**My Admission Experience into the Federal University Of Ile-Ife**

Hi, my name is Dr Strange and this is the almost harrowing story of how I became a medical student😂

I still remember vividly when I wrote UTME in 2020. I registered late in typical fashion and my exam center ended up being 150 km from me. My exam was 9am in the morning so I had to travel the night before to find somewhere to stay.

I got to the bus park around 12pm in the afternoon but the place was so remote that it took 4 hour for the bus to fill😭. It was a long 30 seater bus like Ifumsa’s and our “pilots” were an old man and his teenage son. We finally creeped off around 4:30pm and started the journey to the outskirts of Epe. Barely 15 minutes in, I started hearing the women in the bus shouting “yehhh mogbe oooo”, the lady next to me suddenly started speaking in tongues. As you can probably imagine, I was more than alarmed and had to see what was causing all this wahala. I looked up at the driver and I finally realized why we had two pilots… The old man and the boy were taking turns steering the wheel of the car, Ahhh!. Each time a car came too close or we had to avoid a pothole the whole bus screamed and my heart defied our atlas because why did I keep finding it in my mouth.

We ended up getting to our destination really late, at about 10:30pm which meant that I couldn’t get to where I was supposed to stay that night. I had to lie to dad that I had gotten a place to stay to get him less worried about his prized investment treading the night in a strange land😂. Now to actually find a place to stay… I walked for like 30 minutes, looking for the ugliest looking hotel because that’s probably the only ones me and my 3k could afford.

I eventually found one where they gave me pail to fetch water for myself but that still wasn’t the weirdest part. The weirdest part was the knock I had on my door and the 25+ woman that was on the other side, asking if I wanted to have a good time😭. God abeggg😂 Could this day get any weirder????

I couldn’t find anything to eat and sleep eluded me so I picked up my physics note, I was dozing in 20 minutes😂. Anywayyy I found myself in the exam hall the next day and finally wrote my 9am exam by 11. I remember seating next to a 14 year old boy trying to cover his computer and thinking “wtf is blud doing”. I saw him miss a couple of questions and I tried for the life of me to tell him but it seemed like his pastor told him not to listen to anyone in a punk hairstyle or something.

Exam day came and went, results day came (same day I got lost and ended up reversing on third mainland bridge but that’s a story for another day) and went, up next was preparing for the post-utme. Facebook was how I met other aspirants, different kinds of unique people, from a guy that took it upon himself to inform me of everyone with a JAMB score similar to mine (perhaps he thought I was feeling myself, might have been right), to Azeez and Rexray in our class. Both of them used to terrorize aspirant groups 😂, happily reminding you of just how much you didn’t know, and woe betide anyone that asks a question that doesn’t make you rethink all your knowledge. Azeez hadn’t reached puberty then and was still only using Cambridge grammar to communicate.

In early march, Oau finally decided to let us write our post utme. Remember when our exams were suddenly changed from onsite to online?😂, I think I was at the bus garage when the message came in. That should have been a MASSIVE red flag to choose another school, like maybe Ifa Poly or something but unfortunately I haven’t got anyone to adopt me after mummy Strange kicks me out of the house😂😂.

Approximately two weeks later, I was seated inside my church, absolutely alone, wondering who the hell was Markovnikov and why he wants me to write UTME again. Though the questions were weird, I had a relatively quiet day in stark contrast to lots of people online. Call me insensitive but I was just glad to be done. OAU of course, took their sweet time to release the results and see let me not just talk but if I catch that Markovnikov guy ehn!.

The night I saw “Congratulations, you have been offered admission” was something special though. It was a dark, starless night at about 10pm, I was still living alone in IB in the cheap rented apartment with a roof that I was taller than so I could never stand up straight. I was staring at the roof, trying to tune out the sound of my landlord complaining about his meat size when I got a call from a now part 2 student I met online. She went straight to the point and asked when I last checked caps, I replied “3 weeks” and I could almost hear her shake her head at my apparent nonchalance😂.

“Check it now na”, she said but I wasn’t in the mood to go online and see zero change. “I don’t have data jare”, I lied. She said okay and ended the call. Two mins later Airtel buzzed, she actually sent me data. I no longer had a choice, I picked up my phone. A minute later I was screaming and pacing all over the compound, calling daddy, calling my brother, calling my then girlfriend. Took me a while to calm down but when I eventually did, I knelt down and prayed. I was now an OAU medical student. Not many greater honours exist.

I should probably mention that, each time I remembered I was now a medical student for the next few months, I did a little dance.