

Why i killed myself

a rape victim

a broken home

a depressed girl

Anne Adefesobi



Why I Killed Myself

Fictional Novella

By **Anne Adefesobi**

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95% real

Dedicated to Baby Joan

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Chapter one

I was only five years old when I tasted the cruelty of this world. On that day, my mom had left me with a brother, a neighbor. I have no idea or whatever about when and why she left me with him but I remembered clearly that the next time I saw her was the next day.

That night, the brother served me beans, which I ate with maximum pleasure. It wasn't the first time he would serve me food, so I felt at home in his room.

But we weren't alone. There was another brother in the room. He also was my neighbor. On that night, there was no electricity in the neighborhood, so the only light in the room was a small, blacked globe lantern which light was dimmed.

The brother, I meant the one mom left me with later told us that he had to see someone down the street and with that he left us alone. But I wasn't worried because it wasn't my first time staying with the other neighbor too.

I continued eating my beans but strange things started happening not long after he left. The first thing that happened was that the lantern was turned down until there was nothing but darkness in the room and before I could ask the second neighbor what was happening, he carried me from the couch where I was quietly eating my beans and laid me down on the cold cemented floor.

I had no idea about what he was doing and he silenced me before I could even open my mouth. He started working on his trouser but still I had no idea. Maybe if I had known, maybe I would have saved myself and maybe I would have saved my life. But I guessed it was my fate. I guessed it was what was written about me, Joan.

He took of my clothes and stared hurting me. He was trying to penetrate me but I wasn't calming down. I was telling him to stop, that it was painning me but he yielded to me not and later forced his way in

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahh" I screamed. I couldn't believe that there could be anything as painful as this. But I should have known that it was only the foundation of every other pains I would have.

I started telling him to stop. I started begging him to stop but he was not listening and he continued to hurt me. And when I realized that I was planning to stop, I started calling the only person I knew could save me.

"My mommy! Help me! My mommy! Help me!" I started screaming which made him to start hitting me.

Thwack, right side. Thwack, left side... "Keep shut" but I wasn't listening. How could he expects me to keep shut if he was hurting me this badly? How could he expects me to keep calm?

"My mommy! Save her! My mommy! Save me!..."

But mom didn't came. I guessed she was far away and had no idea that something that something bad was happening to he daughter. But still, I didn't give up, I still called her name with the thought hope that she was going to save me and I knew you too wouldn't have given up if you were in my shoe.

I was hurt from the tip of my hair's to my toes. Every part of me was arching. I do not want the pain. I wanted it to go away but it seems impossible. I quizzed my eyes and took in fresh pain as it was rushing through my veins. I was just a five years old Joan, who knew nothing.

Thankfully, he later stopped, stood up and went to the window side and took a dirty cloth underneath the lowest window blade and cleaned some whitish thing that we're coming from him.

I was week and I thought it was over but I should have seen it coming the second time and I should have ran. But I was stupid and was still on the cold cemented

floor tiredly. He came at me again and started all over. This time, it was worse than the first one and I thought I was going to die with the pain I was feeling.

"My mommy! Save me!..." I started screaming all over again. She was the only one I had. She was the only one I knew who could save me but she was far away from home and never heard my cries.

At one time, I opened my eyes and that was when I realized that I wasn't utterly alone, that there was someone else in the room. I opened my eyes widely and really looked at him. He was outside the window and he was looking at me straight in the eyes. He was mocking me for my weakness and his mockery doubled my pain. Right in front of my eyes, outside the window was the half moon. He was half was through the room and I was in his full view because I was very close to the window.

"Save me! Save me!" I don't care whether he was mocking me or not, all I knew was that I wanted the pain to end. I wanted it gone but the half moon only shook his head and mocked me more. And that was the beginning of my hatred toward the half moon. He neither saved me nor tell the whole world what really happened to me. Everybody thought the moon was great but I knew better because he had shown me his real identity.

