

Submission Window Opened May 10th 2020 and closed May 19th 2020.

We had 75 valid entries.

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## rahlee

The ceiling in her room melded into squares, circles, triangles. Morphing into different shapes, her eye were half open, working of their own free will. In a flash, she ran into the toilet "urrgghhaaa!!!!" remnants of fried rice and chicken dunked into it, evidence of last night's dinner with David. If only Austin, her boyfriend of three years knew of her escapades. She glanced at the time, two o'clock, two hours before her final paper. If she ever had a God, she prayed to him. She didn't know when she dived back into an abyss as the darkness enveloped her.

Her eyes fluttered open, the same ceiling but a different room altogether, an I.V seeping saline liquid into her vein. Three pairs of eyes starred back at her. Her mother, Austin, David.

She forgot she had arranged to be picked up by her mother after her final paper.

Her mother looked at her with sheer disappointment.

Bisola was struggling to piece together the puzzle as to why David was here

"He's my friend" Austin commented sensing her confusion.

David's thoughts were chasing his conscience like a swarm hornet's after shaking their nest.

The doctor strolled in accompanied by a nurse, he picked up bisola's chart, flipped through it and said

"Goodmorning miss bisola, how're you feeling? We are truly sorry for any misinformation, there were some abnormalities so we ran another CT scan just to be absolutely sure and you are pregnant but with twins." Bisolas eyes widened.

"Thump!" Bisola's mother held her head as she slumped to the ground.

David knew he was in for it and slipped out.

Austin looked at her now with utter disgust. Tears filled bisola's eyes now as she starred back at the ceiling and passed out praying never to be woken up again.

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•• [#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGE](#)

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## honeydropwrites

Broken.

This was exactly how I felt right now. I had done it again. I had brutally abused my wife. I had broken the promise I made to her again. "Lanumi, I'm begging you," I pleaded, sincerity seeping through my voice.

She averted her gaze away from me and ignored my plead. She had already packed all her belongings. Her car was outside ready for her departure. And here I was on my knees in front of her begging and asking for forgiveness. "Lanumi can you hear me out just one last time," I pleaded again. "What do you want to say this time around?" She snapped her head over to me. "Apologize to me and promise to never hit me again just like you always do?" My heart churned as I noticed how badly bruised and swollen her face was from my beating. This time I had really hurt her badly. My throat suddenly became sore as I didn't know what to say. "I'm really sorry. You know I really love you." "You love me?!" She spat. "Do you even know what love is? If you love me you wouldn't do this to me everything!" "I swear I don't what comes over me when I hit you. It's like I just derive some kind of pleasure when I hit you. I don't mean to do this." "That's why it's better I leave cause you're never going to change. It's like you love me but you love it more when you inflict pain on

me.” A drop of tears fell from her eyes. “You can’t leave me. You’re my wife. I love you and need you by my side!” Tears were starting to stream from my eyes. “Kunle, you don’t need me! What you need is a medical attention. Can’t you see that you’re sick physiologically?!” It was then that it dawned upon me that she was right. “I love you but I have to leave before it’s too late for me.” With that Lanumi picked up her bags and walked out my life leaving me with the shattered pieces of my life. I lost her forever.

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#) [#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

## t.h.e\_r.i.n.e

Love is sad. In fact, I know of nothing sadder. We had gotten so used to each other that it was quite impossible to envision life without the other. I had become Katherine in "Wuthering Heights" and he just completed me. Like she rightly stated, "He's more myself than I am...Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine, they're the same." One look at us and you'd spot immediately that truly, we were a match made in heaven.

It was impossible to imagine that we wouldn't end up as one. It was unfathomable the plans the universe had for us. But now, we were at an impasse. He held my hands last night and gently, really gently, he broke my heart. He shattered it into irredeemable pieces. There was no hope for me.

I remember his exact words, "Catherine, I've had sleepless nights for so long because of this. It hurts me too but we have to do this. You and I can't go on with this relationship. My Pastor told me we're incompatible. I'm sorry but we have to end this." I stared at my lover blankly. What was he saying? What were we to do? What was I to do? Who's his pastor to say we can't end up together?

Who was that bald-headed man to ruin us? To ruin me?

How would I cope without him? How would he live without me?

I hate love and everything it brings with it. Now I'm stuck in this unending cycle of stupid emotions and I honestly don't want to heal. ©Catherine Okunola

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## amanda\_ossai

Aduke was rushed into the ICU of st. Luke's hospital, with mama following the nurses and doctor behind, doctor Bankole stopped her "madam you can't go in with us" mama slumped on one of the chairs in the reception, it was that same hospital mama had brought Aduke to the day she found her in a dustbin located by the river, reminiscing on the events that had occurred in the past few days. Aduke had just returned home for the midterm break, when she realized mama hasn't been doing well like she always claimed to have been each time they talk on the phone. She barely had enough to eat and was unkept, but made sure Aduke was comfortable in school. The day Aduke came home, she met mama Ojo insulting mama over a tuber of yam she bought on credit, Aduke got furious and demanded an apology from mama Ojo. Aduke found out mama was a debtor to almost every trader in the village, mama loved Aduke so much she never wanted her to go hungry or lack

anything, Aduke hated herself for demanding too much from her poor mother. "Madam"! Doctor Bankole tapped mama, opening her eyes she jumped up  
Doctor? How is Aduke?

Alot of bones were damaged and she lost so much blood, the blood transfusion was successful but with everything we are doing no progress seems possible for her to survive. We have definitely reached an impasse her ma'am. Mama cried aloud, if only she had listen to me and not gone to Akuku to sell her belongings, she only wanted to proof she loves me as much as I love her.

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

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## errbodyluvslola

She stared at pictures of both of them on her phone, taken during their visit to Seychelles last year. His hair was parted by the side with his face lit with a shy smile. Funke was beside him, her blonde wig rested on her shoulders and she wore her biggest smile.

It was past 9pm and he hadn't arrived. The restaurant was getting empty as tables were all deserted. This was the third time this week, he showed up late for their dates. A happy couple seated by the far end of the restaurant giggled as they held hands. Funke sighed and rolled her eyes.

Tobi finally walked in, clad in a vintage shirt on denim shorts. His features were pleasing - brown eyes that sparkled and alluring lips. He sat and cleared his throat.

Funke smiled, "I'm glad you came." She would have said other things but she had to hide her discontent. Their last argument led to serious wage of words. .

He sat upright, took the bottle of red wine on the table and filled his cup. His silence soaked up the air. Funke sat still, searching for the right words to say.

Her dreams were beginning to look unreal. All her imaginations of them living together in a house painted white and decorated with golden curtains. She touched the diamond ring on her finger, fresh images of the night he proposed to her 7 months ago swept in.

He remained quiet. His attention was fixed on his phone. Something more fascinating than her was definitely in it. She wished he could hold her hands and kiss it like he always did. Funke closed her eyes and inhaled the smell of his cologne, wishing their love was still as fresh as it.

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## adebisiwrites

Maybe none of you had heard about the tears of a crying heart; punctured by the aura that poisoned its vesicle.

Two grown adult seems to become toddlers - for they were intoxicated by the seed of emotions birthed by love - but this love had turned tragedy griping one party by his neck.

It started four years ago, the journey of Rose and Lilly. I had met Tinuke at the school's hall of fame performing one of her poems, 'the tree of love'.

Her lines and stanzas were like blazing fire that lacks no fuel; it burnt my heart just like every other audience in that hall.

Just after performing, I walked up to her, requested if we could talk and she said a yes. So easy for her. Maybe because I was a poet too in the campus, that night we spoke till twilight and became very good friends afterwards.

Our love journey started like an ignited vehicle; and afterwards she became the red sea that runs my vein.

We did almost everything together and visited places too.

Years flew over and we were still best of friends, until that sad noon.

It was reported that, "she fainted" while in class. I rushed down to the hospital where she was rushed to and the doctor confirmed she had nephritis.

The way forward was a kidney transplant. None to donate as her parents were not financially vibrant to ease the bills, am sure if you were in my shoes, you wouldn't dare saying a No as a donor. Alas! The plant that was to become a big tree had drooped all her leaves. The glowing sun already lost its luminous, Tinuke left without leaving a note.

It was end of life for me, and inside me is her grave.

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## \_eloghosa

It was at the lab we first saw, not that our eyes gazed upon each other, but our souls connected; two broken hearts made whole by the symphony of connections.

In the middle of an experiment on God knows what, I felt reduced by an orchestra of butterflies conducting my focus away. The moment my eyes first saw you (by the heavens, you were stunning!), the way you focused on the experiment made my cojones melt, for a second or two I was lost, then you smiled a bit as if to acknowledge your nectar had trapped another bee.

At that moment nothing mattered but you, my gaze had found a star. The weeks that followed were epitomized by beautiful torment, I'd stay up all night eulogizing you, I'd spend the whole day lecherously gazing at your innocence.

The note in your locker that read 'beautiful beyond words' was me, the purple balloons flying your name at the entrance of the hall way was my idea, the mysterious white teddy that found its way into your backpack was my execution. I'd wink and you would oblige, I'd wave and you'd reciprocate albeit looking beautifully confused.

You've probably always wondered why I never said anything, you've probably wondered why I never muttered any words.

I saw you wait for me after school hours at the library hoping I'd pass by bearing a bar of sugar coated words, I stood across when you sighed and gave up hope that I was ever going to summon courage to ask you on a date or even introduce myself, but how could I have? Knowing that I was dumb and my hands were my only means of communication.

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[@camaa\\_pearl](#)



## anikebeloved

@camaa\_pearlwrites

I never lived.

I am twenty-six years. Wow? Don't be flabbergasted, I know I don't look my age. Mum named me Sharon; maybe out of her love for Roses or maybe because her beloved grandmother bore that before she passed on. That name, Sharon is the only rosy thing about me. The rest? Well, I never got to explore. I built walls round myself; walls that I often imagined must be thicker than that of Jericho. The last time a friend called me Dora, the explorer was when I was four years old and that was the last time; Mum came to me with frowns hugging her face, "A girl child doesn't play that much". The wind of change blew from the north. I met him. Mum had started seeing reason to set me free but it was too late; I had become bland. His words became a sword that freed me from the shackles of the 'I love you' mummy said but never showed in her acts. His words, soothing, calmed my nerves. He sure had the magic wand in his slim artistic hands. I am just the defiant one; constant mood swings.

I write from a space which isn't an inch different from my room where I am often tied to my bed or buried in the world of books; the only differences are the bleep bleep of machines, the constant intrusion of nurses and the syringes in my flesh. I am in the last stage of one of the terminal diseases: Leukemia. Soon, pictures will fill places and tributes will be written. To all that care to know: I never lived. To love is to live and to live is to love. He was just a phase in my life that would have happened but never happened.

#camaawriteupchallenge #camaawriteupchallengeimpasse

## pen\_paperlove

I leaned over the counter-top to peer into the wall clock for the hundredth time. I could see the check-in lady smiling at me, indulgently I imagined, from her perch behind the counter, a short distance away from mine. It was the kind of smile one gave to a husband who'd just discovered his impotence. It was a smile that said, "You can keep fretting because it keeps you from crumbling, I promise not to say it aloud even though we're both thinking it. You've already lost." I wouldn't say it aloud either but I was indeed thinking it. From somewhere far off, I registered the announcer's voice over the PA system, filling the gatehouse with boarding calls for the next flight to London, my flight. Where on earth was he?! He was supposed to have dashed in here, English Knight fashion—complete with the armour of his fantastical declarations of love—a full thirty minutes ago. We'd planned it out in specific detail, down to the melodramatic knee-drop that was bound to crush my mother's opposition. She had quite the liking for theatrics. Sure to excite my father's brows in the way that betrayed his acceptance of a proposition before he voiced it, was his turning up in full naval regalia, as proof of his newly acquired job.

Right as the final call blasted overhead, my phone began to buzz. I plunged a hand into my bag in search of it, my taut expression dissolving into one of hope. Alas, it was a message notification, a

message from my mother. My father was spitting fire over my delay and he was threatening to board without me. Where was I? With one last look at the clock, I turned away and clasped my handbag tightly. I was at an impasse.

