**FROM BED SHEETS TO PAPER SHEETS>>>>> READ 1>>>>> “STEPPING BACKWARDS”**

Well this is me – Good old Greg. I never really believed in jinxes, hoodoos and bad luck. Just always had this notion that karma was just a woven idea that folks made up to hide their mess and stack up excuses. How ironic!

Am in the living area of my parents’ home, thinking on how it all got messed up and I rode down this awkward lane. Ama decent enough looking dude. Had my own fair share of love and the likes, but one thing I never lacked was words! Yeah you heard me. Words! That shit is so powerful on ladies that it pumps out myriads of emotions from them lady folk. With words and great conversation you can make em smile, angry, confused, charmed, smitten, worried, and humble, and even down right yours for the taking. Yeah dead serious!

This is ma point. Back in ma University days, I was just an OKAY guy who lacked game and waited for charity to be thrown my way by those gorgeous bubbleheaded creatures on heels and tight multicolored fabrics. If any hugged me, poked me or even smiled at meit was like taking all the Benjamin’s @ The money Drop Game show. I was seriously in need of some game. Plus all ma pals were either hooked up or just outright ladies men. And hanging around them guys can really take some below the belt punches on your male ego. So I had to find me a College girlfriend before I graduate or am screwed for the rest of my post Uni life. Coz if I can’t nail a babe by my goodself in Barbie land aka University, I would be a total misfit out there in the unfair, chew-spit you out-of a world. You feel me?!!!

So I took the initiative and got myself learning the ropes and rules of engagement. So why is it so hard 10years later to find the RIGHT GIRL?? All them girls I’ve met are cool but none just cuts it. Either they got issues, drama, weird, unstable, confused or down right dumb or something out of the ordinary. Some peeps keep telling me I got high standards in women…Duhhh!!! A high standard is relative! Nobody is perfect I know, but is so much to ask for your girl to be gorgeous, smart, great sense of humor, nice behind, talented and quirky?!! I don’t think so!!!! So what can it be???? Now you guys see my ordeal>>>

Then it hits me, could it be what Amara said to me those years ago?! I remember those cute innocent lost teary eyes of hers. And those sculptured lips fading with lipgloss as she spoke those words – “Greg you would never find a girl who loves you like I did”. Was that a juju she put on me?!! Oh my God…..!

Amara was your typical decent school girl. Those sweet young girls in Uni who came from wealthy homes, never lacked anything and flew under the radar in school. She had younger siblings whom she cared for as a mother figure since their Mom divorced/left them with their dad. She adjusted to that role and left behind the shimmering and fast life styles of her peers from the privileged backgrounds. Plus she had that first feature I love in my women – a sense of natural beauty. Both facially and attitude. She was the real deal.

I met her by chance though. My playboy roommate met some girl at a school gig. He decided to follow up on the girl – Nancy, his fresh conquest and he needed a wingman. Well I had nothing better to do that dreary Saturday evening, so what the heck.

We both paid a visit to Nancy at the Female hostel. I must admit I hated going there coz the place had some funny smells, dirty and wet linens littered everywhere and guys were ushered in/out like they came to a brothel or prison. The place gave me the crips!!! Well we met up with Nancy at her room down the long hall. She was alone with one of her roomies around. My roommate made me wait in Nancy’s room while he and Nancy took a walk to grab a quick take out. I was stuck with Nancy’s roommate. Damn!! Okay what the hell,let’s make small talk to kill the time. Walked up to her where she was sitting/reading her medical books. We got talking, and for the first time I realized the best thing I liked in a woman – Natural feel all round. Her hair, smile, tales and chats were all down to earth. Yeah she was perfect but had only one floor – lacked a bit of self-esteem.

Amara had a tough time growing up; especially when her mom left and the little girl couldn’t comprehend all goings on. She then built issues bordering on trust. Well that was okay. I liked her and I wanted to make her mine after several hang outs. My roommate wasn’t so lucky with Nancy after the first two weeks, but after a month Amara and I was a pair. Wasn’t easy though I must confess, I had to convince I was real and found a way to get rid of her last baby boyfriend – he was her next door neighbor from her Dad’s house. Lol. She didn’t want to go out with me at first, but my charm and WORDS did the trick. She loved listening to me talk. It soothed and entertained her. She loved it. She loved me.

