

African short horror stories. Volume 3.

By Ada Kate Uchegbu

(It starts at the very beginning).

### 1) NOW YOU SEE ME

Sir John Hart was the Governor-general of Nigeria, one of the newly protectorate countries in Africa.

An uprising was in the offing, he was told- but which of the tribes were involved in it?, that he couldn't fathom.

Two of his secretaries, Messrs Paul Harrington and Robert O'Reilly had been bitten in their sleep over the past days. Tragically, they died within hours.

His other colleagues didn't fare better either.

One of the top Divisional army officers, Sir Alex Smith and his whole family were fatally bitten in their sleep too few days back.

These were no ordinary mosquitoes because every British citizen sent to this part of Africa came armed with mosquito nets, sprays and medicines.

Hart came to Nigeria on September 1862 to resume office as the Deputy Governor-General of Lagos. In all of his five years here, he has never seen anything like this.

He gazed at the receding orange glow skyline from his office window. He had always loved sights such as this and that's what drove him to remain in Sub-Saharan Africa.

He left out a frustrating sigh as he reached the decision to summon a meeting of all the colonial directors in all the province in Nigeria for tonight.

"I must get to the solution to this or we will bloody well burn down this country if we are forced to abandon it!". He swore while cycling to the venue, down the long dusty narrow road.

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The coven was like every other one dotted across the hot and mosquito filled Western part of Africa. While people slept on their raffia-woven mats, weary after a hard day's toil under the piercing glare of the sun, Wizards and their likes perched on tree tops or crouched beneath the grounds to hatch heinous plots against their estranged families, neighbors or co-workers.

But times and tides had risen against them now recently.

One thing that made all the coven practitioners scared was the arrival of these white men and women. They couldn't fathom how these "special beings" could sail in mysterious "huge water bowls" and make their way to their hinterlands. And if that wasn't enough- they gathered up the natives and proclaimed their land was now annexed under the control of some "Queen of England"!.

The presence of these colonial masters infuriated and unsettled many of the locals but it was the spiritual wizards and warlocks amongst them that tried to take their fury to a whole different level.

What made this coven menacing enough was the large turnout of devotees.

It was surrounded by many huge and thick Mahogany and Bamboo trees. The entrance to the grove was built with palm fronds and was littered with old and dried human skulls.

There were close to a hundred wizards performing a rite that night.

Their chanting was of a loud pitch and it could be mistaken for the sound of bees buzzing or mosquitoes whining!!

A man, the High Wizard, leader of the coven was in the center of the circle, handing a calabash to each and every member.

"Drink this brew and transform to mosquitoes. Kill the foreigners in our midst!. Drive them back to whence they came". The High wizard ordered.

Slowly, their sizes shrunk and they became as tiny as mosquitoes!

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The high ranking Colonial officers were already converged at the Secretary's office for the crucial meeting.

It was also announced that an anonymous letter had been sent to the Divisional Secretary's office three days ago.

The contents were few but it was menacingly enough as they would come to find out shortly.

"Be a good man and read the contents of this letter out loud for all to hear". Mike Russell, the head of the Colonial Division of Police urged the Secretary, Mathew Davidson.

Davidson, a middle-aged man promptly obliged.

"To the Governor-General of Nigeria and to the entire British colonial people. We are hereby giving you notice to vacate Nigeria immediately. Failure to do this, a certain death will engulf you all".

There were now sounds of fearful gasps from most of those present.

"You all have been warned. Signed The Mosquitoes". He concluded reading from the letter.

Silence reigned for several minutes, saved for the noisy swing of the old ceiling fan.

Hart stood and addressed the room. "Gentlemen, we can not let this natives take us to be fearful Brits. If it's a spiritual and psychological war they want this time, then that's what we will give to them". His voice rose now.

One of his colleagues, James McIntosh interjected. "I suggest we report back to England and request for reinforcements. His voice was indignant.

But Hart ignored him. "Gentlemen, this has gone into a dimension we thought it would never come to but we must not be wary of exercising it". He said while making eye contact with every man in the room.

The stares he got were determined and encouraging enough. Everyone knew what must be done now

There would be no going back on this.

Did this faceless group think they could scare these colonizers that easy?. Powers will have to encounter with another opposing Powers, the lesser of the two will bow after the encounter.

Hart's voice became ominous and deep at a sudden.

He raised his left hands and everyone stood as if they were in a trance!.

The words he spoke next sounded like an occult and medieval chant.  
What happened next was the turning of men into fearsome bats.  
The candles flickered off and this gathering became a coven!

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The battle happened in earnest. It occurred high up the Iroko tree that stood at the center of the town.

The skyline was charged- filled with swarms of flying insects charging at each other with mad fury.

In less than a minute, they met. A blinding light ensued in that very instance!

A bat had hundreds of mosquitoes on him- biting and infecting it with their poisonous venom. It screamed in agony, beating its wings painfully as it crashed to the ground, dead.

The bats were hitting tens of mosquitoes at once with their claws.

Fight, blinding light. They(vampires) ate the mosquitoes.

The residents of that town were snoring and enjoying their slumber while the great battle raged on throughout the night.

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By morning, the town awoke to a terrifying sight of mass corpses.

Hundreds of locals gathered at the town square with mouths agape.

"No one could recollect hearing any battle noise last night. Could it be these victims were killed somewhere else and laid on this ground?". They muttered amongst each other.

