

Just call me Kate, my agony started the day my friends in the hostel realized I was still a virgin. Then I was 18 and in grade 12. In the hostel, I shared a room with three other girls and classmates - Janet who normally called me K.T, Sandra, who called me Katty and Linda.

“So what is the big deal?” I asked, knowing that there was no reason they should be laughing at me.

“No big deal Katty, only that you are still a girl” Sandra said.

“And you are mummies, right?” I asked back.

“We are ladies” Linda said

“Congratulations ladies, keep on celebrating immorality, obsession, fornication and adultery” I said proudly.

“I love Man U. KT will do a dictionary, I’m enjoying those terms” Janet said

“Go on, we are enjoying it, we are celebrating nudity, pornography, ejaculation, sexycology and” Linda said and they all burst into laughter.

“I got angry, packed my books and moved out of the room.

“Are you angry Katty” Sandra said

“Hey, this girl!” Linda shouted after me.

“This virgin girl, your mummies are calling you” Linda continued, then I was some distance from the room and everybody in the hostel heard her. I ignored her and continued walking down towards the exit of the hostel.

“Virgin Kate” Linda shouted again, everybody in the hostel now focused attention on me. I got angry and returned to her

“Are you mad Linda? Till you will die, till you will decay, till you will perish in the hottest hell, never you, use those words for me again, you let everybody in the hostel be looking at me” I said

“Are you ashamed of being a virgin again? I think just now you said you are celebrating holiness and righteousness” She replied and everybody burst into laughter again

“K.T is celebrating virginity, but essh, don't let anybody in the hostel heard” Janet whispered and everybody started laughing again.

“ Don't mind them Katty, We won't shout again” Sandra said and they all laughed.

I was confused; I hissed and walked out of the room. Sandra followed me.

“Don't mind Linda, she is too wild” Sandra said

“Not her fault, she is just a little girl” I replied

“ But she is experienced” Sandra said.

“Experienced in immorality” I replied.

“But joke apart, Katty, you need a guy” Sandra said in a friendly tone.

“That is not what I come here to do”

“I agree, but everybody does it, why not you?”

“Because, I am not everybody”

“I rest my case” Sandra said and together we went to the library.
It was during the dinner that Janet started the issue again.

“Men! I can't believe Jackson is dead” Sandra said as she removed the ear-phone from her ears and settled down to her food. She had apparently been listening to a song of Michael Jackson' her most favorite artiste.

“Let Jackson rest in his grave, what did you tell K.T when you followed her out this morning?” Janet asked.

“She said Linda is young, but I said she is experienced” Sandra replied.

“Who said I am young? May the devil punish them, I am your mum” Linda said harshly.

“Devil will punish you too” I replied

“May thunder strike the mouth that says I am young, you better come for lesson and let me take you there” Linda said.

“Take her where? Janet asked

“She knows, if she doesn't come to us, she won't get there” Linda said

“You won't get there too” I replied

“Come let me take you there or you will never get there”

“You will never get there” I said sharply
She laughed. “ I had been there since grade 9, If you are not careful you won't be there till 40”

“You won't be there till 50” I said.

“She had been there since 12” Sandra said.

“If not 8” Janet said and everybody laughed.

“I know everything your mum knows” Linda said.
I got angry “Never you talk to my mum again, idiot” I said left the table, packed my books and moved out.

"You don't follow her" Janet said to Sandra.

My friends kept mounting pressure on me. At first I was strongly determined not to succumb to their pressure. Later as the pressure increased I decided to listen to Sandra's advice.

"You don't need to have sex with guys, but you can't do without them" Sandra has said that to me on many occasions.

"You can always keep a boyfriend and still maintain your virginity"

"But it is not easy" I would tell her

"Not easy if you don't know the logic" she would reply

"You can keep the logic" I would say again

In one of those days that we sat down at the back of the school dormitory, reading under the street light, she had suddenly called me.

"Katty! Should I introduce you to a friend?"

"Haven't I got enough?" I asked back.

"I mean a friend you will always love to be with" Sandra said.

"Somebody not as troublesome as you are" I said

"Katty, I am serious, somebody that will touch your mind and soul, somebody that you can always confide in, somebody that you will remember and smile"

"Enough of these sweet words. Are boys that precious?" I asked

"They might not, but there is always one for every girl. If you meet your soul mate, it is like you have met your saviour"

"That is interesting, and you have known my soul mate? I asked her

"I am talking of a boy who is very handsome, brilliant, rich gentle, friendly, charming"

"Hold it" I said " If I don't stop you I know you won't stop, you just want me to be like you, to lose my virginity at 15" I said and Sandra got angry.

"What is the meaning of that nonsense?" She asked angrily, packed her books and started walking towards the hostel.

I knew I had wronged her. Sandra was my only true friend. I knew she truly loved me and I didn't want to offend her, so I followed her.

"I am sorry Sandra" I said.

"Don't worry" she said and continued walking without looking at me.

"I am sorry, I am very sorry" I repeated.

"Indeed, I have heard you" she replied.

"So let's go back and finish our discussion" I said

She stopped and looked at me. She thought for few seconds and then slowly turned back. After we have settled down she broke the silence.

"Listen Katty, I will introduce you to Floyd, just as a friend. If you like him, go out with him, if you don't just forget about it"

"Alright I think there is no harm in that, let me meet him first" I said.

"But there was a lot of harm in that discussion, because since that day, I started thinking about Floyd. I started imagining myself going out with him. A handsome, brilliant, rich and caring Floyd as Sandra has described him.

There was a day I slept and had a dream that Floyd was a Minister's son. So we were together in the State's Secretariat, he took me to different offices and we visited different Commissioners, after that we went to the beach, he taught me how to swim and I taught him how to skip the rope then I fell into the sand of the beach. As I called him to lift me up, I woke up. I just saw my roommates laughing. Linda and Janet were awake, reading in the room and when I shouted Floyd's name in the dream, I shouted it out to the real world and they all heard.

"You have been dreaming of a boy Kate" Linda said rather than asking.

"Don't mind her, K.T, tell me about Floyd, he did that thing to you, right?" Janet asked and the two of them laughed again.

I was ashamed and annoyed. I hissed.

"You better mind your own business" I said.

"And you are pretending as if you hate guys" Linda said.

"No, no, K.T hates real guys, but she loves the boys in the dream" Janet said.

"So the name of your boyfriend is Floyd" Linda said again not asking.

