

ODD
FAMILY
OUT

Also by Nick Nwaogu

The Almost Kiss

NICK NWAOGU



ODD FAMILY OUT



South Carolina

If you purchased this book without a cover you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as 'unsold and destroyed' to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this 'stripped book'.

Createspace Publishing, an Amazon.com, Inc. Company.
4900 LaCross Road,
North Charleston, SC 29406,
United States of America.
www.createspace.com

This book is a work of fiction. Any references to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. Other names, characters, places, and events are products of the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or events or places or business establishments, is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 2017 by Nick Nwaogu.
Cover Design © 2017 by Canva.

For more information about the author, visit his official website at: www.nwaogu.com.

All rights reserved. Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part, in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the written permission of the author or the publisher.

For more information, address Createspace, 4900 LaCross Road, North Charleston, SC 29406, United States of America.

Createspace paperback edition February 2017.
Also available in large print, hardcover and e-book.

Createspace is a division of Amazon.com, Inc.

Odd Family Out has been made available to online and offline retailers such as Amazon and Barnes & Noble, and to distributors such as Ingram, Baker & Taylor, and NACSCORP.

For information about bulk purchases, please contact Createspace at 1-843-760-8199 or visit www.createspace.com

Printed in the United States of America.
ISBN 978-1-5432-1683-7 (paperback)

‘Good stories... loved the details.’ —*Bonnie Flach*

‘Well crafted, enthralling and yet haunting.’ —*Mezie Emenike*

‘I love the narrative, the twist, suspense, and change in time and event. It felt so real. Heart thumping and beautiful.’ —*Cee Oob*

‘The story is real and engaging, and the author’s writing style is impressive.’ —*Summer Unachukwu*

‘So interesting and romantic I love it.’ —*Golden Gift*

‘The heavens are in love with this story. This is so beautiful, lovely and perfect. Couldn’t believe I almost cried.’ —*Vera Chinedo*

‘I’m short of words. This is a masterpiece. I enjoyed every bit of it. Fantastic, spectacular, superb and breathtaking.’ —*Abiel Azub*

‘Full of suspense and action.’ —*Jacinta Obi*

‘There is so much to say. This makes me speechless. Wonderful and lovely.’ —*Whitney Cleopatra*

‘I read a lot so I know a good writer. This book is well-written, with a nice plot.’ —*Lois Moses*

‘All these beautiful words packed in one book.’ —*Chinelo Akorab*

‘The story is just perfect. Quite captivating, unpredictable and beautiful. An excellent piece.’ —*Tobi Cruz*

‘Nick is blessed with a beautiful gift. He never ceases to amaze me.’ —*Blessing Inneze*

‘This is awesome. I can’t stop myself from reading again and again. Excellent and superb.’ —*Faith Ogu*

‘Mind-blowing story. Splendid!’ —*Godwin Charles Ifeanyi Okonkwo*

‘Nick’s works are always admirable.’ —*Ify Nnabor*

‘This is so amazing and fantastic Nick is a genius.’ —*Obo dozie Olivia*

‘This is more than great. I’m short of words. A very nice piece.’ —*Chidinma Splendor*

‘Nick is a talented writer. He never stops amazing me. I’m out of words. This is the best of the best.’ —*Violab Chantelle Jeptoo*

‘Nick has a talent.’ —*Chienyem Essai*

‘So captivating.’ —*Humphrey Rono*

‘Awesomely awesome. Nick is a gem.’ —*Olopade Tosin Lola*

Forthcoming Novel



Lagos Through His Eyes
A Novel by Nick Nwaogu

Ambitious *Nnenna* leaves Enugu for Lagos, seeking independence. Sadly, life in Lagos isn't the buzz she heard of while growing up. Few days after arriving to the city, she meets Segun at an elite party where she serves food and drinks.

Although Segun's father is filthy rich and excessively connected, Segun isn't the type of man *Nnenna* wants to end up with. Apart from acting immature and completely unfocused, he is Muslim and Yoruba, and every possible thing she never wants in her man. Without her wish or will, life brings them closer and closer each passing day and she eventually falls in love with his many flaws as she is introduced to the beautiful city of Lagos through his glaring eyes.

Someone once told me that fame corrupts good minds.

On that note, I'll like to dedicate this book to everyone that achieved greatness and remained humble afterwards.

You all have my respect.

Dear Reader,

Odd Family Out is a collection of twenty-five short stories I wrote during the last months of 2015 and the early months of 2016. It's a fine blend of love, new-beginnings, comedy, lust, heartbreak, betrayal, and religion. Every chapter introduces a new member of my fictional family and takes you through a brief journey of the life they've lived. With contrasting personalities, *Odd Family Out* tells the exciting stories of how an extended family, individually, pursued happiness in their own way.

