Twitter Thread by lere.



lere.
@lereebabyyy

Used to take saxophone classes at my church when I hadn't gotten admission to uni yet. I had this special spot at the back of my church when I'd rehearse peacefully. There was a house behind the church. On certain days, I'd hear noises more like a person crying.....

Or wailing or a heated argument. Used to dismiss it as movies or TV noises and just did my thing. This certain day, I was eating before rehearsals, Spaghetti and Dodo to be precise, then I heard those noises again. This time around, there was the cry of a child....

.....loud and clear. I never knew a child lived there. It got louder. I was forced to peep. There she was, petite and dark-skinned.
"My daddy is beating my mommy!!! My daddy want to kill my mommy with knife!!!"
Fear. Gripped me hard.
They lived there alone.

The house was just refurbished at the time, so my guess was they bought it, refurbished it and moved in alone. No neighbors.
The girl saw me.
"Please help my mommy, please call police"
I was transfixed.
Then I jolted back to reality.

Ran back to the church, alerted men in there.
Called about 4 of them.
We got to the gate of the house.
Locked.
Then we started banging.
The noise alerted those around.
(The area is almost like an estate, quiet and stuff, so little noise alerted the others).

The little girl was banging the gate at the other side too.
She was the only one who could help us open it.
She was, idk, 3 or something.

I was sure she'd understand "big English" that well.
So I yelled for her to get a chair.
A stool.
Anything at all to make her reach the lock.

She was slow and she kept dropping things.
They started to tell at her to be quick.
She was just a child fgs!
Lmaooo, I remember asking an exco in church to "just shut up"■
Told them to calm down and then I did the speaking.
She finally unlocked the gate.

The men went in, broke the door and went about rescuing the wife.
The girl was shaking now.
With tears.
I hugged her, took her in my arms back to the church.
Then I tried to calm her down.
It was hardddd■
She kept on asking if the police would kill her daddy....

.....or if her daddy would beat her too for calling outsiders for help.
Couldn't help but imagine the things he'd done to that kid.
I was mad!
Long story short, after a few minutes of Disney's Beauty and the Beast, she was asleep.
No comfortable place to lay her down....

So I had to choice but to suspend rehearsals and let her sleep in my arms.
Saw my food, I'd lost appetite ■
Soon enough, she was awake hungry and thirsty, face swollen.
They beat up her dad proper and I was happy she didn't witness it.
Her mom was taken to the church clinic...

......hospitalized.
Went to get water and gave her my lunch.
Lmaooo, she ate a lot■■
I asked her questions and she asked me some too.
Her name was Lolade.
And she wanted to be the president of Nigeria ■■■
That's all I can remember though.
Well, I handed her.....

......over to the nurses.
Told her mom that she was scared to go back home and not to take her back there.
Said my goodbyes and left for home.
Saw her mom the next Sunday, she'd moved out of the house.
They lived in the church now.

Hung out with Lolade.....

.....for a few more Saturdays.
It'll worthy of note that she terrorized the whole church ■■
She wouldn't close the taps, she liked water a lot and often had wet clothes■■■, she loved the watercolor I gave her (my old watercolor that my mom almost threw out)....

Lolade Picasso painted a lot■■
Soon, her mom told me she'd ruined all her clothes with paint, that she'd thrown it away. Bought her crayons as the coconut heads wey we be■.
Fast forward to a few weeks later, I had to leave for school.
Omooooo, I cried o.

Came back and was told they'd left.
That was all.
No contact, no address.
She was gone.

Well guess who received the perfect Christmas present after a shitty year????
MEEEEEE! That's who!
There at my door, at 11:48 was Lolade and her mom looking particularly beautiful and Lolade Picasso who still doesn't know how to say my name right■■
She missed my Spaghetti■■

And that is how lazy ass Rachael is staying up tonight to make Lola spaghetti while Lola won't stop pulling my hair.■

Her mom's got a job and an apartment now somewhere at Ajah, they came to the church because apparently Lola missed me■

Well Lola, I do not like humans so much to the extent of keeping a vigil to make them happy but I love you very much. So hurry up and become the president so Aunty "Wincheal", does not have to struggle so much to get a laptop■
Might get @fkabudu and @AishaYesufu to give you PQs.

You'll need them.
They're badass at the leadership stuff.
Till then, keep stuffing your face with spaghetti and Dodo■❤■
And thank you for making Christmas feel like Christmas again.
I love you ❤■

Please help get my laptop ■■

Asama Temitope Rachael
0114299209
Union Bank.

You'll be helping me make my new year goals a reality.
Thank you ❤■
Merry Christmas ■❤■