"No, oh! Floyd is not her boyfriend, he is her dream boy" Janet replied her.

I decided not to answer them again and continued my sleep.

When I finally met Floyd, it was as if I had achieved the greatest success of my life. Floyd did not come short of my expectation. He was very handsome, more handsome than Sandra has described him. He looked very neat and corporate and he spoke very good and fluent English. He spoke very softly and I was sure his voice would even be softer on phone, especially at night.

“Hi, my name is Floyd, I am sure I am talking with Kate” he said

“Sure” I replied.

“Your friend has told me a lot about you only that she didn't tell me you are this beautiful and I had for long been wishing to meet you and now I will write today down in my diary and I am sure I will celebrate it more than my birthday” he said

“Why?” I asked.

“Of course, the day you meet your angel should be the most important day in your life”

From there we started a long discussion. We exchanged our phone numbers and he promised to call me that night.

“Do you receive night calls?” he asked.

“I will receive yours” I replied.

That very night he called me.

“Hi, do you know why I woke you up?” he asked.

“Tell me, I might not know” I replied.

“Because, when we met in the morning there are some things I didn't tell you” he said,

“You forgot?” I asked

“No, but love sound cooler at night” he said.

“So what are those things?” I asked

“I didn't tell you how beautiful you are, I didn't tell you how crazy I am going about you, I didn't tell you I have never met anybody that warmed my heart the way you did. Should I tell you now?”

I allowed him to tell me, and he kept talking while I listened almost throughout the night, I missed my sleep but I enjoyed my conversation with him.

Floyd showed me the lover world. Though I stayed in the hostel but my movement was not restricted. Every weekend we visited many places. Many places I have never imagined exist. I met his friends, they all liked me, and my friends too liked him and are even jealous of me. He told me

he was made for me and I for him. He told me he knew everything about me. He said he could distinguish my footsteps along the corridor from that of any person, he could smell me if I am around without being told. He said without being with me he knew what I would be doing, what I would be thinking and where I could be. He told me I am his strongest weapon and his most valuable asset.

One day when he made his usual night call I decided to test him.

“Floyd, you said you can always see me anytime you close your eyes” I reminded him

“Yes can't you see me too?” he asked.

“Now close your eyes and tell me what I am doing now”

“Of course you are making call. You are talking with your boyfriend, I mean your best friend, that is, your soul mate, your God-sent, your angel.” he replied.

I smiled. Anybody would say that.

“Before I started making the call what did I do last?”

“Sure, you were sleeping. You have certainly eaten your dinner, read your books for a while and slept before I woke you up.” he got it, but they were mere facts of common sense.

“So what did I eat as dinner and which book did I read before sleeping.”

“Today is Tuesday, your dinner is rice and beans with plantain, and you love solving mathematics before sleeping”.

He got the two but I remembered I have shown him our food roaster before, though, I didn't expect him to cram it.

“What is the color of the cloth I am wearing” I asked fully sure he won't get it.

“I know you love pink, but you won't wear it to sleep. you are certainly wearing a black vest” he replied. He got it and I was surprised.

“Okay, a friend of mine is sleeping beside me, who is she?” I asked

“She can be any of Janet, Sandra or Linda, but I guess she is Sandra”

He got that too.

“Did I miss any of your questions?” He asked

“No” I replied.

“Then let me ask one myself too” he said

“I am listening” I replied

"What did I eat last night?" He asked.

I knew I have no idea.

"Bread and egg" I gambled.

"Can you trust me my loving angel? You missed it"

"So what is it?"

"Bean porridge" He replied "Should I asked another question?" He continued.

"No need" I answered

"So can you see that you don't take me as important as I take you?" He said

"No, I take you very, very important"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes"

"Then tell me you love me" he demanded

"I want to sleep, I will tell you seven times and I will terminate the call" I replied

"Make it twelve" he said

"Okay, do you have any other thing to say?" I asked

"No" he replied

"Okay, I love you, I love you." I said and terminated the call.

Sandra promised to teach me the trick to date boys without having sex with them, but none of those tricks worked for Floyd, perhaps because I was deeply in love with him. I believed sex is one of those ways to show my love for him. He has satisfied me with everything I wanted, and I did not see any harm in giving him his own satisfaction too. Besides, my friends have told me how exciting and pleasurable love making could be and I was very eager to experience it. Also I felt my virginity should be broken by a man who I truly love and that is no other person but Floyd. Truly, I loved Floyd. He stared deeply at me; I wasn't sure what he was looking at in me.

"What is the problem?" I asked.

"There is no problem. I am looking at your beauty" he replied. He moved close to me and lifted me up.

"I love you" he whispered.

He held my two hands and started kissing me. I stuck closer to him. He ran his fingers through my body; I felt a burning sensation through the whole of my body. Then he carried me and put me on the bed. I knew what was coming, but I did not put any resistance. That was the experience I had longed for. That was the day I had been waiting for, the day somebody will turn me to a woman. Somebody I love, somebody like Floyd.

But that was the greatest mistake of my life. He did it, though I enjoyed it but immediately I had a feeling of guilt. It appeared to me something in me was lost. Something I have power to keep. An irreparable damage has been done and immediately, I started weeping. Floyd could not understand the reason I cried. He felt it was pains.

But that was not the major harm done, what followed was pathetic and unfortunate. Few weeks after, I realized I was pregnant!

I told Sandra and she was shocked.

"Katty, this is a serious problem" she said. But I didn't see it as serious for I had always believed in Floyd.

"Why? I had not told Floyd" I said.

"And if you tell him, what did you think he will do?"

"I don't know, but I am sure he will come up with a solution" I replied.

"Is there any other solution than abortion?" Sandra asked, but when she realized I was relaxed myself she tried to change the topic.

"I have a news for you, but it is not a good one" I told Floyd as he was about to enter his room.

"What is the news? Should I guess? He asked"

"Yes, you said you know a lot about me, now tell me what has happened to me" I asked.

He suddenly looked serious "What has happened to you or what did you say? Has anything happened to you?"

"Yes, if you know me very well tell me what has happened to me" I asked again

"I don't think I am getting you right Kate; just don't tell me you are pregnant"

"You are exceptional Floyd, now I know you always see me when you close your eyes and that is exactly what happened"

“Stop kidding baby, you better tell me your mission here, you don't use to visiting me around this time”

I was surprised.

“But I am serious Floyd” I said

“You are serious about what?”