However there is always a down side to every mountain. She loved listening to me talk every moment we were together, she hardly said anything and we hardly did anything intimate. Sometimes I confronted her about the silent treatment she does on her part, and she would snap at me. Said I sounded like her father who was worried that she had self-esteem issues. Who figured?!! And she was stuttering in her grades. As a med student you couldn’t afford such floundering and she was so into me like Rihanna to Chris. I had to get out and cut my losses coz I wasn’t getting the action I wanted. Don’t get me wrong she was a great girl and any guy would be lucky to have her but back then I had my priorities all wrong, and needed as escape capsule. But now its regrets am filled with. She would have made a great lover, wife and mom after sometime. All she needed was to be taught how. Silly me, I didn’t have that patience.

So I broke up with her. And like a coward I was, I did it on the phone when she was back home after a little bout of fever. She got back to school, came to my room and uttered those words while muttering and crying a river - “Greg you would never find a girl who loves you like I did”. She hated me but she loved me. Those where Nancy’s choice words when we bumped at a bukka shortwhile. And damn she was pissed. I was a jerk. I knew then and I still know now.

So was it Amara’s curse I wonder! Well am trying to figure that out.Hmmmm…the next girl that came along was Ejiro if I remember correctly. Ejiro was a feisty one. Willy Wacky and a Warri chick full of fight and fun. Lollll

**FROM BED SHEETS TO PAPER SHEETS>>>>> READ 2 >>>>> “WARRI-SOME”**

Present Day –Wow! My Office computer clock screams out 8:09pm and telling me it’s time to hit the road. Will finish up these Stats tomorrow. And I just recall its been ages I glanced at my Facebook profile, my updates have been so outdated and keeping tabs on all this social networking site can wear you out. Anyways what’s new…logging on…. After a while I had seen enough new pictures, location updates, comments, likes, profile updates for one night. Suddenly out of the bottom right hand corner of my Facebook page jumps out a Chat line – “Hi Greg”. It’s no other than my girl back in the day – Ejiro!

Rolling back the hands and legs of the proverbial clock to 2006, the Amara brouhaha had almost died out. Tried reconciling after a bunch of my pals told me I truly messed up letting her slip away, the reason being she could have been juggled with other conquests as she matures for the future….Blahhhh now that’s what I am not – Am just a 1 woman man. That’s what I am and that’s what I would always be fellas. So make una park well joor!!! So Amara you could say is the one that got away. Truly got away.

As time passed on I had two or three narrow shaves with some potentials, but none of them could cut it. Plus I realized that I had to get a grip on some grades of mine to maintain my second class upper ambition I set on entry into school. No time to mess up now. Thus I kept the ladies at bay for a while. First things first, books! Before I could say Jack Sparrow, I was in my Final year in Uniand I was losing my ladies game plan, and even my mojo…Not good. Then as if that wasn’t worse enough, I lost my rent cash to some frat boys, and I became a homeless charity case. Damn!!

Well help was on the way. A friend of mine who bunked solo in his own crib took me in for the rest of that semester and it was a big relief. Where I wan start naa?!! Was a cool experience, the downside to it though was he had a calabargirlfriend whom just loved spending night/day in his pad. Not that it’s my business nor my place to complain but Jeez girl – save some of you for later nowwww…. Haba! I had to crash outside sometimes and most times had a pillow on my head when sleeping to drown the moaning/grinding.

One of such fateful evenings came up. I had just got back from a long afternoon lecture, cooked up something, grubbed and decided to take a nap. I think I was an hour gone when I heard a tap on the door. Like clockwork – Suzanne aka my new roommate’s girlfriend poked her face through the door netting and slipped into the apartment. Oh Brother!!! We chatted in the room while she waited for her guy to get back home and perform his conjugal duties on her. And like a hawk circling its prey before zooming in for the kill, he zoomed and got back to the apartment.