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[@camaa\\_pearl](#)

## ayoola.jide

Good night sweetheart this she heard as she watched Dumni alighting from her boyfriend's car. Dumni entered the room, hastily jumped and spread on her bed, did a self relief smile. Dumni, I so much admired this your relationship with Kunle, he is such a nice guy; he takes care of you, shower you with gifts, calls you morning and night lets I forget you even said he promised to take you to Dubai this weekend for the wedding shopping... un.. I so much jealous this your love ooo.. She sing "I want to love ooo I am single and searching Lota you talk too much". but am I lying asked Lota Dumni have started blushing. Unn..you are not. He is just the man of my dream. He is kind, caring, fun to be with, generous what more can I say he is such a perfect gentleman sent from God to me, am always happy around him awwnn they laughed. But we cant marry, he is such a devil. I rebuke that, shouted Lota. Yes he love me and I love him but can you believe he is the reason behind the unforgettable pain I suffered five years ago. Lota furiously asked what happened. She stood up, weeping. He narrated to me tonight that he was responsible for the issue of gang rape I suffered some few months ago due to a betting he did with his friends. Lota, how can I look into the eyes of a man who made me lost my virginity and womb daily. How will I tell my parents he is the one responsible for their only child consistent visit to the hospital. He is my happiness but my pains will hurt me from marrying him even though he begged in tears.

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## awe\_aladire

It was two weeks to my wedding, I was as ecstatic as any bride who loves her fiancé and knows he loves her in return. Derin had asked me to pick up somethings at his bestfriend's and my now adopted bestfriend Peter, whom I felt safe with. I stopped at his place after work and we chit chatted for a while then fell asleep on his couch. I woke up past 10pm with a throbbing headache, It was strange to say, but I blamed it on the stress of the wedding preparations and went my way. On my wedding night, I began to bleed furiously and was rushed to the hospital. The doctor asked if I took any pills recently, I answered in the negative. He told my parents and fiancé I took an overdose abortion pills which had caused irreparable damage to my womb. I chuckled and said I have never slept with any man. "I am a vir..." I paused to look at Derin as if to reassure him. I could see the disappointment and hurt on his face. But I hurt even worse, my world was crashing right before my very eyes.

I began to ponder when and how it happened. My mind kept flashing back to my bridal eve, Peter had crashed the party and insisted I took a punch drink he made specially for me. It can't be....I dismissed the thought and was slowly slipping into depression. One morning a long sorry text came from Peter as he unfolded the whole mystery that took place. I had been drugged-raped when I slept off at his place. He had gotten me to drink the abortion pill laced punch drink out of fear that I get pregnant. That was it!

A sorry couldn't make up a broken home, caught in an impasse what is the way out? Will our vows hold us together till death do us apart? After all, not until we experience the test of time do we truly know the true definition of LOVE.

[@Awe](#) Iyanuoluwa.

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## adele\_style

TITLE: IYAWO SARA ( A BRIDE GIFTED OUT TO A MAN)

Culture designed everything in life so beautiful, from the chastity it thought the children of the land to embrace to the respect we've learnt so much that our knees always forget to detest the dirt on the ground anytime we greet elders that come our ways. This culture has done so that Asake's parent became the next after Ogun, Sango and Obatala. She does everything in order to please them only her breath is hers.

Asake only learnt to defy some cultures after the words from Alabi's heart created sweet humming in her head, acquired a portion of her heart and started a love story script between the two of them. She was afraid to let her parents know about her love story, the parents are culture freak, they never think about breaking the barriers culture has casted over them. Baba Asake has already married her to one of his friends in the next village and just like other girls gifted out into a marriage, Asake was ignorant of the woe about to befall her. Just like the dawn isn't far away from sunrise, Asake became the new Iyawo Sara after two weeks of accepting Alabi's proposal.

It's been two years in matrimony, her heart is still in the middle of the dilemma of her not wanting to defy the culture; disrespecting her parents and leaving a husband house and Alabi's undying voice always calling her to come seek warmth in his arms.

GLOSSARY • Ogun, Sango and Obatala – these are gods in the Yoruba land • Iyawo Sara – A bride gifted out to a man she might not even know before talk less of love • Asake – a female name in the Yoruba land • Alabi – name for a male child in Yoruba land • Baba Asake – Asake's father

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assignment\_spot

I woke up this morning to the sweet smells of food wafting from somewhere very close to me. The love of my life had brought me breakfast in bed again.

I felt the light brush of soft lips on mine. I slowly opened my eyes. And there he was, this bronze-skinned hunk of a man. I whispered, "I'm so lucky to have you." "I'm the lucky one", he replied. Cheesy right, I know; but that's what i had become, a big slobbering hot mess.

Celebrity novelist Arthur Gruber caressed the bulge of my stomach and whispered sweet little nothings to me. He had made my favorite; bread and scrambled eggs served with hot chocolate.

Our love story began when I won the visa lottery to Austria; a stroke of luck I thank God for everyday. One fateful day, I walked into the museum and wandered to the section where Nigerian exhibits were displayed. There, I saw him peering confusedly at an Ife Terracotta artifact. Being a graduate of African Studies, I knew I could help. So, I overcame the sudden shyness and walked up to him. And from there things just moved swiftly.

Our dog climbed onto the bed and started licking my face, I smiled and rubbed its body. Then he shook his body. I sneezed as it normally made me do, shivered and opened my eyes to find our dog licking my face. I had just finished eating a plate of scrambled eggs and bread and had fallen asleep at the dining table. I had dreamt about him yet again, this time I was pregnant and we were living in our dream house. Gruber, My celebrity crush who I drooled over, and would never meet; cause I was just a small town girl who had never left Osun.

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## goodness\_ajinomoh

IMPASSE!

It didn't just start, I think I started it. That morning I awoke to nothing but the sound of love that came humming through my window. The lazy me, made a briskly swift turn to the direction of her voice. My hormones quickly quivered again. I got out of bed, and hasted like Jack's trot. I was up for the run.

I quickly had my sleeveless torso pulled out and put on and juggled up my jeans. I made it out of my room faster than Usain bolt and furtively advanced towards her. Gbam!, I nabbed at her waist and lured her into my crib. She gave in and I laid with her.

For a moment, I had forgotten it all...

My pressures were temporarily subsumed in my momentary pleasure. But then, it all returned.

Moments after the intercourse, I remembered my misery.

I forgot the lust. I drove her out and bid her farewell, never to return.

Then one day, she returned. Three months after the affair, a child has been added. She carried the fruit of my seed, she had been forced out of her home into mine.

It didn't take long and I was in for a son.

Two more mouths to feed, more struggling for me. I was at an impasse.

My intentions sought love, but my actions went for lust. I lost it all. Doomed to the servitude of my flaws.

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[@camaa\\_pearl](#)

## sho\_ne\_

"My chest hurts"; three simple words that changed my life forever... No, I wasn't having a heart attack, far from it, it wasn't even I who said those words. I wish I could say no one died, however, that would be the truth yet an outright lie – you see, two hearts experienced a death that night more final than a cessation of breath. Funny how abruptly a journey can come to an end. I cannot remember the first time we met or even recall most of the earliest mundane memories of our friendship; you had just always been there. We were to each other the foothold at the bottom of life's raging waters, the light that warmed and guided through the tunnel – we were everything even on our bad days. Unlike journeys that come to an end and can never be relived, you were my sunshine; always there even when only the moon was visible, so I called you Sunshine. Ying and Yang, the Universe itself had sealed our forever, or so we thought... One message obliterated our Rome; that which wasn't built in a day crumbled in nanoseconds. The verdict had been passed and there was no changing it, fate had proven to be a cruel mistress and the Joker's sire with the hospital records her ace of spades. We'd always wanted to be a family, we should've been more careful what we wished for. Two hearts died that night, two hearts caught in fate's cruel trap. Its been 2yrs since that day and I still don't know how... How do you tell your heart that which it has craved all its life is out of bounds? How do I move from this place of loving you? How does one stand before the sun and not embrace the sunshine?

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## deborah\_dapo

THE SEESAW

Favour James lookee in utter disgust as her friend and roommate, Daniella Oladokun watched one of her never-ending Korean movies with the volume at its peak.

"I am trying to concentrate here!" The frustration was evident in her voice as she tossed her novel aside. Daniella turned the volume down a bit without glancing at her.

"It is still too loud. I could lend you my earpiece if-" "Oh shut up!" Daniella screamed. She put her laptop aside and jumped up, ready to fight. .

"Now you want to lend me your earpiece, huh? The other day I asked for it, you said you don't share and-"

"That's because it was new," Favour snapped. She glared at her friend and waited for her to do the usual- rant. It had become a tradition for them to argue, and sometimes fight more often than necessary. She was not disappointed. "Fine. But really, Favour I am tired of your bullshit, okay? Your naggings are freaking sickening. Today, you say don't chew loudly, tomorrow, stop dragging your feet, next, don't put on the light at night, or don't switch it on too early, your perfume is too harsh, your alarm is loud, don't sit on my-" "It is my house and I make the god-damned rules, okay? If you are not okay with it, that's the door right there." Daniella stood there with hurt written all over her. She couldn't believe her best friend could treat her that way. There was no use trying to reconcile; the same thing would repeat itself. They stared at each other and it was evident they still loved each other, but living together was like wishing for castles in the sky, so Daniella did what she should have done a long time ago: leave.

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## obafunto

What does the clock say to you when it strikes the 13th hour?

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I was seven when our warriors took over the neighboring towns and the Jabari clans were exiled. My father said we had to do it for the love of our own lives.

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I was nine when the chief priest told us the Jabari elders had gone to an evil shrine to curse our land; a retaliation for the hurt we caused their loved ones.

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I was ten, when the spirits of the Jabari elders terrorized us. They possessed the people we love the most, and then force them to kill us, against their own will.

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I was twelve, when my mother became the first person to break the curse. She had been possessed but had successfully resisted the urge to kill me and stabbed herself to death instead.

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I was fourteen, when the chief priest informed us the curse was going to end the next year; 5 years was how long the Jabari elders believed it would take to wipe out 445men, 623 women, and 1,255 children population of my clan.

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I am fifteen, my brothers and I are in my mother's room, staring at her favorite clock, waiting for the new year to come. We started counting down at 11:50pm, holding hands and waiting for the new year, the end of the purge.

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As the end of the curse drew near, the clock started growing bigger, releasing fumes that choked the entire room, a new hand appeared on its face and the clock struck 13.

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[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

## victorolanre

Love! What a concept. It is the union of two hearts, I'd heard tell countless times. In the movies or the novels, lovers always end up getting the girl and the two "...live happily ever after", the usual ending to a love story.

I have a friend named Samuel. He had a love story to tell, but not with a happy ending like the movies. Seven years he'd been in love with Arewa whose name also means "beauty" in the Yoruba language. Seven years he'd chased her. Seven years he just couldn't let go, like a dog worrying an old bone. It seemed the parents had aptly named her.

He was sitting in his boss's office that day. He could remember it like it happened only a few days ago. The day had started on a sour note as he woke up. But the whole day had changed when she walked into that office like the queen of dreams.

From that day on, he'd moved close to her, become an indispensable friend, trying to know what she was made of. She was beyond expectation. She was just perfect, her flaws, he could live with. But it was not to be like in the movies. She had nothing for him beyond friendship. Something he'd learned while being with her; her existence had made much impact in his life, the decisions he'd made from in the seven years had been the best of his life.

They'd both concluded to remain friends. Better to have her friendship, he'd said, than have nothing. For the impact she'd made in his life, he'd go around the world and be someone. For his own peace, he would let her fly free as a bird.

[#camaa\\_pearl](#)

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaaimpasse](#)

## lordlikedave

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

I stand on the balcony, a glass in one hand and a half-empty bottle in the other. The marble of the floor is freezing, making me shiver. I lift the bottle gingerly and empty its contents into the glass.

The liquid is transparent, stinging where it spills and meets my fingers. I hate the taste. I despise it. But I love the euphoria it brings. I love the blurred world of flashing lights and colours that I fall into. I bring the glass to my lips. Pressed against my bottom lip, it's cool and smooth. I hesitate for a moment before gulping down the drink. At once, I grimace at the bitter harshness of it. My throat burns but I like it. I find comfort in the merciless fire of alcohol and the more I drink, the more I lose my grip on sanity. Soon my glass is in glimmering pieces on the floor and i drink straight from the bottle. As I stagger back inside the house, a sudden sharp pain shoots through my foot. I raise my leg to examine it. A piece of glass is lodged in my sole, blood trickling from the wound. I throw my head back and laugh. It's a manical, animalistic one and it doesn't stop until I reach my room. The laugh turns into choking sobs. Warm, salty tears run down my cheeks and I hug the bottle to my body, holding it like the wife I once had.

