

I am not easily swept off my feet, but this story is different;  
intriguing, compelling and full of lessons. I am impressed  
OLU 'FUNTO, New York

# Whisperers



P . P O S I T I V E



# WHISPERERS

This book  
is a **gift** to

\_\_\_\_\_  
You

from

\_\_\_\_\_  
The Author

on the occasion of

\_\_\_\_\_  
A Brand New Discovery

date

\_\_\_\_\_  
18th April, 2012

# W H I S P E R E R S

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# DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to  
EVERYONE  
who has experienced domestic violence  
or is currently experiencing it.  
May you find the courage to  
BREAK FREE.



# appreciation

My sincere appreciation goes to

Olu 'Funto and Kemi Catalyst Otuyemi

YOUR CAREFUL EYES HELPED ENSURE THIS WORK IS ERROR FREE.

Amaka Nwaobi

YOU ENCOURAGED ME TO DEFINE MY WRITING STYLE.

NYSC Ebonyi state

YOU GAVE ME AN OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE

AND BE A PART OF THE SOLUTION.

God Almighty

YOU MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO CONVERT

MY THOUGHTS INTO THIS BOOK.

# — | THE STORY BEGINS | —

Most children go to God with series of prayer requests, asking for toys, clothes and many other things. But, for many years, I had just one prayer request,

'God deliver me from my father'

My mother was my angel but she had one fundamental flaw -She was long suffering, too long suffering and very forgiving.

For as long as I could remember, my father would pick up fights with my mother. He would throw punches and slaps, leaving her with scars and bruises. From an early childhood, I had learnt the meaning of tyranny, I had to, I lived with a tyrant.



My younger sister and I would cry beside our mother, with tears in her eyes she would try to comfort us, and then gently whisper,

'Your father will change one day'

My father was indeed a wolf in sheep's clothing, there is a saying that if you live with wolves you would learn to howl. That saying may be true for many people but not for my mother. Years went by but she didn't learn to howl, she didn't learn to fight back, she just whispered, she just prayed.

'Chineke biko zam ekpele, God please answer my prayers'

Perhaps she was too scared; maybe, just maybe it was because of us - her children. She repeatedly whispered to us,

'I must remain in this marriage because of you my children'

Sometimes, I could hear in her voice that she wanted to give up. She had become like an eagle confined to a small cage but presented with the view of the mountain side.

I watched in disdain as my father would treat my mother like dirt and worse still, he looked like he couldn't hurt a fly.

I hated when people described my father as ; A gentle man, a handsome man, a good father, a God fearing person and the likes.

Sometimes, I felt like telling them who my father truly was; a snake, a wife beater, a drunk and a con artist. But they wouldn't believe me; after all I was just a child.

On one occasion, my mother got to the church with bruises on her face. The pastor was concerned and enquired to know the cause. She initially tried to cover up but the pastor insisted until she told him that she had been beaten by my father and, it wasn't his first time.

Pastor was angry and sad, more angry than sad. He called a few of the church elders and they too were very disappointed with my father. They immediately sent for my father and he came dressed in false-remorse and pseudo-righteousness.

'Brother Titus, this behaviour is not expected of a born again christian'

Pastor began.



The pastor and the elders didn't mince words of their disappointment; my father wasn't defensive at all.

'I admit I was wrong to have beaten my wife' he began.

Then he promised that it would not happen again. He didn't try to defend his actions, he just admitted and apologised but he then added,

'Na devil work no bi ordinary eye'.

His performance that day was very convincing; it could fetch him an award at the oscars. I stood outside, close to the office, and I heard everything. I was also fooled to think he had changed. But, my mother knew better, 'the church people' had just added more fuel to a wild fire.

That evening, my father removed his belt and beat my mother blue and black. He dropped the belt and pounded her to a pulp, he was careful not to place a bruise on her face.

He then threatened her,

'If you ever report me to anybody again, I will kill you and your useless girls'

My mother was too scared to even cry, I peeped through the key hole to look at what had become of my mother. I hated the 'wife beater' even more.

That night, my mother cried in whispers, I saw her tears and I cried too.  
Many questions ran through my head,  
'Was my father a woman beater before he married my mother ?'  
'Did she know about his habits ?'  
'Why did she marry him ?'  
'Why is he my father ?'

Many questions, but I couldn't find the right answers. I just sat beside my mother and cried.  
She held my hand, wiped her tears, wiped my tears, and then whispered,  
'Everything will be alright'

I believed her, I had to, she was my mother and I loved her.

Two weeks later, my mother died.

My father told everybody that she died after a brief illness but I knew better. She died from the inhuman treatment she received from my father, and, it



wasn't a brief period. She had been suffering for as long as I could remember.

Months went by and my mother was becoming a memory, but, her whispers sounded louder in my ears. She spent so many years whispering I always wondered why she didn't speak up, fight back or just walk away.

One night, my father came into the house with a 'strange woman'. That night, I heard sounds, the kind of sounds my father and mother used to make when they were not fighting with each other.

Giggles, laughs and then the squeaking of the bed. There were a couple of soft groans now and then, this was followed by silence, and the 'bedminton' was over.

That was how he started, every other night; he came home with a different woman. He drank more and he smelt of confusion and folly.

I hated him, I hated him so much, but, I was just a little girl so I had to whisper. I held my younger sister close and whispered the same words my mother whispered to me,  
'Everything will be alright'

I spoke the words, but I didn't believe it. I hated my father and I didn't believe that anything good would come from him being my father.

One day, he came into the house drunk and surprisingly, he didn't come home with a 'hand bag'. That night, he touched me.