He stopped once again, stood up and went to the window side in order to clean the liquid and this time around I wanted to run. I tried to get up but I couldn't because none of my body part was functioning. So, in short, I was still on the cold cemented floor with horror fully written all over my face. I bit my tongue and felt metal.

He came once more and started all over and this time around, I knew I was going to die for real. I was sure I was going to die and I also wanted to die, if death would stope from hurting.

"My mommy! Save me!" I tried screaming again but my voice was betraying me. It had started fading into thin air and I started closing up my eyes because there was nothing left for me but death.

Knock. Knock.

My eyes fled opened with hope. Was someone really knocking or had I imagined it?

Knock. Knock.

Someone was knocking on the door but he was not answering and continued to hurt. And with one more last look at the last moon, my eyes closed.

"Joan, don't worry. Everything is going to be okay" someone whispered.

Someone was bathing me inside mom's bathroom but I don't know who he was. I actually suspected that it was the brother mom left me with, but I won't say he was the one until I have a very strong prove. I wanted to tell the person what happened to me. I wanted to let him know someone hurt me but my mouth refused to move. And the next thing I knew, I woke on my bed the next day.

I had no idea why I wasn't in school the next day. Did mom suspected that I was sick or was it Saturday? But I suspected the latter.

I woke up the next day on my bed. Mom was no where to be found but I knew where to find her. So I got up and started making my way to the kitchen.

The house was a face to face, one story building which had a very wide and long passageway and the last room on each side was the kitchen. So, I had to pass through the passageway before getting to the kitchen. But half way through the passageway, I met the person that hurt me and went rigid instantly.

Was he going to hurt me? Would he hurt me in front of mommy? I had no idea. So, I just stood there unable to move and went cold the moment he bent down and looked at me in the eyes.

"I'm going to kill you the moment you tell anyone about what happened last night, including your mom and dad" he threatened with the most scariest face I had ever seen in my entire life.

I shook my head and ran to the kitchen the moment I knew he was gone but told Mom nothing. I was scared. I was scared of being killed. I believed his threat and denied myself justice.

Chapter two

My name was Joan. I was the first child and daughter of my family and I had two sisters- Juliana and Juliet respectively. We left the house not long after because everyone was told to pack out.

We packed into a conducive flat, where I started living my life again and that was where I met Daniella and Kenneth. Daniella and Kenneth were siblings and how their relationship tightened because their mother and my mom knew each other.

Daniella was a year older than me in age but I was her a year senior in school. She became my friend- my first friend and she started advising me to join her sex group when I was seven but I always turned her down. At this age, I knew what it meant to have sex and I knew the sacrifice I had to pay for it and so, I always turned her down with a capital *NO*.

Something was off, I had seen Daniella and a group, having sex in front of me several times and they had never screamed in pain whenever they were at it. So when I was eight, with their help I said yes and had my first ever sex.

The boy had wanted to stay at the top, but I said *no* and instead stayed at the top. I wouldn't allow anyone to hurt me again. What if he turned out to be like him.

That was how my sex life started and I always enjoyed them. It was different from the one he had with me and I wished to know the most suitable word for the sex he had with me. And no matter how many sex I had or how many I had them with, the first one was always fresh in my memory. Waking me up at nights and that was the beginning of my problems.

When I was still seven and my second sister was just a toddler, so, I practically played with my first sister. My dad was a very strict, wicked mean, selfish, lousy, ungrateful, annoying, rude, not understanding, not caring, abusive, and hot tempered man. He gave no room for explanations and jumped to conclusions. In short, my father was my *anti*.

There was this time he warned I and Juliana not to play at a nearby school garden but we ignored him and continued to play there.

One day, unfortunately for us, he came home early from office and met us there. It was one of my unforgettable days. He strongly held us and pulled us until we got home and went to his room to get one of his double twisted electricity wires which he always used to beat us.

I stayed at the back and watch in horror as he started beating up my four years old sister with the wires. Mom was at the kitchen entrance, watching everything that was happening but knew she had no strength to defend us even though she wanted to. After what felt like forever, he stopped beating her and turned his face to me.

