



EMERALD LORDSFAME was born in Nigeria. She lives in Nigeria.

From the author of *Diane's Fantasy*, comes another heart racing thriller and mystery.

EMERALD LORDSFAME

SHEILA — SAVE THE WORLD

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*To Him,
my All in All*

and

*All the Extraordinary,
Supernatural people
in the world*

“You don’t know what the other person is covering underneath but when you’re nice to him, you take away a bit of his pain. That bit, will be so huge to him and will mean a lot to him and then you might have just saved a life.”

- EMERALD LORDSFAME

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INTRODUCTION

I looked at my mom and dad sitting on the bed, their eyes red, faces wet and swollen. I felt a lump in my throat and a cold sensation through my chest down my spine. My dress was drowned in my tears. My feet and hands were numb, still, I forced myself up and turned slowly while I felt my bones stung. What just happened? Did I hear right? I questioned myself as I zombie-walked out of the room while in the corner of my thoughts, I heard my mom sobbing and my dad petting her.

Even if I was told I was a zombie it wouldn't be a stinger like that, I would have felt it already; besides, I don't think a zombie needed to be told she's a zombie or... well, I don't know.

I walked into my room quietly and stood in the centre of my room. My head spun and I stared like I was in a dense state, then I turned and started stepping backwards till the wall stopped me. I gave

in, not forcing it, I slid down into squat just by my window and started to sob.

They tried to stop me but I didn't listen, I thought they were just being hard on me. Now it's happening and there's little or nothing I could do about it. Is it late? I asked myself.

Hours passed and I was still sobbing alone in my squat position.

More hours passed, it was night and I was still alone in the room sobbing, now laying my chest in my bed with my side face dipped in my pillow, facing the direction of the window, thinking, reminiscing all my parents had told me in the morning. They shouldn't have told me, it was better I didn't know, I thought to myself. I just hope I wasn't too greedy with my thoughts; let them be the one to bear the burden and not have a share of it. Still, I thought they shouldn't have told me or I shouldn't have heard. If only I didn't get up to go say good morning to them maybe I wouldn't be heartbroken now, or maybe, just maybe if I had stayed a little longer before going, I wouldn't have heard them argued about it.

No one had checked if I was alright; not that I cared, I just wanted to be alone right now. And I was sure everyone was having its own share, judging by the still environment; seemed everything around the house just heard the secret too, the truth about me, just like me.

I heard the door open, and judging from the calmness which was injected in every action, I sensed it was my mom. She looked at my occiput in bed; she wanted to come in but hesitated and left closing the

door. I squeezed my lips and swallowed hard. I knew how she must be feeling, how they were feeling. Right then and there, I knew how hard it must have been for them to raise me and I wasn't helping too.

The sun shone in through an opening in my curtains and I wriggled at the ray pouring on my face. I opened my eyes but squinted as it enters my eyes and raised my arm to obstruct it. I moved my head away from it and registered where I was and what had happened the night before, *oh I slept off* and I was still in the same position. I rolled on my back with a groan as my bones made a crackling sound from not moving since last night. Then everything came rushing back into my head and I started to sob again.

I wiped my tears and looked into space, and I started to sob *again*, this time, harder. I calmed a bit, looked at the wall TV in my room then at my reading table; on it was a tray of food covered with a table cloth. I rose and walked to my reading table, pulled out my chair and sat, ignoring the tray. I sat there not knowing why but just felt like it.

My thought was distracted by a familiar tiny voice in my head but this time, low.

'Baby, breakfast is ready,' mom said.

I jolted and looked back but she was already beside me holding a tray of food covered with cloth.

'I'm not hungry,' I retorted. I was not supposed to be angry at her or at anyone for that matter but somehow I found myself not in a good mood and her sight just added to it. Maybe some part of me was thinking why the hell didn't they tell me before now? Why would she keep something about me from me?

She looked at me and frowned at my response but the frown dissipated immediately into something that looked like remorse or weakness. I knew I just broke her heart. She silently placed the tray down in front of me and picked the one already there. She turned and walked out quietly without a word more, closing the door behind her.

I felt very bad for what I just did to her. She didn't deserve that. She was a lovely woman I've known all my life and I loved her with every bit of me just like I loved my dad but I just couldn't help my actions. I let out air from my mouth.

