

DOUBLE WAHALA

(2,956 WORDS)

“Highway! Flour Mill!! 8 miles! Enter!”

Na so the conductor wey dey load passenger for the bus wey park for my front dey shout, na that shout sef kukuma comot me from the deep thoughts wey don keep me for this road, dey look nothing in particular but my life wey dey flash for my mind.

I check time for my phone. Past 4!! Chi'm o! How long I don dey stand here then?

“8 miles how much?” I ask the conductor.

“8 miles, 200”. Him answer.

I immediately siddon for front with one aunty. As the others dey struggle to enter, na it driver yarn say, “Na only new currency I dey take o. If you get N200, N500 and N1000 make e be the new one o!”

“Oga driver na wa for you o! If you see the old one sef you no go collect? For this time wey be say our naira both old and new na gold” one Oga inside the bus ask am.

“help me ask am o!” Another passenger wey still stand for outside talk her own.

As the driver see say him don dey loose passenger for that him talk so, he tell dem make dem enter.

As the passengers dey enter, na it one brother throw head put for front of the bus, dey ask driver whether him no go collect N150 to reach 8 miles, na it driver change am for am.

“Shebi that campaign wey you just dey comot from so, dem no tell you how much dem dey sell fuel now? Mtcheww”

Oga driver just carry him bus drive pass am, then increase the volume of the radio wey him been dey listen to.

“...this na why I dey tell you say make you go collect your PVC o. Coz I believe say this time around our vote must count. Make we enjoy this correct gbedu first, I dey come”

Song wey the radio presenter play na one of *Nigeria national anthem* currently, “*How Are You My Friend*” wey Johnny Drille sing. E just be like say this presenter sabi wetin I dey go through now – him fit no sabi all like that – but me, I sabi say I really need better friend to ask how I dey. Coz as I dey like this I no dey fine at all. In fact, my life don end like this!

All this problem start when I meet Idris that rainy day for JAMB office.

I been go JAMB office to buy the form and register for the exam. That day the kind serious rain wey fall no be small one. But before that rain, better sun been dey shine, so I been no get any reason to carry umbrella for house. Instead, as sweet 17 wey I be, I carry sunglasses wey go well with the khaki short and crop top wey I wear.

I been don already fill and submit my form. I been dey ready to go but when the rain start, I get no choice than to wait make e stop. All the offices dey filled up already so I been stand outside one of the offices wey get small shade. My documents been dey inside my big brown envelope, but as the rain come progress e carry breeze follow body wey dey blow water pour me and others wey dey there.

As I dey try to use my hands to protect my documents from the rain wey already don dey soak little part of am, I feel person hand tap me for shoulder. I turn my back to see Idris for the first time – 19-year-old fine light skin boy with hair like *oyibo* – wey dey struggle to avoid the effect of the rain, but dey offer me plastic envelope.

“Take! Use am put your envelope inside”.

Him documents been dey inside but space still reach for me to put my own. I immediately fix my own inside then tell am thank you.

“No wham! Give me make I hold am for us” I give am back the envelope then thank am again. Him nod and smile as e collect am. Na there I notice him cute dimples! Omo God dey create abeg!

“E be like say na you do make rain fall o”. Him talk that one as e dey point my glasses wey I don already position for my hair since the rain start. As I come get the joke we come dey laugh.

“My name na Oluchi”. I tell am as I extend hand for am to shake, of which him respond to warmly. Na like that conversation start. We just dey gist as the rain dey subside. E come turn out say both of us put the same university as same choice, although him want study Electrical Engineering, while me on other hand na Accounting.

As night come dey reach, we exchange contacts as hopefully we fit meet for the same school, “*Allah willing*” as Idris talk. Idris tell me say him be Muslim from Edo state.

After that day, we begin spend close to two hours on phone dey talk and dey chat unlimited. Obviously, we been no wait till we get the admission before we begin dey see each other again. Most times we dey meet for our favourite spot, *Fingers Park*, or sometimes Idris go come my papa house and other times I go dey him papa own.

