

I COME TO YOU AS A WOMAN

UCHE NATHSON

FIDELITYMAIL

TO: theotherwoman@cheatmail.comFrom: themainwoman@fidelitymail.com

Subject: I COME TO YOU AS A WOMAN

Compose email

The Other Woman,

I remember the first day I saw you, the day I confirmed you exist. I thought seeing you would exude some sort of reaction from me. Instead, I was deprived of sensation, unable to feel the pain that had brewed in my core for months.

Prior to that day, all I knew were your scent, your ridiculous mode of texting, some pictures, phone number, email address, home and office address. I memorized your signature fragrance. You wear Sauvage on Mondays, YOU on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays. For some unnatural reason, you mix your Sauvage with an unbranded Arabic perfume on Thursdays and Saturdays. My washing machine can not get rid of that malodorous scent so I have to hand wash. You would think that helps. But, No! I have to smell you on my husband everyday. To top it all off, I have to ferociously wash in a desperate attempt to expel you. If you know how much I hate hand washing, how much my hands hurt, you would get rid of that pungent mixture.

Is that the only one? No. Your lipstick has now become part of his overall aesthetics. You always wear a nude lipstick. It seems to be your favourite. For a lady of the dark, I expected red lips but nude is ok as well. I have learned that vinegar mixed with baking soda takes off the stains. I use a clean cloth, blot the lipstick stain with the mixture and let it sit for about 10 minutes. Then, I gently sponge the stain and blot dry with a paper towel. As if being a home manager is not hard enough, I have to deal

with your recklessness everyday. I know you intentionally leave these clues for me to find. I have found you now. I am here now. We shall breath the same air soon, my dear.

We have established that I am not a fan but I have to read your messages . Why do you start your sentences with small letters. You do not even use the correct words and the right punctuations. The sheer torture. It is so criminal and scandalous. Using abominations like tnx, fnx, lv ya. I did not know people still text like that. I know it was a thing in 2010 but social media texting has evolved and you decided to stay stuck in the past. From what I learned, you graduated from the English department in 2015 with a 2.2. It is quite ironic you graduated school at all with the way you structure your sentences and the obscene use of abbreviations. I can not fault you for a 2.2 because a lot of factors could have been in play since you studied in a government university in Nigeria. I am sure you are an intelligent woman - in your own way- so this is not a jab at your intellectual prowess.

I digress. Let's get back to the day I saw you. I had just dropped our third daughter, Our Apple, Kamsi, off at her summer ballet class. Kechi Jnr and Kelechi were visiting my mother at Aguleri. Kechi, himself, was away in Asaba or so he made me believe. I had a lot of time so I decided to make a detour, a break from my fine job as a home manager. I drove through Independence Layout riding at 120kmh and got to the hotel you worked at, Hookup Hotel in 15 minutes. It surprised me you worked at a place like that and saw Kechi at high brow hotels like Best Western Plus. If you changed hotels now, you could meet more expensive men. I am just suggesting since that is your line of work. It feeds you so I won't judge. Moreover, I am some sort of a feminist, myself.

I sat at the reception of your 2-star hotel and watched you work. I thought I was going to make a scene and disgrace my lineage but I just sat there, watching you do mediocre things. You are left-handed. I do not know if that is why you have an illegible and atrocious handwriting. This is not an attack on left-handed people. I am a progressive thinker. Maybe, just maybe, your penmanship would still be awful if you wrote with the right.

You are sloppy. I watched you drop things aimlessly. You made a lot of mistakes while writing receipts for the customers or confirming reservations. You were doing such a horrible job. I wrote to your superiors. I am sure you will hear from them soon. It is not a big deal but always aim to be excellent in whatever you do. This is just an advice.

I watched you chat away with the kitchen staff who spent half of his working hours at the reception than the kitchen. I made sure to include his name in the strong email I sent to your manager. You were rude to customers. I realized that you were pleasant to the men but awful to the women. I thought you would be happy that your fellow sisters in the home wrecking business were patronizing your place of work. You should have planted a smile in solidarity of the collective homes you people have broken.

You worked the day shift and you left by 2pm when your closing time is actually 4pm. I did not follow you home that day because I had to pick up Our Apple, Kamsi, from her summer class.

Do you know I studied Architecture at the University of Ibadan and graduated in 95 at the top of my class. I got a fully funded scholarship for my master's degree. No, that is not where I met Kechi. We met 5 years later at a wedding ceremony in Jos. I was 25. He was 32.

I will not say it was love at first sight. Kechi isn't what you would call a conventionally attractive man. He has no appealing physical features but what he lacked in looks, he gained in intellect.

We found ourselves at the same table. He complimented my shoes. I smiled and we started a game of rating the foot wears of the wedding guests and had a good laugh. He liked that our names start with a K. He thought it was a thrilling coincidence. We talked politics, Obasanjo and the Odi Massacre of 99. Talking about the country went dark so we changed the topic to movies.

After the ceremony, we left together to my hotel. I felt safe with him so I let him into my room. We talked and laughed into the wee hours of the morning. By the time we got track of time, it was about 6:15am and I had a flight to catch by 7am. Kechi helped scramble around for my things, packed my box as I quickly showered. Together, we raced to the airport and made it in time for boarding.