[#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGEIMPASSE](#)

[#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGE](#)

## sommy\_vee

I've known love. The type that makes your heart sing and your eyes see nothing but sunshine. It made me feel vulnerable yet strong. A love that made you feel like you could conquer anything. I never met another like him, he ticked all the boxes. I could have sworn I would give anything to keep that love.

It was all bliss until time came for us to marry. I couldn't believe how fast everything went south and we reached an impasse no one could shake off. He told me he understood, that he would never want to change anything about me, I was perfect to him. I believed him, though blindly.

The church came before me and I appreciated that, it means he loves God. It was one of those white garment churches, and he was a very devout and highly respected member. So they said we won't be wed, until I converted to their own ways. Jide promised me it wouldn't be a problem, that I can only change if I wanted, and I didn't want to. My friends would laugh at me, and I was okay with my own way of worship.

Jide said he couldn't go against the elders, so I had to choose, 'it was such a small sacrifice to make' he said and refusing to do it showed I didn't love him as much as I claimed. I wouldn't also give up my job as a costume designer for a 'more respectable job'. A job where I met many 'many male celebrities who would lead me to temptation', he said.

So on what would have been our third anniversary, I watched him walk away with a piece of me, and my once rational mind went haywire... [@camaa\\_pearl](#) [@camaa\\_pearlwrites](#)

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

[#writing](#) [#fiction](#)



## youngmannia

They say true love is of the gods, that it's them that gift love to men. I wonder why then they gave one to a child, who is but a babe in the arena of love.

In her human form she was called Juliet. My very own model of Eve, my love. She was a childhood friend I grew up with. The genesis of my love for her might need a revelation for its interpretation, for I knew not that I had fallen for her until my mind mechanically started telling me with accelerated heart beatings.

For half a decade I nursed this feeling in secret till bravery befriended me.

On a crescent moon evening, after a long dialogue with myself i materialised my bravery into words and proposed.

Painfully it was a no. But I was not ready to give up, for a year, I bombarded her with proposals. But like an adamant captain who refuses to fall after many arrows had been shot into him, she held her ground.

Till I realised I was being selfish as I had also rejected ladies who loved me, only to get her.

My love loves me not but another. So true love is just a pain, ahh if I ever get to choose, I would choose mutual love no matter how weak it is, better will it be than this deadly pain breeder called true love.

Days passed, weeks came and years arrived, yet my love for her never died. I had realised, she was more than just a feeling, for even 'time' was powerless.

Someone said, if you can't beat them, join them. And so I accepted my love for her as part of me. Never to escape its grip, till death delivers me from its clenching fangs.

[#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGE](#),  
[#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGEIMPASSE](#)

## akinlososeayomikun

[@camaa\\_pearl](#)

As Feyi watched his girlfriend of eighteen months packing up to leave, the emotion he felt was relief. He couldn't wait for her to be done and gone. If only she packed as fast as her mouth, he thought to himself, she would've been out the door by now.

He could've waited in the living room while she packed. He could have even left the house and came back after she was gone, but he felt like he had to keep an eye on her. Not because he thought she might steal something- for all her flaws, Ama was not a thief.

He had to watch her because she was petty and he was afraid she might smash a laptop, cut up some shirts or drop a pair of Jordans in the toilet.

Funny, it was her pettiness that had attracted him to her in the first place. She was an enemy of an enemy and they'd become friends. Back then, they were being petty together, but now she was being petty towards him and he'd had enough.

Over the smallest disagreements, she'd go completely radio silent on him. She never admitted when she was wrong. She never apologized and he was tired of apologizing. So, when she went into silent mode after a disagreement over what colour to paint his kitchen, he just let her be.

When she eventually spoke, it was to give him an ultimatum- apologize or she'd move out. He called her bluff and now here she was getting ready to leave. He just hoped she wasn't bluffing and would see it through.

He didn't think she was a bad person. She was just bad for him. But he was a gentleman, so if anyone asked, he'd say they were bad for each other.

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#) [#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## the.gleefulgarden

Sitting, on these rocks unfazed by the beauty of the white water lilies for in my hand is a picture we took at the waterfall a few meters away when you first visited my motherland.

I can smell your essence just like the fragrance emanating from this verdant valley as today marks exactly three years since I last caught the scent of your aromatising skin and felt your breath moisten my young bronzed neck.

Oh, the things I took for granted after that delightful day.

It all started when I secured a job I had been preparing for all my life.

You flew back to Addis Ababa to finish the remaining sixteen months of your residency as an emergency physician so we could tie the knot as planned.

Yet, testosterone and my curvy secretary know nothing regarding vows of staying faithful to one's partner.

Entranced by those curvaceous hips and oiled bosoms, the king - sized bed in my suite squeaked from the force with which we satisfied our lustful cravings during a business trip to London.

Nonetheless, it's nothing compared to our lovemaking for we always become one with the universe when our fluids unify.

Oh, I miss those chubby cheeks on your beguiling face.

You pointed out my emotional aloofness.

In a bid to spice up things, you flew down twice only to be met by an empty apartment and concrete shreds of evidence of infidelity.

I was away on business trips best described as romantic trips.

I wish I could map out the contours of your symmetrical body as I observe the hills here, yet only the mortician has that singular honour now.  
Heartsick, your lungs readily succumbed to this invisible vampire called corona virus.  
My chance to pour out my heart to you is forever gone.

[#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGE](#)

[#CAMAAWRITECHALLENGEIMPASSE](#)

Impasse\_

My hands shook as the black ink tumbled over a white page of my diary.  
I tried to hold back hot tears but it was too late, they rolled down my puffy cheeks as I scribbled.

"I'm tired of figuring you out. You say if I'm wise then I should know, because wisdom is supposed to read minds. But how am I supposed to know that you don't like me hanging around other guys or that you'd like me to visit your mother at least once a month?" I paused, trying to wipe the tear-smears mashing up my words.

"We've been together for three years and still I can't figure you out. If you don't see a future with me anymore, I can deal and I'm ready for a breakup.

I'm just tired of you saying 'continue the nonsense you're doing and let's see how it goes'. I'm not a 'see how it goes' kind of girl, I'm a 'stick around no matter what happens' kind of girl.

So, if you know I'm someone that can't read your mind and you're sure my 'nonsense' won't take us anywhere; I am ready for you to say it's over because I will never be that perfect girl for you."

I relented, out of words to write. Salewa entered the room then, her high-spirited greeting died right away at my miserable demeanour. She knew it was him and stooped low to the ground where I was.

"Is it over?" She asked, holding my trembling hands.

This is not the first time she had met me crying over him.

I chewed down on her question and couldn't bring myself to say yes. So I shook my head sideways as I usually do.

"I don't know "

[#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGE](#)

[#CAMMAWRITEUPCHALLENGEIMPASSE](#)

[@camaa\\_pearl](#)

[theshade\\_osh](#)

Five years had passed since Damilare and I graduated from the University of Lagos. In the eye of the academic community in our day, we were the definition of couple goals. Lecturers, lab staff and even the cleaners were very familiar with our relationship status. Wherever you found me, Damilare was definitely around the corner.

Our love story was so enviable, it didn't take much coaxing to get my mum over to my side. What used to be "You no fit marry that Yoruba boy o" slowly became "You sure say that boy love you?" and by the time Damilare donated 2 pints of blood when I was in an accident that almost claimed my life, Mama was fully persuaded. "Chai, that boy dey try. No worry, I go follow your Papa talk. Na him you go marry", she would say in different variations with every kind gesture Dre showed.

And the day finally came!

Today, I'm getting married to the love of my frigging life, Oluwadamilare Johnson. I had been lost in thoughts for God knows how long before the baritone voice of Father John jolted me out of my reverie. "Is there anyone here who has any reason why this two should not be joined together?" He had asked. "Speak now" he said as his eyes scanned the hall. In that moment of silence, if you were close enough you could literally hear my heart racing.

I was almost sure that nothing could go wrong, until I saw the all too familiar broad chest and dark hair that had haunted me for as long as I can recall.

There he was.

Standing at the door.

The one single blur on my flawless record as a faithful and grateful girlfriend.

The blast from my past.

Chinedu.

[@camaa\\_pearlwrites](#)

[#CamaaWriteUpChallenge](#)

[#CamaaWriteUpChallengeImpasse](#)

## [\\_coco\\_raymond\\_](#)

WALKING ON EGGHELLS..... Alex sat silently on his bed after making languid love to his beautiful wife, Annie. It was almost a routine; the sex would be followed by a breakfast both pleasing to the eye and the tongue. His children would be impeccably dressed, in time for him to drop them off at school on his way to work. He would come back after work to an immaculate house. Annie was great, but he wished she wasn't just a housewife. He had asked her to quit her previous job so she could have enough time to take care of the children, but he didn't know she would make it a permanent arrangement. He couldn't bring himself to ask her to work though, so he wouldn't seem incapable of taking care of his family alone, but he wanted a working

woman, like his co-workers. He felt immense guilt for thinking about other women as his perfect Annie stepped out of the shower.

Annie went to make breakfast after her shower; a new chocolate pancake recipe. She paused for a moment, thinking wistfully about her old job. Alex had asked her to stay home and take care of the kids, and even though she would rather work, she didn't because it made him happy. The thoughts of how well Alex provided and how much sacrifices he made for her and the kids made her feel guilty and ungrateful for desiring a different life, and she instantly cast her mind to other things. Michael, Linda and Arnold, their exuberant trio settled in for breakfast, delighted as they always were when their mother tried a new recipe. Alex walked down the stairs some minutes later, and as the eyes of both husband and wife met, they thought concurrently about how they were scared to change anything about their seemingly perfect marriage.

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## nwachukwuodochi

My lantern rapidly dimmed its light every minute, irritating my eyes with fluid trickling from their sockets, I just sat glued to the bench staring right ahead of me into the thick nothingness of the night. I was in one of the university halls for night reading. I had an exam the next morning.

There was a boy in front of me. He had no partner.

I packed my books into my school bag, slumping it across my shoulder as I walked to him. "Hello, can I join you? My lantern has dimmed and I have an exam tomorrow?" I said.

He nodded his head.

He had a cute face. He looked fragile, I felt a strong force within me willing me to protect him, so when he asked for my phone number I couldn't contain my grin.

All he wanted was to be a normal friend.

His name was Richard but I called him Richie.

I went for night reading throughout our exams because he would come to the university girls' hostel at night to wait for me. I had thought I would protect him but I was the one who would shudder at the cold while we read and would have his strong arms covering me and raking my sides as he enveloped me with his warmth.

It was under the guava tree close to the girls hostel that I willingly gave him my innocence on our way back from night reading one of the days.

Now I sit in his off-campus room staring at his medical test report I found in his diary; Richard Ndubuisi, HIV/AIDS status: Positive...

Joining me in the room later from his shower, he just stood still, tears pouring down my eyes.

All he wanted was to be a normal friend.

[#CAMAWRITEUPCHALLENGE](#)

[#CAMAWRITEUPCHALLENGEIMPASSE](#)

## adebolalives

You don't know how deeply buried the hatred that fuel family animosities are. My dad had a cruel tradition: only his favorite child was allowed to be his child – play with him, talk to him, look at him, go ask for help, and most importantly, welcome him home in the evening.

My eldest sister would run in her squeaky rubber slippers into his arms as his car announces his return. He would lift her up disregarding the mess the Dustin powder she had all over her neck would to his suit yet we wouldn't dare show ourselves in our Sunday Best without being summoned.

I thought growing up would fix the many ways I'd been broken as a child. I left home at 18 with my twin siblings who were 16 at the time. I left because Tayo, his beloved child, got jacked on her way back from work. She died before good Samaritans could get her to the hospital and my dad hadn't been the same ever since. His hatred intensified and mom's "perfectly-timed" death only worsened the issue.