It wasn't the usual father-daughter kind of touch, it was soft and tender but it was wrong. Although I was quite young, I knew enough to know that he was 'smooching' me. I couldn't shout, I just whispered,

'Daddy, what are you doing?'

'Nothing'

He replied.

That night, he stopped before he went too far, I was scared, confused but didn't have anybody to tell.

My father didn't stop; he continued to come closer to me. Initially, it was nice to receive some attention from my father but soon he started to touch me in 'places', I began to get scared, I hated him.

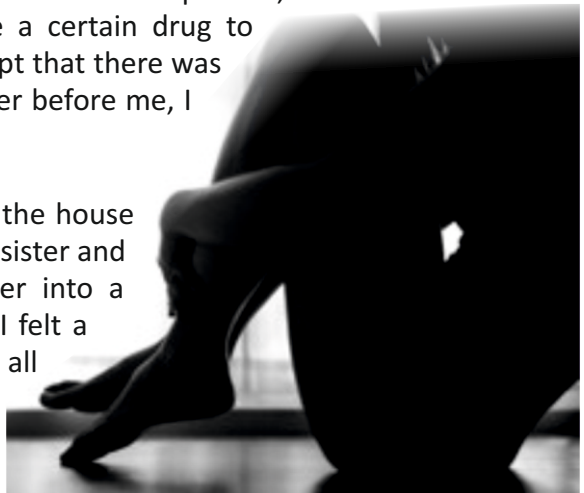
I cried for help but nobody came to rescue me. He took off my cloth and, in a wicked manner, he raped me. I cried and cried but there was nobody to

give me a shoulder to lean on. It was as though he was possessed by an evil spirit. The sound system was blasting louder than my cry for help.

Then, he threatened me,  
'If you tell anybody about what happened, I will kill you and your sister, is that clear?'

I was beginning to understand what had just happened. I had been introduced to the kind of hell that my mother found herself, the kind of hell where you shout in whispers. I was too scared to ask for help or speak to anybody about what was going on in my father's house. It continued unabated, every other night he would rape me, threaten me and then give me a certain drug to swallow. I was beginning to accept that there was no use crying, just like my mother before me, I had learnt to just whisper.

One night, my father came into the house drunk as usual. He took my little sister and decided it was time to turn her into a woman. I went mad with rage, I felt a sudden urge to protect her at all cost. I was ready to let out hell then, he shut the door locking in



my younger sister who kept calling for help,  
'Sister T! Help me!'

I felt a need to rush in and save her from the devil that fathered me. But then, I remembered his threat and what became of our mother. My mother couldn't report to our relatives because they wouldn't believe her and my father would deal with her mercilessly, so, I didn't think I had a place to turn to.

When my sister eventually came out of the 'torture chamber', everything had changed; my sister wasn't crying, she was too scared to cry. That night I knew something terrible had happened to her, I couldn't figure it out but I was tired of whispering.

The television was on and I was fortunate to watch 'Moments with Mo'. The guest on the show was talking about domestic violence and he focused on child molestation, rape and abusive relationships.

He spoke with so much calm and charisma and it was difficult to miss his passion on the subject.

'The statistics are daunting,' he began

‘Domestic violence in Nigeria is on the up and up. 50% of women have been battered by their husbands. Shockingly, more educated women (65%) are in this terrible situation as compared with their low income counterparts (55%). Most endure, believing they have nowhere to go and in any case, believing, for good reason, that the law will not protect them (a staggering 97.2% of them are not prepared to report to the Nigeria Police). Only 4 states of the Federation (Lagos is one of them)’

he went on to emphasize by counting his fingers,

‘only ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR states of the federation have passed laws against the insidious crime, whilst several Bills against it languish in our male-dominated National Assembly. Of the states that have passed it, the law is yet to be fully tested. Only recently in Lagos State, a 29 year old banker, Titilayo Arowolo, was killed by her husband, Akolade, in a most gruesome manner.’

he stopped talking briefly to look at the shocked host, then he continued

‘Before that, the scandalous story of wife battering by the Nigerian High Commissioner to Kenya, Dr. Wilcox Wigwe and the Deji of Akure, Adesina Adepoju now deposed, who engaged his Olori, Olori Bolanle, (now deceased) in a public brawl made the rounds, thus bringing the issue of

spousal abuse once again to the front burner.’

He paused briefly to catch his breath and ensure that he was still communicating, then he continued.

‘More that 35% of female are sexually harassed in their childhood, a growing number of rape cases go unreported daily and many women live in abusive relationship but are too scared to speak up about it or simply walk away.’

He also spoke about a domestic help who was raped by her employer. The domestic help took the case to court but rather than receive justice, she was placed behind bars. She was charged for libel.

In another instance, a teenage girl was raped by her uncle. The mother of the girl took the case to court but after a few ups and downs the case was throw out, the judge claimed that there was lack of corroboration. (There was no witness to the crime)

He explained that the psychological effect of these acts remains with the victim of this domestic violence for many years and it gradually affects their relationship with the opposite sex much later in life.



I found myself loving this man's genuine passion for young girl like myself. He understood the kind of hell I called my father's house. Mo, the host of the TV show, was also thrilled by her guest and she went on to announce his contact information.

'That is all we can take on today's edition of the program, please join us same time next week', she said

The programme ended but not before I took down his phone number. I said a quick prayer,  
'Lord God, please let this be our deliverer'

That night, I dialled his number but his assistant picked the call. I began to explain all that had happened and she quickly asked,  
'Would you still be with this phone in 15minutes, I want Mr. Ernest to return your call personally'

'Yes, I would try to be with the phone'  
I replied, trying very hard not to sound too scared or excited.  
I quickly put the phone on vibrate mode and waited for his call. Within 10 minutes, the phone vibrated,

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