The Police officers counted fifty one British officers and two hundred natives dead, lying on the ground near the Iroko tree.

Most of the bodies were mangled and twisted. Some had their heads or limbs ripped off. These bodies were naked too.

Meanwhile, John Hart laid painfully on his bed. He was grateful to be alive though. He had wobbled thankfully to his quarters before the first crow.

"We will leave when we are done with our exploration and not a day before".

He muttered and massaged his badly injured foot.

The End

2) NOW YOU DON'T!!

A case of missing persons was not the kind of case the Divisional police quarters liked to deal with.

The town was so small yet, many dark spots abound. Not to mention, the dark suspicious air that always hangs in the cloud like a tight dress. When the twenty fifth entry was made in the missing persons register, the sergeant in charge, Haruna Davids let out a deep sigh.

"We will find your son". He consoled, knowing that the case was a hopeless one.

He looked at the mother, a middle aged woman crying with pity.

When she left, he turned to his colleague and remarked.

"Don't u think this is becoming too much, Paul?"

Paul Adamu looked up from the typewriter and gave a resigned look.

"I think I should do a bit of snooping around myself, undetected. I could find out who is kidnapping youngsters in this town". Davids continued, not letting Adamu's countenance to discourage him.

His colleague was alarmed. "I don't think that's a good idea, buddy. You are quite new here. You've only joined the Force two months ago".

Davids didn't say a word again.

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He sat in a bar, drinking a bottle of beer. The clock in the bar showed the time to be a few minutes past one in the afternoon.

Davids knew he wasn't supposed to drink alcohol during office hours but he wanted to appear as a normal customers to other patrons drinking.

One of the most important things he learnt at the police Academy in Zungeru, Niger State was that often, getting information about happenings in a town can be gleaned in their most popular local pub.

He wasn't going to be disappointed today.

A woman just remarked to her companion. "These are dangerous times in this town".

He replied. "Why do you say that, honey?"

She acted surprised now. "Well, with the way youngsters are getting missing in the past few weeks".

Her companion grimaced.

A man quipped suddenly. "I wouldn't put it pass spiritual sinister people". He was confident.

At this, everyone's attention turned to him.

This man looked about forty five years. He was thin but of average height. He had a blue shirt that had seen better days, his trousers were clean surprisingly.

He continued while taking a swirl from his bottle of beer. "The young keeps dying for the old to keep living". He said simply.

His words hung across the room and everyone stayed silent, each to his or her thoughts. The air suddenly felt chilly and many of the customers began to leave hurriedly after paying of course.

Soon, it was just the strange man and the detective who were left in the bar.

Davids never stopped looking at him while the other was stroking his chin ominously, lost in his thoughts too.

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He followed him as he left the bar.

"Something doesn't feel right about this individual". The young detective insisted. He spied at his watch and flinched. It was a few minutes past eight.

It was past official hours. He mentally berated himself for not heading back to the office and signing out at the attendance register but he was convinced he was up to something big with this "person of interest".

Was it the way the stranger spoke or the shifty look in his eyes, that he couldn't tell but

his instincts had never failed him.

"If someone or something doesn't feel right, then it probably doesn't". He could hear those words ring in his head as he crossed the street hastily.

The man took the left turn leading to an abandoned warehouse.

To Davies' surprise, it was lighted.

He could swear that this warehouse has been abandoned for many years and there has been no recent record of anyone renting or buying it.

Confidently, the strange man made his way to the entrance.

Davids crouched behind a shrub just in time before the man stopped in his tracks suddenly.

But he didn't look back, just yet.

Davids struggled to keep still.

For a brief wild moment, he questioned the rationale of following this stranger.

As if on cue, this Person of Interest turned back and it would seem their eyes locked together briefly.

The policeman almost wet his pants at this moment- for he could swear, that man's eyes beamed greenish!.

"Your eyes must be playing tricks on you, buddy". He laughed and dismissed what he thought he saw

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The intrepid detective sneaked to a window, facing the back of the room and was mortified by the what he saw.

It was a large room, decorated with fiery red curtains and chairs. It had no artworks or pictures but the room looked haunting enough.

Dozens of red candles flickered, making the room to appear like it was draped in blood.

The person he followed, was standing in the center of the room, and he wasn't alone.

Twenty men and three women were also standing in the center of the room. Their backs were turned to Davids and so he couldn't make out what they were doing or looking at.

"They could be performing a ritual or worse- a murder!". He thought, alarmed!.

Davids decided to make a quick vote with his feet but the words he heard next made him rooted on the spot.

"We have one more, eager to join us". He heard a man speak.

Something made him move, steadily, towards to the room. He tore his gaze from the window and he made his way to the door.

His steps were slow like as if he was hesitant to move but he couldn't seem to stop himself. He couldn't explain what kind of force or power was leading him to an obvious grim fate.

He moved still to the entrance of the room and faced them.

"I knew you were following me, detective". His voice was light, tinged in mockery.

Davids couldn't speak. He could now understand what this group was up to!!.

THE END

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### 3) LOOK UNTO ME!!

The preacher's voice was loud and persuasive. He was of average height with a full hair. He wore an old but clean blue English suit but with no tie.

"Come unto me and you will be saved", says the Lord". He spoke into the microphone.

"Alleluia". The parishioners shrieked.