This book leaves you with many unanswered questions dancing in your thought. You'll be left to tell the rest of the story in your own words. Do you want a happy-ever-after ending or do you want something ordinary that seems fitting and feasible in a real world? Let's take a look at Stacy. Will she have the guts to bring a stop to Darren's wedding and profess her love for him before everyone and before his bride-to-be, which happens to be a friend as well? Will God answer little Vivi's prayer and subject Mister Kwashima to a three-day coma, so little Vivi could make new friends at school? Will Mandy ever feel loved and wanted in this harsh-cold-bleak world? Will Tessa take things with Ethan to a whole different level? Will Jane regret kissing Martin on her wedding day to Stanley? Will Nnenna's heart be broken like every other girl who dares dating for the first time? Has Rose truly developed romantic feelings for a man who she should only have an affair with?

I will leave you to read the stories for yourself, and decide which path the rest of the story takes.

*With love,
Nick*

Appreciation



I will like to thank everyone that made my first book *'The Almost Kiss'* a resounding success. You all gave me the courage to put this book together. Without your invaluable contribution towards my growth as a writer, this book wouldn't have seen the light of day.

Without further ado, I would like to thank my publisher and my distributors who made sure that *'The Almost Kiss'* is now available everywhere books are sold.

I will also like to thank all the media outlets, including *'Broadway World'* who have published news of my work.

I will like to thank all the author-reader online communities that allowed me to share excerpts from my book with hundreds of other authors and thousands of potential readers.

Specifically, I will like to thank:

Wattpad,

Goodreads,

Cowbird,

Quotev,

Fiction Pad,

Deviant Art,

Medium,

Figment,

Fan Fiction,

Authors Den,

Savvy Authors,

and *Writers Café.*

You all have been amazing.

Thanks for your wonderful services towards to the continuous spread of knowledge through books.

For *Bonnie Flach*: Thank you for reading the *The Almost Kiss*, and for your kind words afterwards.

For *Free-eBooks*: Thanks for featuring *The Almost Kiss* in your *'Editor's Choice'* list. I know it's a very short weekly list of not more than a dozen books, so I'm indeed grateful for distinguishing my work from a list of over a thousand great books.

Thank you!

E dupe!

Na gode!

Daalu!

Nick Nwaogu
February 2017

Chapters



1	✿ Mother.....	13
2	✿ Me.....	17
3	✿ Auntie Stacy.....	21
4	✿ My Second Cousin, Adaeze.....	27
5	✿ My Half-Sister, Vivi.....	33
6	✿ My Sister, Sasha.....	37
7	✿ My First Cousin, Dera.....	41
8	✿ Auntie Florence.....	45
9	✿ My Cousin, Michelle.....	49
10	✿ My Half-Brother, Eddy.....	53
11	✿ My Big-Sister, Amaka.....	59
12	✿ My Cousin, Bella.....	65
13	✿ My Baby Sister, Mandy.....	71
14	✿ My Big Brother, Ethan.....	77
15	✿ Uncle Free.....	83
16	✿ Uncle Martin.....	89
17	✿ My Sister, Nnenna.....	97
18	✿ My Distant Relative, Rose.....	103
19	✿ My Wife, Mary Joy.....	109
20	✿ My Cousin, Nneka.....	115
21	✿ Grandma.....	121
22	✿ Uncle Chuchu.....	125
23	✿ Grandpa.....	129
24	✿ Father.....	133
25	✿ My Baby Brother, Alfred.....	139

1



Mother

I always knew I came from a very odd family. There was mother—too short, too old-fashion, too simple, and too intelligent for a woman with no University education.

There was something special about her, something irreplaceable she had—something rare and difficult to identify, but it was there. She never dressed up nicely, except on Sundays, when going to church. She never wore make-up or earrings no matter the occasion. She had three big boxes filled with expensive clothes and jewelries, but she prefer wearing the cheap ones she hung in the closet. She never begged when she lacked—she preferred to suffer in silence. Mom was a woman who loves to make it on her steam—she loved the sound of the words ‘self-made woman’, and always told my sister *Amaka* how important it was for her to go to school and achieve something she could call her own. Mother never even asked my dad for money—she was a feminist. She never ate anything fried, cold or spicy—she was very selective in the foods she ate, the words she spoke, the friends she kept, the dreams she nurtured, the prayers she said, and the steps she took.