I was scared. I don't want to be beaten with the wires. I was still nursing the bruise from the last beating and so before he could reach where I was standing, I bailed. I roughly pushed mom out of the kitchen entrance and run as fast as I could. I was scared. I don't want another bruise. I ran out of the compound with the thought that he wouldn't follow me but realized how wrong I was the moment I took a glance at my back. He too had rushed out of the kitchen door and was after me in minutes.

What should I do? How was I going to escape? Different thought and questions started running through my mind but I had no answer to any of it but to run. So, I ran.

I got to Daniella's house and took a right. Daniella wasn't there but her step brothers were. I didn't look at there direction but ran. Because that was the only thing my mind could process at the moment.

"Samuel, how can I double cross her?" I heard dad asked the eldest of Daniella's step brothers.

I waited not for his reply but ran. I ran until I couldn't see him again. I ran until I was hundred percent sure that I was safe. I got to a T-junction and looked left and right. I had no idea of where I was or how I was going to get back home. I stood on a spot to calm myself down and when I thought I should start finding my way home was when I saw dad, running at an high speed from my left side. He was running toward me.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahh" I screamed and started running to my right. I ran as fast as I could and met a Muslim woman, who was covered from head to toes. I don't care whether I could see her face or not. I don't care about who she was and rushed at her. I threw myself at her and started breathing in air heavily.

"Help me! Help me!" I pleaded

Within few seconds, dad too was there and he had started pulling me toward him. I do not want to go. I don't want to be with him alone, so I held more thighter with my other hand to the woman.

"Please sir. Forgive her..." She pleaded

"No" he shouted

"Please..." She later let go of me when she knew that there was nothing she could do to change his mind.

"Ma help me..." I started screaming as dad was dragging me home. I don't want to go home, so, I made sure I wasn't walking with my legs and he too doesn't care. He started dragging my body home.

We we're miles away from home. So practically my legs got peeled as a result of been dragged on a road. He dragged me home and gave me the beaten of my life.

My paternal granny started living with us not long after Juliet was born and took over our lunch and super. Things started falling apart as soon as she started staying with us a. Dad started going to office twice in a week b. Dad stopped giving mom money for food and instead bought everything himself including locust beans c. Dad started complaining about how bad and salty mom's soup were d. Dad and granny started ganging up on Mom.

Granny, whom we called mama was always nice towards us and always gave us bigger things to what mom gave us, which made I and Juliana to prefer her to mom.

There was this time that julliet was sick and made mom and mama to be awake all night. And in the morning, I followed dad out in order to buy bread for

breakfast. There was no bread at the first five shops we went to but thankfully, there was bread at the sixth shop.

There was no small sizes, so dad bought two giant breads instead. We got home and gave the breads to mom but things changed the moment mom saw the breads. She started complaining. She said we should have looked for smaller sizes elsewhere and the complaint went on for like five minutes until dad could not take it anymore.

Mom was backing Juliet, who was sleeping peacefully after a long night and before anyone if we could register what was happening, dad rushed at mom and gave her a heavy punch in the face.

Something cracked.

Mom screamed.

I screamed.

Juliana's eyes widened in horror.

Mama got out of her chair.

He gave her another punch and another and another until mom couldn't take it anymore and rushed to the sitting room, where a giant shelf that mama made in the 60's stood.

Juliet started screaming.

Dad rushed after mom and started beating both mom and Juliet up. Mama told Dad to stop but he ignored her and continued the beating.

I looked up and looked at mama. She was looking pleased even though she told dad to stop. What was wrong with Mama's look? I questioned myself

Dad came out of the back of the shelf and ran to the kitchen. He came out few seconds later with a giant stool that Mama brought with her and raised it up. What was he planning to do with the stool? Was he trying to hit mom with that?

Yes. The answer came instantly and I knew I had to do something before the stool make contact with mom. So without thinking twice, I rushed at him like a mad dog. I rushed at him like a mad dog he made me and pushed him as powerful as I could.