The church building was a dimly lit hall. It had a four hundred seating capacity. But other men, women and children in their hundreds were standing outside, praying and earnestly hoping for a miracle.

"Is there anything too hard for me?", says the Lord". The Preacher, Akin Peters continued. The music was loud but no one can deny it was melodious. It was a mix of African drumbeats infused with jazz. The music also played a role in attracting this mammoth crowd to these neglected warehouse grounds.

"By his stripes we are healed, says The Lord. If anyone amongst you is with ailment and diseases, let him come forward for his healing". He called out to the surging crowd.

There was a surge among the crowd as people rushed out to the feet of the ebullient preacher.

It was a spectacular sort before him- the blind, lame and the sick.

Peters stretched forth his hand over them, three times and gazed at them.

For a while, it would look like as if nothing was happening.

Everyone in the crowd waited with bated breath. The sick held their breath, bracing themselves for the impact.

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It was noticed first in the lame man. His right leg started to straighten like an elastic rubber band. He screamed at this metamorphosis, but the preacher was wearing a knowing smile.

The blind boy kept screaming- "I can see!". "I can see!".

The sick individuals were jumping for joy.

The crowd erupted in joy, for the healing session was always the hallmark of the church service.

The preacher smiled satisfactorily and screamed unto his microphone. "Praise the Lord everyone!".

And they all replied ecstatically "Alleluia"

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But what this crowd didn't see really happening was the presence of some lower grade fallen angels by the side of Peters.

They were three of them. Their wings, once white, had turned black.

Their names as given by their creator was Bea, Sar and Nur.

They were of the transport ministry division in the Angelic order.

Drawn to the decadence and splendor of human race and civilization, they renounced God, their creator and sneaked out of the Golden Gate.

They had a beak for a mouth and they were very tall indeed- ten feet in height.

Their complexion, once radiant and smooth in the past, when they had the access to

appear before the Golden gate, was now scaly.

After a thousand years, mingling amongst the human race and tasting every wanton pleasure and pain offered to them, they had had enough.

They weren't accepted back inside the Order.

In shame, they hid in the deserted hills and deserts, only visiting the cities and settlements

They now turned their backs to the crowd and disappeared.\*\*\*\*\*

"We should tell him of our presence in his life". One of the fallen angels, Bea, murmured.

They were standing beside the small church.

"How long do we continue to play these games in this mortal's life?". The fallen angel queried further.

There was silence as they each mulled over his suggestion.

They were strolling as humans one sunny day, four months ago, when they spied on the Preacher's church.

The name of the church intrigued them. It read- "Angels of God Performing Miracles Church".

They entered the church, intrepid, unsure of which Angelic order was working for the small church.

To their dismay, they found none.

Furious, they had wanted to take cause some serious damage to the church building but Bea came up with such a mischievous idea.

"We can make this church our playground". Bea smirked in mischief as he spoke.

"It's not like we have worthwhile things to do anyway. We are doomed to roam the earth for all eternity. We might as well stay in this church and give these mortals healing". He convinced his friends.

Excited, they camped in the church premises, undetected and made it their playground.

With amusement, they watched how humans from far and wide thronged the church for healings and miracles daily. It made them laugh when these naive mortals ascribe their healings and miracles to God.

"God doesn't care about these lots. In fact, he doesn't seem to care for all mortals on earth". Nur would remark each time the church attendees erupt in grateful chants of "Alleluia".

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Peters was praying when he felt an uneasy presence in his room. The distinct sounds of wings movement sounded just like the buzzing of bees.

He felt an implosion of unexplained joy within himself.

For more than ten years since he joined the Pastoral college, he has always longed for a spiritual visitation.

Instinctively, he knew he was either in the presence of God Almighty or one of his ministering Angels.

His head felt lightheaded when he lifted his eyes towards the eastern corner of his room, where his personal mini altar was constructed.

He saw their form. He could not be mistaken. Three huge creatures with wings stood

before him.

They held swords and their foreheads blazed white light.

"Have no fear of us my good man". One of the angels told him.

Peters wanted to stand but he couldn't.

"My God!!". He exclaimed, frightened.

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"Why have you come to me, oh glorious angels of the Most High God"?. He managed to say, excitement filled his voice.

The beings moved closer to him now making him to see their black coloured wings.

Immediately, it dawned on him that they were not of the heavenly choir and order.

He muttered loudly before he could stop himself. "You are fallen angels!". He accused them.

He stood defiantly and held the Bible towards them. He was expecting them to flinch but to his disappointment, that didn't happen.

Bea rushed to strike him but was stopped by Nur just in time.

"You should be grateful to us instead of addressing us in this manner". Bea thundered.

Peters glowed at them still, disrespectfully. He was angry. "Why didn't God send an Angel to him after all these years of dedication and servitude?". He queried within himself.

Nur addressed the pastor. "We are the reason behind the success of your church ministry".

Peters became confused while the creature went on.

"You named your church- The Angels of God Performing Miracles Church yet the God you deeply revere did not bother to send any of his ministering angels to your aid". Nur said contemptuously. "You should be grateful that we came to your aid".

"You are blaspheming against the one true God". Peters found his voice now.

Nur lashed at him in reply. "Don't presume to know God more than we do".

In rage, Bea swore at him now with all the venom he could muster. "May the curses from the bowl of -".

But Sar stopped him in time.