Mother had no role-model and no fashion icon—she invented her own style, and often she was very controversial and unwelcoming of external thoughts. She cared very little about the way people perceived her. She would lock herself in a world of hers, and did things as she pleased. Mom was very religious—too religious I may say. She changed churches like bedsheets—and still does. No one knew the name of the church she will attend next Sunday—she always surprised us with something new. I really didn’t understand what she was looking for, or what she was asking God for, that made her changed her faith that much. Maybe she was trying to taste them all, or maybe she didn’t want to run away from something she didn’t clearly understand, so she explored. But there was something I admired so much about her—mom was always happy and contented with what life gave her. She never asked for more.

She spoke three languages fluently—English, Igbo, and Yoruba. Some neighbors thought she was Yoruba, while others thought she was Igbo. She was like a chameleon—always able to blend into any crowd she found herself within. Mom was strict, but not like other moms. She would get mad over little things, and ignore the bigger things. I couldn’t clearly understand her principles, because she was overly spontaneous with her judgements. She was always busy, even after her retirement several years ago. Though she never worked formally after retiring, mom would always engage herself with something—petty trading, church fellowshiping, or cooking. We never liked mom’s cooking because she never fried a thing—she was aware of this little fact but never changed.

Mom was a beauty when she was younger, but after retirement, she never cared about her appearance. All her focus fell upon her children—and I don’t know how exactly that made me feel. I would appreciate her simple nature when I see other moms taking good care of themselves and ignoring their children. But I would detest her simple nature when my friends from school came around. Mother never wanted to earn a lot of money, so she never prayed for it. She would only pray for long life and happiness, and thank God for the little she had. She was happy as long as she met her needs, and the wants of her children. Mother had no wants. She was too simple for my liking.

2



Me

And there was me—too short that I had to stand in the front row of every family photograph. I was short in the midst of short people—life could never get any worse.

I had the lowest point of view since I always saw things from the bottom. Everybody could see the top of my head—and so they all treated me with contempt. I could only approach girls half my age, so I never brought any girl home. Mom thought I was disciplined, but the truth is that I was deprived. Mother was always very happy— maybe because I helped her save a lot of money since I never grew as fast as normal kids. I could wear one cloth size for years, and all my old clothes still fitted perfectly. I hated races, because no matter how fast I ran, normal kids will always stay ahead of me. I found the word dwarf really offensive, but there was not one better synonym in the dictionary. Midget? Pygmy? Manikin? Homunculus? They all sounded worse to me, so I had to accept my fate. I always preferred to say I was low, rather than short. Low sounded somewhat lenient to me.

I loved coming to school late because I hated morning assemblies so much. I hate whoever invented that. Why would you line kids up according to their height? What are you trying to prove? Why must the short come first, and not the other way round? It's a queue—whoever comes first to the assembly ground should stay first in line. Common sense dictates that. You see, I always got used to staying in front of queues that I often didn't wait my turn when buying stuff from the grocery store. I would simply walk to the front of the queue, and this always did put me in trouble. Everybody could literally pick me up and put me down. I attended a military school, and we crawled on our knees for hundreds of meters as punishment for coming late to school, but I preferred that to staying in line for morning assemblies. Just as short as I was, was just as noisy as I was. I needed some cover to make as much noise as I needed to. I wasn't talkative—I simply had too much intelligence up in my head that I always had a brilliant idea to share with everyone at all times. Everybody could see me during assemblies because I was shorter than everything that drew breath. Even during my senior years in school, if I lined up with the juniors, I would still come first. Yes I know—I was that short. Don't rub it in.

You see, my father was short, and my mother was short too. So was my grandparents, and my great grandparents—I come from a long lineage of short men and women—not one of us was above five feet. We were as tall as the Chinese. I know that sounded racist, but that will only be true if I was tall, so you see, being short has its own privileges. Everybody in my lineage were either dumb or ignorant. It was like they all skipped the Biology class that dealt with heredity. And mother would always brag on how much she aced her biology exams, and I would always sit down, stare at her and wonder. Not one of my ancestor was tall, and they all married themselves—short people. Mother fed me with a lot of beans, red meat, and vegetables, but what's written is written—and it's written: 'a child will definitely be short if both parents are.' Even Jesus can't help me on that one. There's a difference between a miracle, and something impossible. A miracle is not impossible—just merely unlikely.

I was very brilliant. I always topped every class in school. Ask my mom, I graduated top of my class. But whenever I tell someone about something they do not know, I can always see that look on their face—that look of contempt, like they find it difficult to take an advice or accept a knowledge from a little child. Do I look little to you? It's true that whenever I sit down to have breakfast, my feet never touches the ground, and my legs swing like that of a little boy, but I always looked on the bright side of everything, just as mother did. I don't need to ever worry about buying a car. I could just save up the money for something better, since I wouldn't be able to ride one if I ever did buy one.

