

Confessions

I don't know how my father would feel if he eventually got access to this story and read it at a snail pace. Maybe he would feel disappointed. Maybe he would just laugh and say *omode lo n se e*.

Sometime around 2007, I was entrusted with keeping Owó Asalatu of our street mosque. The mosque was built in our compound. On every Sunday morning, people would come to the mosque for asalatu. I was taught and trained by Ustaz Ibrahim how to lead the asalatu congregation. The congregation would willingly pay money as their offerings whenever Ustaz Ibrahim was praying for them. At the end of every asalatu session, the total amount realized would be divided into two; Ustaz Ibrahim would divide one part, take his share and give some other Ustaz who attended the asalatu their share too, and for the second part of the money, it would be given to me, the treasurer of the mosque.

Because there was literally nowhere safe to save the money, I would keep it under my father's bed, in between the bed frame and the mattress. Every Sunday the money accumulated in different Nigerian denominations and I would keep the record.

I didn't know how to draw a chart for income and expenditure but everything was written down with date and time. I was a good treasurer at that. I learnt it from my mother. My mother was the Treasurer of the Idosaba Mosque Women Asalatu's Thrift for donkey's years. I would watch her how she would record everything in her record book and how she kept the money. The only difference was that my mother kept the thrift money in her cupboard, underneath her expensive clothes, and I kept the owó asalatu underneath my father's mattress.

Ranging from the amount spent on fuel to the one spent on other maintenance of the mosque, every expenditure was recorded in my book until I couldn't record the exact amount I personally spent from the owó asalatu. If at all I should have a record of it, most of it was used to buy food from Anti Ruka Oni Raisi.

The day my father called me to account for how the money was spent, I feigned collapse like the notoriously prominent Nigerian corrupt leaders would do in the court of law.

In 2010, before my father became the Chief Imam of Ipokia Central Mosque, I had become a fake prophet. Even though what I prophesied then came into reality, deep inside of me, I knew verily that I was fake.

This is how it happened: That year, I was in SS3 at the Community Secondary School, Ipokia and there was an ongoing football competition—The Principal's Cup. I represented my class in the competition and my class had reached the quarter finals. I didn't want to miss the match because I was the first choice in my position on the pitch—Central Midfield, and because I loved playing football more than anything.

The previous night before the matchday, my father informed me and my brothers that we would travel to somewhere in Lagos Island for the monthly prayer we used to do for a particular someone *I don't want to mention* early in the morning. My brothers said “okay, sir!” in response but I only nodded my head. I felt bad and disgusted but I dared not to show it in front of my father. I could only manifest my unpleasant face to my mother whenever I didn't like anything. I dared not to do that in front of my father unless I wanted my young buttocks to be laid flat on the table while strokes of cane would be descending on them.

Throughout the night, I was thinking of different lies that could easily make my father drop my name from the list of the travelers like a coach would drop the unfit players from the list of his available squad. I couldn't come up with a hit one. I was not good at lying except I would feign another sickness. Feigning sickness had become an old trick and my father would detect my lies in no time even without using the lie detector. It would not be funny if I was taken to the hospital and the test result should show negative.

While I was thinking of the tangible and reasonable lies to come up with, I imagined missing the match I had wanted to play against the 'SS2 the Strongest Team'. Then I

imagined playing the match. How I would give Yakubu, our fiercing striker, the final pass that would earn us the winning goal. Yakubu would not miss the 'tap-in' unlike his namesake, a professional Nigerian player—Yakubu Aiyegbeni, who missed the unforgettable last chance of scoring against the South Korean team in that same year 2010 World Cup. I imagined how I would celebrate the goal with the spectators that would invade the pitch instead of keeping the celebration out of the pitch. Series of imaginations were still floating in my head when my father came knocking on the door to wake us up. I got up sluggishly.

We embarked on the journey before the first adhan for Subh Salat. It was around 4:55am. The eldest brother was the driver and my father sat on the sit beside him. My other two brothers and I sat on the back seat. I sat directly behind my father. I was on the journey but my mind was not journeying with me and I couldn't show my sullen face. However, I still had the hope of playing the match. I was optimistic about the last lie that came to my mind.

“Baba,” I called my father in a low voice.

“Tope, what happened?” he responded.

“Baba, *òkàn mi ò ló*,” I said without hesitation but with the hope that we would finally return home without continuing the journey.

“What happened? Why did you say that your mind is not on the journey? What did you see?” my father asked shockingly.

“What could my eyes see in this dark hour if not the football match that its imagination recurring in my sight?” I whispered.

“Mujeeb, park,” my father instructed my brother to stop the car.

After some minutes, my father asked my brother to turn the car. We got back home before 6am. When my mother and my stepmother asked my father the reason for stopping the journey, he responded “Moshkur must have saw something terrible and he said that his mind wasn't on the journey. So we had to come back home”.

I was thrilled with how I succeeded with the last lie but I must not show it. I pretended to be the only prophet in the house that not even our father would give my prophecy a deaf ear.

I rushed down to school to meet my team mates. We played the match and lost by a goal to nil. However, in the night, there was a news broadcasted on AIT that a fatal accident that claimed lives at the same expressway we would have routed occurred. My father imagined that the victims could have been us if not for my prophetic mind. He was repeatedly saying *alhamdulillah* while thanking me, but deep inside of me, I knew I was a fake prophet.