Peters had read various holy texts about disgraced Angels and how they prowl the earth and wastelands looking for redemption or recognition.

He tried to hide his fear as much as he could when he addressed them in a loud brash voice.

"What do you want from me?. Why have you shown yourself here?". The Pastor demanded.

"Set three chairs at your altar for us as a commitment that u acknowledge us". Sar commanded him.

But Peters was not going to give them any more of his time. "I serve God. I do not recognize you nor your much touted help". He disobeyed their order.

His mocking words were like hot coals on their skin.

"I await the visitation of the archangels of any other angels some day". Peters began to boast.

They were visibly flustered and as they made their way to leave, Nur taunted.



"We will teach you a great lesson".

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The next church service which occurred the next day came with predictable repercussions.

The hall was filled as it usually does.

The Pastor had taken a verse from the book of Paul in the Bible about the lesson of serving the one true God.

"And we are created by God to serve only him!". His voice thundered across the room.

"We are not meant to worship Angels or the Devil either". He continued triumphantly.

The parishioners nodded and clapped in agreement.

Hardly had the last sentence left his lips, a large pale of darkness fell across the hall.

In mad panic, he realized what was going on when he could hear the distinct buzzing sound!.

There were electric lightings of course but everywhere was engulfed in strange darkness.

The crowd fell into an uneasy silence immediately, not sure of what is going on.

When they appeared, everyone pointed and screamed.

The doors shuttened immediately.

No one could escape from the hall into safety.

"Pick whatever what your hands could find- turn to the person closest to you and kill them"!.

These were the voice everyone could hear in their heads.

It was like a mad disco party- only that the people in an uncontrollable rage and began to pluck, tear and bite into each other!.

Their pastor watched in horror as his members acted in a hypnotistic induced rage.

"Where is your God now?". The creatures taunted him as the blood-letting raged all through the night.

His head started to spin because of the sight of too much blood and bones.

He eventually screamed and passed out.

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He found himself restrained to a chair.

The room was dark and there was a lowly placed fan perched on the ceiling.

Peters groaned as he straghtened himself up, his eyes coming in contact with two police officers who were watching him calmly.

The team of police officers asked him just one question repeatedly and yet his crazy reply was always the same.

"Three demons came to my church. They influenced my parishioners to kill themselves because I refused to worship and serve them". The Preacher kept screaming this out every time.

After a long silence, the police Chief, Agatha Marks remarked.

"I vote we commit him to the asylum while preparing him for his trial".

"I am not crazy". He stated with so much dignity he could muster but the police officers ignored him.

"I am a servant of God. I am not a killer. I didn't kill anyone". He persisted.

They whispered amongst themselves, shook their heads in anger and left the room. The room became quiet once more. But the preacher could swear he heard the voice of those creatures taunting him in that moment.

THE END

#### 4) HE HATES ME NOT

"Flight 237 to Nairobi is ready for boarding".

This announcement made Martha Uche smile a little. She can't wait to land in the Kenyan capital city to visit the wildlife zoo resort. She was a journalist in Nigeria and she was sent to get pictures of the wildlife area by her employers to get pictures of the resort.

A tall young woman of thirty two years, she intimidates men with her imposing height and strict carriage.

She was single but it never bothered her.

"Why rush into marriage when statistics show that forty two percent of marriages head into domestic violence and divorce in its first ten years of marriage?". She would always console herself.

In less than forty minutes, she had been checked in and was seated inside the plane

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"May I offer you any drink?". A stewardess politely asked her.

Martha shook her head and smiled. She had had one drink too many at the departure lounge. Perhaps I should close my eyes and sleep a little". She yawned and said to herself.

She must have slept for fifteen minutes when a jolt of a turbulence woke her.

Most of the passengers were watching an in-flight movie and the pilot had turned on the

—

Relieved, she stole a glance at the window and all the hairs at the back of her neck rose in fright

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The sky looked misty. There was no sun even though she could swear that the weather analysts had given a sunny forecast this morning.

What looked like a vortex of air was in the horizon. Martha had seen one like this when she watched a documentary program of typhoons and hurricanes. This vortex looked to be getting larger every second and with it— the plane was being lifted and tossed violently!.

Everyone was screaming and getting buckled to their seat. A man of about twenty five who was coming out of the restroom was picked and flung across the aisle, nearly missing Martha- his flayed arm gave her a resounding slap.

Martha got shoved to the window. Her head hurt in that moment.

A window on seat twenty got broken and most luggages were sucked out of the plane because of that. The plane broke into half. People were sucked in!

Martha tried to clutch at her chair but she lost control and screamed helplessly as she

was sucked into this vortex like a vacuum cleaner sucking in dirt.

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"Ladies and Gentlemen. This is your pilot speaking. We are now flying above the skies at six thousand feet above ground level."

She woke immediately at the sound of the pilot.

"Apparently, it was all a dream". She gladly muttered.

She was drenched in sweat. Everyone in the plane was intact.

Martha took her hanky from her side to wipe her face.

She took a quick glance at the window. Her face got creased in shock disbelief.

"We are going to die!". She screamed.

THE END

## 5) WON'T YOU TURN AROUND?

It was a strange weather that afternoon. The sun was shining fiercely making the zinc roofs to glisten like diamonds.

It was also raining.

Luke frowned as he stepped outside. He scratched his head, unsure if he should stay indoors or go for his appointment. He voted to stay back and wait out the showers of rain.

