Twitter Thread by Oluwanishola Akeju (Whitehead)



Oluwanishola Akeju (Whitehead)
@Fekazii8



So I met her. An old writer.
She said to me, I have read some of your stories and I must say, you write so well. I gave her a smile with my hands held together in much appreciation.

I like the way you speak, your voice is pleasing. I said to her.

And she laughed. This is how happy I am when I read you Mr Akeju.

I told her I didn't know it would be much fun visiting her and having a chat.

Well, Many young people believe we old ones are boring, She said.

True. Very true!

You know, I wish I can still write like I used to one more time.

I kept listening.

I have this story, my life story I will love to share with you.

It will be a great privilege to hear you share your life story, I said.

She chuckled, and then gave a face in deep thought.

Many many years ago as an undergraduate student in the university of Lagos. I met a guy. He was in my faculty.
That evening, he walked up to me while I was with my friends. He was so gentle in his approach and in a good manner requested I give him a few minutes.

Due to his approach, my friends tapped me in what means go ahead.
He professed his love to me and said all sort of pleasant love words.
Honestly! before that day, I haven't noticed him. Though he claimed to have been seeing me for long.

I told him I would think about it even though I know I already like him.

When I shared it with my friends, they told me, they do see him being in the same faculty with us.
They seemed to help me give him a quick yes as they like him too.

And that was how we started dating. He so love me that people started to envy.
His love was beautiful and his intentions were pure clean.
We shared thoughts. We talked about our future.

Talked about marriage, we both were certain that we love each other than we would do to someone else. We were just perfect. He was the man of my dream and I was his everything.

We dated for 2 years and after my Nysc, I took him to go see my parents. He was already working then.

He was asked so many questions which he answered. His character made my mother to accept him on his first visit. I was happy the way it turned out.

We continued with our love as we started planning to take things to another level.

One day, my father called me and requested for his full name and that of his mother. He told me, he wanted to pray about us. I gave him.

Following, he called me. My mother was seated with him. He asked me to sit too. I did.

He told me, I won't be able to marry Lekan. Lekan is his name.
I felt very cold immediately and beginning to get dizzy.

It was the last thing I would ever thought to have heard in my life.

I went to my mother and knelt holding her legs while I was in tears. She looked at me with all sadness as she held me.

I know my father, when he says a thing, that he will do.

I asked for reasons. My father told me, he'd prayed about us and was told that Lekan's life is short. That he is a man destined not to live long.

I cried more and more. He told me I will get another man. He said its best I live to see my husband when I have aged.

I hate to hear those words. Can another man be like my Lekan? Can I love another man like I do to him? It was unimaginable.

Weeks after weeks, I was unable to get the shock from me.

My mother, advised I break up with him.

So one evening, we were out together and amidst our conversation, I told him, I was breaking up. He thought I was joking. Later he realized I was serious. I could see him sweating under the cold weather.

He couldn't control himself. He asked what he had done wrong. I told him nothing, that I don't love him any more and have beginning to see another man. He begged and did all sort of things. He was hurting.

That day, I realized that if men cry it won't be very nice to see.

I left him and went home straight to cry even more. He came to our house the following day, and he saw that things had changed. My Mother's behavior explained it all that he was no longer accepted.

That day was the last time I saw him for over 30 years.

I moved on and I got married. I gave birth to 4 children and everything was fine. My husband was so nice, he took care of me and was a real friend. But I never loved him like I did to Lekan. I was only making sure I play the role of a wife but not a soulmate.

Months after I gave birth to my fourth child, my husband died. He died age 44.

Then, I went through a lot of challenges. To be a single parent taking responsibilities for 4 children, it was tough, toughest moment in my life.

But I was able to manage and God really helped me.

Now the last born lives abroad with his family.

Over 10 years ago, I saw Lekan at an event. The very first time I will set my eyes on him after he left our house many many years ago.

He almost jumped on me.

He greeted me and I was unable to answer him. I was shivering. He was with his wife. He introduced me and asked so many questions about my mother and my children.

He was glad to see me but I couldn't ask anything other than look at him

I remembered what my father said about him

I looked at his wife. That should have been me. I couldn't tell him the truth behind why I broke up with him. He looked gentle still and loving. His wife 'looked at peace' and happy. He was my man, my dream man and everything...

I needed. I got home and brought out the one picture of his, I have kept in my life, and cried. My parents are dead now. I wish they had lived to see him and also see me hurting.

I still haven't healed completely but I take consolation that he lives. I have seen him again.

And wish he would live much longer. I am window! Exactly what I was told not to be.

Many untold love stories ended similar to this.

For no one can tell of the days a man would live. No one!

Oluwanishola Akeju Whitehead
@threadreaderapp unroll