Well who am I to stop sweet grown up pleasures. I just excused myself to do a bogus shopping and left to chill at some call center till their exercise was done. Really hope it’s not an all-night marathon or Ismscrewed. Chilled at the call center for close to an hour, so I decided to get back to the apartment and see if my amigos were done. The window blinds were drawn, my pal wasn’t picking his mobile and I heard a whimper – they aint done then. Hmmmm… While standing there thinking of my next night time ploy, I heard a voice call unto me. I turned and there stood Ejiro with her mini gown and spaghetti top, carrying stacks of what looked like DVDs.

Ejiro was your typical warri girl, beautiful, ebony, too much make up, daring, noisy and up in your face kinda girl. She lived in her own world, didn’t have too many friends and lived like 4 apartments from mine. She was the smiley neighbor whom everybody loved to chat and play fight with. She really loved to play fight and was aggressive – in a fun way though. But the angle that didn’t rub off on me too good about her was the noisy side. Kaiiii!! She was a chatter box. Would be scarred outta my boxers if she found out any personal secrets about me. The whole block would just be in the copy of my fuck ups.

So Ejiro called out to me. She saw my predicament and we decided to hang outside a bit. After a while we took a walk to grab a late supper, and then tracked to her place to watch the DVDs and kill time. We talked, watched the movies, took a nap and had sex. She was incredible, feisty and forceful. Could tell it was a long time she been with a guy, and it was a long time I had being with a girl too. We had done each other favors and we were even. Ironically it didn’t end there. Every night after that she would come around asking me to hang out with her, checking in at my flat, calling and texting me. Got so crazy we were having push-ups every other night. Was becoming so routine and scary, but she didn’t wanna be away from me. We were in a relationship she said and didn’t want to lose me. Not to brag, I know am a stud in the sack but this levels had to stop and I had to find a way to tell her without getting a kitchen knife been thrown at my skull.

My first semester ended and I moved unto my last semester for the remainder of my days in the University. I moved out of my roommate’s place which I shared with him and paid for a lease on another apartment from a female friend of mine whom had left school for her teaching practice. I remained there to hide away from the whole world and focus on my books and plans for after school. But no hiding from Ejiro, she found me, struck friends with my new neighborsand, made herself at home. Iloved the way she handled me and complemented how I made her insides feel. I loved it but this wasn’t what I set out for. Not at all.

So the day came. I was in my small apartment one evening watching Ghost rider on television when she stopped by. She stepped into the kitchen and whipped up a rice meal. Wow! That was what I needed but that wasn’t what she needed and her hands went to work. And I gave in. 30minutes later I sat on a plastic chair in the dark room starring at her in bed sleeping. I didn’t want this. I didn’t want to carry on with this after leaving school. What if she got pregnant? What if she wants a distance relationship? Nope it wasn’t going to work and needed to end now. Another 30mins later she was awake, we had a heated argument, she tore my tee shirt, ruined some home furniture and threatened that I can’t leave her. Instead she would leave me. She muttered some urhobo obscenities and left. I never saw her face to face again. Just Facebook pictures and chats like the one of today.

Shit 8:56pm….. I grab my jacket and am out; weaving through Lagos traffic as NYSC memories flood in. Gloria was the headliner that service year ☺

**FROM BED SHEETS TO PAPER SHEETS>>>>> READ 3>>>>> “IF KOPA MARRY KOPA”**

Arghhhhh!!!

My Bum really hurts... Been in this bus for almost 9hours, and am told by some of my co-passengers that we have like 3hours left before we get to Minna. OMG!!!

That was the first memory of my trip to Niger State for my National Youth Service after going back and forth like 100times if to take this trip or not. It was a big shocker for me when I discovered I was posted to the Middle belt, coz I concentrated all my focus on the Western end of the country. I kept on racking my brain for a reason not to go to the NYSC camp in Minna but I came up with NADA! I even got calls from ex-uni mates whom were flung all the way to Gombe, Adamawa, Bornu and the likes, and that was a whole lot scarier. Well it’s an adventure after all I concluded. Lol.

Now am sitting in this rickety bus that took off from Iddo Park, with co-travelers stacking poultry livestock and wholesale fabrics into the bus – mainly indigenous residents of my destination – and chatting away in their native tongue that sounded more like a mix of Efik and Hausa in my sleepy head.