“That I am pregnant”

“What nonsense are you telling me?” Floyd replied

“You are the one telling nonsense. Are you not the one responsible for the pregnancy? I asked angrily.

“You are a fool. So you didn't ask your friends how they do it before you started doing it. How many of them do you see carrying stupid pregnancy about? I thought you are matured as you claimed to be. I don't know you are a rummy dummy”.

Then he put his hand in his pocket and took out some amount of money.

“Take and go wash away your unfortunate first born” he said and started going.

I looked at him surprisingly. I started crying.

“Men! I can't believe Jackson is dead” Sandra said as she removed earphone from her ear and suddenly saw me crying softly at one corner of the room.

“Katty, what is the problem? She asked and I told her what Floyd did.

“That's bad. I can never think Floyd can do that. Don't worry, I will take you to my sister's boyfriend, he is a doctor and knows very well how to do it”

“How to do what?” I asked

“Abortion or what again?” Sandra said.

“Abortion! My God!” I said and started crying again, and then Janet and Linda entered.

“I love Man U. Look! K.T. is crying” Janet said.

“What is the problem, Kate?” Linda asked.

“Nothing” I managed to answer.

"Which kind nothing? And your eyes are red like this" Linda said.

"You better talk now and let them help you" Janet advised.

"Abi o, o je jewo bo se nse e ka fona han e" Linda said in her native tongue.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"She said she loves Manchester United" Janet answered.

"Better" I replied.

"She said you better open up and let her take you to where she used to do it" Janet said confidently.

I hissed and walked out of the room. Sandra followed me.

I agreed with Sandra to have the abortion but I was too scared to do it while in school, so I decided to wait till the end of the term that I would travel with Sandra to her sister's place where she assured me I could have the abortion and rested for a week before going home. I have prepared the story I was going to tell my parents. Though Sandra warned me that the latter it becomes the more risky it would be, yet I insisted on not doing it till the holiday time.

One Friday evening I was in the room with Janet and Linda when Sandra came in with ear piece in her ears.

"Men, I can't" Sandra started.

"You can't believe Jackson is dead" we all helped her to complete her usual statement.

"No, that is not what I wanted to say" Sandra protested.

"What else will you want to say" Linda asked

"Maybe she wanted to say men! I can't believe K.T is pregnant" Janet said.

I was shocked. Linda started laughing, Sandra hissed, I started crying.

That day I agreed with Sandra and the abortion was carried out the following day. It was done on a Saturday morning. Sandra took me to that her so-called brother in-law and after the abortion she took me back. Hardly did we alight from the cab that took us back to school that I fainted. I woke up to find myself in the school clinic.

I was given proper treatment in the clinic. The doctor tested me and discovered I had just had an abortion. It was reported to the school authority. Immediately I was discharged, the principal gave me a letter to my parents. The content of the letter stipulated that I must not return to school until my parents have come to see the school principal. Both parents were invited.

When I got home, my father was surprised to see me and when I gave him the letter he was more surprised. My mother was scared.

“What did you do?” my father asked.

“Nothing” I replied

“How can you tell me nothing” he said again.

“Such letters were given to all grade 12 students, I guess it has to do with our coming final exam” I lied.

Then my parents were relieved. The following day, they followed me to the school.

My action generated a lot of reaction in the school. That was when the school authority noticed that the hostel students have not been properly monitored. Two staff in charge of the hostel were sacked and two security officers were suspended. The principal was also accused of not discharging her duty properly, so by the time my parent visited her, she was already bitter.

“Good day, you are the parents of this useless girl” she said pointing to me.

“We are her parents. What did she do?” my mother requested.

“Well she sneaked out of the hostel on Saturday and was brought back to school almost dead” she replied.

“What! Where did she go to? My mother asked disappointedly, looking at me.

“Only God knows. She was rushed to our clinic and there she was tested to have performed an abortion” the principal replied.

“Oh my God!” my mother shouted.

“Kate do you want to kill us?” my father asked, by then I had been crying.

“And you got home lying to us that our invitation is based on your coming exams. Can't you talk?” my mother shouted. I kept crying.

"Kate" she shouted again.

"No, no, no. This is not a place for shouting, you can be shouting at her when you get home" the principal said.

"This girl has disappointed me" my father said.

"Well that is not the major reason I have called you" the principal said and everybody kept quiet.

"First I want to inform you that the school authority has decided to expel her from the school"

I was shocked. I almost fainted.

"Ma" my father wanted to plead.

"No, no. You can't say anything to that. The decision has already been finalized.

"Just listen to him" my mother suggested.

"I have no time listening to any stupid words" the principal replied.
My mother got angry.

"Madam, you lack manner. How can you be talking to a parent like that? Who is saying stupid words?" she shouted at the principal.

"You are crazy" the principal replied.

My mother stood up angrily but my father held her down.

"Do you want to beat me?" The principal asked.

"Leave her, it is not her fault. It is our daughter's fault" my father said to my mother.

"But madam, what is the essence of putting her in the hostel if you cannot monitor her movement" my father asked the principal.

"What kind of question is that, am I to be policing her everywhere?"

"Can't you? Why are we paying the hostel fee? A teenage girl is put under your care and you are telling us she got pregnant, sneaked out of the school and carried out abortion. Then what are you monitoring?" My father asked.

"Is it her life that I come here to monitor or is it my husband that impregnated her?"

"Keep quiet, you are useless" my mother shouted.

"You are the one that is useless, go and train your child. Like mother like daughter" the principal replied.

“The most important reason I called you is that our test indicated that the abortion was not properly done and that it had damaged her womb” the principal said and everybody got alerted including me.

“What does that mean” my mother asked in a low tone”

“It means she can never had children in her life”

“Yoo!” my mother shouted. My father stood still. The principal took her leave. I fainted.

I was rushed to a hospital outside the school compound. While in the hospital, my parents went to the school to park my properties. After leaving the hospital I have to face the reality of life. My father talked to me with fatherly care. He told me I had disappointed him and betrayed the trust he had in me. I apologized sincerely. At the end of the discussion he accepted my apology and encouraged me to forget the past and focus on my future. Though it was a difficult thing, I decided to completely erase the memory of the past.

From that day I decided to turn a new leaf. I decided to shun every form of social life and face my studies. I re-registered for the school certificate exam the following year and passed and gained admission to a University.