Here I am at the private family dinner I had planned for my 28th birthday, sitting alone because no one had the decency to show up. I spent a decade fixing everyone up although I was the most broken. I was ready to call it a night when I heard a knock on the door. It was my siblings, Toni and Tola, more broken than I'd ever seen them. They told me they went to Dad's. "We're bastards Tolani. He showed us proof that we aren't his. Mom made our lives miserable, not dad." As they talked, they knew I wasn't ready to accept this nonsense just as much as dad has always believed this treachery.

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## zeera\_pat

Title: **\*\*COMPLETELY INCOMPLETE\*\*** "Please mama please let him stay" I begged my mother on my knees. "Dan Allah he has nowhere else to go" I was crying and shaking so hard. Baba stood

silently with a small bag containing the only clothes he owned looking very sad. "No! I won't stay with this man again! He will not kill me!" Mama screamed back at me as she stood in the doorway refusing to let Baba go in. I didn't know how baba found us but all that mattered to me was that he needed a place to stay, he had lost everything. It had been years since I saw Baba, I couldn't stand being away from him again. I loved Baba so much that it hurt me, it hurt me because baba had an alcohol addiction which made Mama leave him. Mama loved Baba but she was tired of being the sole provider, tired of him coming home late at night with his drunken shouts and insults.

When I was much younger it was amusing. I would dance to Baba's drunken songs especially when he would call my name while singing, he always gave me loose change he had left in his pocket from drinking and gambling. Baba loved me, I was his favorite. "Saminu beg Mama!!" I screamed at My older brother but he stood behind Mama not saying a word. He was angry, very angry. He hated seeing mama hurt, I'm not sure, but I think he hated Baba.

I ran out of the compound to our neighbors crying. I begged our neighbors to come and talk to mama. I rolled on the ground, I made a scene. I was unashamed and determined to do anything to make mama change her mind. I wanted to feel complete.

[@camaa\\_pearl](#)

[#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGE](#)

[#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGEIMPASSE](#)

## britney\_tochi

**\*\*WHOLLY SINGLE\*\*** In a world, filled with illusions, and shadows.... If you believe on it, you are already trapped and there is no way out unless the supernatural intervenes!

Kathryn a 26 year old self- reliant woman, whose aptitude was as pure as water and lived life with entire existence in love, hope, trust and some secrets. Owing her spirituality with great prestige, elegance and simplicity. A devoted and dedicated believer that breeds so much goodness.

After endless months of pressure by her parents, she decides to have a few casual relationship. Her hunt for compatible partner began and she downloaded a few matrimonial app and tried her best to find the right person. But it was way difficult than she imagined.

Things changes when she met Sammy, a demon in human form who presented himself with so much love hiding behind that 'pure pretty face of his' inside his heart, there was pain, hate and selfishness, like a monster loose in a beautiful world.

He entrapped and captured the heart of Kathryn with an evil intent to lure her. Poor kathryn, not knowing the motives of this gentle man, she was enthralled by long awaiting love with out minding the advice from people.

Despite the intimate relationship that develops between them she conceals her faith, believes and prohibit question about it.

He nevertheless tries to ascertain her identity.

Despite the ontological discrepancy in the identity of the lovers.

Can black be white?  
Are they going to make it ?  
Who is alive and who is dead?

Britney

[@camaa\\_pearlwrites](#) .

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[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaawrites](#)

## chiugo\_presh

LOVE ON WHEELS

Not so long ago, beneath the concave of an April sky. When the earth sips water from the grace of an early rainfall to get fresh. The air smells of the earth, a smell of dust and water.

Gina turned to me and said, 'that guy across the street has been watching you since we came out from the store'.

I think he fancies you, Gina said.

I laughed it off as we both moved along with the crowd towards the church building.

A week later, I met the same man, who fancied me from across the street. We exchanged pleasantries and got talking.

He told me that he is a celebrity.

Yeah! he told me he is a king maker,

or that he is king himself ,I can't remember.

That he is the god Zeus.

He also said,that he has a castle and his bedroom is a treasure mine.

As he talked, I kept nodding, but I never believed him.

After his talks,he offered to take me home and show me his treasures.

Some other time, I said and bade him goodbye. The next day I saw him in a pub drinking his heart out. When I got near, I heard him telling his celebrity friends how he trash dumped a girl from the East.

How that a girl from the East got hooked by his stories.

And how, he Zeus found his Hera.

But I tell you friends that

my grandiosity celebrity friend  
needs his head fixed.

Because we only met at the central park

There we had all our discuss



and I waved him goodbye.

© Chiugo

[@camaa\\_pearl](#)

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[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

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[#stories](#) [#writingchallenge](#)

[#poetsinnigeria](#) [#writer](#)

[#talesofpresh](#) [#preshpoems](#)

[#talesofchiugo](#)

## ameerahquraish

[#CAMAARWRITEUPCHALLENGE](#)

[#CAMAARWRITEUPCHALLENGEIMPASSE](#) [@camaa\\_pearl](#)

MEMORIES

Dear Diary, I have become sleep deprived these few days. It's been almost 24 years since daddy died and it still hurts

It all happened in 1996. We were still living in Lagos. Our house was not fancy but our neighbourhood just as lively. Every evening, all the adults including my parents would come out and dance to the music on the radio.

That evening, daddy was in the living room. Normally, he would never stay indoors, he was old but young at heart. I was in my room when I heard the front door open, It was mother. By then, the radio was on. She was yelling about something I didn't understand. I stood up from the bed and watched from the key hole. I heard Daddy call her a "whore". The moment he said those words, she became stiff. He began to yell back. She tried to walk away but he pulled her back and asked her "how does it feel whoring yourself? "Let me go!" mother said "He is a better man than you will ever be!" "But i love you Linda, Please my love!" he said

Slowly he loosened his grip. He took a step back, acting as though he was losing his balance. Then she said, " Don't make me laugh! I have never loved you, I hated you the moment I saw you, I have always loved your brother and not you, you old fool. Talema is not even your daughter! I can't wait for you to die, so die!" I watched him hold his chest and slowly he fell to the ground. She then grabbed a pillow and pressed it onto his face till he was no longer breathing.

Mother told everyone he died from a stroke but I know the truth.

ekenemay

It is the 30th of April, this year and like every other year, since 2005, and years after, we would try to rise as a family, who truly love each other, but we will not speak of it, of that one action that changed our lives forever.

We will not acknowledge, that some years ago, our brother and my parent's son's body was found in an open field. He was still spotting his orange scrubs, an Aluminum trader's apprentice, but the scrub made him look like he was in prison, as if he had been incarcerated for a crime, but he had not committed any? Well, against the laws of the land, he hadn't, but he was dead, face down and on his toes.

He had been poisoned, some people said and those who committed the crime confessed to it too. are they dead yet? were they ever be punished for this crime?

He would have been forty this year.

He would have been a rich man, they said to my mother, 'Aluminum making is such a lucrative trade'. "who shot me this arrow?" my mother cried. "chineke mu e, o bu otu uwa a di" was the song I heard on the evening the news of his demise came to us. I still think about him when I hear the song.

We sobbed, miss him, missed him, but every year, on the 30th of April, we say nothing to each other, we do not speak of his death or hold a memorial. We love him too much to do so, we love ourselves too much, to remember, to hurt all over again. We refuse to remember.

[#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGE](#)

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## fromyemenwithlove

Let me tell you all about how I have a front seat, to the train wreck that is my love life; and like all train wrecks, you can't look away. Let me tell you about how I make choices, that mar my chances; or do they? Maybe that's just how it's meant to be. I like you, right? And I think you like me. I'm almost certain you like me; yet here I am, crying. Wondering why you are acting this way. Why you would intentionally hurt my feelings. You don't think I have feelings, do you? That would explain why you act the way you do.

Let's come back to me. Always wearing my heart on my sleeve, thinking that we should be free with our feelings, not realizing that love is a game that must be played. So when I fall in love, I should have tactics to win, lest I end up defeated. I should realize, that no one should treat anyone this way.

Why can't I help myself? But I can. I will help myself. I'll wait. For the one who decides that my affection is not a weapon to be used against me. My feelings, not a boost to a diseased ego, my body not a vessel to be tampered with.

Pirates! The lot of them. All they want to do is pilfer and plunder. Stealing my virtue, one piece at a time; so when I'm broken and dry, they might look for someone new. So I'll guard myself, leave myself with these rules: When you're not sure, don't show. Even if you're sure, don't show. Only until it's blatantly evident, might you show a little; lest your love is taken for granted.

That's the thing though, this is not love. .

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[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## artista\_tonye

"Why should I, Rose? Look how he messed with your face, you can choose to accept that, but for being my friend, I can't let that happen, I detest this marriage for you, what kind of love is this?" While Tunmise complained, Rose thought about their wedding day, "till death do us apart...", "Victor you agreed till death do us apart na, remember you promised not to hit me, ever!!!" She wailed. "You see what I was preventing? You're hurting yourself because of that coward", "Tunmi he's not a cow...", "Then what is he? A gentleman? A husband? A prince charming?..." Tunmise cuts in sarcastically. "Please stop, you're hurting me more than the bruises he gave", "Oh! I see, well I should rather go and drop this hot water then allow you go back to your loving husband", Tunmise sighs, "Tunmi stop, please...", She cried. "You just need sense babe, Mrs Roseline Victor Idoko you need sense!" "It's him", she stares at her phone, "Do not pi...", Rose picks the call. "Please my Daffodils I'm sorry, I promise I won't do it again..." He pleaded as she wept on phone, "Victor why? Why na? But I love you." She cried, accepting him back. "You fool", he laughs, "get out, I'm going to hurt you more than this, this is just the beginning, Rosey love, you go nowhere! We are stuck forever, you know I love you", he mocks her, "I love to see you cry, it's tears of a sorrow-filled joy. When you are ready you'll come back home to your husband, besides I'm hungry, you know, I still want my wife." He cuts the call. "Victor I love you, I rebuke that demon, I love you, I rebu..." She muttered breathlessly and faints. "Rose! Rose!!". [#camaawriteupchallenge](#)  
[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## empress\_efe

There is an apartment painted in green when you walk into my neighborhood. It is not difficult to notice. That was my nest with Olumide my soulmate. Olumide was my high school sweetheart. From the first time I saw him in the school, I knew I had found THE ONE the books always talked about. A few days later, I found out we lived in the same neighborhood and we were going to be taking the same ride to school. Talk about coincidence huh. We got talking, exchanged contacts and texted regularly. My day was never complete without talking to him. We already envisaged our

future home: two kids and a dog all American style. We took long walks where we held hands. After our education, we got lucrative jobs and the next step was getting married.

We did the genotype and blood group tests in preparation for our marriage and were asked to come for the results in two days. I went to get the results and I opened his own first.

When I opened it "AS" swam before my eyes. I screamed and fainted. I woke up four hours later to the hum of an oxygen tank. I cried my eyes out and could not eat for days. Olumide came to check me at the hospital. Immediately I saw him I tried to force a smile of assurance but after a while I started crying. I told him I was AS and he was AS too. He held me and we cried into the night together. I was discharged the next day. I moved from that state that same week because everywhere I turned, I saw a place we made a memory. [#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## thonia3070

She peeped through the window then looked at the poison in her hand. It has to be one of them; the police or the poison. But she was not going to make a mockery of herself by been arrested and get paraded on the TV. She'll rather take her own life.

Life has been beautiful ever since she met Dave. Dave been the "ladies guy" , it wasn't that hard for him to win her heart. She had best moments of her life with him. He was so rich that she changed her wardrobe every week.

Months later, she got pregnant for him. She was so elated and decided to share the good news by going over to his house. On entering, he was nowhere to be found. She tiptoed to his bedroom, maybe he was sleeping only to get surprised. He was in bed with another woman both engrossed in their lovemaking that they didn't even notice her presence. "Dave? "

He tensed. "who is this? why is she in our bedroom? " the woman on the bed asked

"I can explain"

"our bedroom? You're married? " She asked him

"well I never told you I was not" he replied. "What? "

"Use the door"

"I should leave? " "use the door" Dave replied. She saw a bottle of red wine on the table and not thinking twice, she grabbed it, smashed it against the wall and stabbed him on his back and his chest brutally. His wife screamed and knowing she would be the next person if she was to waste any more time ran out of the house. After realizing what she has done, she ran back home to pack her bag but now, the police are beckoning on her to open the door or they will have to. She looked at the poison again, it better to be dead than to be in prison with a baby of the man she killed. She closed her eyes as she empty the sour substance in her mouth then swallow it. The door came crashing down seconds later but it was too late.

