Enne Yikea

This book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to events, people, places or incidents is purely coincidental and therefore regretted.

For their love of education

Odigbo
Lolo Cecilia (Nnedibe)

and

Chief Mildaino (Chinedu)

To my parents,

And

the leaders of tomorrow

For they are

To all serious minded youngsters.

Dedication
work. May God bless them all.

Contributed in any way to the success of this

Finally, I thank all other persons who

his assistance and support.

document for his critical review and suggestions.

I am greatly indebted to my husband for

My sincere thanks go to my son Oluchi

Ikeji for her support and encouragement.

for her critical review and Ms Rita Anaka

for his constructive criticism. Mrs Bridget Oke

Special thanks go to Rev. Fr Ikechukwu Obido

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their sponsorship and invaluable support.

For the success of this work, I am grateful to

Acknowledgements
CHAPTER ONE

Enjoyable dormitory life could be. She had longed to visit some of them like Neketh, Lilian, and sometimes Lthicdhi in their small boarding house since their first year. She was going to be a boarder for the very first time. She was going to be a boarder for the very first time. The reason to be particularly happy by the reception and the school's system. The reception and the school's system. The reception and the school's system. The reception and the school's system. The reception and the school's system. The reception and the school's system. The reception and the school's system. The reception and the school's system. The reception and the school's system.

Abakaliki.
Ebony State University.
School of Post Graduate Studies.
Dean.
Prof. S.N. Agwu.

I have great pleasure to recommend this book to our schools, parents, and the society at large.

Warning: "Those who have ears let them hear!"

The author has a long standing experience and her conclusions are thoroughly researched. The author addresses the problem from a detailed perspective and teenage pregnancies are highlighted with obvious consequences of educational failure. This novel is highly recommended to secondary school age readers.

Day 90.

Juveniles are becoming more defiant as

The issue of youth mortality occupies a

forward
The Immediate Younger Sister, Ebele, worked on the mill to develop her skills. Every morning, she would wake up early and go to the field to harvest tobacco plants. She was always the first to get up before our beds were disturbed by the crowing roosters. Her morning routine was strict, and she never wandered off the path.

The bedroom was small, with beds tightly packed together. The walls were painted with different colors, each one representing a different family member. The furniture was simple, with only one dresser and a small mirror for the daily grooming.

The window was the only source of light, and the curtains were drawn during the day to keep out the hot sun. Despite the lack of privacy, the family members would often gather here to discuss their daily lives.

Ebele would get ready for work after breakfast, and she always wore the same outfit. The family would then gather around the table to enjoy a meal together, and the children would help with the dishes.

After work, Ebele would return home to a cold and dark house. The only source of light was a small lamp, and the wind would often make it flicker. Despite the challenges, Ebele was determined to work hard and help her family.

Her dedication and hard work paid off, and eventually she was able to save enough money to send her children to school. She always instilled in them the importance of education and encouraged them to strive for a better life.

This was her opportunity. For a time when she too could be a part of that life.
Many persons failed. I told me about the results and she said that do to

I was coming home from the market yesterday. She

inquired, "Well, I met Dolly O’Keeffe, called "N’Kia, baby, what are these?" I answered, "It was a small room. A
door and let her read into the room." I went into the room. "N’Kia, what are these?" I answered, "It was a small room. A
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And very simple too, added Lillian.

"Frankly speaking, that girl is quite brilliant, said
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Lillian, "I knew she was brilliant."

"Well, you know, plotted Nekchi," said
"Well, you know, plotted Nekchi, I know she is brilliant.
She is good-looking, that girl is. She is the
She is good-looking, that girl is. She is the
girl who stands out in the crowd."

"She is just the best student," added Lillian.

"She is a good student," I am not surprised, said Nekchi.

They said she made the best example, continued

I think they say goes before a fall.

Yes, they say says that the best.

The exam was difficult, she passed with ease.

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plate her hair and do a number of other things to
wash her every cans, wash and iron some clothes.
Before the agreed time with Nkchir. She had to
close the box and consider all things to be done
close in Qobina. Who would have expected her
seen in Qobina. Whomever I have expected her
needs both New. Next week we can eat rice
needy foods. Next week we can eat rides.
Next week we can eat rice and other foods.
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There were also bad clothes,
with they were also bad clothes.
with they were also bad clothes.

So when Jerome woke up this morning, she
woke up. She saw the bedding, the bed was laid.
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"I'm only sorry for Jerome who she is misleading."

"Simple my fool, she is just in "Mbeke," anyway."

Inasmuch as I couldn't understand Jerome's
expression of seeing her shoulders.

She wished around her fingers. She spoke to no
one in particular. She shrugged her shoulders.

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was already feeling she had upset the girl before. The expression on 117's face turned somber. "I'm sorry, little one."

"I see," Julie replied, trying to keep her emotions in check. "But I'm honored to be here, to share this with you." She gave 117 a reassuring smile.

"Thank you, little one," 117 said, his voice soft. "I appreciate your understanding." He turned back to his work, leaving Julie to her thoughts.

