

SPEAK MY LANGUAGE

There are millions of languages in the world, in Africa, and in Nigeria. They're people who easily adapt and speak languages of wherever they habit, they're others like me who just like to learn languages on babel and duo lingo just in case we may need it in the future or for hobby sake. They are others who are self-taught, they learn languages so fast on their own from movies or little online courses, that we call them lucky or gifted.

Now my story isn't actually about the variation of spoken languages, it's about Love language. Not so many years ago I attended a redeemed Christian church shortly after I moved into my first apartment in a new area, it was the closest church to the house, a walking distance, and only three streets away. I casually dressed up and walked there right in time before the sermon started.

They're different love languages The pastor began, he talked about the kinds of love and the languages of love. Christ died for us and showed the most significant variety of love. And he spoke about how love is the greatest and most important of all the commandments in the Bible. I didn't know I'd see a need to write about love languages one day, I sat down with my notebook and took down pointers till the sermon ended.

So many years later, I met a young girl tomiwa, we connected well and became real close friends that would tell each other about life and our struggles, and most of the time we cried together and call men scums. she told me about her relationship that started in November and how it had been terrible and same time sweet. After a few relationships, she came to the conclusion that she was never lucky. she is always the adjuster in her new relationship, and I think schooling in a boarding school built her that way because I am exactly like she is, the habit of coping or adjusting to whatever the situation is, This isn't a problem or a good thing to celebrate. She gets into a relationship with someone whose love language is just words of affirmation and immediately she sees the need to always assure him of her love and how much she will never leave him just so she can speak to him in a language that he understands.

But nobody ever seemed to speak her own language, at first she thought she loved gifting and receiving gifts, she thought it was her love language, She would post on Instagram her gifts on her birthday and everyone in the comments would flood it with "God when" I did that some times too just to lead people astray like i was single or craving for gifts but when she dated someone who would throw gifts at her and just disappear into thin air and then come back with gifts to apologize for the absence, the unanswered calls, the messages left on read and then disappeared again, she knew that gifts were not what she wanted, she wanted physical love, this is her love language.

When I was little my big sisters would call me a cat because of how I wanted my skin to always touch that of the person sitting next to me, they called me a handbag too for always wanting to follow everywhere. I had always been that way but I just didn't know it. I could cry for hours and a simple hug from a friend who didn't have to open their mouth would stop me from crying, I felt connected to people by touching them and being all touchy around them. When I met Tomiwa and discovered she was exactly like me our bond grew stronger, We could just skip lectures to hug each other in silence and cry from heartbreak or hurt or just cry away the pain of being broke and hardworking, it was unexplainable.

Physical touch as a love language necessarily does not mean to be sexual, NO! It doesn't have to be that, from the example I gave earlier it could just be hugs, or holding hands with a partner, a friend, a colleague, or anyone close with. Tomiwa finds partners based on how physical they can also be without going against boundaries the first few times they get to meet and talk about each other, She would come over to tell me about the date nights, the new Tinder guy, and the one whom she considers to date. She picked one who always held her while she slept and whispered into her ears how much he loved her days before she agreed to be in a relationship with him.

"I go love oo" I always taunted her and made fun of everything she told me

"Why did you let him hold you before you agreed to date him? Why did you even sleep over at his place?" I asked her

"I just knew I wanted to date him, me sleeping over was to see how he would be with me if he's pushy, if he's a physical touch guy with boundaries, I just wanted to know"

"Okay oo, miss find the right man" We laughed about it and finished our ice cream at the Coldstone outlet before we went out our separate ways.

A few months into the relationship everything went away, she started to crave for touches, telling the one person who she thought knew what she wanted that she wanted to be touched or needed to be touched. she could be crying and he would just watch her even though he knew that hugging her would make her feel better, She told about it in tears and somewhat embarrassed. She would literally struggle to kiss him, force him to hold her or hug her, make him understand that putting her legs on him was not cause she wanted to, her body just naturally does that even when she was with me.

When the relationship got to this stage she didn't know what to do anymore, She loved him, and she made future plans with him every day, but how would she spend forever with someone who wouldn't touch her on his own? Who gives her an attitude whenever she gets so touchy and wants to just talk, I know every one of you reading this would tell her to leave, I tried to tell her too, and I gave her as much support as I could. but she does not want to leave him because he stayed with her when she had her own shortcomings too, he agreed to work with her to make her a better person and In fact today she is a better person because they worked to make it happen, she makes up excuses every day for him, she wanted him to agree on working on these behaviors that she didn't like, she talked with him several times about it and how much she wanted him to change, she tries to see the good in him, how he does dishes and stuff, how he smiles whenever he wanted to, how he wanted to teach her stuffs that would make her better, she try to only see the positive side of him, but daily it keeps fading away.