



I slept in her apartment that day and somehow it felt awkward sleeping next to a girl that hated Men. Plus the stupid headache didn't even let me sleep so I let my brain wander... That night at Preston Hotel, Lami didn't Kiss me like someone who does not feel anything for boys and I was yet to even see her get close to a single female friend. Something was wrong somewhere, and she didn't even answer the question of being gay, she just gave an excuse for being gay. At about 2am, while she was still sleeping, she started talking in her sleep. It was so funny I forgot about my headache for some minutes. Then she woke up and threatened to kill me for recording her mutterings.

I had two more papers to write and Mum never stopped telling me to pray for the contract she was going to finalize in Abuja, it was her own way of making me go with her without actually making it obvious. About four days to the day, she called to ask how my exams had been and before she hung up, she told me that my Grandfather had been nominated for a post humus award by the SilverBird group which was somehow awesome. She asked how far I had read for my Saturday paper. You know when they say that liars must have good memories? Well it is true, I told her I had no paper on Saturday, forgetting that I said otherwise some weeks back. Cut the short story a bit shorter, I was to be in Abuja the coming Saturday.

Actually, when I checked the calendar, I regretted not remembering my initial lie. It was on 23rd May, Miriam's birthday. We had spoken on the phone the previous day and she said she wanted to celebrate her 19th Birthday in a totally different way, Lami had suggested I ask to take her out and I did, not like ask her out for the relationship ish sha, more like take her out on her Birthday and guess what? Miriam accepted, only if she gets to pay the bills.

Devil, na liar you be I swear!

I called Lami immediately I noticed the coincidence and after explaining everything, Lami said: "I can't believe I am doing this, can you ummm get two tickets to Abuja?"

"You have exams that day, you want to come?" I asked.



“No dummy... I mean for you and your crush,” she said.

“She is not my crush you ninny!” I cursed.

“Yeah Right! Are we arguing or looking for a solution?”

I called Mum to ask if I could come with a friend and she was like; “Well, I wanted you to be my husband for the day, I won’t mind sharing you though, just make sure she is one of those two girls.” Give it up for the only woman I get to play a son and husband to. I had a paper the following day which happened to be on a Thursday. After the exam, I made necessary arrangements for the coming Saturday. Lami practically did everything, we went strolling around school that evening and umm... nothing that I remember happened from Thursday to Friday night. Probably because I was so focused on Saturday I had forgotten about things around me. Oh! I called Mum that Friday and told her to get whatever wears she thought would be fit for a princess for the occasion.

On the eve to Miriam’s birthday, Lami decided to spend the night at my grandpa’s house with me just to finalize the plan and so she could study for her paper. We were in the sitting room talking and a pillow fight broke out, Pillow fight is one of the few fights I have ever been in, aside twitter and instagram fights. I was lying on the rug and Lami was on top of me, I turned her over with an intention to fight back with the pillow on my hands but my eyes met hers and for the first time in three days, I could see Lami. She froze and then my hands let go of whatever it was holding. The answer to the question that was on my mind was right there, even though I wasn’t wearing glasses, I could see it, and I felt stupid.