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## oluwakamiyemercy

"She's been doing it, today is not an exception" I say. We watch as Gina, the priestess seductively sway her hips. She presents the golden scepter and the Crown to the Chief Priest, walk by Kiran and give a slutty smile that had my back snapping in place. Ways to rip her apart dance pleasantly through my mind. Tyra massages my shoulder reassuringly, a sister knows you too well. I feel Kiran's gaze and I'm pleased to realize his eyes are on me. My heart went giddy and my limbs lost their strength. "I must compose myself" I thought. My tribe have known me to be a strong woman. Perceived cold and mean since I refuse to be disrespected. I like it that way.

"What will you do if it's Kiran?", Tyra asked.

"May the gods forbid", I retort.

It's been three moons since King Tobias, Kiran's father died. After numerous rituals, today is the Coronation, where the late King's spirit will be summoned to point out his successor amongst his nine sons.

After my parent's death, I have been the ruler of the Mongolia Tribe. If Kiran were to be chosen, our fates would have chosen parallel paths.

I watch as in a trance, the temperature has decreased several degrees. The priests and priestesses stand in a circle while chanting in the ancient language of the Zanrudas. The King's spirit appeared and begin a slow movement before the nine Princes. It give a glance to each Prince as it floats by. My heart slips to my throat and I slowly hyperventilate. Tyra holds my hand and squeeze lightly. I loose all sense of feeling as the Spirit stops before the fifth prince. A light shines from it and basks Prince Kiran the fifth born in a brilliant spot light.

#@camaa\_pearl

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## shimile\_

Brooke storms into her room in excitement. She slums into bed as she exclaims "yes finally". She empties her bag. Her phone rings, she picks up, it's Charlotte, her best friend since college. Hello Charlotte, I've been trying to reach you can you..... Are you home? Charlotte asked, yes Brooke answers, okay I'm coming, we need to talk. There's a knock on the door. Brooke opens the door, Charlotte saunters in, panting. Brooke I've got something to tell you, Charlotte says; okay, says Brooke, I've got exciting news to tell you too. Charlotte exhales, why don't you go first. Okay, "we got the deal!!" Charlotte rolls her eyes, great she says. You don't sound too happy is everything okay? Says Brooke.

NO I'm not okay. I'm in so much trouble right now. I need my share of our savings, so I can pay up my debt. TJ's Boys.....

Wait, what? TJ? Charlotte I thought we said no more bets. Oh, my God, I should have known better. How in the world did I ever think we could build a company together. You have always put yourself first. I'm sorry okay, Charlotte yells. I just wanted to make more money.... And the first things that came to mind was to gamble our money, our future, how could you? Brooke begins to cry.

I'm really sorry Brooke. Charlotte says  
Brooke gives Charlotte a long stare and says; we've been best friends for God knows how long  
we've loved each other through the good and bad times. Hell, we are practically sisters Charlotte;  
but I guess you will have to look for some other way.  
TJ will not hearken to my plea Brooke.... Charlotte says.  
You should have thought about that before you staked your bet. Get out!!!!!! Brooke says in anger.  
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## dexter.alex.98

So, here I am. Lying in the bed that hasn't stopped being familiar, but with a different feeling in my heart. A wretch. And I can't for the life of me figure out why it has to be this hard.

It shouldn't be this hard, it wouldn't have been. But when someone comes into your life and paints all the grey walls colors of the sun itself, you tend to leave crumbs of affection in your trail if they'll find your heart. And he did.

At some point, life starts to mean more than just the partying and the splendorous sex, and you get tired of wearing yourself out on the next hotness you find in the crowd. Then you figure you need a tether for your bird. But no one you find seems good enough for you. They all just want to revel in your body for a while. And you know your body's worth more. So you keep looking, and then you find him right in front of you, shaking the bottle in his hands with style. His arms, his body, his eyes work around you with a smile. And when you call it's like he wants to drop at your feet. He's always been there, you just never saw him.

Not in my wildest dreams did I imagine my bartender would be the man I can't stop thinking about, the one that makes my heart tremble and my lions ache in pleasure. Tell me again why it has to be so hard?

He's young, he's agile, he's the man in whose arms I want to perish. But his love for tradition is one I cannot contend. He wants a family, he wants children, his. But my free bird needs no more than a man on her wings.

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[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

## dearestkathe

"I'm letting you go!", he whispered as he stroked my hair softly. It took me few seconds to figure out what that meant. Surely, he couldn't mean what he just said. "what's wrong, my love?", I asked with concern, "are you well?".

“I’ve never been better”, he replied. “I love you, so much”, he continued slowly. “I know that, everyone knows that”, I cut in.

He smiled, took my hands and said, “so you understand if I say I love you enough to know how much you have been struggling to keep up with me in this relationship. I see how you sigh after thanking me profusely for a gift, like it is a burden on you. I have caught you several times looking at me with genuine concern when you should be beaming with love. I see how sometimes you seem happier typing away on your phone when you are with me rather than talking to me. I know you are not in love with me but I am not angry because I know you have told me this before. I know you are with me till now only out of respect for me and my family and because you think you owe me for how much I love you and all the years we’ve spent together. I know how much you have tried to keep us going and not hurt me.

My love, it is alright to stop trying now. You don’t owe me anything but you owe yourself a truly happy life and I love you enough to give you that, so, I am letting you go!”

He then pulled me close and hugged me so tightly my bones could crush. “it is alright”, he said as he wiped the tears off my face.

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## rukky\_eraks

The concept of good and bad is something that everybody knows. From very tender ages, we are taught right from wrong, left from right, heaven from hell. So yes, I knew it was wrong to fall in love with my parish priest, or to have dreams about him which caused me to clutch my bedspread when I woke.

You see, Father Samuel was a sight for sore eyes. He carried himself as Zeus would, and his voice rumbled low in his throat when he spoke, like a growl. The man was regal to a fault, and I was besotted from the first moment I saw him. Of course it bothered me at first that he was a priest, but I wanted him so badly that sometimes, I recited his name to myself, like a mantra.

I often wondered if his caring gestures were more heartfelt with me than the other parishioners. If he locked gazes with me longer, or smiled more warmly at me. The mere thought that he might think of me just a little, in the manner which I thought of him made my heart flutter, and I felt like a little girl running against the wind on an open field.

But soon you realize that the sun must set, that the fun must end, that somethings cannot be. So yes, I knew it was wrong to want him, but I loved him anyway.

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## odili\_frances

IMPASSE "Your silence is deafening. Could you say something?" He knelt before her, his eyes were red, sweat beads formed on his body as tears rolled down his cheeks. "Let me start the generator, this heat is not good for me." She looked up trying not to drop a tear. "Baby, I promised to protect you, let me do it." Chimezuwo walked back to the sitting room with an envelope, holding her protruding stomach. "Let me help you, I put the baby there." He held her, placed his arm on her back. "How many months?" "Eight months. I can't wait to meet her." She smiled, and placed her hand on his shoulder. "Me too, I can't wait to meet a mini you." He helped her sit. "Let's do this again please. I won't hurt you again." He placed his forehead on her stomach. She remembered how he beat her, his grip on her arm and how she missed a step running; not losing the baby was a miracle. "This violence makes you something we should protect ourselves from." She held her stomach. "Please, sign the papers, it's best for us"

She gave him the envelope and the ring. "Ada told me how violent your father was towards you and your mum, and how she always cried." She took a seat and continued. "I had a share. My father was violent, I felt my mother was weak, it made me dislike her and become too defensive." "We are both damaged, but we can put an end to this cycle. You will be part of our lives." She tapped her stomach. "I'm sorry I let this get between us. I promise to be here when you need me." He signed the papers; they agreed to keep the ring in their baby's room.

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## j\_aryes

It barrelled in so suddenly: an abrupt trauma followed by a feeling of repugnance, originating from a nauseating request.

Sarah, was, and dare I say, -is - still in love with Bernard, a rich, handsome and charming young fellow.

This fact, more than anything else induced a paranoia that enveloped her heart. After all, she didn't believe herself good enough for such an ideal man, quite the opposite. So why she was the subject of Bernard's utter deification, was lost on her.

Sometimes, she sat back and enjoyed being treated like a goddess, she loved being the center of Bernard's attention, how he would say the sweetest things, how romantic and understanding he was, other times, she couldn't help but wonder why such a seemingly perfect guy would even look her way.

At first Sarah believed it to be a self-esteem thing, perhaps he didn't have the confidence to start a relationship, so he bought one. But with time she learnt how popular Bernard was with the ladies,



how they all desired him, and how he turned them down because of her, this, ironically, made her even more insecure. The incessant question of 'why me' still lingered.

Never would Sarah have guessed his true intentions, not even after he got her a brand new car a day ago or gave her some money to start her own cosmetic business, the month before, all which seemed too good to be true. Sarah always knew that there was a price for her new found happiness, one she may have gladly paid in full, if it didn't require sleeping with a dog. Sarah could do anything for Bernard's love, but not this.

No wonder he chose to date a prostitute, he probably figured she would be okay with his insane fetish.

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

## ultimate\_legend1

I saw her from behind a screen, at first it was an impression to meet her soon it became an obsession to know her.

It just so happens that my logistics concluded her rights for me. However rough the ore of iron may be the precious stones of diamond complements its weary desires.

Sometimes I wrote to her, many a times I thought of her, after so long in pondered thoughts of seeing her..I was welcomed with wine that made me tipsy with jealousy. I still couldn't get enough as my mind kept saying to me, 'she can't be yours' . truly I never confronted her to express my feelings rather I kept wallowing with guilt of impasse cowardice.

As it ended up a jilt.

With much to loose I confronted and asked her if I was ever good enough for her...but she turned and said it just hurts it ought to be true as I would have told you YES.

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## adedapoosho

[@Camaa\\_Pearl](#)

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Entry Below:

—  
When Bimpe replied my DM on the app, it was like my dreams had come through. Finally, the heavens decided to smile on me.

Hurriedly, I opened the app, eager to see what the crush of my life had said. "Hello Handsome" the message read.

Those words triggered a string of "butterflyic" activities in my stomach. For the next 5 minutes I was jumping with excitement, swept away by the joy of getting noticed by my crush. I had taken the last 3 weeks liking and commenting every picture she had posted. It felt so good to know that the effort finally yielded some fruit, without getting myself labelled as a stalker, seeing I didn't have any personal picture on the app.

I quickly replied her message and we got talking. Getting to know each other...you know, the whole works. I was a successful graphics designer, she was a beauty queen and model. I create icons for brands, she works as the face of those brands.

We were getting deep into the conversation and the vibes were all good when she asked..."I love the pair of glasses you had on in your most recent post, where can I get something similar?" I was taken aback because, first of all, I don't love glasses not to talk of wearing one in a picture. So what was she talking about?

I went over to look at the post in question, then it hit me.

Taking a picture with Nonso always had consequences but I had felt somehow that the ladies would stop tripping for him instead of me after he got engaged.

But here I was.

Chatting with my crush who was crushing on my best friend.

And once again, Nonso had done it.

## md\_creative1

### ALMAJIRI: THE SURVIVAL

Barefooted I walked through the streets of Kano: thirsty, hungry and in desperate need of a haven away from the scorching sun. My face badly writhed from the fight I had with a friend over a single slice of bread. As I walked passed the newspaper vendor, I saw her: a tall dark skin woman possibly around her mid-thirty, with a huge poly bag in her hand. I noticed her staggering with the seemed heavy bag she had with her, and on free will I decided to help her out. Everything about her

reminded me of my mother. I approached her smiling, she noticed and gave a big grin in return. Her tender smile made me felt the motherly love I lost since when I was five. I made to grab her bag when suddenly she startled: "Thief...! Thief...!" She screamed.

As if from a cue, people ran out of their shops with cutlasses, planks, tyres and basically any object they could find that can hurt a mortal. I knelt to the ground with my hands on my head waiting to be pounced on. "Abeg oo... He is not the thief. Please! I saw someone that defrauded me last week, that was why I screamed. I was barking at the man and not this innocent boy". She uttered. All those who came to batter me stared at the woman with disappointment and disgust.

Unnoticed, I crawled out the disappointed crowd and swiftly paced my way through the streets.