The conductor steals a glance at me, pulls a wide smile and empathizes with me by saying “Oga sowee oooo, we go soon reach Minna Park; from there you go enter machine go kopa camp”. That wasn’t in the least re-assuring as my tummy pulls out a growl – Ouch! Was it that fufu I had in Ore I wonder?!

A couple of hours later I was queuing up with other chaps in the camp trying to sort out registration protocol. I had never been to an NYSC camp before and had no idea the goings on. But so far it’s been decent, I was watching kopas straying about in all white tees and shorts, and looking like captives on Mandela’s Robben Island chaperoned by military folks whom had nothing else to do but wield wooden sticks and chase kopas’ behinds for parades/drills. Anyways I just have 3weeks here so it would be a brief visit to hell.

Got my kopa details after a bit – Greg Ifesinachi , number NG1671, Platoon 1, my ID tags, uniforms, gear and mattress. Now I am set for the short haul.

Made friends with 2 homeboys on the registration queue – Charles and Nonso, we rolled together to check out our sleeping quarters and JESUSSSSSSS! We found out that the only available bunk space was at the extreme end of the Boys dorm, where the in-house toilets nested, and it wasn’t only flies and stench that nested in the damn toilets. HELL NOOO!!! The floor in the front area will do just fine. Thank you!

5. 15 Am. The first morning siren bursts through my ear drums and I nearly got stampeded on the floor. WTF!! There better be a fire oooo or else….. Now the madness begins.

Taking a dump and shower outdoors in the misty chilly hilly sites of Minna at 5am is no joke. My ass was freezing off and guys squealing at cold water running down their shivering skins testified to this. << Dem wan kill us for here in the name of camp abi?!! In my next life I no dey do Youth Service abegg no vex>>Before I could jump into my khaki gear, the military chaperons start chasing fellas out into the parade ground for God knows what. Hiannn!!

Morning prayer rituals, drills, educative sessions, social escapades, mingling, and more mingling was all that we did in most part of my 2weeks in camp. But the part I enjoyed the most was the social escapades… The honeys were of different shapes and sizes and the shorts/t-shirts really helped to reveal this. Coke bottle shapes, humpty dumpty shapes, masculine Semanya shapes, Kim K shapes, Eva Longoria shapes and even Mama Africa shapes were all on parade amidst the female hood, and I got good snaps for my mental album back then. Lol.

And some of them babes were so nasty they threw caution to the wind at social nights. You all don’t wanna know what went up in here. Whatever happens in Minna stays in Minna – Kopa Greg off to bed…

So the last week of my stay in camp has dawned and I felt I needed to do something memorable before I leave this camp space. My friend Charles was part of the Press team on camp and Nonso was good at soccer. So I volunteered to be part of the Parade squad on ‘Passing out of camp day’. It looked fun to watch from afar, I truly liked the way they did their turns and enjoyed the salute and all. So I was selected from my platoon and made it to the 2nd parade squad. But taking drills on practice days was no joke and my squad sucked a bit, so the Lieutenants decided to re-shuffle all the squad personnel, and that was the day I met Gloria.

Gloria had graduated from a State University in the Eastern side, she was light skinned, long legs, brown eyes, tall and her most prized asset were her Manchester aka boobs. She had this ibo accent that was cute, she was smart, firm and stable minded. She had this way of putting a guy in his place when anyone tries to get fresh with her, and it truly wasn’t easy doing the marching drill by her side. Especially when her front twins kept on doing the Kukere as the drums played. Wow! It aint easy being a guy…Whew!!

I got acquainted with her on the 3days leading to the Passing out. The passing out day eventually came; we worked our butts off marching like our lives depended on it. We made little errors here and there but we did okay.

Then in a flash Gloria was gone. We were all gone from the camp. How time flies when you start having fun, and when you nearly strike it big with someone. Oh well!!

I guess by virtue of the fact that I studied Mathematics/Statistics in School I was posted to INEC in the State capital to do some demographic study before the national election begins the following year. Was fun the first few months but the fever pitch died down gradually. I was looking forward to leaving Minna to enlist for an AIESEC Management Internship somewhere in Europe or Asia and getting some needed work experience.