Life was absolutely different in the University. I decided to face just two things-my studies and my spiritual life. Not only did I concentrate on the two, I shunned all other things. I absolutely shunned social life. Throughout my University years, I did not attend a single party. I had no friend, not even my course mates or my fellowship members. I lived a very quiet and lonely life. If I was not in my room, I would be in the class. If I was not in the class, I would be in the fellowship. I did not miss a single lecture, nor have any reason not to follow my personal studying schedule. Also spiritually, I ensured I did not miss any fellowship programme, and I dedicated quite a substantial time for private fasting and praying.

Throughout my University years, I hardly go home. I stayed in the school to live my quiet life, even during holidays. But the whole story changed during my final year when I met Jordan, a lecturer in the university and a member of my fellowship.

Jordan was a young, rich, handsome and friendly man. He had his first degree in theatre art in a University in England and returned to South Africa for his Master's Degree. While doing his Master's Degree course, he had already produced three films that really hit the market. Jordan also had a film marketing company and run some T.V programmes. At a young age of 28, he had been very successful. He has built his own house, has three registered companies and drove a Jeep. But despite Jordan's wealth; he was very humble and religious. He played with everybody and respected everybody's opinion. Apart from his outfit that might be a little expensive and for the fact that he drove an expensive jeep, if you see him in the midst of other fellowship members, you could never imagine that he was a millionaire.

Not only Jordan's wealth and humility that made him unique, he was also very intelligent and very handsome. Jordan was averagely tall, a little muscular, dark and shine with a baby face. He has coiled hair, oval face with pointed nose. His teeth were snow white and he has a fantastic way of smiling that was seductive. He used to wear contact lenses and that made his eyeballs inviting. He usually wore expensive suits, which look very cute on his body, and when he dressed down his muscles always reveal his beauty. The sweet smell of his expensive perfumes was another reason to always want to be around him.

So after finishing his Masters Degree course and was giving a part-time lecturing job in the university, quite a number of the girls among his students confessed to have had a crush on him. Some even admitted they have fallen in love with him.

I first had a conversation with him in my final year in the university when the final year students of my fellowship acted a drama. I played a significant role in the drama and I knew myself that I had acted very well. After the drama, Jordan called me and told me I acted very well. He encouraged me to join the fellowship drama group which he was the coordinator. I agreed and I joined. Being a member of the drama group, I had more opportunity to be closer to Jordan; I knew him more and liked him more.

After my final examination, I decided to stay in school till I defended my final year project. The day after my final exam I went to the store to buy some groceries and some household materials. During the examination, I had been living on junk foods, many of my clothes are dirty and a lot of things needed to be re-arranged. So after coming back, I decided to tidy up my house, I quickly ate bread and butter, then I washed all my clothes and bed sheets. I washed my plates and tidied up my room. By the time I finished, it was going to evening time, so I just drank tea, rested for a little time and then started cooking. By the time I finished cooking, it was almost eight O'clock in the evening. I decided to take my dinner and go straight to bed. But hardly did I set the table for dinner that my phone rang. It was Jordan

""Hello kate! Jordan is speaking'

"Good evening sir, I've seen your number"

"Good evening, how were your exams?"

"Very fine sir"

"I guess you are through with your papers now" he said

"Yes sir" I replied

"Congratulations, you are now a university graduate"

"Thank you sir"

"When are you travelling home?" he asked

"Not now, not until after my project defense"

"O.K. So what did you plan to do tomorrow evening?" he asked

“Nothing, nothing really for now” I replied.

“So will you like to have a dinner with me?” he asked.

His request caught me off guarded.

“Em, em” I did not know what to say. “Sir, why, I mean, I don't understand what you are saying” I replied confused.

“Kate, I am inviting you for a dinner tomorrow evening. Will you be available?”

“Yes, I think I will. When, where?” I asked, not very sure if I had given the best response.

“Tomorrow, by seven in the evening at the City Inn” he replied.

“O.K, I have heard” I replied

“Alright, thanks. I will be expecting you”

“You are welcomed” I replied.

“Thanks again Kate and have a very sweet dream” he said and terminated the call.

I stood motionlessly for some seconds, staring at my phone. Jordan has just invited me for a date. I did not know what to even think about, why he had picked on me and what to tell him. Gradually, I dropped the phone on the bed, fell on the bed and closed my eyes.

The following day, I had dressed up as early as six O'clock watching the clock. I put on a pink evening gown with a pink shoe and carried a bag that matched. I ensured my make ups are not too heavy but very attractive. I set out exactly 6:30 p.m.

I got to the City Inn ten minutes earlier than scheduled and waited patiently for Jordan. I have never being to the inn before. It was classical. Maybe that was why a restaurant in the city was named Inn. Jordan arrived exactly 7:00 p.m. I spotted him immediately he got out of his jeep and immediately I saw him, I missed a heartbeat.

Jordan was wearing a tuxedo with a bow tie. He put on a pair of Italian Gucci shoes and a Jacques Lemans wrist watch that was glittering in the semi darkness of the inn.

“You got here before me” he said as he sat down at my table.

“Welcome, you are here on time. I've been a little earlier”

“You still scored more points on punctuality than me. How has your day being?”

“Very fine”

Jordan stood up and ordered for food. After some minutes we were busy eating. We made little discussion during the meal, and I caught him occasionally making some glances at me.

While we were eating the strawberry tart dessert, he started the man issue he invited me for. He didn't talk much, but that day I couldn't concentrate. I could not pick most of what he said but one statement I did not miss was when he said "Kate, I love you, I want you to be my girlfriend." That statement did not surprise me. I guessed all other things he had been saying too were to polish that. That was exactly what I expected him to say, but it seemed I was not prepared for it. I looked at his eyes; I could see genuineness in it. I knew he was a very rich and caring young man. I knew he truly loved me and I knew I would be very comfortable with him, but then I remembered my past. Certainly, Jordan would not just be looking for a girlfriend; he would be looking for a wife. But I couldn't be a wife. Before wedding, I am sure Jordan would insist on medical test and the test would reveal my past.

Why has my past decided to hunt me now? Why did it hit me where it hurt most? How I wished I were just like any other lady, the day would have been my happiest moment. I had decided to forget about men, but I never imagined I was going to meet a man that cannot be ignored, a man that would be every woman's dream, a man like Jordan. I kept quiet.

He stared at me, I stared back. He looked very handsome. I wished I could say yes, but my condition would not permit me. Then tears started dropping from my eyes. Jordan was shocked; he couldn't understand why I was crying.