One of those days wey me and Idris dey hang out for our spot, Idris been ask me question wey make me happy and surprise at the same time. I no go lie sha, I been don dey expect this question for a while now. Idris been actually ask me make I be him girlfriend. But as much as I happy say him ask finally, I still get small fear of wetin fit come happen if we end up for different schools wey dey far from each other. So I tell am say make him wait make we get admission first. Idris tell me say no wahala say him go wait.

As fate been plan am for us, me and Idris been pass our cut-off mark and been get admission for the same school. I no know if na the fact say I get admission for my most preferred school or na the fact say I been get to enter the school with my first boyfriend.

That night just after the small dinner celebration wey we been do for Idris house, I carry am go their backyard tell am say I don accept to be him girlfriend. Idris over happy. E happy sote e no sabi the time wey him pull me close to himself, come kiss me. The kiss freeze my body till I no sabi when I say “Jesus” as him stop. Na so we burst laugh for there, but then no be the last kiss wey we been share be that.

The first year for school been dey memorable for me. I been dey live for school hostel as my Papa want, but Idris been rent apartment outside school. During our first year, Idris dey always show me off every single chance wey him get – for school, for market and even for social media. But that one no stop some bizzy body people wey dey always try to replace sugar with sand sand for our garri. But, me and Idris love strong like *kill and dry*.

Before now, me and Idris been don already dey get unprotected sex six months into the relationship. According to Idris him believe say both of us go definitely marry after school and him prefer am *skin tight*. Plus, him dey always dey careful not to drop anything inside me.

Fast forward to two and half years later, Idris come start to dey behave different towards me. Him stop to dey get time for me like before. I been reason say na coz of school stress and all. But then other actions been dey make me dey reason otherwise. The fact say him dey act like I no dey satisfy

am sexually again, plus his actions when some of these yeye girls dey hail am for my front, him go just dey encourage them with plenty hugs and long conversations like say I no siddon there with am. When I complain give am him go tell me say him love me and that na wetin matter. I no go lie, at that time, na all the assurance wey I been need be that. But few more months into the relationship I realize say Idris go need double that assurance.

Few months later, I begin dey notice some changes for my body and the fact say I dey always dey feel too dizzy to even go class sef or anywhere for the past two months. I first complain to Idris and him been think say na malaria so him go buy drugs for me, but the matter come worse. I come decide say time don reach to go clinic myself to run tests, make I know wetin really be the issue. I try call Idris make him follow me go, but him no pick him call. So I just carry myself dey go.

I no really get any friends coz my life for that school just revolve around Idris. So even if I talk say I get friends, dem actually be Idris friends.

When I reach the clinic, na it I explain how body dey do me give doctor. When I finish, na it the doctor ask me if I don do pregnancy test. I look the doctor laugh. I tell am say no be that one dey worry me. She tell me say based on everything wey I don tell her, e be like belle matter. Na so my mind begin dey hit like say person dey pound pepper inside. She kukuma give me pregnancy test strip say make I just confirm before she go further. She tell me how to use am, then tell me say make I go ahead try am for her bathroom.

As I dey inside that bathroom I dey battle thoughts for my mind. As one dey tell me say e no dey possible since Idris dey always dey very careful and him never drop inside before; another dey ask me say, what if e dey possible? What if I don actually carry belle? Wetin I go do?

I shut my thoughts down as I go ahead run the test as she tell me, to prove to myself say I never carry belle!

When I finish, I comot come give her the strip make she confirm wetin e dey show. She say make we wait for few minutes first. After like three minutes, she wear her glasses check am.

“Wetin e show?” I ask her.

She turn look me, comot her glasses, then tell me say, “You dey two months and three weeks pregnant, and...”

Every other thing wey the doctor begin dey talk after that just dey fade for my ears, as my focus just siddon on top the last sentence wey she make.

Oluchi Uzoma Kalu, you don carry belle!! Jesus! Na dream be this?

As I carry myself dey go Idris house that day I don pinch myself countless times to confirm say no be dream I dey so. But no pinch for this life fit wake me up from this reality wey I dey so.

I don try to call Idris since but him still never pick call, so I say make I go him house one time. I know say this news wey I carry so no be good news but I no fit wait one more second to comot this heaviness wey dey my heart. Besides, I need to tell am since na the both of us share for this carelessness wey don put me for this situation so. Among the things wey the doctor been dey talk, at least I grab the part wey she talk about other ways wey person fit carry belle no matter how *carefully* dem dey carry out unprotected sex.

