Twitter Thread by A frustrated Nigerian!



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@9JRIAN

It was a Wednesday. I don't go to salon on weekdays. I do that on weekends, but this day, a Wednesday, I had the strange urge to do so, against character. So I did, and it changed my life or should I say, it made me remain alive for the moment. Try to follow intuition.

A thread.

It was some time in February 2007. I had just returned to Lagos after being ill in my home town during the Xmas break. So I was still recuperating and hadn't resumed work. I saw a friend off and decided against character to have my hair cut in my favorite salon. They didn't know

me by name. Just a customer. As I sauntered into the salon, I heard voices screaming and threatening, "we'll kill him". "We must kill him" they screamed. I saw 6 men inside the salon, excluding the barber. I entered and looked at the men, while they now shouted less. I recognized

2 of the men. Have met them at the salon before. Didn't recognize the other 3, then I saw the last man. My former boss. WOW. A man I served for about 4 years after school, and he sent me away,without a dime.
I casually greeted him. He nodded slightly, stood up and left the salon.

Upon his departure, the other men started detailing how they'll catch "the useless boy". They have his address. They'll kill him for f#*king Chief's wife. I watched and listened how the supposed "useless boy" slept with Chief's wife and said nothing will happen. So they will show

Him that something will happen. I also realized they didn't know the boy, neither have they heard his part of the story. Meanwhile, the owner of the salon was the only one against the evil plot. They started making plans on the hit and time and all what not. I got into the talk.

I said it was bad for a man to sleep with another's wife. But whose wife was slept with? I asked. That Chief that just left here, one answered. That Chief! I exclaimed. You know him? Another shot at me. Well, something like that, I answered. I've known him since I was a kid.

He is family, I told them.Then you must know one Saint (not real name) that slept with his wife, one said. Then why didn't you greet him when you entered? Another asked. I greeted him, I assured them but I didn't know anyone slept with his wife. Then you don't know him. One said.

So I mentioned his full names and his address, nearby. Even showed them his phone number which 2 also had. Confusion set in. Anyway, who's this Saint guy, Chief said slept with his wife? I asked. They don't know him but they have his address, it was my address. His phone number

Was also mine. They called it and my phone rang. More confusion. They didn't know what to do. So you're the guy? one screamed. We'll deal with you, another bellowed. Everyone calm down, shouted the salon owner. Call Chief and ask him to come here, I told the angriest of them.

They all called Chief, he didn't answer the calls. One was sent to his house, he wasn't home. Another was sent to his usual joint, they didn't see him.He wouldn't take his calls either. So I told them he won't come, because he lied. I never slept with his wife. Never.

I went on to tell them how I served "Chief" after school and all he's owing me,which he was supposed to pay. I also told them how he failed to show up in my hometown that Xmas and how I fell ill and remained home for weeks before returning just a few days prior.They were shocked.

I never slept with his wife, I assured them. Girls were everywhere and he was family, boss, rich and all. How could I have done that? He's owing me and obviously didn't want to pay. So he wanted me out of the way to save himself money. I called my fam and confirmed my story.

The fact that he wouldn't answer their calls and left immediately I entered yet led them on, annoyed them greatly and they immediately started plotting how to kill him instead.Right there before me.The salon owner joined me to beg them and even paid them not to harm him. Imagine.

It gave me shivers for weeks. I was very close to being killed for nothing or sadly, killed for what's mine. I learned a lot from that incident. We all did. I moved from the area. He lives.True life story.
At least, never harm who you haven't listened to.
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