# CHAPTER 1

Ejiro had become one of the most notorious, liked, feared and respected member of the Family Confraternity of Nigeria, A.K.A Mafia before the age of 18 even though he didn’t realize it at the time.

A very well brought up young man whose parents were very religious. His mum, one of the most caring and cheerful person you could ever meet.

Where can I get a bus to Ring Road? Ejiro asked the boy, whom he assumed was a student because, well, he was carrying a text book, and also just got off a bus bringing passengers from town to the university campus.

Wetin you talk? The student responded, looking questioningly?

Ejiro was not quite sure if the student did not hear him or was being sarcastic because he had asked him the question in English not Pidgin English. I want to get to Ring Road; do you know what bus goes there?

The student smiled and asked if Ejiro was a new student.

Yes, I just got in to town. Are you also a new student?

No. I am in my third year. Have you hear of any clubs in the university?

Clubs? No. What type of clubs Ejiro asked interested in what the student was getting at?

The student simply smiled and said I will block you later.

Just then Ejiro’s mum called out to him.

Is that your mum, the student asked?

Yes, but tell me the name of the club. Don’t worry about it, I will block you later. By the way any of those buses over there will go past Ring Road. Just tell the conductor. With that he walked away.

Ejiro joined his mum at the bus stop. It’s those buses over there that go by Ring Road he said as he grabbed his bag.

On the bus heading in to town, the words “I will block you” kept playing in Ejiro’s mind. What did the guy mean by that? What clubs was he referring to? He pondered on that for some time till the conductor yelled out that all passengers getting off at Ring road should get ready to get off.

After they got off, mum said they needed another bus to get to the bank. The university did not take cash and fees had to be paid in postal orders or cheque. Getting the second bus took some time so they only got to the bank at about 4:30pm. Luckily there wasn’t a long line of people at the bank so the whole thing took less than 10 minutes.

I think we should probably take a taxi to Ring Road so we don’t wait long, said Ejiro;’s mum.

A grey Mazda 626 that was driving down the road stopped and asked if they needed a ride. It was not uncommon to have regular people using their private cars for public transportation though Edijo did wonder why they stopped even without being waved down.

Where una dey go? The driver of the cab asked in Pidgin English, seemingly in a hurry to get a move on.

Ring Road Ejiro’s mum told him. The driver motioned for them to get in. There was a man in the front seat and another two in the back seat who naturally looked like passengers.

But it we can’t all fit comfortably Ejiro protested to the driver to which the driver replied that one of the other passengers would be getting off in a couple of stops. Ejiro opened the door for his mum to get in first and then he got in, closing the door after himself.

Less than a minute into the ride, the driver asked Ejiro if he did not mind passing his bag to the front seat where it could be on the floor and not be in the way. It seemed like a fair request as the bag was partially resting on another passenger’s so Ejiro agreed and passed the bag to the guy in the front passenger seat who in turn placed the bag on the floor between his legs.

After about a minute Ejiro noticed that for some reason, he could only see one arm of the passenger in the front seat. All of a sudden, he felt on edge. Something wasn’t quite right. It was a little cramped in the back of the taxi and he could not position himself to see what was going on with the guy and his bag in the front seat. Just as he was fidgeting, the driver asked him if he was alright. It’s just a bit tight here Ejiro replied. No worry the Driver said in an overly friendly tone which only confirmed Ejiro’s fear.

Stop the car! Ejiro shouted at the Driver. Why, the driver asked. Ejiro’s mum also asked in a quiet voice. She knew Ejiro must have sensed something.

I said stop the car! We want to get off here! The Driver pulled to the side of the road. Ejiro had his door open even before the driver came to a complete stop, jumped out of the car and immediately yanked open the front door and grabbed the passenger in front by the shirt.

Ejiro! His mum shouted, shocked and confused by her son’s actions. What is it she asked? By this time, she was also out of the taxi.

Still holding on to the passenger in front, Ejiro picked up the bag and passed it to his mum. Make sure all our stuff is in there. Give me what you took from our bag he said to the passenger who was still trying to break free from his grip. I no take anything o! The passenger insisted on his innocence. Ejiro saw he had two N10 notes between his legs. Whose money is that? You thief! Just then the driver, realizing the gig was up, sped off forcing Ejiro to let go of the passenger.

What was that about? His mum asked. They were trying to rob us Ejiro said. I think they were all working together. It all makes sense now. They must have seen us coming out of the bank and assumed we would have withdrawn some money.

Oh my God! Really? I also thought it odd when he asked you to put the bag in front but thought nothing of it after. Thank goodness you were very observant. That was really close. He only got the N20 I left in the side pocket which I planned to pay them with anyway. Let’s take the bus from now on or get a yellow taxi next time. Ejiro agreed, feeling really glad he caught onto the crooks scam on time.