He staggered a little, stabled himself and turned back to look at me. His eyes were bloodshot and I became scared. Would he hit me with the giant stool? I had no idea but before I could move, he dropped the stool with a loud bang and threw me across the room. Physically, it was like pushing but to me, it was like throwing.

My head made a loud boom and I saw stars. My head rang as if I was under a giant bell. My eyes started malfunctioning and I started seeing two shelves. Two Mamas. I wanted to get control of my head but I couldn't help it, so, I stopped trying. He stopped beating her not long after and went inside his room with the whole breads.

Mama followed him to calm him down as everyone thought except me. I and juliana went to get Mom. She was bruised all over and likewise was julliet. Juliana started crying and mom started petting her. I took julliet from her back and started singing her one of the common rhythms.

We ate nothing that morning and the four of us went to Mom's room and held each other until we fell asleep.

Chapter three

There was this time I was in primary three that I got really sick. I complained at home but no one was ready to listen to me.

Dad would say "she is a liar. She is pretending to be sick to dodge her duties" and mama too would add her own version of how lazy I was.

Every afternoon in school, I would go to the school nurse for painkiller pills which were always paracetamol.

After visiting the nurse for everyday in two weeks, she told me not to come again and that I should get myself treated.

Thankfully few days after, Julianna also became sick and Juliet also joined the queue. So in short all of us became sick but still no one did anything about us. It was after I started losing the colours in my eyes that mom took the sickness serious and took the three of us to our insurance hospital.

We got there around 5 in the evening on a motorcycle and joined the queue. We were to be injected that day and start the drug the next day, but something caught my attention before I was injected.

"Do you bring a car with you ma?" The nurse asked Mom but mom pretended not to have heard because I guessed she was ashamed that she had no car.

The nurse shrugged and injected the three of us and I became dizzy the moment the fluid got into my blood. What the fuck was that?

Mom practically dragged us home and made sure we stayed home for the rest of the week. And even after the injection and the drugs, I was still sick.

A week later, I became dehydrated and started drinking water like a camel. I couldn't sleep because of the dehydration and stayed awake for almost three-quarter of the night and it was then that dad realized that something might be wrong for real. The next day, he took me back to the hospital and got me tested for the second time and that was when it was diagnosed that I had a typhoid fever.

I got admitted and stayed in the hospital for almost a week. I stayed home for another week 'to recover fully' as mom said and on the third week, I went back to school.

I wasn't one of the pupils that used to owe school fee but this time around, I was owing the school my examination fee which I would have paid if I had been in school regularly. So in short, I was one of the pupils sent home for their fees.

One thing about we girls was that once we were sent home, we would gather ourselves and planned our visiting. We would go to each other's house and played all the way there. When it was my turn, we went to my house and I got the #200 examination fee from mama because 'dad had no money' as usual.

We went to Fatima's house later and was on our way to Yetunde's house when we met dad. We greeted him even though everyone already greeted him when we went to my house. He answered with a nod and scanned our hand for the juice each of us was holding.

It was Fatima's mom who gave it to us, which was like a bonus to our little journey. Yetunde's house was the last, we had left it for the last because it was the closest house to the school.

We got back to school and all of us went to the school accountant either to pay the money or to ask for more time. Like some girls, I paid mine and was about to go back to my class, when four female teachers double crossed me and called back the other girls that were already on their way to class. The accountant also stood up and joined the teachers. All of them were with canes and I became scared. I scanned my brain to know what I had done wrong but couldn't find any.

"Where is the money?" A very short, round, fat, thick woman asked, directing the question at me.

"What money?"

"The #1000 you stole from your grandmother"

"I don't know what you are talking about. I didn't steal any money. She was the one who gave me the #200 I just paid"

"Mrs Adebisi go and check her bag"

She took my bag and went through everything.

"Where did you get this from?" Mrs Adebisi asked raising a #20 note up.

"This is my refreshment money. Mom gave it to me in the morning"

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