3



Auntie Stacy

‘You’ve got this, girl!’ Encouraged Auntie’s best friend, Stacy, winking a hazel eye at her. Auntie was thirty-seven and unmarried, and every wedding reminded her of this. Auntie peered through the wooden structure as Stacy linked arms with her father, behind her. A tug of jealousy peddled in her heart, but she quickly pushed it away. Soon, it would be her turn to shine. Auntie Patricia was one of Stacy’s bridesmaids. Lilian and Katherine, the two other bridesmaids, gave Auntie some quick words of bravery before they slipped out the door.

The old familiar wedding tune played as Stacy walked down the aisle. It was loud and happy, and it definitely made Auntie’s spirit rise. She wondered absently who was playing the piano. They were good. The pure white color of Stacy’s wedding dress, and the bright lights immediately blinded her eyes, and she blinked. Her mother must have thought she was crying, because she burst out in tears, holding a frilly, white handkerchief to her glistening eyes. Auntie bit her lip and immediately revolted within. Her bright red lipstick might look glamorous, but it tasted like crap. She realized then that Stacy was already halfway across the aisle, then she glanced up at the groom—a man she secretly loved and wanted.

As soon as she did, she wished she hadn’t. He was handsome as ever—his black hair slicked back and his big, brown eyes shining with joy. His skin looked slightly brighter than usual against the white background, and his tuxedo fitted him just right. Guilt bit a hole in her heart, and she flinched slightly. Remembering that she should look over-the-top happy, she forced a wide smile onto her unnaturally red lips. Stacy waved briskly at her, and Auntie slightly nodded back in return. Stacy looked dazzling in her puffy white wedding dress. She looked better than Auntie did, and Auntie sadly knew it. Auntie glanced down at her tight, strapless orange dress. Even while Stacy wore a wedding dress that looked like something the Queen of England would have worn a thousand years ago, she still looked breathtaking than Auntie did in a dress not appropriate for the church. Not that Auntie cared much. This wedding was entirely not in her best of interests.

Paula, Auntie’s little niece and the little flower girl, skipped out of the way as they threw their final handful of pink petals. They were at the altar. Already? So soon? This was going by far too quickly for Auntie. Lilian and Katherine smiled at Auntie, their orbs bright with anticipation. Stacy mouthed ‘Good job’ to Auntie. Auntie dipped her head curtly to her, and turned stiffly away. Auntie’s father smiled at her, tears dripping down his face. He knew the agony Auntie was going through, just as her mother knew. Almost everybody in the hall knew the agony Auntie hid behind those unconvincing smile. ‘Take care of my daughter, Darren.’ Stacy’s father said. Stacy’s soon-to-be husband nodded quickly. ‘I couldn’t do anything else.’ Darren chuckled. These words broke Auntie’s heart into a zillion pieces, and burnt its remains in flames. Stacy’s father nodded and wiped away a few tears before shuffling to his seat beside Stacy’s mother and sister.

Auntie felt Darren’s black-brown orbs on her face, but she averted her own gaze. She still didn’t know if she was doing the right thing by not telling him how she felt all these years. She felt Darren’s strong hand tighten around Stacy’s, like it was hers, and she stepped forward a bit, like she wanted to throw a fist at Stacy. The bishop smiled at the couples, and flicked open his bible. ‘Hello.’ Darren whispered to Stacy out of the corner of his mouth. ‘You look quite lovely this evening.’ He chuckled at his own joke, and Auntie could barely manage to radiate a smile. ‘Yes. Um. Hi. Y-you too.’ Stacy stuttered in return. Stacy’s whisper wasn’t very secretive and the bishop flashed a glare at her before continuing his speech. Auntie hadn’t even been listening to what the bishop was saying. Her attention was tied around Stacy and Darren, and lurking around, trying to pick up any conversation going on between the pair.

After a few painful minutes of the bishop’s speaking, he ordered the couples to turn and face each other. Auntie gulped back her fear and twisted stiffly sideways so that she could see Darren’s face and mouth perfectly. And that’s when he saw her. She hoped that if he saw her, he would want to change his mind. That’s why she accepted to be Stacy’s bridesmaid. ‘Stupid me!’ She yelled silently at herself.

Auntie might have been Stacy’s Maid of Honor, but Darren was Auntie’s best friend before Stacy came along. Auntie introduced Stacy to Darren while they were in the University. Unable to tell Darren how

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