My friends were coming and going, Nonso was in a northern town, Charles had been redeployed to Lagos, my new pals were not challenging enough and the local girls had no time for Youth corpers and their shenanigans. If you were interested in a girl in these parts, you better be into their religion and be talking about matrimony. Hmmmmm!!!!

As 6months went on, I had like 2 or 3 flings, nothing that really scratched the surface. Had a sleepover once but it was the worst I ever had in my profile. The girl could sleep through a storm if she had the chance. Then one day a kopa girl finally persuaded me to attend a Redeemed Christian house fellowship after countless invitations from her earlier. I got there and to my utter surprise they humored me to take the Bible reading at the next meeting. What a ploy to get me coming back and I didn’t know how to decline things like this. The next fellowship meeting was the day I set my eyes on Gloria after so long.

She looked the same. Still elegant, tall, piercing brown eyes and so confident of herself. The Ibo girl that had words for everything. She never lacked em, much like me. We got re-acquainted and started hanging out in the evenings after my primary assignment and her part time studies at an IT center. We would hang out at late hours and friends painted this image that we were a couple. Well we never disputed that but just went along for the ride.

With 2months left into the service year everything was looking up for me. I had gotten an AIESEC internship in Istanbul as a Sales/Research Intern for Alcatel’s emerging markets project and I start in 3months, my elder sister just had my nephew and Gloria was with me. Awesome! I decided to celebrate that Tuesday night with Gloria. We got some native pudding and went back to her place, and I knew tonight was the night we would make love for the first time. It just felt right at the time.

We talked, laughed, cuddled and imagined how our future after service would be. I noticed at that moment she was holding back something she wanted to say. I suspected she wanted to voice out how much she had fallen head over heels with me as her sexy eyes betrayed it. So I decided to help her break the ice and grasped at my favorite twins. Immediately she backed off from me, heaved a sigh and said those dreaded 4 words men of all races hate to hear from women – ‘we need to talk’.

So she told me how last year her parents introduced her to some guy who was a male nurse living in Georgia, USA. She said she didn’t buy the idea back then, but few months ago the guy visited her during his visit to Nigeria, he kept in touch, providing for her parents and recently showed proof of his love for her by willing to file immigration papers on her behalf if they got married. She was deeply considering his proposal and thought we could just be good friends as she truly cherished my friendship.

I was a baggage of emotions when she told me this – anger, disappointment, confused, betrayal, sadness and perplexed. So I wasn’t good enough for her is that it? But then I thought deeply, who am I to judge her, she was ready for marriage while I wasn’t. Plus she needed to find a way to take care of herself and her humble parentage. I was being selfish. So I smiled at her, hugged her and promised to be her friend till the end of time. Not until I steered her into having our first and only passionate sex together. Wooo!! So this was what I was missing and would be missing. Well at least I didn’t leave empty handed in this relationship.

The last month I barely saw her and she wasn’t at all happy with me. I didn’t even tell her that I was leaving the next day after we both collected our Discharge Certificates the morning the day before. I had promised to see her that evening at her place but I was a no show.

I was on an ABC Bus first thing 6am the next day bound to Lagos. Last time I heard she was living in Harmony, Connecticut with her nurse Hubby and 2boys.

Good for her. Istanbul here I come!

**FROM BED SHEETS TO PAPER SHEETS>>>>> READ 4 >>>>> “FROM ISTANBUL WITH LOVE”**

Mr. Ifesinachi Greg! Mr. Ifesinachi Greg!! Calling Mr. Ifesinachi Greg… Please report to the boarding area…

I was running, panting and anxious at the same time as I ran all over the place in MMA International Airport Lagos as not to miss my flight to Turkey. Stupid me. After checking in my luggage at the checking counter, I decided to grab a quick drink at the downstairs bar before my flight took off in the next hour. Coincidentally I bumped into an old high school pal of mine and his girlfriend on my way to the bar, it was really super to see him and he was taking a trip to the States connecting through Brussels. The three of us strolled to the bar, grabbed some light refreshments and talked about all what we’ve been up to since we left FGC Ogbomoso.

