PEPPER? AGAIN?

Flash Fiction

Sophia Obianamma Ofuokwu

I swear yoruba men are evil! Because tell me why I've dated six of them in this life and seen shege pro-max each time. Na me do myself sha, because one Femi did not teach me caution, I go enter relationship with another Femi.

Femi number two was my latest ex and an escaped demon from the seventh circle of hell. He was the most caring but see, if this guy doesn't win an Oscar in this life, hell will freeze over.

He had a dimple on his right cheek, perfect because one is okay and two is too much cuteness.
His beards were always trim and shiny!! Me, as Ọmọ Ikẹ, I like shiny things I will not lie.

It's like he was specially crafted for me because his laugh and his height! But what use is such beauty when he would just use it to fulfill his destiny as a peppermonger?

Femi was an intern at one startup company like that, and would insist on picking me up for dates every Saturday and Sunday – the only days we met.

Call me a fool.

He didn't like surprises and was always too busy during the weekdays.

Me, I didn't want anything to come between us so I swallowed it hook line and sinker. The hook sha caught flesh and drew blood.

On his birthday I surprised him at work with a cake, but like most of my chivalrous acts, this was bound to become a sour memory.

Which Femi? Intern ni? Femi, the driver? The one who washed the CEO's car during the weekends?

That insult I could swallow. I've always been a staunch advocate of hustling – I work in sales.

The one that was too peppery for me was when Sekinat his wife stared me down from under her bonnet as she was summoned. It was the pitiful look she gave me and the jingle of the earrings I recognised as mine – so I didn't lose them in truth?

I will not bore you with my sordid tale though, I've been told I can be quite talkative.

I met someone at a party.
Now, A-plus is a weird nickname for a thirty something year-old, but when I saw the Adonis and heard him speak Igbo, I was sold.

That he asked me out on a date over text with 'xup, wanna hang!' did nothing to dull the spark.
There was a Chi-something coming my way finally, Oluwa affixed could rest. Me sef get Oluwa for my name.

When I pulled up and got over my mortification as he gawked at my car, we sat down to eat and I smelt pepper.

'So, tell me. Why A-plus? Were you studious in the university?'

His laugh was like firecrackers and his finishing snort singed.

'Na Afolabi plus. I no sabi book o!'

Tight-lipped I asked why his name was Afolabi and the pepper stench wafted up my nostrils.

Oh, he is Yoruba! He schooled in Enugu and learnt Igbo.
Converses in Igbo randomly to stay sharp.
A Femi for starters, a Femi to end. I don't need desserts.

I smiled, swallowed my due pepper and drank water before ghosting the idiot.

God forbid bad thing.

About The AUTHOR

Sophia Obianamma Ofuokwu, AKA Soowrites, writes stories about people with skin like hers and who sound like her. She leans into the horror and family genres and has a soft spot for sad stories. She dissects the human condition in her stories and does not shy away from controversial topics.

Sophia likes to think she has a good sense of humour, albeit a dark one, and a presence that can light up the room, but that could as well be her version of staring into the river and admiring her features.

Pepper? Again? is the product of a one-year project in 2023 where Sophia published a flash fiction piece every Sunday on Facebook. She has long pulled the pieces from her Facebook page, a move she now regrets whenever she visits her Google Drive and sees drafts upon drafts of nice stories condemned to oblivion.

When she's not writing blog posts on her website, soowrites.com, Sophia can be found reading, watching YouTubes, or taking unnecessarily long naps.