Luke Okoro was a stockbroker at the local exchange office. He was recently divorced and moved from the city to this locality.

"What was that my grandma used to say about this weather?". He spoke to his reflection while loosening his tie.

"Superstition has it that a lioness is giving birth to her young". He half laughed as He must have slept for close to one hour when he suddenly woke. A loud noise had woken him. He wondered what was responsible for it.

Peering through his bedroom window, he could see the weather was still acting up.

He lived alone and his house was the only one in sight within a hundred mile radius. There was no vacant house in the town at such a short notice. Nevertheless, he paid for it. He was desperate to leave the city and be away from Amaka, his ex wife.

He turned the knob on the radio, frantic for some weather report.

There was some piece of news of politics and a kidnap incidence. No weather report, surprisingly.

Luke dragged himself to his kitchen so as to fix up a cup of tea.

He grudgingly put the filled kettle on the lighted stove.

The chatter coming out of the radio did little to cheer him up.

"You are in trouble". That came from the radio suddenly but for some reason, his skin pricked in that instant.

Spooky, the radio became silent now. He dashed to it to change the channel but nothing was heard. No cackle whatsoever.

"Could the batteries have run down?". Luke wondered because he distinctly remembered changed the batteries two nights ago.

Instinctively, he raised his eyes towards the windows.  
To his horror, the skies were bright red. The wind blew menacingly and it was raining too.

But the sun was shining at its brightest now.

"What a freak incidence of weather". He muttered.

The sound of his phone ringing startled him, he half spilled his tea.

He stared at his phone, unsure if he should pick.

"Damn, I am scared!". He spoke aloud as he picked the phone.

The voice at the end calmed his nerves.

"Hey, Luke. Where are you?". You were surprised to be here minutes ago". That was Raphael, the town's most popular car dealer.

Luke got slightly irritated. It is true he had an appointment with the car dealer but surely he could be excused because of the rain.

"You know I couldn't possibly drive in this weather. Maybe we should reschedule-". He replied angrily.

"What are you talking about?. The weather is sunny". Raphael cut in, his voice betrayal signs of surprise.

Luke stared at his phone, speechless and in that instant, he heard a loud grating noise.

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He dropped the phone and ran to the porch to know what's going on but he found no one there.

The sky was still fiery red and the rain was fierce still.

Taking several steps backwards, he got back inside the house and proceeded to shut all the doors and windows.

But he didn't know he was not alone at that moment.

The sudden whistling noise from the kettle startled him. He almost screamed.

Something or someone held him by his throat and covered his mouth suddenly.

\*\*\*\*\*

Luke felt a liquid sensation drop down his anal orifice.

And the pain-?.

His head was swooning and he felt an unfamiliar object or something pressing him firmly on his coffee table.

His eyes bulged open as he realized in horror, what was happening to him.

He wondered why he couldn't scream out!!.

He frantically reached out to touch his mouth- to his horror, his tongue had been ripped out!!.

He tried to escape from its grip and that made his gaze to rivet to the mirror placed on the coffee table.

The hairs on his neck stood up as he viewed who it was that having its sick way with him.

It had a head full of tentacles. Its face was rectangular in shape but it looked neither human nor beast. Its mouth stood out prominently and it was covered with three or four large protruding teeth.

It's tentacles kept going and coming out of his anal opening.

When it was finished with Luke, it dashed him across the room. Luke's neck snapped into two in that instant.

THE END

#### 6) OGBUNIKE CAVE

The school bus rolled into the grounds overlooking the Ogbunike cave at nine that morning. Happy shrieks from the children filled the air.

A middle aged woman, Mrs Aderline, walked hurriedly to the bus. She was going to be their guide for the day.

"Settle down Children". She called out lovingly to the noisome school kids. "Stand in a straight line and follow me".

They obeyed the tourist guide.

Pleased, she spoke once more. "This is Ogbunike cave. The only cave of its size in this region. We are going to have fun touring these grounds so stick to only where I tell you to. Don't wander about so that you won't get lost".

A noisy chatter from the end of the line briefly distracted her.

Frowning, she walked down the line to investigate the cause of the rumpus.

Two of them got missing in the cave. The two children, best friends, saw food or toys that distracted them and they were drawn deeper into the cave.

Maybe— a sacrifice was done. Chief priest said if they come back, they won't be the same. They agreed. The children winked at each other after saying that a young boy approached them. But when they got home, they did something.

#### 7) IT IS ME!!

The young man was whistling down the road.

He was wearing a sunny green shirt and a blue jeans trousers. His hair was cropped around his forehead. He smiled and admired a girl and didn't look when crossing the road

A van bounded up beside him and hit him. His head hit the ground first.

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John walked into a restaurant and saw her drinking a bottle of soda.

The lady looked no more than twenty five. She had a beautiful brown hair plaited in attractive cornrows. Her neck was long and graceful and a simple feather perched enticingly on her right cheek

He walked up to her confidently.

"May I join your table?". He asked politely.

She looked up and her eyes softened when she beheld his handsome face. She liked the way his mouth curved mischievously around his white sparkling teeth. She nodded.

"Hello. My name is Akpan John. And what's your name, beautiful?". He asked charmingly

Blushing, she replied. "It's Rosemary".

"What's a lovely girl as you sitting all alone?".

