Twitter Thread by Preston Timeyin



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Today, an emotional Sunday thread on signs & wonders in Lagos, and why my trip to Ajah is on hold.

TL:DR - God safe Lagos drivers

It all started after I decided I needed to hear God's voice directly this Sunday, and so I would go to physical mass, no more online.

I decided I would go to Divine Mercy in Lekki, as opposed to St. Charles Borromeo in VI.

My first decision.

As I parked my car, I noticed the car on my left side was not parked properly - one of those criminal offences people commit when they take up space for two cars, instead of parking properly inside the designated lines.

As a law abiding citizen, I hinted at this to the attendant

Fast forward to the end of Mass, filled with the spirit, I stepped out of church and walked towards my car.

As I did, a man said to me - 'this your corolla is fine o, very smooth and clean, you should borrow me'

Now, people who know me know that I like my car to be clean - inside and outside. I don't like scratches or bashes. I'm too good a driver to have such.

So after hearing this, I was very proud. I entered my car and drove to pick up something from the office (still Lekki)

As I got there, I was admiring my 'clean car', only for me to find that there was a scratch on the front left bumper.

What? How?

On closer inspection, it was a FRESH scratch. Same day. My forensics indicated it was about 20mins ago.

How?

I started thinking of the black car parked beside (on two lanes) and how the driver looked untrained. Did she scratch me? Why wasn't the car there after mass? What happened? Why o Why?

Should I call my mechanic - CY - and ask him to pick it up? Or should I brace it?

And then I remembered that man who commented on the car. Did he see the scratch and was actually mocking me? Or was he hinting at it? Or was it just a coincidence?

Anyways, we move. Small matter.

However, as I left my office, I called my girlfriend to complain about Lagos drivers. Why are they so untrained?

Why can't they all be like me? The car was parked. Can't they see?

Little did I know what was coming.

Right in front of me, a red corolla was speeding on Admiralty Way, and I was wary.

'I should switch lanes, don't like this car in my front'. As I switched, I noticed a man on the road in front of the red car.

The guy needed to move or the red car who have to switch lanes.

Hm

Well, the red car did not switch lanes. I was using my car phone, but both hands were on the wheel and I stopped talking.

In my mind, London driving lesson training was kicking in.

But, not for this red car. He was still moving.

GBAMMMMMM!



The red car had successfully RAMMED the man on the road.

He flew up, landed on the floor and jumped up like a gazelle.

Next thing I knew, some more boys materialised on the road and surrounded the red car.

As a London trained driver, I was already shaking my head.

Rubbish

I looked at the people in the red car. Front windscreen deeply cracked. Both people looking confused.

Why so untrained? Why use fake license? Why didn't you learn to drive.

At this point, my small scratch seemed minute. Lagos had bigger problems.

I decided I would stop complaining, ended my car call and decided to continue my journey to Ajah.

What a strange day for corollas in Lagos. Bashes everywhere.

Before going to Ajah, needed to buy a card for my in-law + get some fuel.

Would stop at ENYO.

ENYO went smoothly. Aside from a few wild drivers who wanted to fly over my car (I'm sometimes the annoying driver who drives properly and doesn't chook head, so everyone behind me gets slowed down), no further signs.

All was well.

Decided to also stop at BLENCO to buy the card, on Lekki Epe. Got in there and went to the parking lot. Noticed it was semi full.

As a prudent driver, I don't try to squeeze in-between two parked cars, I generally go to a place where there are no cars. So, I did. And parked.