"Why Kate, I don't mean to hurt you"

I wish I could stop, but I couldn't. The tears continued dropping more; everybody in the inn knew I was crying. Jordan stood up from his seat and moved near me. He took out his handkerchief and whipped my tears, but the more he did that the more the tears kept flowing.

"But are you crying because of what I told you?" He asked.

"No," I replied.

"Then tell me why you cry" he asked. I kept crying. Jordan was confused

"Weep away your tears please, and stop crying" he said.

I tried to do both.

"Why are you crying, Kate?" he asked.

"Don't worry Uncle Jordan" I replied.

"Please make it Jordan" he said. "I must know the reason you cry" he added.

"Don't worry, it has nothing to do with you" I replied.

"It doesn't matter. You never can tell, I may be able to help you"

"You can't help me" I said.

"Listen Kate, I am sure it has to do with me or at least with what I told. You won't just start crying without a reason and I promise you, if I cannot help you, I can't add to your problem, so why not tell me".

I remained quiet.

"Kate you don't need to hide anything from me. See me as a friend. A friend you can trust, a friend you can lean on, a friend that will always be ready to share your joy and your agony. A friend that will remain a friend in time of success and failure, in time of happiness and sorrow, in time of excess and scarcity, in time like this" Jordan paused and looked at my face

"Please tell me Kate" he pleaded "Are you telling me? He asked. I shook my head to mean no.

"But why Kate? I promise you, you won't regret telling me. It won't make me hate you or disrespect you. It won't reduce my love for you. Tell me Kate, it won't make a difference".

I thought for a while. He said it won't make a difference. Should I tell him? Won't it really make a difference? Won't it make a difference if you tell the man that wants to marry you that you are no longer a virgin? Maybe not. Won't it make a difference if you tell him you had had an abortion before? Maybe, maybe not. Won't it make a difference if you tell him you can never have children in your life? Certainly, it will make a difference. I kept crying.

That night, when I was alone on my bed, I cursed the day Sandra introduced me to Floyd. Now Floyd must have been somewhere enjoying his life, perhaps with his wife or at least fiancé. Sandra too was planning her wedding. One of our friends told me that on the phone two weeks ago. Now I am here bearing my cross alone. Had I known, I wouldn't have succumbed to peer pressure. Had I known I am going to meet Jordan I would have kept my virginity.

Till Jordan dropped me in my house, he didn't understand why I was crying and refused to even give a yes or a no answer to his request. He left and promised to see me again in the following day, but I never imagined he would come as early as he did.

Before seven O'clock in the morning Jordan came, this time in a Honda car. He wore a simple short sleeve polo on black jean trousers.

"Good morning baby" he said as I opened the door for him.

"Morning"

"Sorry for coming too early" he interrupted me. "Do you have a special plan for today?" he continued.

"Not really" I replied.

"If you don't mind, I want to show you one beautiful garden that has just been constructed on the outskirts of the town"

"No problem" I replied.

“So I will wait in my car while you dress up”.

“Okay” I replied and moved inside while he walked back to where he parked his car.

I stood motionless at the centre of my room. I didn't know what to do, then I remembered Jordan was waiting. I rushed into the bathroom. It took me over thirty minutes to dress up, not really because of my dressing, but because of my indecision. I was not sure of how to look like. Jordan has dressed in a very simple way. He did not even use his expensive wrist watch. I finally decided to be simple as well, even to the extreme that I did not use any make up, no powder, no chain, no earrings, no finger paint. I just applied my body cream, put on a white blouse on a long black skirt and covered my hairs with a silky scarf. I looked like the Apostolic church choristers. I imagined how Jordan would feel when he sees me and what he would say.

“You look cute” Jordan said as I entered his car.

“Thanks, and you too.” I replied, deceiving ourselves.

Then he started the car engine and drove off. He didn't talk as he drove. We travelled for about thirty minutes before he finally stopped at the front of a beautiful gate. The gateman removed the barrier at the entrance and gave him a gate pass. We entered the garden. It was a beautiful garden. Right from inside the car I had been observing its beauty. Finally Jordan parked his car and we moved out of it.

“This is a very beautiful garden” I commended, breaking the silence since we have left my house.

“Yes, I brought you here for a reason” he said as we settled down on a lawn not far from a fountain that splashes a crystal clear water.

“And what is the reason?” I asked as I sipped the juice Jordan brought along.

“I want to tell you something I don't use to tell many people”

“So I am listening” I replied.

“I want to tell you the story of my life. It is a pathetic story. It is a story that always makes me cry but I am always consoled in the perfect nature of life. Any time I see the nature so perfect like this I always believe the creator is perfect and anything that happens to a mankind is part of the perfect arrangement of the creator of the universe. That is why I prefer to tell you my story in a natural environment where I can feel the nature and its perfection. It is a story that you can never imagine unless I tell you.

“So I am listening” I said again, a bit eager to hear the story.

“My name is Jordan, you have known that before. I was born to a very poor home twenty six years ago. My family was so poor that we could hardly afford our daily meals, but that was not a problem to us. We always thanked God in our situation. We were then six in the family, my father, my mother, my two sisters, my brother and myself. Unfortunately, I lost my father, my sisters and my brother on a single day and I almost lose my mother on that day too.”

He paused. I was shocked. The story became more interesting.

“How” I asked.

"It was a fire accident" he replied. "Nobody lived to tell the cause of the fire. I had just gained admission to the university and had left for campus. Because I was very young then, I was still under sixteen years of age, my mother decided to follow me to assist in my registration process. We went together only for my mother to return two days later to see a mammoth crowd in our compound. Our house has been burnt almost to ashes. All our properties have gone but most disastrous is the fact that my father, my brother and my two sisters have all gone with the house. My mother collapsed and she almost died.

Jordan paused again. I noticed he was almost crying. I didn't know what to say, so I kept quiet.

"My mother was rushed to the hospital; from there she developed high blood pressure, hypertension and then stroke. I was sent for in the school. So I returned home. I returned to nothing, to taking care of my mother, at least that was the only thing left for me. All our properties gone, my father gone, my brother gone, my sisters gone. That is how I spent less than a week in the university before I dropped out. Perhaps, I might be the soonest school dropout in history. I wept till I have eye defect. You can see I wear lenses.

After dropping out from the University, I was left with the responsibility of taking care of my mother. She needed a lot of money for her medical treatment and there was nobody to assist. I did not even have a place to sleep. She remained in the hospital while I slept in the motor park.