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

[@camaa\\_pearl](#)

## quillstroke

Morning again, Wole knew because of the sound water meeting the bottom of buckets at the backyard made. Waking up was easy as sleep had deserted him.

He moved through the small apartment with strained ease, careful not to wake his mother, lying on the other bed at the other end of the room, sleeping peacefully.

Minutes later he was at the end of a long queue of equally frustrated individuals. "Do fast o Baba 'beji, I go shit for body here o"

The threat was met with disapprovals in different tongues and dialects, Wole cursed his luck wishing he had gotten up before 4:38am.

Subconsciously, he started lamenting the condition of the apartment that fate and his 'pocket' had meted him, and that he would have to search for another very soon depending on the outcome of his interview.

Thirty eight minutes later he was back inside where his mother already awake had neatly arranged his loyal suit and the file jacket containing his documents neatly on each other, with a smile on her face that broke him.

Seeing the look on her face, the hope she exudes every morning like this for four years now was too much for him today, treacherous tears filled the sides of his eyes with threats to let loose if he turned back and dared to look at her.

She began to slowly chant his panegyric or 'oriki' gracefully ending it with the words 'it will be better'. He fell at her feet, wiped his tears, received her blessings and the last money on her for his transportation.

Eight hours later, Wole paced gently, around the infamous third mainland bridge, wondering just how to go back home, to face his mother again with the same story, wondering if there was an easier way.

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## the\_direy

I hate the rain, the way it falls, the sound of the heavens pouring it all out, it feels judgmental and.. final. Each step I took brought back memories; the first time I went to school, the first time I brushed my teeth, the first time, I ever did anything in my life, she was always there with her Golden smile and her beautiful face, the fact that she wouldn't be around to see me do a lot of things felt angonizing. I paused and looked at the door leading to her room. Dr. Tobi's words echoed in my head. "The tumor has gone to deep, there's nothing we can do". There has to be, there could be something... but deep down I knew there was nothing that I could do. It felt like life didn't give me a choice.. and now I was supposed to say my last words to her. I entered the room and looked at a woman I couldn't recognize anymore. But deep there I could still see that Golden, precious, priceless smile. "Come here" her voice sounded frail and weak. I promised myself not to cry but I didn't know when I ran towards her holding her hand tightly wishing she could stay here forever. I broke down in tears just saying anything that came to my mind "You told me love could fix everything. Our love is all that matters, you told me love is the only thing that makes sense, but why can't love fix this?" "I'm sorry, but I guess this is as far as love goes... this is the end of the line" "I don't want to loose your mum" "Me neither sunshine"

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## jmartins\_007

Ezeugo locked arms with Ngozi as they strolled down the campus love garden. He had just written his final medical examination earlier that evening. They'd dated since He was in 300 level and she was a 'jambite' as he loved to tease her. Being the heir to the throne of Umuagwu kingdom meant that he had to uphold tradition and customs and thus, was restricted in life's choices. His Dad never considered caution when resounding into His ears; "Remember who you are". They settled into a concrete-casted chair and Ngozi held his hands in hers, looked sadly into his face and said,

"Eze, I'm scared. I feel like all this is going to end once you get home." Ezeugo smiled and pecked her forehead reassuringly. "Babe, you worry a lot over little things. Is this the first time I'm going home since we've been together?" he asked. Ngozi sighed softly and said, "No. but you're not coming...". He placed his index finger on her lips as He smiled. "Shsshhh. The next Queen of Umuagwu kingdom must not be heard sounding pessimistic. Or have the caretakers in Umunze not done a good job in training my Queen?" He said. Ngozi smiled. As she blinked to look away, He placed his lips on hers and they kissed softly.

\*\*\*

As Ezeugo sat in the chair beside his Dad, He smiled to himself as he read Ngozi's Whatsapp chats. As soon as he heard the elders hail "Igwee! Live forever!" He sat up attentively to listen. The local clerk then announced; "Igwe, the case before you today is between Ichie Okorie and an 'Osu' from Umunze village." Just then, Ichie Okorie walked in and was given a seat, and immediately, another man walked in and bowed before the King. He was Ngozi's Father.... [@camaa\\_pearl](#)  
[#CAMAARWRITEUPCHALLENGE](#) [#CAMAARWRITEUPCHALLENGEIMPASSE](#)

## pipe.loluwa

Papa was about to tell us another story tonight, or maybe the same story on just another day. We all knew the details of the story but we enjoyed whatever Papa enjoyed, we liked the fact that we could sit together under the tallest tree around us and just listen to him narrate the story of an exile turned sweet.

The story used to be nothing but a mere tale in our ears until the day Papa felt we were old enough to know that we had been listening to the story of our lives all along. That was when we knew that your real emotions about a situation are only known when you are somewhat involved.

Mama was less chatty than Papa, she had a strong sense of discipline and would usually sit down praying for a long time, she allowed Papa take us just as far as he wanted and that was when we always got to hear the story.

Papa and Mama were the only other humans that we had ever seen all our lives but that started to seem abnormal the moment we knew it was more of a deprivation than a rational choice.

We are the reason that the evil forest has now become home for our family. We are the plague our parents chose to stay with. We are the twins that survived the sword of ignorance.

There might be no way out of this place but being stuck here is a much better option than staying with men who would rather have us dead.

The forest which was cursed with death is the same place where love found us.

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## nahncydee

My fiancé and I had a fight about three hours ago, and here I was with a gift in my hand walking into his house to apologize. I walked in and saw him kissing the same girl we had a fight over, I froze. It felt like my eyes were deceiving me. He broke from the kiss saying “No, we can’t do this here” and in that moment his eyes caught mine. The shock on his face, the disappointment on mine. “Babe, I can explain” he stammered. It sounded like something from a movie, crazy how my life just became a pathetic movie. I felt stupid, I didn’t know how to react. Was I to cry, runaway or fight them?

I walked to the table, hands shaking, my heart racing, actually no it was breaking. I struggled to breathe and hold back the tears as I dropped the gift and beside it, I dropped his ring. I took a deep breath, it honestly felt like it was my last. “I’m going to walk out that door, and I beg you in whatever you love because it’s clearly not me, don’t follow me Abdul” I said with a calm and shaky voice. I looked at her, the content on her face, how could he do this to us after four years? He chose the girl his mother wanted and now I’m the idiot standing here with my heart broken into a million pieces.

I walked out of the house to meet my friend who was waiting by the car. Abdul followed me outside and we got into an argument. My friend got in the way and there was a loud scream, it wasn’t mine, it was my friend’s, her water broke.

[@camaa\\_pearl](#)

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

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## pauleo\_01

You loved jogging on the bridge with your wife. But that day, you stood alone by the side of the bridge, clutching the rails, panting hard. There were scratches on your arm and face that bled and stung you.

You bent over, staring at the vast undulating water beneath the bridge. You watched the little waves running along the water—thinking how free and happy the waves must be. Oh, how you envied the waves.

You wondered what it would feel like to sink into the water, and let the water embrace you—to have the water flood your insides; through your ears, nostrils, mouth and even your anus. You sighed when you recalled your wife had a big mouth. You wondered what it would feel like to struggle for breaths in the water, and have the fishes mock you.

You shook your head. Your mind wandered too much, your wife always told you. She used to tell you each time she returned home late at night, and you asked her where she had gone. She would begin to yell, calling you crazy and over dramatic.

You didn't think you were crazy, still you harboured the crazy thought swimming in your head. Your wife was cheating on you. She was going to places unaccounted for and she would get defensive when you asked. You loved her, but you had had enough, hadn't you? She didn't seem to love you anymore.

That morning, when you went out with her to jog, you threw her off the bridge, into the water. She had struggled, scratching you, but you had managed to carry her, just as you had done on your wedding day.

She had left you with no other choice. You pushed yourself off the rails and jogged back home.

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## da\_jasper

Looking at how I fell in love with the her is one big try and error equation I've ever tried in my life. I have been a lone striker all my life in the university, but my friends won't have me graduate without having a university love life. Self esteem set in as most of the evening I'm left lonely as my friends go out to enjoy the love garden with their babes and the next day in class is where they tell me how kissing under the tree at 10pm and sometimes with ice cube in the mouth can be heaven on Earth. The goal is to graduate with a first class but with less than a semester in the bag, my father won't offer my head to the gods for graduating with a strong 2.1. I thought of getting myself a 'chick' I can have some experience (s) with.

She is in the pen-ultimate and I am in my finals so it will be a good experience as I can always come back to campus to enjoy a carry-over of campus flirting. I had a bad intention to love life but once I tell her about my feelings for her, she became the perfect imperfections. My friends would sing her praise. "You two are the perfect match" they keep singing in my ears and vooom, I decide to love her in the real sense.

Considering to love her is the biggest mistake I could ever make, as I fall deeper in love, the more vulnerable I become and as she sees the reality, she begins to drift. The other night I read in her chat with another brother and she has a plan of building castles with him but with me,

hmmmmmm..... [@camaa\\_pearl](#)  
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## halimah\_ganiyu

LETTING GO

Their gazes locked, emotions and memories flashed. You could see the longing in their eyes and body as they gravitated towards each other.

"This can't be it", he whispered. She smiled, though tremulously, trying to be brave. Always playing the part of a strong woman.

"Yet again you have damaged something so pure and good".

He reached out to touch her. She jerked back. No, she couldn't allow that. Letting go would become even more difficult.

"I can't let you go....." So much pain radiated in his eyes, ".....you don't know how much you mean to me....."

"I do. Nothing.....absolutely nothing...." Her chest constricted.

"Everything babe.....everything. I don't know why I always ruin it" He pulled at his dreadlocks, agitated.

"I can't do this.....I can't....." Her eyes become bright with unshed tears, luminous, threatening to spill over.

"No! I can't do this without you again babe...I won't, I refuse to!! I swear I'll be better this time, I'll try harder again! Just please don't.... don't end us" he was pacing.

"I'm not walking down this road with you again. You hurt me.....again"

"I know baby, I am sooo sorry, I need you not to give up on me"

"At what expense? I'm slowly losing myself in you, I need to find me again. I just can't.....take care of yourself.....o...k.." The tears were falling rapidly now.

"You may need to go now but I'm not letting you go again. Never...I am going to fight for you!" He vowed.

She shook her head, looking so sad, an angel with broken wings. She turned her back, started walking, refused to look back even when she heard his anguished cry.

How she wanted to go back to him.....

Even as she walked away from him, her heart whispered... "Don't let me go! Fight for me.....please....." [#CAMAWRITEUPCHALLENGE](#)

[#CAMAWRITEUPCHALLENGEIMPASSE](#)

[@camaa\\_pearl](#)

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## tokebleedingpen

Sophia Stanley rushed out of her midnight blue Ford F-150. the pretty round faced blonde broke into a sprint as she was obviously late for class. she bumped into something and was oblivious of what it was, her large round eyeballs were then opened to see, lo and behold, it was Dylan. Sophia always had a soft spot for Dylan and he remembered meeting Sophia vaguely by the hallway but this was different they exchanged contact and soon became enamored with each other. Sophia slept in and was almost late for her date, she dashed out of her room in a scarlet red bandage gown with a broad smile on her face when she saw Dylan waiting to hold her hand, she walked down the stairs and he said to her "you are beautiful". One night, Sophia's phone vibrated .she thought it was another romantic text she gets before bedtime but this was different, Dylan broke up with her and



also dropped out of college. She cried until tears stopped flowing and series of questions were left unanswered. Months later, her cellphone rang and she was stunned by who it was, she answered only to hear his faint voice whisper "I love you". Sophia drove swiftly to Dylan's but only found his empty body lying on the floor. beside him was a note stating how much he loved her and was willing to stay forever. She soaked the paper in her tears as she read further, "I was diagnosed with ischemic heart disease and It would be selfish of me to offer you a few months of love in exchange of a lifetime of loneliness". Sophia kept the moments they shared together before his demise as a legacy.

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[@camaa\\_pearl](#)

## sola\_tales

Since our father, Britain, left us to fend for ourselves, China became our breadwinner. She'd give us things she made and send relatives to help us.

We loved China. I in particular because my relatives were too lazy to cook or do anything. So I simply got my things from China and shared.