I stood up and walked to my bed and then slumped into it staring into space. Slowly I drifted into sleep, waking every second as my heart was too heavy for a sound sleep.

The sound of the door woke me again. I opened my eyes to see my dad. I watched him come and sit in bed with me.

'Honey, ain't you hungry,' he said in a lowest voice possible.

I just stared at him like I was in a trance.

'Sheila, I know how hard it is for you to process what we told you but I need you to understand how hard it's been for us these years. We didn't want to let you know because of what you are doing now. The burden has been on us sweetie for keeping it a secret from you. Please honey,' he pleaded, 'don't do this to us, we are very sorry.'

'Did Sean know?' I asked with my meek eyes staring at him. We were known to have meek eyes in

my family; eyes that would melt a hardened heart but mine were worst of all.

‘No,’ he shook his head, ‘just me, your mom and your uncle Brad— and the Reverend Father, we kept it from you guys.’

Mom entered and stood by the door watching us with her soft eyes.

I looked at my dad in silence then I started sobbing. I lifted myself to put my head on his laps and wrapped my arms around his waist and he held me tight.

‘Am I going to die?’ I asked weeping.

‘No, you won’t baby, no,’ my dad said with teary voice, he looked up at my mom with a tint of worry in his eyes.

My mom was crying softly at the door, watching us. She placed her palm on her mouth to suppress her cry.

‘I don’t want to die, I don’t want to die dad,’ I muffled out in my cries.

This made my mom break into bitter cries and run away from the door. My dad held me tight shedding tears and patting me as I cried in his arms.

The sound of a faint whistling kettle woke me. I opened my eyes and my tummy burned. I was so hungry. I tried to sit up but felt so weak, my bones ached and I felt sick. I pushed myself up nevertheless ignoring those pains as the burning stings in my stomach outweighed the aches in my bones. I looked at the time and realised I had not eaten for two days

and I've slept almost half of this day. I didn't go to school yesterday and today was gone too. I looked up and saw a cloth covering a tray on the table; *food* I thought, and this one's new. It was not the same cloth I saw the night before. They'd been bringing new trays in and taking the untouched foods away.

I rushed to the table and flung the cloth aside. In the tray was a plate, a teacup and a flask, and in the plate seated graciously, sandwich and sausage. I dipped my hand in the plate for the sandwich ignoring the flask and other things. I needed to get this in my burning gut first, couldn't bear the sting no longer. Besides, I knew what could be in the flask anyways. As I was about to dip the sandwich in my mouth, it struck me and I stopped instantly. The last time I ate something solid without taking liquid first after going hungry, I suffered a sour throat; and this wasn't hungry but over hungry. I squeezed my face at the thought, I hated sour throat. I was definitely not going to allow myself go through that experience again. So, I put the sandwich back in the plate then I opened the flask and poured myself some tea.

'Oh no,' I mumbled.

It was too hot and I couldn't wait for it to cool. I snatched the water jug on my table; frowned at the teacup with the hot tea in it and then gulped down the water straight from the jug without hesitating for another minute. I stopped to breathe *think I'm okay with that* then I put the jug back. I looked at the sandwich with lustful eyes and grabbed it; this time, without thoughts, I squeezed it down my throat as I sat to battle the food.

Now, I had a wholesome in my mouth and tried to chew on it without choking. I sighed as I swallowed it and then, it started.

It was happening again, the sharp pain. I gave it my response sharp scream and that was it, I couldn't scream again. The thunderous headache was too strong and I couldn't scream again. Whatever first response scream I gave to it, always alerted the people around me. I started to groan in pain, holding my head in my hands then I rolled off the chair to the ground and my parents rushed in.

I opened my eyes slowly to see blurry images of my parents with Doctor Brad talking. I squinted and blinked as my eyes got clearer slowly.

'Don't worry, she's fine,' Dr Brad said to my parents.

'Are you sure Brad?' my mom asked.

'Yea.'

I looked around *oh I'm in the hospital*. I tried to move and they looked at me and rushed to me.

'Oh my baby you are awake,' my mom touched my head.

'I told you she's fine,' Brad said with smiles.

'Are you okay sweetheart?' my dad was worried holding my hand.

I looked at them and tried to remember what happened.

'What happened?' I asked in a low sick voice.

You had another attack this morning baby,' mom whispered. Something was wrong with her look.

I looked at them all and looked down, ‘how many minutes?’ I asked feeling bad for making them worry again.