I never saw him again until 05 when I was visiting my uncle at UTC, Abuja. I saw him come down from his car as I made my way to the gate. When our eyes met, he quickly filled up the spaces between us in long strides. We held hands for a moment. We didn't say a word. Time froze and my mind went back to the day we met and how I longed to see this man again. You could say it was love at second sight. We just stood in time, smiling, holding hands and smiling even more. I noticed how much he had aged. He was just 37 but already had greying strands on his beards. He was balding as well. I had just purchased a GSM so I did not hesitate in taking his number. I was not about to lose him again. We talked every day. Thinking about it now, I wondered what we always talked about. How we had something to say every day. He stayed in Enugu so we did not get to see each other as much as we wanted. The conversations were great so we relished in that. He asked me to marry him over the phone on the 8th of June 2006. It was an easy yes. He had become my best friend, my everything.

Don't get me wrong. This is not one of those love stories where something went wrong and we lost the spark. Even after three wonderful kids, we still converse into the night. We cackle like clowns when we talked about other people. We never missed movie night and we always got shoes for our anniversaries. Even after I moved to Enugu, after I had my brilliant son, Kechi and had to quit my job, after I had beautiful Kelechi barely a year after her brother, we were still great friends. Nothing changed. 17 years and counting, he is still my best friend.

So imagine my shock when I found out his 'other woman'.

My friends talk about their cheating husbands. There is always something that ticks off, like a nuke was dropped to upturn their atmosphere, their peace. They do not know when and how but the smoke starts gathering and when it settles, they see clearly, the ruins of what was left in their marriage. Usually, it is the arrival of a baby,

a miscarriage, a death, financial crisis, or just a promiscuous boyfriend turned promiscuous husband.

Nothing changed in mine. I was different and never had those problems; never had a miscarriage, the arrival of my kids brought so much joy and balance to our lives, we have always been financially stable, no one has departed earth, yet. Kechi has never given me the reason to stalk him to Toscana and create a scene with those little scarecrows from UNEC. My friend, Omomo still has her video circulating on Facebook. Kechi is socially awkward and that was my peace of mind. The fact that he could not hold long conversations with any woman but me. That I was special, that I was enough

Still, I saw the 'Hi baby' WhatsApp notification pop up on his phone as it laid askew on the hole his butt made on the part of the couch where he sat before getting our fish and bole from the delivery person. I could not help but wonder what ticked off in ours. When did it change? Was this just an adventure? 6 months is such a long time for an adventure, don't you agree? Were you the first or just an addition to the spiralling line of secret women. You are just a receptionist at Hookup Hotel, a 2-star hotel. A receptionist with an average English degree. I have a first class architectural degree with a master's degree. I have many properties in my name. The fact that I decided to stay home to take care for OUR beautiful kids does not change anything I have accomplished - which is more than you have.

It can not be the sex. I have read 'The Appropriate Sex Positions for a Virtuous Woman' by Kamachi Suntradinma over and over. I know all the positions and practised all on Kechi. His moaning are testaments of my abilities. Do you know he passed out once when I sat on him? Have you ever made him pass out? It cannot be the sex because you are not better than me. You have not read the book so you do not know anything. I know this because I followed him to your house. I saw what you people call sex and it's shameful. It is not your fault. When you steal a plate of food, you rush and choke on it before you get caught.

Perhaps, you are a praying woman. Like the mothers before me, I have fire in my bones. I attend the weekly activities, and I never miss Sunday service. We pray as a

family three times a week. I am an active member of The Praying Wives against the Daughters of Darkness Facebook group. My dark knees are proof of how much I have wrestled against your kind in spirit. I have been following you for months and you do not go to church. You went once when your mother came visiting from Nsukka. Kechi did not see you that week because you had to maintain the good girl image for mummy. You did a good job. You looked like a noble 25-year old. I think you should do that often. It fits you. You hear?

It cannot be beauty either. I am sure you have seen me. If you haven't, I have attached some pictures to this mail as evidence of my striking beauty. Even after three kids crawling out of me in several gruesome ways, with my last ripping my vagina, I still stand stunning. It cannot be the beauty because you are not up to standard. In dressing, you have zero sense. I am not shaming you in any way. I believe you are beautiful in other ways that cannot be seen. I have seen your nude pictures stored in a folder titled NGO. Your breasts are like fruits on bread. Nothing to be seen nor held. Maybe it is the ass. I commend that one. Although small, it is nicely shaped but it is not enough.

Another advice, Nne. Always blur your face when you send naked pictures on the internet. You are young. I thought you already know these things.

So what is it about you, my dear? Why does he smile at your shabbily written WhatsApp messages? I cannot figure it out. I do not comprehend the appeal.

I am now parked in front of your house at NO 3B Dental College Road. Your fence is quite high but I can see your flat. Do you think I am stalking you? This is not what it is. I am just a jobless home manager who has a lot of free time. I understand it appears scary but I am not a predator and I know you are not a flight risk so I come to you as a woman. I ask that you let Kechi go. You are not distracting him from his duties as a husband and doting father but you should know I hate that another woman is planting smiles on his face. I hate that he is possibly engaging in long conversations with another person. That is our thing. You cannot have that. You cannot have him. You do not want to know what a bored, unemployed mind can concoct and get away with. I only but have enough time.

It is 4pm. I have to go prepare dinner. Before I drive off, I hope this mail finds you well.

Warm regards,

Kodichi Dibia (Mrs.)