pregnancy bubu I was wearing kept getting under my feet , threatening to make me fall flat on my face. You had given him two slaps on his face and your brown leather shoe was ploughing into Kudus head as he lay crying on our cold living room tiles .

' That's enough , do you want to injure my child' I said .

I bent over Kudu's body to shield him from your shoe , hugging him , I could not wrap myself around him completely ,my eight months old baby bump , a constant hindrance if I might add , was in the way . I hear you rustle with something. I could not tell what it was . I cup Kudu's face with both of my palms , he was whimpering in pain ! Oh my poor baby !. I felt a stinging pain all over my back , I was too distracted with our son crying on the floor to notice at first . You were whipping my back with the buckle end of your belt ,I looked up at you, you raised your hand with utmost urgency as you struck my cheek bone with the belt buckle .

You picked me up by my shoulder , my body started to swaying rapidly on its own accord .

' Why are you shaking now , I thought you were brave enough to talk back at me' You said .

You pulled me towards you with my back resting on your chest . I could feel your member start to poke me at the crack of my rear. I wondered how you could even be aroused in that moment .

Inaudible words flew from kudas mouth , his words stumbled against each other so you made fun of his speech impediment and laughed by yourself . You grabbed my hair twisting and pulling it so tight I thought my head would catch on fire.

‘ Leave my mummy alone ‘ Kudus eventually said .

You tossed me across the room and I landed on the wall with force and I saw black , the next time I opened eyes , you were crying in front of Kudus and a a river of blood had formed around my baby . I tried to get up but it turns out I too had a river of my own flowing from my crotch , I watched my river of blood flow toward Kudus , his river also flowed towards mine as they finally clashed together.

I finally regained strength to swim in our blood river to my son , I held him in my arms and rocked back and forth

‘ Kudus baby , talk to mama , if you say something, I’ll let you have ice cream and Capricorn for dinner ‘ I said .

He said nothing to me , his eyes were wide open ,I followed his gaze , he was looking at the chandelier on the ceiling, I looked at it too and said ‘ Kudus, the fake crystals look like diamonds , don’t you just love that ?’

‘ Kafaya , he’s gone , he’s dead , are you crazy , why are you talking like he’s alive?’

Remember how I looked at you ? You were the crazy one ! Kudus was just angry at you , that’s all. I gathered all the strength that you had not taken from me and dragged my son into the guest bathroom close to our living room , a trail of blood followed us . I put him in the tub .His night wear was soaked in his river , I put on the tap and wash him from head to toe . I went upstairs and got that blue pajamas his grand ma got him when she went to Saudi Arabia for hajj, his favorite . I slipped it on it him , carried him up stairs and put him in bed , I should have known my river would soil his pajamas but I tucked him in bed anyways .He did not beg me to read him a story like he always did, I knew he was angry , angry that his mother married such a monster that was capable of hurting him . I said goodnight and hoped he would forgive me in the morning .

I came back downstairs and I saw you still kneeling on the spot we had left you .

‘ Oh my god ‘ You said ‘ I killed my own son’ you were violent scratching your head with your fingers , I was scared you were going to remove the skin that lay on your head.

‘ Which son are you talking about ‘ I hissed ‘ Stop being silly , my son is sleeping safely upstairs ,

abeg o' I said .

' Kafaya , are you mad ? What's wrong with you' You said .

You took my shoulders and shook it violently , I forced my eyes to look at you , it appears that you were shouting at me , the usual sweet baritone in your voice was replaced by something sinister .

You slapped me so hard that I almost lost my balance .

'Your son , our son is dead , are you normal , why are you acting like everything is okay?' You said .

I could sense that you were panicked but the delusion was what made me feel bad for you , so I went into the medicine cabinet and got you water and a sleeping pill, you were hesitant to take it from me but I patted your back ,hugged you and made you feel comfortable ,so you took the tablet . You slept off on the couch while I cleaned up the rivers from the floor tiles of our living room , everything was so red it reminded me of Christmas.

I woke up by 5am the next morning. On a normal day , Kudus would have come to our room in the middle of the night cause he gets scared when he wakes up alone in his room. He did not come to the bed , I knew he was still livid so I went into the kitchen and prepared his favorite . Fried rice and chicken . I guess the noise from my cooking woke you up cause you came into the kitchen looking confused

' Good morning , food is almost ready ' I said .

' Kafaya , now I know your not sane , how can you be cooking when your son is laying lifeless
' You scanned the environment ' Where is he ' ?' You said.

I started to hum , i was not ready for your deranged declarations that morning , I went to Kudus's room and brought him down , he was still not talking to me ,I sat him on the dinning table and went back to the kitchen , your hands were on your head and mouth was ajar .

' Kafaya , we have to take Kudus to the hospital, no to the police or mortuary' You said .

' Stop ! Stop it Ibrahim , my son is not dead , he's only angry, that's why he refuses to speak , look at him ' I pointed towards the dinning table and your eyes followed my finger ' He's fine and if you choose to say he's dead one more time you won't like what I'll do to you' I said .

I was already boiling with anger at that point , I could not for the life of me understand why you were being so adamant and insisting my little angle was gone !

' Kafaya , what sick game are you playing? The boy is dead' you said .

The corner of my eyes caught a glimpse of the knife I had used to chop carrots for the fried rice, I picked it up to scare you , I threatened to stab you if you kept talking about my son like he was dead . You started to plead with me not to do anything rash, truth is that I was not going to hurt with the knife , I just wanted to make you shut up but I loved what I saw before me . Fear . The fear you always inspired in me were in your eyes , I was the one with the power now , you had made me feel powerless all this while , you would come home inebriated and still somehow find the strength to welt our bodies with your whips or belt or you would wake up and slap me around .

You run toward me and tried to grab the knife but I would not let it go , you tried to pry it out of my hands to no avail, you pushed me and I fell on the gas cooker ,you took my hands and hit it against the burner grates to lessen my grip on the knife. I tried to stand but you hit my hands repeatedly, I don't know where the strength came from when I stood up and launched the knife in you , you eyes were wide open , you let out a sound , your nose flared up and i saw your eyes rotating between shock and anger . You grabbed my throat and squeezed it so tight I thought I would pass out , I started to panic and pushed the knife further into your chest using all the vigor I could muster .

You fell on the ground , you were holding your chest and your breaths sounded like a person underwater gasping for air . That was the moment you stoped talking to me. I brought you to the dining table and I dished out our food , kudas refused to eat and you refused to talk to me . If you ask me I'll say both of you were being bloody dramatic .