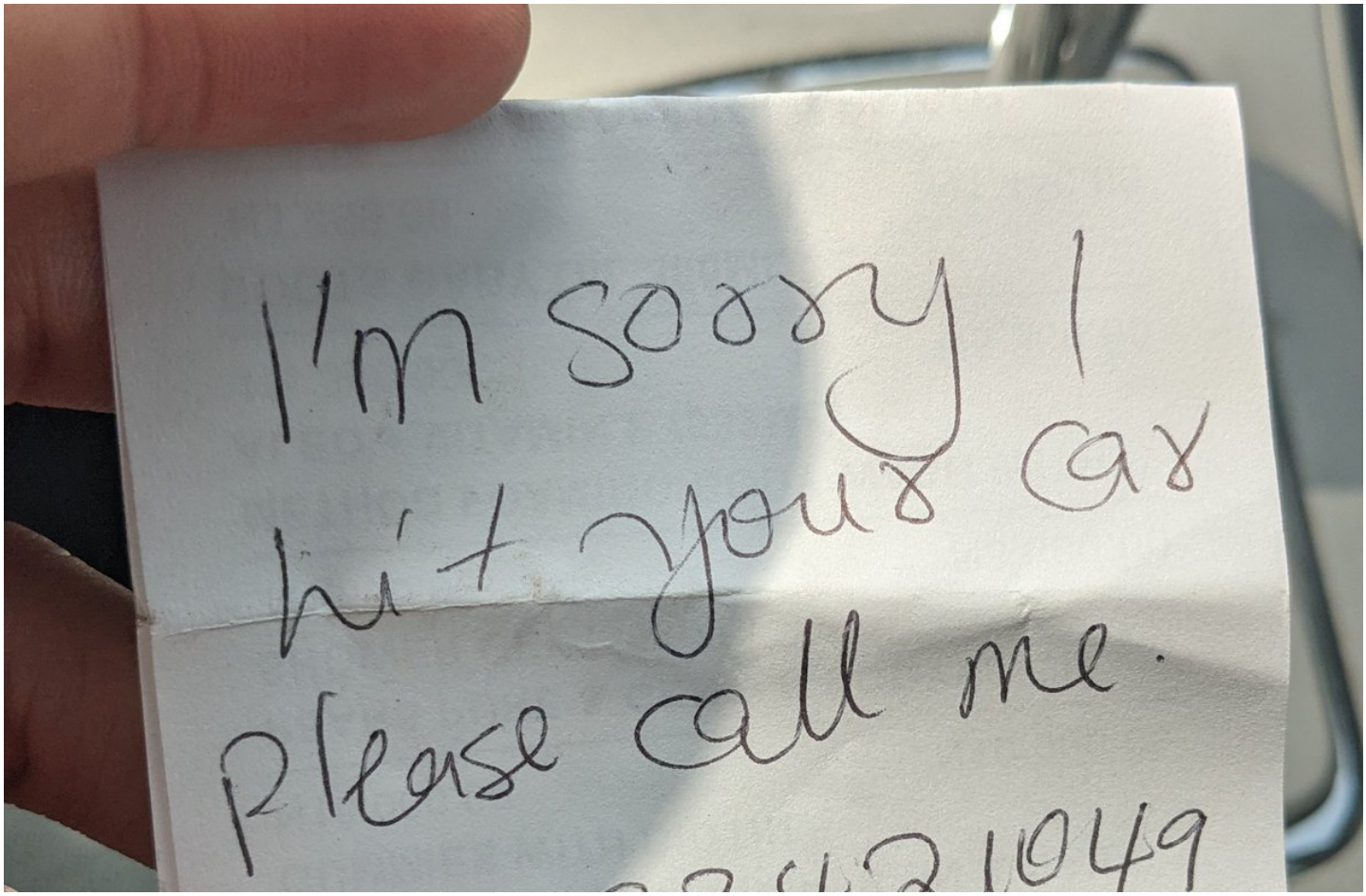
It was a quick stop. Got everything I needed. Came back out. Got into my car.

As I was turning on the car, a lady knocked on the door. I thought it was someone asking for help - was already looking for my 'car biscuits' which I usually give out.

Then I noticed the new iPhone.

How can I help? Well, she had a note.

Ahn ahn. What's going on?



Now, I generally don't come out of my car when I get hit in Lagos.

It's a lose-lose. You either waste time discussing with the driver that hit you as they apologise.

Or you fight the driver (and waste time).

Zero output. So I didnt want to come out.

But I came down anyways.

When I got to the back of the car -



Madame had done a number on my car. For real:

1. Broken glass - YES
2. Boot bent - YES
3. Chrome panel cracked - YES
4. Scratches - YES
5. Paint peeling - YES

Who did I offend???

She started talking about the brake of her car. Something about bending down, brake released, car in motion, could not control it. Wahala everywhere.



This was me:



I am still weak. I should have seen the signs. That man in the church parking lot - God sent him to warn me.

Then I saw the scratch. Didn't hear.

Then the red corolla. But I was stubborn.

Now here I am. Will I still go to Ajah?

Zero chance. My corolla is done for 2021.

