**20/08/2022**

**THE LUMUMBA GUY.**

I’m calling him the Lumumba guy because that’s the best way I can name him. And also because of the fact that I don’t know his name.

I’ve been thinking about him a lot ever since I took coffee this afternoon. It shot up the neurons in my brain and now a lot is going crazy in my head.

I don’t really know why, but I think it’s because I want to. I just want to think about him.

Maybe it’s because I don’t get many males to think about.

I met him on Wednesday, this week. I was on my way to CEDAT, walking so fast as per usual.

I think he thought I was a fresher.

He walked beside me and said “hi” or I think he said “morning” I don’t know. I replied. Then, he asked whether I was going for a paper. I said yes. He then asked me where my exam permit was. I tapped o my pocket, then he was like “oohh…okay”. I smiled back at him.

I think he thought I was a fresher who didn’t know that I needed a permit to enter the exam. But now that I think of it, it’s second semester, who wouldn’t know that a permit is required before you enter a paper? So now I just think he thought I had forgotten it. He didn’t strike me as a guy who would to talk to stranger on his way to class, so I don’t think he talked to me because he just wanted to, or because, just like many other males, he thought I looked young and cute and maybe naïve and approachable.

He told me success in my paper, I told him success too, then I thought maybe he wasn’t going for a paper so I asked “you’re also going for a paper too, right?” he said yes. I asked which college, he said CEDAT, I said “me too”. He asked which course, I answered and asked “you” he said mechanical and I thought ‘cool’ no prob there. “Which year?” he asked. I replied “second year”. I’m sure he was taken aback there because he definitely thought I was a first year. I look so young. Meh! And of course, I asked “you?”, he said “fourth year” and in my head I was like “woah…wasn’t expecting that”. I think I was expecting something like third year or second year, and also, I was thinking it must be really hard, but what actually came out of my mouth was “ahhh… how is it” and I think this was actually what made him like talking with me. Of course, he liked talking with me, who wouldn’t? I say what everyone wants to hear. He replied something in the lines of ‘hard or not easy but regardless….’ He asked Mary Stuart or complex, I said MS then asked “you”, just know there were a lot of “you?s” he said Lumumba, then he was like “you realize Lumumba is the only boys’ hall this side” and I laughed and was like “ooh...yeah” coupled with several other ‘yeahs’ and several nods of my head. Then I made a joke about it, that maybe he was just there for like a discussion or something then laughed and he was like ‘naaa’ with a slight laugh and added that as long he’s walking to class for a paper he’s of course coming from Lumumba.

We fell silent then. Yeah, that was majorly because of me. I think he also got the memo that I was feeling a little on the negative about going on with the convo. Mind you I was walking a few paces in front of him. So, in the silence I was thinking he’s probably looking at my ass and my weird figure. I thought he was also done with the stranger-to-stranger pleasantries, but after something like a minute and half, he caught up with me. So now he’s walking right beside me. In retrospect, I don’t think I looked into his face a lot, what I remember is he’s dark skinned and not really good looking, but I liked him because he actually sounded nice, I mean, considering the fact that he actually asked whether I had my permit. And also, he actually listened to what I was saying. He reminded me of myself when I’m having a convo with someone and I don’t want them to feel uncomfortable, that made me like him. He’s not my everyday guy, those I always meet think they’re better than me, telling me what I should do. Let’s just say they’ve got their heads shoved way up their asses. When he fell in beside me, he was like “eh…I thought I would never catch up with you” I was like “I do this every day” I think he replied “really?”, he was saying really a lot. I was like “yeah, I always start walking late so…”. then he asked “you’re a fast walker?” I shook my head and I was like “hmmm. nahhh... I made myself a first walker”. Then we fell silent again and trust me I was not in the mood of filling the silence so after a few seconds, just after we crossed that road close to CEDAT that slopes down to western gate, he asked whether that was my first paper I was like “no, it’s my second” then he asked how many …. you know what? there’s so much to write about but I thought about him during the paper and after. And also, to some level I really want to meet him again but there are very few chances of that happening because he’s in his last fucking semester and we’re in exam week. I liked him.