The fire started in China's house. It burnt some parts of her garment. Italy, a distant brother, was with her that day. He was playing games and watching TV. He later said, "I just couldn't leave when I saw it happen. China is the best mother I could ever have"

Italy went home depressed that day. A part of his garment had caught the fire. We pleaded that he pulled it off but he said it was the mark of care he had to carry about. Italy lost his children and relatives to the fire, only his cousins remained alive, a part of their garments begging for mercy.

America, my chess mate had whispered to me that the fire couldn't affect him even though some relatives of Italy had visited. But America caught the fire. It started from his mouth. He couldn't speak again, neither could I help. His torment tormented me.

My relatives in America's house began calling a week later, asking that I bring them home as some of them had caught the fire. "Nigeria, come and rescue us" they said

I burst into tears and confessed, "The fire caught me a while ago but I had no facilities to stop it" I added, " I'd keep praying and try to bring you home "

I smiled thinly because I saw no way out. Not that day. Not forever.

[@camaa\\_pearl](#)

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## gigi\_sapphire

"Doctor, you might as well tear that document because there is no way we are signing that!"  
Martins was so annoyed, what was she thinking?

" Please can we get some privacy? Just five minutes and I will be ready to sign." The Doctor looked at Amaka, then at him before nodding and walking out of his own office. The awkward silence began, then suddenly, she broke it.

"You can't say that! its my body!"

"What are you talking about Amaka? Your body? Your body?! How about the fact that you are my wife? How about being the mother of our children? Does that now give me the right to not consent to you auctioning your Kidney off? Does it?", Martins was so scared and angry, he was just another pitch away from tears. " Auction? We are talking about my best friend here! Please don't do this... You are everything to me but I am going to do this with or without your consent." She came closer to him and tried to put her hand on his shoulder, he moved away.

How in the World did Amaka, his wife of seven years, the mother of his two children want him to consent to her donating a Kidney to her male best friend? unless...

"Do you love him?"

"what?"

"Do. You. Love. Him?"

"Don't be ridiculous! I care about him but you know you are the love of my life"

"Then why are you doing this?!"

"Because he needs me!", Martins and Amaka held each others gazes as the doctor walked back in, she broke the gaze;

"Doctor, let me have the paper, I'm ready ", Martins panicked, he had to do something,

"I want a divorce!" [#camaawriteupchallenge](#) [#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

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## [bae\\_sue\\_1](#)

And the day came... The day I decided I was gonna tell the one person who lit my entire world, that we were over.

You see, David was my escape from the horror that was my old life. David opened doors I never dreamt existed. Because of him, I became what I can now assume is a woman of purpose. For once, I trusted a man. A man with intent so pure, I was in love! Oh, I was in love.

That's why when he died, my world stopped. Suddenly, nothing was worth it. Nineteen months and I still couldn't believe he had left me all alone. With his clothes in my closet, I went to bed every night with his shirt on. For the life of me, I couldn't let go. How I wished I had married that man when he asked. Instead I asked him to wait till we had our figures right and stacked. So stupid!

But like a puff of smoke, he was gone from me. And so quick, it's almost unbelievable!

Nineteen months, and I was at his graveside for the first time. Yes, first time. Mere thoughts of the ground swallowing him whole, already damaged my ability to speak. I certainly would have died if I was there to watch.

But I had now gone to bid farewell to probably my one chance at love.  
No, I'm still not okay. Grief still visits every other day. We share a drink and she leaves me with fresh memories of the 'what would have been's.

I'm now moving on. Going on to be "the force", just like David said I would. However long that takes.

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[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

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## ola\_arto

Morn had broken loose from the darkness, exceedingly chill and breezy that Collins took his wheel and drove out of his horizon, on the flawlessly curved road where the ray of the sun may not be far fetched during the day, he puffed in his old Ford reminiscing to an old pop by Michael Jackson, his favorite, excusing his mind from the thought of his lonely love life.

A quick glance at his old detachable watch, almost 10 o'clock, a little ride down the hill side, a gorgeous and beautiful lady in her mid thirties pulled up, waved at him in request for a help, he matched on his brake, advertently for the strange woman, 'Morning, I'm Evlyn, going down to the train station', 'oh yeah, Collins' he puffed his cigar.

There had been no conversation but a frequent gaze at each others eyes as he drove down the old dusty road. Few minutes down to the station, 'where do you stay Evlyn?', 'a few minutes walk to the road side in the woods' he reduced the volume of his music, 'do you stay alone or you know, have a family?' 'Oh, no', she laughed heartily. For a while their conversation was productive, Collins seemed to have found a nice beautiful woman for his heart, he secretly had fallen for her aura, unavoidably, he asked for a date that would later turn out to what he had expected not, 'that would have not been a problem but I'm traveling as you can see' 'Oh, not a problem, he seemed a bit uncomfortable 'maybe another time, thank you for the ride' at the train station, she gave a goodbye smile.

While Collins increased the volume of his music, he gently whispered to himself, 'maybe another time, maybe'. [@camaa\\_pearl](#)

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## solarspeaks\_

I saw the signs but chose to ignore them. I felt I could put up with the lies she made up from the very foundation—the secrets she concealed but left traces in her eyeballs. I saw the signs behind the shadows of her deep brown eyes but brushed them aside. The extra toppings on her cup of cold-stone and more laps of chicken on her plate; I knew I couldn't handle her hunger.

I knew this day would come when I'd stare shyly at myself in the mirror and wonder how a man of my height could fall so foolishly for the curves and cuffs of a mortal.

Three times, we've broken up. She broke up the last time after two weeks of drifting into silence but it was I who broke the silence and got us back.

I love science but I don't understand this chemistry that's got me dumb. It's our wedding night but I'm here with a glass of wine with bottom balanced between my middle fingers where my wife should be. I've pulled my ring off of my finger as I wait for her to return and explain what "7pm tonight by all means" from her ex to her inbox means.

But she doesn't have to explain. It's 6:59pm and she earlier alighted our car to get some more food at the eatery around her office. She pleaded she was too hungry for what our wedding food could help. She's probably eating or being eaten right now. I know where she is and it's fine but I don't know where I am. I saw the signs. I knew I was to her, only a pack of snack but felt I could grow into food enough to, someday, fend for her fantasy of hunger.

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## ekene\_odili

“...I decided not to fall in love again. Not until a day to my birthday when I met 'him'...”

Stepping out with Tatiana by my side, I felt like an Angel as I noticed the calmness and gazes from the crowd the moment they saw me. Just then, Tom walked up to me and offered to walk me to my seat. Tatiana smiled and gave me a wink. From that moment, I felt like a princess. While the party was going on, Tom and I were in our own world knowing each other better. We were brought back to reality by the Anchorman who invited me to cut my cake. After the cutting of cake was games; drinking competition, tennis, arm-wrestling, dancing competition, chess blitz, snooker and eating competition.

Being a lover of board games and food, I participated in chess blitz and eating competition. Tatiana being a tomboy, took part in arm-wrestling, tennis and dancing competition as she happened to be a great dancer. Tom, who has a very strong resistance to alcohol took first in the drinking competition and wasn't even close to tipsiness. He won Tatiana in tennis but lost to his next opponent. After the games, the dance floor was open to everyone. Tom and I danced for a while then retired to my room. Tatiana being silly as usual, left my music player on filling my room with the sound of blues.

Now I didn't want this to end, I wanted him so badly. After our moment together, I finally admitted to Tatiana that I was in love and Tom whose initial intention was to flirt with me, had a changed mind as he realised he had reached an impasse.

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## oluwaseyepaul

My story is quite unique, how to classify it I do not know. It was my first experience of love. I was 22 and an attendant in a bookshop that seconded as a walk-in Library. There, I met him. He was not too tall, had chocolate skin with black curly hair and was clean shaven. He had walk in daily with his face straight, pick a book from the shelf, and leave to return in two days with the borrowed book. Franc never spoke to me and he didn't need to because he was registered, but I craved for it or something in my heart did. Sadly, it continued for I had gotten used to his visits; unconsciously attached.

Then one sunny afternoon, I was at my post when he approached my table, left the borrowed book and walked to the shelf. My eyes fell, then I noticed and it all came together. This book like every other was clean, seemed untouched like it wasn't even opened. It had to be I thought to myself, I had to confirm.

He returned and I said to him, staring while I raised the book, "this book, like every other, you don't read them. You are here for me not the books". At that his face flushed a visible pink, his hand shook and dropped the book as he ran out leaving me shocked, I didn't expect that reaction.

I was soon restored to reality when I heard a scream outside followed by cries. There was an accident, a car had hit a running man.

I drew closer and looked intently, it was clear; in a pool of his blood, laid a man, the man, customer or lover I couldn't tell.

Mute, shredded and lost; my love laid in his deadlock.

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## ayeelance

An understatement, it would be to say Denre has sailed long enough in this drift of emptiness. She's not so accustomed to giving herself credits, however I can say she's been that woman who has fought for love, unshielded. Needless to say she has given the entirety of her all in all, to keep the flames of her supposed fairy tale exuberant.

Sadly, Kali on the other hand deems it fit to toy with the feelings of this woman, who has been there to see him wade through thick and thin. I sometimes think it's possible to love wrongly. I would cite this deadlock of a marriage Denre is entangled in, to back my claim. She's so lost in loving this man, she has come to not only embrace his flaws, but to idolize them as well.

I solemnly feel I have lost a dear friend to this road that holds no exit. This road where the one person she sees, a soulmate, is hung up on cheating. Striking her at every attempt to protest. "This is pretty much enough reason to leave that ruthless dingbat", I would say to her with utter disgust. The mere imagination of the seemingly humble Kali on the outside, hurting this friend of mine, I would call a sister, enrages me.

She says it's been seven years of struggle with this man, and that a great part of her essence lives in him. Whatever that means, I still think Kali is very undeserving of her. She asserts that there is still some good in him. I don't like to be the judge here, but I think she's merely enslaved by her fantasies. I can only hope that when she miraculously finds her way out of this infatuation, she wouldn't be scarred for life.

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## xtrange\_prodigy

Every love story has a price an enigma to make the readers stay glued to it. Mine is no different. We met when I was barely a teenager with his twilight cold smile and my brown warm eyes we just completed each other.

The first time he struck me during lovemaking it was like my essence left my body possessed by the orgasm I could anywise dream of. I guess he wanted to know if I was down with it.

We got married and unlike what the media asserts, life was never more perfect. Reading each other's thoughts became our usual.

Relationships are different, how you yearn to love is different. Our way of passion included sadomasochism, him kicking and thumping different parts of me just breeds more life in us.

We were contented until I lost our second baby.

I had been to the hospital when things got out of hand but this time I almost lost my life and I lost our baby.

We decided it was time to call it quits but that's when it all fell apart.

We made love, the effects so mundane and miserable, I couldn't cum he barely spoke to me as our spice was no longer a factor.

Work seemed a better choice than home. I no longer could face him as I felt unwanted. Sometimes when he feels I am unaware of his stares peering into my self, the spark gone always resisting the urge to win my soul.

What should we do? Continue our path to happiness knowing my life is on the line and I can't be a mother or end it and be in a loveless and dull marriage as quitting the marriage is not an option, I can't live without him.

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## kofowrites

It's been 7 days and 17 hours since the incident occurred.

I have existed in every moment asking myself what I did wrong. I have taken in every breath of air like it held the answers to all my problems. I had become empty, incomplete.

I watched him stroll in oozing of the type of confidence I had fallen for.

The type I was still undoubtedly in love with, and in that instant I felt complete. Two puzzle pieces together at last. This is how the universe had planned it, me and him together. This is how it was meant to be.

He brandished in front of me a bouquet of flowers. Something to appease me. Appease the pain that still lurked in all the corners of my heart. I accepted the flowers, the poor attempt at an apology but I grasped onto it nonetheless.

This is where my happiness was; with him. We made small talk, he did most of the talking replaying countless how much I meant to him.

I still don't remember how it happened but we were in his house, the one I used to call mine. Ours; that was until I walked out. The walls held passionate memories he looked like he wanted to recreate.

In a split second his lips were on mine. I tried to. I really did but all I could see was them. Together. Having sex on my matrimonial bed. The same one I was about to lay on.

All the repulsion came back in a quick, impatient speed. Reminding me that our puzzle pieces no longer fit, I pulled myself away from the mistake about to happen and stared into his eyes.

For the last time, before I say good bye 5 years of my life.