‘Beauty, you shouldn’t worry yourself about that now, what matters most is you are alright now,’ Brad consoled.

‘Yes baby, Brad is right, thank God you are alright,’ dad smiled.

‘She can go home after resting a bit.’

‘Are you sure?’ dad asked him.

‘Yes Ted, she’s perfectly fine now,’ Brad smiled.

‘Oh thank you Brad,’ mom said heartily.

I was back home in the evening. I laid in my bed silently and realised I had to stop some things. The brain does the most work in the body. It is the engine of the body, it can be stressed and knowing well that stress worsen my own case, I had to run from anything stress like thinking or worrying. I had to become my old self. I had to try and not think about my problem. I know it would be hard; it would be hard to know you are dying and not think about it but I had to try. I had to try so hard and focus on life. If I had known I would have listened to them, they told me to pretend I knew nothing but I didn’t heed. I thought they were being harsh unnecessarily. If I had listened, maybe the attack would have given me more time, maybe it would not have started when it did, maybe I would still be alright but it was too late now. All I could do at the moment was stay away from stress and try enjoying the remaining days of my life as a normal child, who knows, I might still be saved.

I walked into my parent's room and saw my dad feeding my mom warm tea with spoon from the mug. She looked sick. She was sitting up in bed with her legs covered in duvet.

'Mom?' I furrowed at her. 'What happened dad?'

'She's burning but feeling cold,' dad said.

I looked at my mom and felt heartbroken. They brought me home from the hospital yesterday, and now this? This was going to happen sooner or later, the stress she had been through days back was not something not to be tired of. I knew she wasn't alright yesterday even as she tried to look strong. I walked to them and looked at dad.

'Can I?' I held out my hand to dad for the tea.

My dad looked at me, I knew he thought I should be relaxing instead, but he shrugged 'okay,' he gave me the cup.

I took my seat beside her in bed and started feeding her. She looked at me and smiled. I smiled back and pecked her forehead just then tears rolled down her cheeks, she was smiling at me. I wiped her tears with my fingers and smiled back at her.

'I love you mom and I'm sorry I took the whole thing the way I did, I'm sorry I yelled at you.'

She smiled and nodded and we hugged. My dad wiped his about to flow tears and tried hard to fight his tears from running. He smiled watching us.

'I love you my baby,' my mom said with her low tiny voice.

ONE

People call me all sorts of names, but little did they know that the one I pretend to be is far from who I really am. The only ones who know the truth about me are my parents and now you are about to.

It was *April 29, 2127*, a great night for the Blyds. I lay in my crib looking at my lovely parents on the bed from the perforated space. They looked so happy. My two years old brother was standing by the bed, playing with something I couldn't figure out. My mom looked bright even though she just had me, and my dad was all smiling beside her. My mom looked so beautiful, how could one be that beautiful? Not slim, not fat, average height, a perfect shape, weight and height, especially her eyes, oh that was the first thing I opened my eyes to see, a sparkling Emerald stone. I did not open my eyes all through the bathing and cleaning until I was laid in her arms. I opened my eyes and there was this light, a sparkling green light shining into my eyes I had to squint; and then two

sexy pink mountains spread revealing well-arranged white set of stones, sparkling too. What a lovely picture to behold, I didn't know mountains could be stretchy. Then something was lifting me up as the mountains and white set of stones grew closer and bigger until I felt a moist substance on my forehead. I wish I would be in these arms forever, what a soothing and lovely place to be.

Lying in my crib with the earth surrounding me, I thought *what a lovely earth?* I looked at them and imagined how lovely it would be to spend my life with these people in this small lovely earth.

My handsome dad looked at me.

'Is she looking at us Thelma,' he asked my mom.

'She can look at us anytime and as she likes, who are you to complain?' mom giggled.

'Her father,' he teased back.

'That brought her to this world,' mom threw back again.

'No, you did hell of a job with that.'

They both burst into laughter.

Oh wow, they are just not only cute, but have good sense of humour too. World, she said "this world"; is this a World? Then all I could think was how to enjoy this world with these lovely people.

My dad walked up to me with Sean following. I looked at his brown eyes and grinning well-arranged white stones and I smiled at him. Wow he is so tall, 6.0ft I think, I hope I would be as tall as he is. Sean was pulling his trouser and he picked him up to see me.

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