I did different types of job to get money to pay my mother's hospital bill. I worked as a labourer in construction sites. I helped people to carry their loads in different markets and I sold fast foods, gala, plantain chips and pure water along many major roads. I did that for over two years, then I didn't have a hope of going further to school or achieving anything in life. All I was praying for was for my mum to be healed of her stroke. I have no hope of any brilliant future."

I remained silent, listening attentively.

"It was in one of those days that I sold pure water along highways that I met a friend who changed my story" Jordan continued. "His name was Habby" he paused. I remained quiet.

"Habby and I were close friends in secondary school and I used to go to his house then, so I knew his parents. His parents were very rich. His father was a politician while his mother was a contractor. They have many investments both in the country and outside the country. After leaving secondary school, Habby applied for admission in a university in South Africa and he was given. He was to study Medicine. So he left Nigeria for South Africa.

On that fateful day, he was on holiday in Nigeria and was travelling with his parents in their jeep when he saw me hawking pure water along the road side. Habby wasn't sure it was me and therefore shouted "pure water", his parents immediately cautioned him and told him they have enough imported water in the vehicle. Immediately I heard pure water, I rushed to the jeep together with about four other boys. As we were pushing ourselves by the window side, Habby saw me clearly and called my name. I was shocked that somebody in that expensive jeep can know me. Then his parents saw me, they were both full of surprises.

'Jordan, is that you?' his mum asked in disbelief.

'Good afternoon ma' I replied full of shame.

'Come in' his father said and opened the door for me. I entered. Other boys were looking at me as they drove off.

Habby wanted to be asking me the reason for my action right inside the jeep but his father asked him to let me rest as I must have been walking up and down in the sun since morning. So nobody talked till we got to their house.

When we got to Habby's house his father asked me about my ordeal and I narrated everything to him. He sympathized with me for the death of my family then blamed me for not informing him when it happened before turning myself to a highway hawker. He also blamed me for wasting two precious years of my life out of school. He then promised to assist me. That, he did even beyond my expectation. He helped me to secure admission to the same university Habby was in South Africa and sponsored my education.

He also flew my mother to Germany for medical treatment and paid all expenses. After six months, my mother returned to Nigeria, fully cured. In South Africa, I studied Theatre Art. After I finished my university education, Habby's father lent me money to produce my first film and to set up my film marketing company. He changed my story. He took me from grass to grace. Today, I have paid back the money he lent me, but I will forever owe him an appreciation I can never repay in full." Jordan concluded.

"That is a story of mixed feeling. It is full of sorrow and joy" I said.

"And exactly that is what life is. A mixture of sorrow and joy." Jordan replied. I agreed.

"But it would have been all sorrow if I had not met a friend who truly cares" he said.

"Again, that is life. To every man, there is an angel" I said.

"So Kate, do you see me as your angel?" Jordan asked.

I kept quiet. I didn't know what to say. Softly, I started weeping.

For a week, that statement continued hurting me. 'Kate do you see me as your angel?' It rang in my ears repeatedly. Is Jordan my angel? Can he set me free of my problem? Can he lighten my burden? Should I give him a chance in my life? I kept asking myself. Finally, I made up my mind that I will tell him my own story and allow him to take a decision on his own.

It was a sunny Sunday afternoon. I had finished my project defense two days earlier and had determined to return home the following day. Jordan was in my house.

“Are you sure you are going tomorrow?” he asked

“Do you want to go with me?” I asked back

“I would have loved so much to” he replied.

“Then come along” I said.

“Kate, you have been hiding something from me all this while, won’t you tell me before you leave?” he asked.

“What is that?” I asked.

He moved near me. He held my two hands.

“Tell me why you cry” he said

I remained quiet.

“Tell me Kate. I promise if I cannot make you laugh, I will gladly cry with you” he continued.

“And of what help will that be?” I asked.

“You won’t bear your burden alone. I will share it with you” he said softly.

“My burden can’t be shared. I have to bear it alone” I replied.

“The emotion can be shared. The feelings can be shared and most importantly, we can pray to God together”.

“Jordan, do you love me?” I asked.

He looked at me sharply. There was a clear sign of relieve on his face. He held me tighter. Then he looked at me seductively. With a very soft and low tone, he said.

“I love you and you know I love you but I am sure you know the extent to which I love you”

“So tell me how much you love you” I demanded.

“As much as the number of stars in the sky. As much as the abundance of water in the ocean. As much as the length of the cloud above the earth” he replied.

“Are you sure?” I asked again.

Then he quoted the words of the English playwright.

“Doubt thou the stars are fire, doubt thou the sun is moving, doubt truth to be lies. But Kate, never doubt my love for you.”

“Jordan, can you stand by me?” I asked.

“Kate, I am your angel, I am your Godsent. I am the one for you” he said.

I looked deeply to his eyes. I saw love and affection. It looked deep and true. Then I told him my story.

Jordan listened to me without talking. After I finished, he smiled and said

“Is that why you have been crying?”

“Didn’t it worth crying?” I asked back.

He smiled again. “Who told you that you can never have children?” he asked.

“The doctors” I replied as if I had not mentioned that in my story before.

“And what did you tell yourself?” he asked again.

I wasn’t sure of what to say, so I kept quiet.

“Take”. He offered me his phone.

“What should I do with it?”

“There is a copy of the Holy Bible downloaded on it. Open it to Luke 7 verse 6”.

I opened it and read it, and then I realized I had betrayed my Christian faith.

Three days after I returned home, Jordan proposed wedding to me and I agreed to marry him. He did not want to waste time. He told me one of the reasons was that he was afraid I might change my mind, but the most meaningful reason to me was that he wanted the wedding done before my NYSC

posting so that I may be posted to the state he lived. So, together we started making necessary preparation.

Traditionally in my church, it is the church authority that will choose the wedding date. We therefore visited our parish pastor and informed him of our plan. The pastor told us some documents have to be submitted to the church before the wedding date could be fixed, the important ones among them were letter from the groom's family requesting the church to join their son and the named sister, a similar one from the bride's family. Photocopies of the baptism Certificate of both the groom and the bride, a letter from the groom's church attesting to his good character, medical reports of both the bride and the groom separately indicating their blood group, genotype, Rhesus factor, HIV status, mental status, fertility status and free them of any contagious disease and a joint report that describes their medical compatibility.

We left and Jordan promised we will bring them in the next three days.

Immediately we left the pastors office, I started crying, Jordan was not moved.