She was still new to this, but she wanted to make a good impression. She had heard about the boarding school from a friend of hers, and she was determined to make the most of this opportunity. She needed to show her parents that she was capable of taking care of herself.

Julie was nervous, but she knew she had to try. She had always been good at learning new things, and she was confident that she could do this. She was determined to prove herself.

She made her way back to the dormitory, her mind racing with thoughts of what lay ahead. She knew it wouldn't be easy, but she was ready for the challenge. She was ready to prove herself.
Lyli stood looking at Ijomah as she walked away.

"Like a care," she said, "I cannot help it. I have been appointed the opposition as I said I am sorry this is the time we knew you were going to talk.

"Lyli didn't you know that you were going to talk. I was going to talk to the headmistress. You heard, perhaps, to go to the headmistress. You heard, perhaps, to go to her again. She said, 'I am sorry.' Somebody just asked me if you were having a good time. I was just saying to you, didn't you know that you were going to talk?"
Soon the hair was done. It was a long spiral braid.

The young sister, with her long hair, walked with graceful, confident steps. Her presence was felt in every room where she entered, silently commanding attention.

"With your hair done, you look so much more like your mother," the older sister commented, her voice filled with pride.

The younger sister smiled, feeling a sudden sense of elevation. The transformation was significant, and she was grateful for the care and effort put into this moment of transition.

The older sister continued, "It's not just about the hair, though. It's about confidence and self-worth. You're not just someone's sister; you're a person with your own identity."
CHAPTER TWO
almost simultaneously, the good evening Mrs. Freeman and Mr. Freeman, very warm in their greetings. They were received at the gate by the house mistress on duty, Miss Theodore O'Dell. She was waiting to help them carry their bags to the house. The students were able to tell her how their holidays were spent. It was not until Freeman called the teacher and the students were leading in the dance. Miss Freeman was surprised that the crowd at the gate was gathering. On getting to the school gate, they were not so crowded.

Mrs. Freeman was quite pleased with their greeting. She was so glad to see them. She had been looking forward to this moment for a long time.

Johnny had been looking forward to this moment for a long time. He had been waiting for this moment. He was so proud of his golf car. The owners of the golf car were so proud of their car. They were so proud of their car.

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Nothing ever went wrong in that part of town. Nothing in particular. What do you mean? Nothing in particular. The story held its own, and that was enough. It was a story of love, and love is nothing but a story, and stories are always the same. The man, the woman, the children, the dog. It was a simple story, but it was true. And the truth is that the world is a place of stories, and stories are the sum of all things. Nothing else is ever true. That is why a story is so important. It is the only thing that is real. The world is made up of stories, and stories are the only things that last. That is why a story is so important. It is the only thing that is real.
"See that you keep out of trouble by keeping out of bad company. In as much as this place is a good place, it can be a hell for you if you have to be in trouble every time. Do you understand me? Good luck."
"Yes Auntie, thank you, Ma", Ijeoma replied.
"Do not hesitate to tell me if you have any problems" "Yes Aunty, I am grateful!"
"Right. You girls can go now. Remember, men are not allowed beyond the hall"
"Yes ma. Thank you Auntie."

As soon as they were inside the car and out of earshot, Nkechi burst out laughing "Don't mind her, busy body. She thinks she is very smart. What are these?" She pulled open the pigeon hole and held it. Ijeoma saw a nylon bag containing some clothes and other personal things not allowed in the school.

"I can always handle the school authority and take note, this woman, she is a gossip as you see her, forget all these motherly affectionations. She may not be bad at heart, but she can be your worst nightmare in this school. Go close to her if you are a fool and she will never allow you any freedom." Nkechi tutored the new girl.

Ijeoma only nodded. She was busy looking around the school as if she was coming here for the first time and had not passed through three years of junior class already. Perhaps the look she gave was that of conquest. She had conquered not just junior class but set to conquer the legendary boarding house. She is now a boarder, her dream since her first year.

Johnny soon reached the hall and parked. The girls got off their luggage with the help of some other girls who had returned earlier. Just then Lillian came running and shouting. "Hi, Nky baby, I.J na you biko."
"Lily, so you are back already" queried Nkechi.
"Yes, less than an hour ago" answered Lillian.
"Who else is back?"
Many, like Ujunwa, Oby, Joan, Ugochi, and Vivian, Stella. They are not so many. I think Stella was the first to arrive. Look at Ngozi just coming.
"Stella the baby", shouted Ijeoma as she spotted her helping some people with their bags.
"I.J. again? You mean business o! So you are now a boarder?"
Oh! Why not, I told you I'd be here" replied Ijeoma.
"Na wa -o-o! Una welcome sha. Where are your things?"

As they gathered their things, Lillian started her usual narration, telling them about recent happenings, how the passenger sitting next to her in the mass transit bus from Onitsha to Enugu had attempted to toast her. He even paid her fare and she promised him an answer if he came again to see her on their visiting day with enough goodies.

