

"Sarah, can you answer this question?" Miss Efe asked, pointing at the board.

I got up slowly, my palms already sweaty.

"In nineteen seventy..."

"Wasn't it in nineteen eighty something?" Rebecca said.

"In nineteen eighty six..."

"Why did you change your mind? You were on the right track?" Miss Efe said.

"I...I...I thought about it,"

"You're so dumb, that's why no one likes you and you're going to die alone,"

Rebecca said with a sick smile on her face.

Miss Efe smiled weakly at me and went on teaching.

After the class was over, Miss Efe gently yanked me out of the class.

My heart pounded and my stomach flipped. She was definitely going to confront me for not answering the question correctly. Why was I so dumb. Why couldn't I think straight. What if she tells my mother. No, I can't have her tell my mother.

"Please ma, I'm sorry I didn't know the answer to the..."

"Sarah, are you okay?" Her eyes narrowed.

I was taken aback. Why did she care about me? Nobody cares about me.

"Yes ma" I said, breaking eye contact and looking at the ground.

She sighed deeply.

"Now is not a good time, meet me at my classroom after school, I need to talk to you about something. I won't take more than thirty minutes of your time. Is that okay?" She said, staring intensely.

"Yes ma" I said, smoothing my cardigan.

She smiled weakly at me, stroke my arm gently and left.

"Lesbian," Rebecca whispered to me. "She's kind to you because she wants something. She wants to know the colour of your pant. Or she just has pity on you, since none of the cute boys like you. What a sad and lonely life."

My eyes itched and became wet. But Mr. Amos, our biology teacher was approaching. I quickly looked up and pinched the bridge of my nose.

"If you're experiencing nose bleed, you can go to the school clinic", he opined

"I'm fine thank you sir. Good morning sir," I said and walked back into the classroom.

After school I walked to Miss Efe's classroom.

"Sarah" she said sweetly, closing her notebook and putting it aside. "You came."

"Yes ma," I said, my eyes fixed on the notebook.

"Please sit." She pointed at the chair opposite her.

"Sarah, you haven't really been yourself lately. Is everything okay?"

"You really want to tell your problems to this woman? Like she doesn't have her own problems. What if she's just using you. She'll probably laugh at them.

YOUR PROBLEMS ARE NOT SO IMPORTANT. IF YOU WANT TO SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS WHY NOT JUST KILL YOURSELF. YOU'LL PROBABLY BE SOLVING OTHER PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS TOO. Imagine how happy those people would be when they REALIZE YOU'RE NO LONGER A BURDEN TO THEM" Rebecca said.

"Sarah?" Miss Efe called softly.

I was dragged back to earth and turned to look at her.

"Is everything okay at home?"

"Yes ma,"

"Don't waste your time and her's. NOBODY CARES ABOUT YOU" Rebecca yelled.

I could not hold it back anymore and began to cry. Miss Efe immediately got up and hugged me tightly.

"It's okay, it's okay," she chanted.

"STOP PLAYING THE VICTIM. WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS BEGGING FOR ATTENTION. NOBODY LOVES YOU, NOBODY CARES ABOUT YOU. WHEN YOU DIE, THE WORLD WOULD GO ON LIKE YOU DIDN'T EXIST"

I unraveled myself from her grasp and ran out of the class.

"Sarah"

I just kept running. I was not going to add to her own problems. Nobody cared about me. I was a burden. My mood swings were burdens, my eating disorder was a burden. I just wanted everything to stop, I just wanted everyone to be happy.

"SARAH", her voice now distant.

I barged into the house and straight to my brother's room. I went to where he hid his stash of drugs.

"You're such a loser. I prefer slit wrists, it's way cooler," Rebecca scoffed.

I picked a wrap randomly, opened it up and emptied it in my mouth.

Truly, the afterlife is just darkness and emptiness. Or maybe it isn't. We never know until we get there right.

"Sarah" a distant but sweet voice called.

"Nawa o, this woman won't give up?" Rebecca asked.

"Shut up" I muffled under my breath

"I think she said something," Miss Efe yelled.