Here is another confession. There is always a first time for everything, right? And puberty comes with a lot of irresistible urges that could be uncontrollable. At first, I was a shy guy. To ask a lady out was a big *wahala*. Throughout my secondary school days when my classmates were already changing girlfriends like wardrobes, I was too coy to approach a lady. Not that I didn't have a particular girl I was interested in then, but the courage was missing. How do I put words like “I love you” together in my mouth and sprout it out on her face? Arrrg! *Na so I left secondary school in 2010 without a girlfriend.*

The year was 2010. I was 17. My private part was already surrounded by the strands of black hair. My pubit too was bushy. Some nights, I would dream of having sexual intercourse with my crush in secondary school. And some other nights with random unknown ladies. Whenever I woke up, my boxers would be filled with sperm.

The first time I would ejaculate sperms while awake wasn't during my first sex. It was subconscious anyway. I was alone in my mother's room—I didn't have a personal room. I was surfing the Facebook account that I had just opened and I saw an XXX profile with a nude picture. I clicked on the profile and there I saw many other nudes. My head started turning and my manhood was becoming stronger and stronger as I was scrolling and screening the pictures. I was lying my tummy down on the floor and this flattened my penis too on the ground. Immediately, I realized that I was moving my waists to the left, right, forth, and back, and it was soothing. It was soothing, uncontrolled, until I noticed that something was about to be forced out of my penis. That moment, my head was swollen and my power was doubled.

Here is the full gist: I finally summoned the courage to ask this girl in my street out. Her name was Bukky. She had big boobs and baggy buttocks. A deep dimple well dug in her left chubby cheek. Her small face, free of pimples, was rounded like the moon. She had tiny stretch marks below her shoulders but not touching her pubits. Her fluffy laps were big enough to carry her heavy buttocks and her foam bra packaged her big boobs and made them shoot out beneath her clothes for every beholder to scream wow in their heads.

I really loved Bukky. Maybe the kind of love that we were too young for. The kind of love full of broken promises and that usually ended up in tears. But the love was genuine. In my young thought, I was already dreaming of settling down with her as a couple in the coming years after my university education. She shared my dream too. We would talk and talk on the phone. There was not really the time to be together as boyfriend and girlfriend. Remember I had no personal room. I was sharing a single room with my siblings. Moreover, I dared not to bring home a girlfriend; my father would kill me.

So, we kept talking on the phone and we would, by chance, meet at a corner in the street at night. Those nights knew how to hide secrets, the kisses, the hugs, the romances. That was actually not enough. We were usually afraid of the passers-by and their torches. We would suddenly stop the romance at every approach of the strange legs and the flash. So, we needed a place and the time to look into each other's eyes while talking. We longed for the perfect day and place to have a perfect tryst behind a closed door and where there wouldn't be the moon but a romantic silhouette. Where we wouldn't be afraid of legs and torches.

I had a friend then, Bode. His house was on the next street. Na im mama get the house and he was not too small to have a personal room, unlike me in my papa house. I told him about my girlfriend and then proposed that his room should be a nice place to bring her. I informed Bukky about securing a place and she agreed to visit on a Sunday afternoon. There was no plan to have sex though. Just to have a nice time together. Just to enjoy the kisses a bit. Just to act the romance for a longer time.

On the Sunday morning, Bode had already informed me that her mother wouldn't be at home, she had a wedding to attend. So, there was no cause for alarm. Perfect! In the afternoon, I went to meet Bukky, my girlfriend, at the agreed converging place and trek together to my friend's house. Getting to the house, my friend took us through the back door in order to possibly avoid being seen by a lot of the households. We entered the room. I had already arranged for some drinks and biscuits—two Malta and one hundred naira Coaster Biscuits. My friend brought them out, served us, stepped outside and padlocked the door—I would call him to open it when we're through.

There we were in the room, alone. Exactly what we had been longing for. Sitting side by side on the one-sided bed, looking directly into each other's eyes, we started talking from one irrelevant topic to the other, gulping down the Malta and munching the Coaster Biscuits.

After there was nothing left to talk about and the last drop of the drink had been gulped, what next? We laid down on the bed. Silence. We got closer and closer until our mouths met. Slowly and mutually, we started kissing, romancing, and I was trying to touch her big boobs. She was dragging me to herself too. We were still like that and the memory of the XXX I saw on Facebook visited my head and now I was eager to practice it too. My penis had erected and Bukky could feel it too. At every attempt that I was trying to lift her skirt, she was dragging it down until she eventually couldn't. Perhaps she was sexually aroused too.

She began to take off her clothes by herself and I took off mine too. As I saw her vagina already wet purging out a sexual scent that arrested the calmness of the room, I halted. I was fidgeting. I didn't know what to do next. Her back was down and I was kneeling between her big gapped laps. Then she dragged my penis and put the tip on her clitoris then gradually took it a little bit down. My head was already waving like the sea and I was still fidgeting.

Then I started jerking slowly and she was moaning. She was moaning so loud that I had to cover her mouth with my hands. I didn't want anybody to hear us. At first, I

thought I was deflowering her but there was no blood and nothing stopped my penis from penetrating deep down. I was still fidgeting but I didn't stop pressing up and down until I cummed. Yes! I cummed inside. Neither did I know the pulling-out method nor did I wear a condom.

And so far that Bukky didn't tell me about any pregnancy afterwards, I had an absurd feeling that my sperm was still young to procreate. Perfect!