When the medical reports were ready, they were given to both of us. Jordan collected them without reading them and walked straight to where he parked his jeep. When we entered the jeep, he handed over the reports of both of us to me. I read them through and returned them to him. Clearly written in my report was the fact that I had damaged my womb and can never had children again. I asked Jordan if that is what he was going to submit to the pastor and he told me nothing pays like honesty.

"But" I started

"There is no but, Kate, I am the one marrying you and not the pastor. If you don't lie to me, then why should we lie to the pastor"

I started crying again.

After submitting the documents, the pastor spent about twenty minutes to read them one by one. After reading all, he took my medical report and showed it to Jordan.

"Have you gone through this yourself?" he asked Jordan.

"Yes sir" Jordan replied.

"And you are okay?" he asked again.

"Yes sir" he replied.

Then the pastor took a table calendar on his table.

"How soon do you want your wedding" he asked.

The wedding date was fixed. It was to be an elaborate wedding. Many of Jordan's friend from South Africa were to attend. My wedding gown was imported from Holland, so was the diamond ring.

Before the wedding, Jordan took me South Africa for shopping and to introduce me to his friends. It was lovely. I couldn't believe that country they called mzansi is an African country. Jordan took me through the whole length of the South Africa, from Western Cape to Limpopo. It was a pre honeymoon. We spent few days, but those days were the best days of my life. Eventually we returned to Nigeria for preparation for our wedding. Then something happened that changed the whole story.

One day, I was idle at home. I decided to check my facebook account. It has been long that I have logged in last. As I was going through the page, Facebook suggested friends for me. They called it the people I might know. Of course I knew the person they suggested but they called him friend, whereas he was an enemy. He was Floyd. I laughed. Then a stupid idea came to my mind. I thought Floyd would be thinking he had ruined my life, but at least my life has been restored. I have found joy again. I should let him know so that he would know that nothing can change destiny. I knew he may not accept my friend request so I quickly logged out of my account and created another account with a name Rose Thompson. I used a picture of a beautiful lady I copied from the internet. With that account, I sent a request to Floyd. Within few seconds he had accepted it.

Immediately I saw his confirmation I started uploading pictures I took with Jordan in South Africa, especially those we took at Cape Town and KZN. If you have been to Cape Town before, you will know that it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. I tagged Floyd.

Again I uploaded my wedding invitation and tagged him. Then I waited for his response and wished I could see his face as he view the pictures. But that action of mine turned out to be another great mistake of my life. I paid dearly for it.

I was shocked on my wedding day as I saw Floyd in the church. Floyd was present on my wedding day and made his presence known. He ensured he sat in the front seat in the church and looked at me from time to time. His look showed clearly he had a bad mission.

I was terrified. I started thinking about what Floyd might have come to do.

The wedding programme continued, I kept looking at Floyd, my mind was not settled. I did not know his mission especially why he had announced his presence that much.

When it was the time to join us, the priest asked if there was anyone who had a reason we should not be joined. Then I saw Floyd standing up. I missed a heartbeat.

Floyd stood up. He looked around, apparently looking for somebody. I almost fainted. Then he started leaving his seat. He walked out of where he was sitting. He moved to the back of the auditorium. That was when I was relieved.

Later that day, I saw Floyd talking with Jordan's mother.

Although Floyd did not disturb my wedding, he did a more serious harm. We have planned to spend our honeymoon in Paris. The flight tickets were booked for four days after our wedding. The day after our wedding, I realized Jordan's mother refused to talk with me. I greeted her, she did not reply. Then I told Jordan.

"Wena! O tseyela dilo hlogang" Jordan said in South African Language.

"Do I look like a Zulu girl?" I asked back.

"That's not Zulu, it is Sepedi"

"I'm not joking Jordan, talk to me in the language I understand"

"I said you always take things too serious"

Jordan assured me it was my mere imagination. He said his mother has nothing against me, but I insisted I was sure, so he decided to talk with his mother.

The moment he started talking, his mother shouted

"Don't talk to me about the stupid empty girl you have brought home.

"What is the meaning of all these mum, we have our wedding just yesterday, should you start quarrelling today? Or didn't you approve her before I married her?" Jordan shouted back.

"Which stupid approval? When you brought her to me did you tell me you brought a prostitute? Did you tell me you brought a girl who is fond of abortion? Did you tell me that you brought an empty basket? After they have wasted their lives they will now be looking for gold to dig" she said and then faced me

"listen woman, you have not seen a husband. He is the only one left for me. I will not allow you to come and eat his food for nothing sake"

Jordan got confused. I started crying.

That very day Jordan parked our necessary belongings, made another booking and we travelled to France. He assured me that there won't be any problem. I couldn't enjoy my honeymoon as Jordan has planned it. Every time, my mind would be going back to my condition, my mother-in-law's confrontation and what is waiting for me whenever I returned to Nigeria. After three weeks, we returned to Nigeria and I returned to my agony.

Jordan's mother was hell. Every day she would come to our house to make noise. Everywhere she met me, it was noise. Everybody now knows that I have lost my womb. Everybody in the street, in

the church, in the University where Jordan was lecturing, all his friends, all my fellow Youth Corpers, everybody where I was serving, and all my friends and family were aware that I could never have children. It was a great shame for me, but Jordan always comforted me and encouraged me to hold on to my faith in God. He promised me he would never have another wife.

One day, as I was getting back home from where I was doing my National Youth Service, an elderly man and a middle aged man were waiting for me at home. I knew the two very well. The elderly man was simply called grandpa. He was Jordan's uncle and the man that represented Jordan's father on our wedding day. He was the one who accepted me into the family. The other man was called Sunday. He was also a member of Jordan's family. Jordan's mother too was sitting with them. The three were waiting patiently for me. I knew there was an important issue to discuss and I didn't need to think hard before I guess right. They were about to talk about my inability to have children.

Childlessness is always a serious issue in every family in Africa, but mine came too early. They did not even give me nine months before raising issues. So honeymoons end that fast. The family knew there was no reason to wait for me for nine months. They have known right from the wedding day that their bride was fruitless.

Grandpa talked to me like my father. He told me he heard that I had an abortion some years ago which had damaged my womb. He said he wanted to know if it all what he heard were true.

I replied yes.

He pitied me. He consoled me. He told me the family wished me well, notwithstanding, they could not fold their hands and be watching their son growing old without a child. He told me the story I had known. The story of how Jordan was the only surviving child of his mother's four children. He told me the family has, for a long time, been pressurizing him to get married and start having children for his mother's sake. He then asked me to put myself in the old woman's shoes.