"Hallucinations and psychosis are common effects of Marijuana overdose..."

He was too loud and the room too bright

"It's a miracle she's still alive, Miss"

"Alive?" Rebecca's voice pierced through the air. "How are you still alive?"

"I'm not your slave anymore, Rebecca" I said standing up

"Oh, but you are," she scoffed.

"No, I am not. YOU DON'T OWN ME"

She smirked at me.

"You're having a seizure."

"Jesus!" Miss Efe screamed.

I looked over at my body jerking on the gatch bed.

"Doctor, Doctor..." Miss Efe screamed, running out of the ward.

I ran over to my body.

"What have you done?" I asked Rebecca.

"I didn't do anything, you did it to yourself because you're weak," she smirked.

"I AM NOT WEAK" I yelled, charging at her.

She shut me up with a punch so heavy it took me aback.

"Bitch shut the fuck up."

I cleaned my bleeding nose with the back of my palm and limped forward.

"Don't even try," Rebecca said.

"I'm not trying, I'm ending this today," I yelled.

I charged at her and pinned her to the wall.

"TODAY"

"I'm here to stay, love," she laughed.

Miss Efe, doctor and his team barged into the ward.

"Doctor, do something," Miss Efe cried.

I ran to Miss Efe.

"Please ma, you have to hel..."

"Please take her out," the doctor, said

"Ma, ma, please"

She kept walking, paying no attention to me.

"She can't see you," Rebecca said, "Or hear you"

"Shut up."

"Miss Efe, please you ha...",

Miss Efe began to weep

"God, please, God please. Don't take her too. Please don't take her too"

She fell to the ground.

"You're dying. They can't save you," Rebecca's voice was now deep and many.

I rushed towards and punched her multiple times until her face tore into two halves.

She dropped to the ground, lifeless.

I did not realise I was glowing and that a woman I was standing next to me. She smiled at me. Her smile was like that of an Angel.

"Precious? Precious?" Miss Efe said getting up from the ground and looking around.

We both turned to look at her. The woman next to me smiled wearily at her and then turned to look at me.

"It's not time."

"Are you Precious?"

She smiled at me and said nothing.

"Take good care of her for me. And yourself of course"

She turned towards Rebecca's lifeless body and spat at it. Then she turned towards me again.

"Thank you." She said and disappeared into thin air.

The doctor barged out of the ward and rushed towards Miss Efe. He whispered into her ears.

"NO" she screamed. "I serve a living God."

She fell to her knees and lifted her hands and head upwards.

"JESUS," she screamed, "Not this one, NO, LORD, NOT THIS ONE"

"She said, not today, huh?" A voice said.

I jumped and turned to look at who spoke. Our eyes crossed and I felt peace immediately.

"I wasn't taking you anywhere, you still have a lot of work to do here. A whole lot." He chuckled.

I could not help but smile too.

"Are you Jesus?"

He smiled and nodded.

"Yes, I am"

"Are you Precious too?" I asked.

"It depends on how you're asking that question," He laughed.

I laughed too. No one had made me feel this safe before.

"Come on," He said, taking my hand, "I hate to see her like this."

He led me into the ward and to my lifeless body.

"You have work to do," He said and kissed my forehead.

I felt air in my lungs and warmth on my skin. And a piece of cloth over my body.

I sneezed and called for Miss Efe. Then I heard a crashing and a woman screaming and running out of the ward. It was followed with a group of footsteps rushing towards me.

The cloth was removed. The light almost blinded me.

"Qbara Jizos. O na -amumu onu ochi (Blood of Jesus, She's even smiling)"

Miss Efe rushed into the ward.

"I teh una say my God neva die (I told you that my God is not dead)"

She danced around the ward.

The doctor looked at me, perplexed. He performed tests on me and seemed more confused.

"She's perfectly fine. I don't understand," he said.

"I understand," Miss Efe said and yanked him out of the ward.

While they were outside the ward, I noticed someone peeping into the ward with a huge grin plastered on His face. I knew who He was immediately and smiled back at Him.

THE END