As I reach Idris house, the house dey locked but I get my spare key so I open am. When I enter, I notice say him key dey on top table, so obviously him lock am from inside. I no even think that one twice. So I just march go him bedroom and I open him door immediately.

Wetin my eyes see for Idris room make my heart cut pass when I receive the result of my pregnancy test. Idris dey on top bed with two girls under duvet.

“Jesus Christ! Idris!!”

Next thing I see myself dey fall for ground as I pass out.

When I open my eyes, I see Idris dey shake my body dey shout my name. When him notice say I don open eyes, him begin kneel down dey beg me say make I no reason wetin I just see. I look around and I no see any of the girls, na just me and Idris dey the room.

I been no even notice say tears don already dey comot from my eyes.

“Idris why?” I ask am.

“Babe abeg, no be wetin you think I swear! Na just one-time thing and dem no mean anything to me”

I shake my head, dey cry bitterly. But at the same time I feel too weak to argue on wetin just happen sef, so I go straight to tell am wetin carry me come him house at first.

“Idris, I don't carry belle.”

“You say wetin?” him ask me.

“I say, I get belle.”

As him stand up from where him dey kneel down, him ask me, “For who?”

“For who else? Which kind rubbish question be that? Na who I dey get unprotected sex with? No be you?” I ask am.

Suddenly, I see as Idris remorseful eyes change to that of anger.

“My friend hold am for there!! Who give you belle? Oya mention one time wey I drop anything inside! Abi na you be the first person wey I dey get unprotected sex with?!”

My head want explode! “Wait. Idris, wetin just comot from your mouth so?”

“Oluchi no dey ask me useless questions. You think say you fit put another man pregnancy for my head? You lie! In fact, come dey go! Comot for my house now!”

“Idris me? Comot for your house? Idris na me you dey talk to like this? Babe na me Oluchi o.”

“I blind? Eh answer me na, I blind Oluchi? No allow me make I use force throwey you comot o. Leave my house now!!”

On top serious tears and shock wey I still dey try to recover from, I kneel down dey beg Idris make him no treat me like this. Before I know, Idris don dey drag my hand to comot from him house. As him dey try to pull me from outside the bedroom, I hold him bedroom door dey still beg am. Him grip come dey too tight for my hand, so I leave the door handle to hold him hand wey dey pull me. But immediately, Idris loose him balance and we both fall for ground.

When I sit up I notice say blood dey flow for ground. I check – no be me dey bleed. I notice say Idris no dey move. I place my hand under him head to raise am up, na there I notice where the blood dey comot from.

Idris dey bleed for the back of him head seriously. So e turn out say as him loose him balance him carry head hit for the small staircase wey dey the corridor wey lead to him room.

“Idris!”. I try to shake him body and dey call him name to see any response, but Idris no move. Idris lie down there like say... Like say. No! Person no fit die like that na! E no fit be!

I place my head on top him chest. No sign say him dey breathe. Oh God!! Oh my God o!! Idris – Idris don go!!

Every part of my body dey shake like –

“Madam, which side for 8 miles you want drop?!”

Na so the voice of the bus driver wey I siddon with for front since, shake me from my thoughts.

“Oga?”

“I say where for 8 miles you dey drop?” him ask again.

I look road to see how far we don go and thankfully we never pass where I want drop. So I tell am, “Just the next street. By Agro field.”

Him no answer me. E just comot hand to collect money. I give am the N200 wey dey my pocket.

When I come down from the bus, I comot my phone check time. 4:49pm. Na around this time wey I see Idris last – alive. E don reach two days wey the incident happen. That evening still in shock, I take the next bus back to Calabar come my parent’s house. I never receive any calls wey don come my phone since then and I never tell anybody wetin happen either. Where I want start from? Who go even believe me? How I want even keep my mouth tell my Papa say I don carry belle? For man wey die on top my hands? No single minute wey dey pass, wey the thought of Idris blood for my hand no dey cross my mind. Even my dreams no dey miss am.

I sabi say authorities go soon catch up with me soon, but again, who go believe my side of the story?

THE END.