I got so carried away with our charade that I totally forgot my flight was due to leave before his, and the faulty PA system kept on bellowing my name as if the gadget had arthritis, I could barely hear what it was announcing. Then in the spur of the moment my friend’s girlfriend turned to me - Greg I think your flight is about to leave. I dashed up from my stool, didn’t even say a proper goodbye or exchange contacts with both my buddies, grabbed my back pack/laptop bag, and sprinted off to immigrations. ‘Please God don’t let me miss this flight oooo’

15minutes later, I was seated in my Ethiopian Airways flight window seat, out of breath but glad that my Usain Bolt race impression got me here. I looked outside the window, starred at the glittering tarmac and watched as the conveyor detached from the body of the aircraft. Not long the flight crew did the safety drill, flight captain made his announcements and we were off on the runway. Two things I could vividly remember about that maiden flying experience of mine was the sickening feeling I felt in the pit of my stomach when the plane took off the ground and how the Ethiopian hostesses looked like goddesses of beauty.

Ethiopian ladies. I saw a few of them on that very same flight. Their effervescent dark skin, wide starry eyes, sculptured upper cheek bones and surfaced lips that had the kissing ritual stamped all over it. They truly were a sight to behold; I wished there and then that in my next life a Queen of Sheba comes my way and blows my mind with her exotic demeanor. Yes oo!!

I stared at one of the hostesses as she came around my aisle with her service trolley. She angled a look at me after attending to my seat partner, paused and asked what I would care for as a snack and drink. I froze on my seat for a bit, beamed at her ethereal image in carved flight attendant costume, swallowed hard down my dry throat and was lost for response. She further gazed at me and raised an eyebrow signaling my waste of her precious time. That braced me up and I blurted out – just sparkling water please. She passed a bottle, handed a complimentary snack to go, and she floated away. Whew! I breathed with my heart beating like a lion in heat under the Kalahari sun. Damn she was gorgeous!

I snored away for the next few hours and wondered what I would be expecting in AIESEC Istanbul and Alcatel’s city office. This was my first big chance at something relating to work and needed to give everything to learn whatever trade in corporate business. The plane touched down around 4:20am at the Ataturk International Airport. I passed through stern looking immigration officials; some folks couldn’t help but stare at me and I wondered if it was my charming looks or just they hadn’t seen a Kanye West look alike before. I got my luggage, got some local currency at the bureau de change and got out the airport to the nearest airport public bus service heading for the metropolis. The locals were nice and helpful, got me into the bus and off I went to explore my new frontiers. Hehehehe…

I was to rendezvous with my AIESEC contact – Duran - at some ritzy hotel close to the Foundation Park. I disembarked the bus, shooed off the taxi drivers who were charging me exorbitant fares, made a call through to Duran and waited at the hotel waiting area. Moments later he picks me up with his fancy 100cc Ducati power bike and zoomed through Istanbul traffic to my waiting flat.

The first few weeks was a whirlwind experience. I met my new 5 new flat mates – Wei from China, Alejandro from Colombia, Soonam from India, Karl from Germany and my ever hilarious roommate Nurudein from Tunisia. They were a reservoir of characters and attitudes, and needed time to understand and adapt to. The kitchen was always a mess, we rarely did chores and we were so different it was frightening. Living with peeps from different worlds really had its downside I must admit but the positives were far greater – you learn a whole lot from their cultures. And I sure did.

I also got acquainted with the AIESEC team in Istanbul led by the dashing Abad and the soccer loving Esma. There crew was a young team of jivey and knowledgably people who challenged their orientations and wanted to go places. They showed me around town, corners to shop at great prices, introduced me to their language, and I got to fancy their kebab and native spicy dishes. It was magical and I loved them all to bits.

At my office it was a fair experience, I met my colleagues Cemil, Derya, Mehmet and the beautiful Pinar. Pinar was not your typical Turkish delight; she was of average height, jet black hair, tanned oily skin and jet coal eyes. Plus the way she spoke her little English with her native accent made it all sexier. But we were worlds apart andwas really hard finding intimacy between us, would have been easier to find a needle in a haystack than have an “US” happen. Moving on…

I was put through my paces at work and hit the ground running doing research and market survey stuffs. The hours were flexible and it gave me a chance to adapt and explore the intricacies of the business environment I found myself. I was growing in intellect and worldview. Just what the Doctor ordered \*wink\*

For fun, Nurudein, Karl and I frequently hit the pubs, clubs, mall and sports bars to unwind and meet other AIESEC interns staying in different flats in the province. I met folks from Europe, the US and lots of Chinese, Indians and Latin Americans. Sometimes when we hung out in a large group it was a sight to see all of us from diverse countries mingling in one spot. It was incredible and I was the only Nigerian flying the flag. No dulling ☺.