She frowned playfully. "Flattery won't get you anywhere".

She continued. "I am here to visit a sick friend".

"May I accompany you to the hospital dear?". He smiled.

She hesitated briefly but accepted his offer. "I don't see why not. I could actually need the company". Rosemary replied cheerfully

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The Cres hospital stood at the corner close to the restaurant. It was a massive structure. The two smitten friends walked towards the section marked "Emergency".

The receptionist flashed them a bored smile. It has been a very busy day at the hospital and with her constant glancing at the wall clock, one can safely assume she is impatient for her shift to be over.

"I have a friend admitted to this hospital". Rosemary began.

"Name and room number". The nurse requested.

Rosemary read from a paper in her hand. "Mrs Anne Olu admitted to room twenty three".

The receptionist raised her hand to give them the instructions and just then her eyes widened in shock as she took a glance at John.

She kept staring at John to the embarrassment of the two.

"Excuse me, will you?". Was all she could gasp as she quickly scrambled off her chair.

Rosemary stamped her hand in exasperation. "I hate visiting hospitals and it seems this receptionist is aiming to make this visit a long one". She complained and John held her hands in comfort.

"I wonder why that staff would act that way when she looked at you John". Rosemary remarked.

John shrugged his shoulders. "We would just have to wait and find out wouldn't we?".

She felt his palms break into massive amounts of sweat. Her face creased with worry.

"Are you alright?". Maybe you should have a seat". She offered.

Just then, the receptionist appeared, with a bewildered doctor in tow.

\*\*\*\*\*

He looked carefully at John, his face in horror.

John muttered. "Is anything the matter. I feel there is something strange going on. Firstly, the receptionist took one good look at me and fled to get you. Now, you are looking at me like you've seen a ghost!".

At the mention of that last word, the receptionist and the doctor flinched outwardly.

The doctor stammered. "A g-ghost?. Why in the world would you ever think that?".

Rosemary felt the need to cut in.

"I only came to this hospital to see a very good friend of mine. I don't understand why this young man should generate so much interest by you all, but can I please visit my friend and then get the chance to leave right after that?". She was half angry.

The receptionist gave her an uneasy smile and said. "You can see your friend definitely. Just come with me please".

They followed her. She walked fearfully across the hallway and when she got to the room marked twenty one, she stopped. She reached out to open the door but her hands were shaking violently.

"But this is room number twenty one. My friend is in room number twenty three". Rosemary began to protest.

The doctor hastily moved forward and opened the door.  
He got into the room first and then he signalled to the duo to come in too.

\*\*\*\*\*

Rosemary saw the patient first. She froze in disbelief!  
She slowly turned to look at John who was still at the door.  
John was perplexed at the way she was looking at him in horror.  
He walked slowly, unsure of what he would find.  
The patient was still dressed in the clothes he wore when he was brought in after the auto accident.  
He was unresponsive. The doctors had put him in a medically induced coma because of the trauma build up in his brain.  
The neurosurgeon was on his way to diagnose and treat him but it seems he was running late.  
As John peered into the face of the patient, he thought he looked uncanningly familiar.  
The receptionist couldn't hold her emotions any longer. "My God, what sort of trick is this?". She whispered loudly.  
That was when it hit him. He was looking at the face of no other person but him!!  
The noise from the monitor went dead suddenly.  
He began to shake vigorously, his body breaking into sweats.  
Everyone began to move silently away from him.  
He let out a huge fart and crumpled onto the ground-- a pulp of brown mass of flesh was seen. That was all that was left of him!!  
Victoria screamed.

THE END

8 SHE CAME BACK TO HAUNT US!!-

She came tonight; just as she did every night since the past fourteen days. A mysterious vision in red and black. Her hair was tied in a bun but that wasn't the strange part. Her hands and feet were bounded in chains and as she moved from door to door, the clanging noise from the chains drove fear into the hearts of the Lawson's- a man, his wife and two daughters, Mitchell and Courtney.

We will have to see the church about this". Their mother said in a resigned tone.

\*\*\*\*\*

Saint Michael's Catholic Church, Ogidi, in Anambra state of Nigeria stood on a hilly ground, resplendent in white with its huge bell toiling every hour for prayers.  
The distraught family made their way to the church in the midst of other worshippers.  
They waited behind the midday service so as to have a private discussion with the parish priest, Father Desmond.  
He listened calmly as the distraught family told their tale of the midnight apparition.  
"We will conduct an exorcism on your house but this must be a discreet matter because the Catholic Church doesn't give approval for exorcism any longer. He offered firmly but lovingly.  
They were in smiles after his words.

\*\*\*\*\*

A special room in the family house was prepared for the prayer and exorcism. He arrived at their home by ten that night and they earnestly launched in a two hour prayer and singing session.

At midnight, the family members were on edge. They knew she would come by tonight. She didn't disappoint them. The candles blew off. The windows were flung open and a strong wind blew.

Drops of water was heard dripping as she slowly came into the room.

Her hair and clothes were dripping wet still and she left wet footsteps as she walked.

Father Desmond rose from the rosary beads he was clutching and praying on and looked at her intently

There was no doubt in his mind that she was an old soul. He reasoned that she must somehow been linked to this family in the past.

"From whence do you come?". He addressed the bound spirit.

For a brief moment, he feared she may not be disposed to speak to him. It was a relief when he heard her speak.