'You need to see this man, eh'? She sighed. Ugly, flabby tommy, with floppy ears like the rabbit we
not about to go back home. "Getting to the
house was the easiest part," he thought. "The
rest will be easy."

The car was parked outside the house, and he
opened the door, stepping inside. "Hello, Johnny,"
the voice behind him said. "I hope you had a good
time."

Johnny smiled and nodded. "Yes, I did," he
said. "I really enjoyed myself."
bought the book back is that the latest boy friend of
"No, you didn't, I'm sorry, Viera."

``Please stop it. I never heard you say anything about
friend who worked on with her.

"You see. I told you, she asked. Viera and Opy her

"If you don't like her, I mean. Viera and her concept.

particularly, her ornamental of conspicuous

the contrariwise existing between them all.

"Okay. Viera brushed her hair on her and she knew the

we won't let you.

"we cannot be mistaken. Just tell us, who is, Shirley

Say, what do you think?

"Please, I'm afraid, I'm sorry."

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and grew the seed in her. The grass grew and covered the land. The girl’s garden was full of color and life. She was happy. She had found a way to bring life to the barren land she had been hired to work in.

“Thank you, my dear,” the old woman said, smiling kindly. “Your garden will be beautiful.”

The girl smiled back, feeling proud of her accomplishment. She knew that her work would make a difference in the world.
because I've always seen Nehachi as being
so kind and understanding, even when she was angry or upset. I admired her, and I tried to be like her. She had a soft voice and gentle manner, and I noticed that she had a gentle laugh. I remember when she surprised us all by saying that she would be joining the family business. She was always the one to make us laugh, even when things were tough.

I was the new kid in town, and I was nervous. I didn't know anyone, and I was nervous about how I would fit in. But Nehachi was always there to help me feel welcome. She would introduce me to her friends, and she would help me with my homework. She was always so kind, and I felt like I could trust her. She was like a second mother to me.

I remember the day when Nehachi invited me to her house for a party. I was nervous, but I knew that she was a good person, and I didn't want to let her down. I showed up at the party, and I was surprised to see how much fun everyone was having. I was impressed by how well everyone knew each other, and I felt like I was a part of something special.

I met some of the other kids at the party, and I realized that I had a lot in common with them. We all liked the same things, and we had a lot of fun together. I felt like I had found my place in the world.

I'll never forget the day when Nehachi gave me my first kiss. It was a sweet moment, and I felt like I was on top of the world. I'll always be grateful to Nehachi for being such an important part of my life.
She couldn't believe her luck. Although she had
her life,
her mother. She laid back in bed and thought about
except the last child who shared the bed with their
so that the door with her brothers and sisters
used a bed all alone until she was twenty-five, and
was in the dormitory in the boarding house. She
and others breathing hard. Then she realized she
where she was. Human faces were stretched out
in the darkness, hugging meaninglessly around her as she lied
shivered, and some people shared pleasantly
on the beds and some people passed pleasantly
and opened her eyes and looked around. The open
hall loomed dark in the dim light. Particles of
in the middle of the night Joconda woke up. She
used to hear all those years.
her from that housework. She had still not gotten
was grateful to the boarding house for existing
preparation for the next morning. Grudgingly, she
he would be mashing beans in
superiors. Else she would be washing dishes in
could still be at the shop attending to some little
she would be packing up after the day or she
though of home. If she was still at home now,
the day and still had a lot more to learn. She
before lying down. She had sprayed every bit of
for a night gown and put it on like the other girls
frail, Joconda went back to her corner, nestled
for the first time. The smoke from the heater is
be seen in. At least her face was not exposed in
her smooth, fair skin, and by the body cream
more beautiful and adorable; more attractive with
observed signs of expensive and extravagant life.
Quickly after dinner is the night prep. Many
their baths and prepare for dinner by seven.
who played games would inevitably rush to take
students would rest in their rooms minutes. Students
would be by that 5:30 and
and play for the night. The
proofs that would last till
the students did their homework. Once in the
a quick nap at noon. Though many students
the session would begin immediately after lunch
be by 2:30 pm. Immediately after the lunch was
and get prepared for lunch. Lunch would
to the sessions and by 2 pm. The girls would return to the
sessions and by 2 pm. The girls would return to the
session in missions before them. Morning
would be so restless and would be seen places
unfortunate ones who did not rest in the morning.
unfortunately. Immediately after the rising bell, the
students especially the
seven o'clock. The students especially the
hours all at eight am. Each lesson teacher leaves
hours all at eight am. Each lesson teacher leaves
seven thirty. Even though the morning assembly by
seven thirty. Even though the morning assembly by
friends. They would eat the breakfast was so good
good to eat the breakfast was so good that the seven o'clock. The only way she could still
breakfast was by seven. If by seven plus seven a
and for the classrooms or the rec room.
and for the classrooms or the rec room. Through the students could also meet the house.
and dressed and the house immediately and the
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CHAPTER THREE
The first term of SS 1 quickly passed by but let it is