I showed them some good skills while we played soccer on Sunday mornings, taught my foreign friends how to bargain at the markets for lower prices, even taught the girls in my flat - Wei and Soonam how to do the Azonto and Kukere dance moves. Everything Naija I showed off and they appreciated. Even started screaming Okocha at one point on the football field. Hahahaha oyibo no go kill me ooo.

At one time Soonam and Wei invited Karl and me to Club Indigo down the Beyoglu district for a Ladies night party. Wasn’t really keen on going out that night since I had a report to wrap up and tender in two days and I was short on material, so needed more research. But Nurudein and Karl found a way to get me off the living room sofa, put on my leather jacket and flat sole shoes, and off to Indigo we went.

Indigo was really packed, played majorly modern electro beats and the in-house DJ was so sick. We ordered a couple of larger and waited on the wings as night crawlers rocked the dance floor. After a while I started getting bored, I wasn’t feeling the techno beats and there was neither an African babe nor any other babe on the dance floor that stared the dancing bear in me. As I was about hinting my homeboys that it was time to head home, I noticed a bubbling crowd come into the club and take over raving events.

They were mainly Americans but one of them stood out for me. She had short dark hair, carved thin eyes, ravishing European facial and carefully smoothened hips wrapped under her denim jeans. I chilled and watched, waiting for the right time to pounce. I became the predator and she was my prey for the night. I asked Karl who they were and he told me they were exchange students from the US and Canada, she was Italian-Canadian and her name was Roxanna.

My chance finally surfaced when she moved to the dance floor with her girlfriends and her male escorts weren’t into the dancing ritual. They were on the dance floor for close to 10minutes without any action from guys who knew their dancing onions, so I grabbed Karl and Nurudein and we hit the dance floor and took them for a one on one. At first Roxanna was feisty and unsure about me. Then she gradually loosened up and we rocked that joint. With her sensuous sway and my hip-hop flex, we made eyes turn and even got the DJ playing Rihanna, Drake, Li’l Wayne music of this world. Roxanna stepped well and she saw I got the vibe and she hung on to me. I don’t know if it was the too much vodka-with-lime drinks or the adrenalin-pumping songs, she held me tighter, drew me to the polished mezzanine walls and kissed me deeply.

After that night at the club, I kept tabs with Roxanna, called her frequently and went to the movies twice. I found out that she was just another good girl searching for love in the wrong places. She bumped into good looking guys who had promised her blissful affairs but she got dumped once the cookie was out. Therefore she was weary of guys and wanted to have fun with no strings attached. This was my chance at something real I thought, so I pushed harder. She noticed this and felt uncomfortable.

Three weeks to my departure back to Lagos, I travelled with my roommates all around Turkey, from Ankara to Izmir to Denizli, Roxanna came with me. While we were at our rented bedroom in a hilly resort in Izmir, Roxanna looked me into my eyes and asked me – Greg you say you love me but what is love to you? I seriously was lost at that question, and that silly question was my Achilles hill with Roxanna and she quietly left me after that week of getting back to Istanbul. It hurt coz I think I loved her but didn’t know how to put it in words. Maybe it’s something most Naija guys didn’t learn. We act; we don’t talk when it comes to expressing love.

I confirmed my flight after the days, said my sad goodbyes to my work mates, had a farewell party from Karl, Nurudein, Alejandro, the girls, Abad, Duran, Esma, my other friends and of course my dearest friend Roxanna. I really will miss them all so much.

As I was in Nigerian airspace and my airline gearing to land, I still thought of Roxanna and that question she asked. “Greg what is love?” The plane jerked, I closed my eyes as we taxied along the MMA 2 runway.