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## mz\_pweetychic

Emily sat on the couch, sobbing, holding a glass of red wine in her right hand and a framed picture in her left, a song playing in the background. It dawned on her that she had lost everything. Life had been a struggle for her. Nothing was handed to her on a silver platter. She fought, oh yes she did. She climbed the ladder of success and got to the apex. She became a very successful businesswoman; who commanded respect from her peers and dined with the crème de la crème of society. Life was good! Or maybe not! She thought she had everything. She thought wrong. "Excuse me ma'am, I need to park my car, you are taking up two spaces"

She was on the phone with a client when she heard Charles' voice. Once she turned around, her whole life changed. In front of her, was a dashing young man, very charismatic. She apologized with a smile and he smiled back at her. That was it. Two years later, they were married. Oh, how very much in love they were. They were everything to each other. "When were you going to tell me?" She asked her husband, while holding a piece of paper, tears rolling down her cheeks. She had stumbled upon a document that would change their lives forever. "I thought you loved me, you made me think I lived the perfect life, when all the while, you have been lying to me?" "I am sorry, let me explain", he said. "Get out! I never want to see you again", she screamed. He drove out, hurt and in despair. That was the last time she ever saw him. A call came in. There's been an accident.

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## theviolet\_writer

I could recall our first encounter at the small pub right around the corner of her favorite cafe. Her profile had just then been sent to my phone and from the very minute I laid eyes on the target, I knew that my assignment wouldn't be an easy one. The memory of the previous night crawled into my mind. In all my years of bedding my targets right before spilling their pathetic blood, I had never felt so much endearment. The lustful aura that carried the beautiful woman was crude in every manner. I craved for her.

Too deep in thought, a sudden gunshot pierced through the once serene atmosphere. The tears that once pricked my eyes fell and I dropped weakly to my knees, my hand clutched on my heart. Spilling through the cracks of my fingers was the familiar sight of crimson red. On her face was a devilish smile. She arose from the mattress, her beauty still prominent even through the fact that she had just plunged a bullet through my chest. "I wonder why they sent one as weak and pathetic as you" she commented and tossed her gun on her bed before walking towards her bathroom, casually and uninterested. Slowly, I fell unto the floor with the pool of red drowning me. I would die at the hands of my target. Shameful. My soul was drifting from my body, heading straight for hell and I was at least happy for one thing, she would be joining me once the slow poisons from the red wine from last night kicked into her system. I smiled crazily. My plans to inject her with the antidote just in case things got complicated floated away just as my eyes shut for the last time ever.

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#) [#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## ms\_scarlet

I looked straight at my phone screen, that displayed the sheer disgust and disapproval my father felt towards me. "Why didn't you tell me?! You think I'm a fool!!" I sighed. This was the exact reason I didn't tell my parents I had a boyfriend for five years, my father's dramatic overreaction to everything. "I wanted to keep it to myself. I planned on telling you.." I replied. "Do you know what



kind of family he comes from?! I've heard things about his mother. Those are not the kind of people we want as in-laws." My mother set herself closer to the camera blocking part of my father's face. I was stunned. My maternal grandmother didn't have a husband but 2 kids. My father came from a poor polygamous home. They had the right to judge?! "You saw oyinbo and you want to throw your life away!! You've made me look stupid! You've made me look stupid! You've made me look stupid!!!! You-" "That's an unhealthy relationship! To hide it from your own family!! As close as we are!" My mother said, interrupting my father from somewhere in the room. Close?! Indeed. "Please let expl-" My father hung up the video call. I have that same bad habit when I get mad.

Ding! I received a text. "Your family or him." It came from my father.

I left him on read and switched off my phone. This was a choice I didn't have the stomach to make.

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## choo\_kiea

Impasse

Uwa Aguta

Alas! She has caught up with me and the lies I've been telling her. Deep down, I knew she didn't believe the lies, but I told them anyway. The daredevil in me wanted to know how far I could push her. Now, I can't tell her I'm going to the village in Owerri to see my sister and instead branch to Enugu, where Ngozi's thick thighs would be waiting for me.

Nor will I be able to tell her my brother has issues in LASU, and as his oldest surviving family member, I have to be there. Then, I'd sneak to Madam Yemi's restaurant and earn some extra cash, when I'm done settling his issues. No longer will I tell her I'm taking random trips with the boys, so I'd meet Mfon in Calabar.

Here she stands, pictures she got from Lord knows where scattered on the table before me. I have nothing to say. I've run out of stories to tell. Lies to sell her, she won't buy. The way my mouth opens and closes would make any mime proud. I can't believe I let myself do this to her. She's fed me, clothed me and done nothing but love me. There's no escape. This surely, is the end.

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## thesecretlifeof\_x\_

An encounter between a slave boy and a royal girl at the front gate of the palace.

Sparks went flying at the sight of each other

Emotions were not hidden

True intentions were revealed  
And they knew they were for each other

His mind was ready  
But his body was not,  
His mind moved,  
But his feet were stuck deep to the ground he stood

Her mind was ready  
So was her body  
But for fear  
Fear of her parents  
And the kingdom they ruled over  
And what they will say  
She stood still  
Like the sea when Jesus spoke

Days went by  
And all they did was stare at each other  
And laugh in silence  
While their faces turned red  
And their eyes glittered with love

Each night  
They both lay down facing the skies  
Waiting for a shooting star  
Just to make their dreams come true  
And make them hold hands  
And make them look at the skies together

A year and six months apart  
He stood with a tray filled with cups of wine  
At her wedding ceremony  
Watching the love of his life get married to a man that wasn't him  
And she was tortured by the fact that she stood at the altar with a man  
A man not worthy of her love and care  
At the saying of the vows  
He spoke up  
Not minding the consequences  
And she concurred  
While running and reaching for him  
Not minding if she'd perish with him  
Placing her lips on his  
And feeling at peace with herself  
Pulled away from each

It was a double edged sword  
An abomination and a dream come true  
They looked at each other  
He wants to, but doesn't dare.  
She lets him, but stay elusive  
Afterall he was a servant boy  
And she was a royal girl Damn  
[#camaawriteupchallenge](#) [#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## fabzonebyyols

It was the most expensive wristwatch he owned, a unisex, fit into her honey-brown wrist like she had been there when it was shopped off the shelves at Roban . " I like it, may I?" That's all Nkechi had said and he decided he didn't need it anymore. She got off his king-sized bed leisurely, throwing the white duvet off her petite frame. She placed a light kiss on his lips as she made way for a shower. Her breath was unpleasant, reeked of roast meat and onion from the night before, He wanted her there, beside him. "Duty calls," she whispered, slowly spreading her body lotion evenly on her skin. That would sort the puzzled look on his face, she thought.

Nkechi forced a dark blue denim trouser over her perfect curves,. Everything else happened in a flash and she made her way out of his apartment in a black 2015 Toyota Camry. "261 Star Hotels" Osaro was out with the boys when Nkechi's message came in an hour later.

He called in immediately and she remained dodgy. He hung up and got his five feet dark skinned frame into his car and met Nkechi's receptionist who confirmed his speculations.

To think he had thought her different, considered their one year relationship seconds away from an I do.  
She had tamed his flirty escapades and eventually cut him deep.

He was breaking down, his position as a Consultant at the Federal Teaching Hospital Abakaliki had suffered a great deal as well.

A colleague had stuck a church flier in his palm weeks ago and would not let him be. He got the flier off his dashboard and in no time , he was at The Light Assembly, feeling blessed, desiring nothing ,even all he thought he could barely live without.

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## adagift\_ibe

We're sitting just beside the road, our shoulders gently touching. He was smiling sweetly at me, his big expressive eyes, telling more than words ever should. He teased my hairy arms, and laughed as I pouted in defense. I could see he loved me, that his heart was full with thoughts of me. It was as clear as day, but my mind was dreaming in the dark, chasing after the image of a lover far away. I refused to see his love, feelings he offered plainly on a platter. I refused to acknowledge the intensity of those emotions, knowing fully well I could never return them, for my world revolved around someone else, someone I dared not hope to have.

I asked about Shelly. Shelly with her equally honest eyes. She followed him everywhere he went, offering everything he offered me. His eyes turned sad, yet still shining with love. He shrugged, looking away from me, his hands clasped in front of him. His huge shoulders slumped in sorrow, for he loved a girl who couldn't feel, and he didn't want to stop. He was desperate to guide her to him. She was adamant that she should die alone.

Adagift

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#) [#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#)

## ujiro\_okakoso

"You are late again"

Folake eyed Tomiwa as he walked into the restaurant. He was smartly dressed as usual. He had on one of the jackets she had gotten for him on their 3rd year anniversary.

"Folake, I'm here 'cause I respect your mother"

"Ya, you respect everyone else" she saw him close his eyes in frustration. "Sorry. Sit, let's have a drink"

He looked at his watch and gritted his teeth slightly. She knew him, she knew he was thinking of an escape strategy already. But she was determined to have this talk. She signaled to the nearest waitress who came and took their drink orders and left.

"Have you changed your mind Folake?"

"No"

"Then why are we here?"

"Tomiwa, you have to listen to me, it can't always be your way" as she spoke, she began to wonder if she really wanted to try to convince him.

"My way? You can't relocate to start a new job two weeks after our wedding. No"

“It’s my dream job. We can make this work”

“No, you are being selfish”

They watched as the waitress returned with their drinks and dropped it on the table.

“Tomiwa, you know how long I’ve wanted this job” She reached out to hold his hands hoping he would feel something.

“See, I’m tired, I just want to go home and rest” he removed his hands from hers and ran it through his head and then his beards.

"Tomiwa"

"Folake I love you but if you won't reject that offer then we can't go on with the wedding"

"I can't Tomiwa. I won't"

“Then there's nothing to say” Tomiwa stood up, picked his bag and started to walk out.

"Tomiwa"

She watched him walk out the door the same way he had come.

[#camaawriteupchallengeimpasse](#) [#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

## ebendcelebrant

“Your results would be ready in an hour”, the doctor said as he showed Tunde a seat in the waiting area. Tunde was very apprehensive as he sat down. He knew whatever result he got here would determine everything. The result was like a traffic light - a traffic light that never changed and a red light would mean a permanent stop.

Tunde decided to think happy thoughts to ease his nerves. He thought about how he met the love of his life, Aisha. He met her at a dessert bar while trying to blow off steam. She had the most beautiful eyes. Her smile melted the chocolate sundae he ordered. He knew immediately that he had to speak to her.

From the moment they talked, they hit it off. They were basically the same person. She wasn't one of those boring ladies who let you do all the talking and interject with “lol”. Nah! She was so much fun to talk to and they had a great time. On his birthday, she surprised him with a helicopter tour of their city. Everything looked so beautiful from the skies – especially Aisha.

They talked about marriage and how having their own family was very important to them. She made them play a game by writing the order of the children they wanted. She wanted a daughter and a son. He wanted a son and a daughter. They both giggled at their results. "Results!", he gasped as he saw the doctor walking back with an envelope in his hands. "Here you go sir", the doctor said. He opened the results and fell to his knees. The paper showing "AS Genotype" fell to the ground as tears fell from his eyes. For once, them being the same was no longer a good thing.

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I believe everyone has a soul-mate. A significant other that we are predestined for. They complement you, they become all you ever need.

Kemi is that person for me, see, she embodies every fantasy I've had about my ideal woman. She is perfect! We crossed paths during the mandatory year of service, when we were posted to the same state.

We met at camp, liked each other a lot and became friends. We spent a lot of time together and gradually, our friendship blossomed into something stronger. Soon everyone had us pegged as a couple, but we didn't mind, we found pleasure in each other's company.

The night before we were to leave, I asked her out and she said yes. I was ecstatic. We had no idea how we would make it work but we knew we would, and boy, we did.

We spent as much of the service year as we could together. Each of us had so much stuff at the other's, we would joke that we were roommates.

Fast forward, five years down the road, and we want to get married. We are both financially stable, we're both mature adults. But our church insisted that we get a genotype test and everything went downhill from there. A series of tests show that Kemi isn't AA as she had always thought, she is AS. I am AS as well. The results of those tests changed everything. Her parents refused to let the marriage proceed. All my pleadings, the begging, fell on deaf ears. We can't get married. Neither of us will marry anyone else. This is the third year since the test - no one can come between us, they've tried and failed. But where do we go from here?