"From the slave ship. I jumped inside the seas instead of following my captors to their part of the world". Her voice was shrilled but there was no mistaking its bitterness.

"The sea received my flesh but it couldn't receive my spirit. I roam here now- to exact my revenge on their descendants". She pointed at the scared family.

Father Desmond nodded in understanding and replied. "This family has no hand in what had happened to you in the past. By my own calculation, that sad event occurred close to two hundred years ago. This is a young family. What could you possibly want with this innocent ones?". He demanded.

"I know that but their ancestors sold me into slavery. I was barely a full grown woman when slave hunters broke into my mother's hut and took me away from my home". She howled in pain.

\*\*\*\*\*

Water dripping from her dress began to form as a massive puddle around her.

Everyone stared at her in shock.

She raised her hands to the roof and water began to drip down from it!!

They began to scream and beg for her mercy.

Father Desmond raised his book on exorcism on her and commanded.

"Loose your hold upon this family woman!".

She staggered back but it was brief.

He raised his hands at her but nothing happened.

The water level was now rapidly filling up the room!.

They were now gasping

She remained in that position, laughing.

Her laughter, piercing and mocking

9). IT'S HAPPENING!!

Brian whistled in delight as he picked his winnings at his favorite local casino in downtown Johannesburg.



His eyes twinkled at the sight of the two thousand Rand, neatly bound and placed in an envelope.

"Gambling will be the death of you". His father always told him but he never listened. Brian Mafikulozo was a brilliant young lad back in high school. His parents had had high hopes of him becoming a Medical Doctor or Scientist.

But their son thought differently. He wanted to make fast money. The opulence he saw in Johannesburg gravitated his mind to crime and women instead.

He wasn't married yet, he didn't feel the need to. He would turn fifty at the end of the month but he can't be bothered about his marital status.

Whistling down to the footpath that leads to his house, he stopped at the newspaper stand to buy one.

"Two die in road accident". He read one of the screaming headlines out loud.

"Life is just a stage then". He muttered absent mindedly.

Tossing the newspaper on the coffee table, he made a light dinner and went to bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Three days after, he was back at the casino.

Though he wasn't ready to cast his lots and start playing, nevertheless, he ordered for two shots of malt whisky.

He let out a loud sigh and it got the attention of his drinking companion, Charles Edo.

"Is anything the matter?". He asked very concerned.

Edo was a civil attorney. It is known that he makes close to three hundred thousand USD yearly but his incurable habit of gambling and drinking takes close to one third of his earnings.

His wife had left him six months back and it made sink deeper in his vices.

"Hey bro, can I tell you something strange?". Brian replied after a full minute of silence between them.

"I am all ears. Sure". Edo frowned slightly. He was half alarmed that the younger man was about to ask him for some financial favors.

He looked around quickly. Satisfied no one was eavesdropping, Brian blurted. "I have noticed this weird pattern of events". He knew what he was about to tell Edo sounded crazy but he continued. "Any day I make a winning in this casino". He hesitated briefly.

"Look man, I don't know how to say this and I know you must find this ridiculous but I noticed that any day I make a winning, a fatal auto crash always happens!".

For a moment, Edo was relieved that Brian didn't beg him for some money. He let out a relieved smirk.

"Is that the reason why you are not playing today as usual?". He tried to tease Brian but he didn't smile back.

He could see that his colleague wasn't in the mood for a joke and so he decided to say something serious this time round.

"You must be thinking too much. I bet it's just a strange coincidence". Edo tried his best not to laugh now. "Do you really think you are important in this universe?". He sneered.

Brian tried to laugh a little now but it didn't shake off the bad feeling he had.

The attorney took a long swish from his wine, laughed and tapped Brian on his shoulder.

"Clear your head from this mad thoughts and let's play some game tonight!. He took Brian by his arm and led him to the tables.

He won that night. It was a massive winning at that- twenty thousand Rand!.

"At this rate, you could be buying a Maybach car soon". Edo said to him.

An excited Mafikiluzo gave him a high five and ordered a bottle of Champagne for them both to celebrate.

By morning, he had forgotten about his worries.

"It was stupid of me to believe those coincidences in the first place". He chided himself.

\*\*\*\*\*

He visited the casino the following night.

He wanted to see Edo and have another round of drinks with him, laugh about his worries last night and definitely play a game too.

It was almost ten that night but there was no sign of the attorney.

Brian gulped the fourth bottle of beer and signalled the waitress to come over.

"Did Charles leave earlier than usual?". He asked while handing her the money for all he had ordered and drank.

The waitress, hesitated visibly.

Brian looked up at her in confusion.

"You haven't heard, have you?". She said, her voice creased in concern.

Brian felt his chest tighten.

"Let this not be what I am thinking is already is". He told himself while bracing himself for her next words.

"He is dead. He died in a car crash last night". She volunteered and left.

"Bloody hell!". He swore softly.

The conversation he had with Edo kept echoing in her head.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE END

10) LET'S JUST CALL IT A NIGHT

He pulled back the covers slowly. Funmi felt a sensation similar to the waves flowing back from her body at the beach.

She opened an eye and stretched her hands out in search of him.

Her hand couldn't find him but he found her.

Clasping her waist tenderly, he took her from behind, placing a hand underneath so he could arch her upwards.

Thrusting, she moaned softly at first, then louder as he met her with a great force.