The conclusion of the whole story was that the family has decided that Jordan would marry another woman and he wanted my co-operation.

He told me that he knew Jordan would not agree to do that and he wanted me to convince him to agree. He told me he did not want war in Jordan's home. He therefore asked me to help him look for a woman for Jordan. A woman I will be sure I can live with.

Sunday did not talk with any respect for me. He called me abusive names and accused me of destroying my life and then bewitched their son. He told me that if Jordan did not agree, then they would know that it was my voice. He said they would give me and Jordan six months to look for another woman and if we didn't response then he would bring one Fatimoh from their home town and he assured me that I won't find life easy living with Fatimoh.

Grandpa stopped him. He said he couldn't allow a gentle girl like me to have Fatimoh as the second wife for she was too troublesome. Sunday insisted. I watched the two of them as they played good cop, bad cop. Jordan's mother was quiet.

Grandpa eventually concluded there won't be Fatimoh in my home and that he was counting on me to get a better woman for Jordan. He then asked me to give him my words that I would find another wife for Jordan.

I kept quiet. How could I promise that? Few months after my wedding, I should be promising my in-laws that I would look for another wife for my own husband. I started crying.

The next six months were terrible. I couldn't concentrate at work. I couldn't rest at home. All the time, my mind was in my problem. I discussed the grandpa and Sunday's visit with Jordan and he told me to ignore them but I knew I couldn't ignore such issue.

One day I had a dream.

In my dream I saw Fatimoh as a very beautiful and charming woman. She was happily married to Jordan with two kids, a boy and a girl. She was in total control of the house. I was also there. I was their housemaid, dressed in rags, doing different odd jobs for Fatimoh. Then I saw one small boy of around five years of age. In that dream, I recognized the boy as the child I terminated his pregnancy about six years ago. The pregnancy I had for Floyd. The boy was laughing and mocking me as Jordan and Fatimoh were ordering me around. Then I woke up.

I started crying. Jordan woke up and asked me why I was crying. I couldn't tell him. I kept crying.

That started another nightmare in my life. I didn't see Fatimoh again in my dreams but I kept seeing the laughing boy. He would be laughing while I would be crying and when I woke up I would continue crying. When Jordan could not bear it again, he sent for my mother.

I told my mother all what I was passing through. My mother told me those things were not strange in my situation. She tried as much as possible to avoid telling me that I caused it myself but do I need to be told? She encouraged me to be patient and be prayerful. She told me not to stop Jordan, should he decide to have another wife. Then she left.

The following day, I received a phone call from my pastor in my hometown, the man who joined me and Jordan. He asked me to see him as soon as I could.

The following weekend I went to my hometown to see the pastor. The pastor apologized for neglecting us since the wedding time. He said when he went through my medical report and saw my problem he had intention of inviting me for counseling but his busy schedule had made him to forget. He told me that my mother came to tell him about my problem and that was when he remembered.

I narrated everything I was passing through to him. He consoled me. He encouraged me. He prayed with me. Then he asked me to fast for forty days. He said he would give me some psalms to be reading everyday during those fasting period. He started writing the psalms on a piece of paper. He ended up writing almost all the psalms in the Bible. He gave me about one thousand prayer points. He gave me anointing oil. He gave me holy water.....

That started another journey in my life. One good thing about the forty days fasting was that it brought a highly needed distraction. I was too occupied than to think about Fatimoh and the laughing boy. I didn't have time to worry about Jordan mother's insults. I forgot Sunday's six months ultimatum. I was busy, day and night, reading psalms.

On the day I finished the fasting, grandpa called me. He talked in a very friendly tone. He just wanted to know how I was doing.

If you think the fasting has started working, well, you are wrong. The following week grandpa and Sunday brought the Fatimoh girl.

The real Fatimoh was very different from the Fatimoh in my dream. She was like a cartilaginous fish - all bone, no flesh.

Jordan was not at home when they brought her. He had traveled to Abuja and won't be back for four days. Jordan's mother was around. She welcomed her and accepted her to the house. She demanded the key of my bedroom, the room I shared with my husband. I gave her. Before I knew what was happening, Fatimoh was already on my bed, a strange woman on my matrimonial bed. I started crying.

I called Jordan and told him everything that happened. He asked me to leave the house for them and stay in a hotel till the day he would return. I did.

When Jordan returned, I saw the angry side of him. I have always seen him smiling. I've never seen him yelling. He threw Fatimoh out like an empty can of drink. He did the same to his mother. But all bounced back on me.

Some days later, Sunday called me. He threatened me and made it look very real. He told me he gave me seven days to pack all my loads and leave Jordan's house or else my corpse would be taken away from the house. He swore by his gods.

I was terrified. I had heard many bad things about Sunday. I was told he was wicked, he had killed before.

I couldn't risk my life. I decided not to tell Jordan, I was sure he would ask me to ignore him but I can't ignore a death threat. Then I was at the NYSC camp for passing out parade. I made up my mind that as soon as I return home I would pack my load and disappear to where Jordan would never see me. I would start my life all over again.

During our final week in NYSC, we were made to pass through a very stressful activities. It was in one of the passing out parade that I collapsed. People rushed at me. I was hurriedly taken to the health unit. Jordan was sent for and he came immediately.

After some hour, I was relaxing on the bed while Jordan was sitting beside me when the Doctor came in. He told Jordan that I have overstressed myself for my condition. He said he has told the NYSC officials not to allow pregnant women to participate in parade again.

I told him I was not pregnant. The Doctor laughed and asked Jordan if he was aware of my pregnancy. He said no. The Doctor was surprised. He told us he did not specifically carry out pregnancy test, but from the results of other tests he conducted, it was clear that I was pregnant and he thought we were aware of it before but since it has not been confirmed he would carry out the test.

So I was tested for pregnancy and when the result came out, it was positive. I was pregnant!

I couldn't believe it. Jordan too wanted to be sure. The following week we travelled to America for test. It was the same result. The American Doctors confirmed I was pregnant.

It was a miracle. I was full of joy and the joy multiplied about nine months later when I was delivered of a twin babies in a hospital in Johannesburg, two bouncing baby boys. Jordan named one Peter and the other Paul.

THE END

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Ola Adepegba lives in South Africa. He loves travelling, writing and reading from his readers. You can send him a message on
(Tel) +27 742533047 or (BBM) 2918BD2D