When it was over, she remarked within herself. "I didn't hear him breathe at all".

\*\*\*\*\*

Obiora felt the usual tightening in his loins and reached out for his wife.

But she leapt on him and pinned him to the bed.

Pleased, he arched himself as she rode him softly

He heard her moan softly. Her moans always reminds him of a soft ballad.

"It's time to turn this song to a multiple piece orchestra". He whispered  
He increased his pace and her moans came louder.

\*\*\*\*\*

When they finished using the human vessels, the two creatures held hands and faced the bedroom wall. They seemed to exit through the walls.

\*\*\*\*\*

Next morning, the husband turned to her and groaned satisfactorily. "I thoroughly enjoyed our love making session last night". He gave her a naughty wink.

She laughed happily.

Rolling over to his side, she brought her face close to his and they kissed deeply

THE END

### 11) HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

"My favorite programme is on Robert"! Vivian, a fourteen year old girl called out to her brother.

That also meant she didn't want to be disturbed. Robert had an unpredictable manner of playing pranks whenever they are watching the television programmes but even he knows of the unwritten rule of never disturbing his sister whenever this particular TV series is on.

Little Robert felt uneasy all of a sudden. He was bored being by himself while Vivian was devoting all her time to the programme.

He also figured that her favorite station must be finished by now. He also noticed that the room was silent.

"Perhaps, it finished earlier than scheduled today". He thought while creeping out from the wardrobe, where he normally kept his train set and other toys.

\*\*\*\*\*

Vivian wasn't at the sitting room when he sneaked inside.

"I wonder where my sister has gone too". He wondered aloud.

A thought came to him.

"Perhaps she is helping herself to some snacks in the kitchen".

He skipped happily to the kitchen. Their mum was making some pies. But there was no sign of her.

"Do you want some milk dear?". His mum called out when she saw him at the door.

He shook his head and sped away. A quick look around the house revealed that Vivian wasn't at home.

In disappointment, little Robert went back to his mother.

She held out a mug of milk to him but he wouldn't have any of the drink.

"Mum, do you know where Vivian is?". He asked.

Mrs Augusta became worried immediately. "I thought you two were watching a programme on the television".

Without waiting for a reply, she switched off the oven and hurried out of the kitchen, taking Robert by his hand.

\*\*\*\*\*

Her little brother tried to switch off the television and that's when he saw his sister. He screamed in utter surprise and shock.

His mum looked at his face and then at the television too.

"She always said she wanted to be a mermaid!". Her brother lamented softly.

Two mermaids were swimming with all the gladness you can only imagine. They had silver hair and a long glistening fin attached to their lower limb.

One, was however by the shore, staring excitedly at them.

At the sound of Robert's scream, little Vivian turned and that's when their mum gasped.

"How did my daughter get inside the television programme?. What in the world of damnation am I seeing?". The distraught mother swore.

But Vivian didn't seem like she wanted to get back to her family.

She faced the ocean again and dipped one of her feet inside.

Slowly, her feet turned into a pinkish webbed apparatus. She dipped the other and the waves began to carry her into the ocean.

There was nothing Robert or her Mum could do to stop her in that instant.

THE END

## 12) THE BEGINNING

Creation. Her name was Esta. Her hair cropped around her head and face like as if it was afraid to fall on her back and onto the ground. Her skin looked rough but there was no mistaking its golden honey hue.

No one knew where she came from. Neither has she seen anyone but herself in this space.

Save me!". Was all she whispered.

The waters did a surprising thing. They gushed upwards through the crack she made-with the fury of a thousand rampaging elephants!.

The approaching monsters were thrown off their balance and were swallowed

The waters didn't stop though. They continued to assert themselves over the lands

She now walked above the water, smiling, all the days of her life.

The End

## Epilogue

The humming from the generator went off suddenly and she jolted from her sleep.

Confused, she stared blankly at the darkness. It took a few seconds for her to realize the electricity has gone off, this time from the generator.

She hissed under her breath and got hold of a solar lantern by her bedside.

She hurried to the backyard.

"The generator has run out of fuel!". She spoke out loud.

Ada Kate lived alone in a three room bungalow.  
As a writer, this living arrangement suited her just fine.  
The house was soon filled with bright lights. She heaved a sigh of relief and left the generator room.  
Glancing at the wall clock in the living room, she was shocked that the time was a few minutes after five in the morning.  
She wasn't too pleased that she overslept.  
"How do I finish this book if I keep oversleeping this way?". She grumbled.  
Fighting off the fatigue, she walked purposely to the ante room which serves as her study room.  
She let out a yawn and switched on the laptop  
"It can't be!!". She moaned in disbelief.  
She was hoping to see an empty page staring at her.  
All she could remember writing last night was- AFRICAN HORROR SHORT STORIES by Ada Kate Uchegbu.  
Ada racked her brain for more than two minutes but came out with nothing.  
"When did I finish writing this book?". She thought to herself.  
She spied around her room, unsure of what she would find.  
Everything seemed to be in order but wait a minute-, her eyes rested on the window above the fireplace.  
The window was slightly ajar.  
Fear rose in her bones and she could hardly move now.  
"I have never opened that window since I motriednto this house". She whispered terrifyingly.  
Staring at the window was all she could do, she wrapped around herself in fear, in the horror realization of not being alone in that house!!.

THE END

All the stories and names in this book is just purely a work of fiction.