

# CURSED BIRTH DAY CELEBRATION

It was a windy frigid last day of the month. "Morning Mike", she said with a sleepy voice. "Morning my Jane", Michael said whilst he stretched his arms preparing his muscles for a big day. "It's his birth day today and he is turning twenty one. What do you think?" Jane asked her Husband with a concern face. "Nothing" he answered with his lower gentle voice not even looking at her. "look at me Michael!" she shouted with a voice like thunder, and then she continued. "What kind of parents are we? He deserves the truth, nothing but the whole truth." Michael was a strong man, tall, fit, thick and dark in colour with white hair. He was an emotional loving husband. When he saw the tears in his wife he felt so guilty of ignoring her. "I know how it feels like; it has never been simple to me either." He paused while he hugged her. Jane was also an emotional woman. She loved her merely son. He continued "you are right he deserves the whole truth. We shouldn't have kept it from him". A sound from the door interfered in the conversation. "I think its Abraham" she said with a cheerful face, perhaps she thought it was time to become clean. "Mom, dad I'm late. Morning and have a wonderful day," that was Abraham's everyday say, late or early he'll just say 'mom, dad I'm late. Have a wonderful day while he grabs some fruit and without a respond he rushed to school. Abraham was a lovely boy, giant like his father but lighter in colour. He was well known due to his performance at school. He is always polite when he talk. He is as agile as monkey. He had strong abilities. He was genuine to himself and everybody. He had confident to work and learn from others. The thing that made him to be the most ecstatic man in the world was him being the first born in his pa

Soon he was at School. Learners were moving to and fro while greetings turned to be the song of the morning. He moved towards the wall of a building then turned his back unto it until his back was in contact with wall. He stood there of about five minutes and the phone was before him. "Happy born day myself" one of his best friend said while he smiled. "You too happy born day" Abraham said and simultaneously they laughed and shook hands then hugged. They called each other 'MYSELF' because of they shared name, birth year, birth month and birth day. They also had similar phenotypes, such as tallness, thick but the other Abraham was black like coal in colour. "What are today? Since I met you, you never celebrated this awesome day." Black

Abraham asked with a great concern in his heart. "I guess nothing, as you know I don't celebrate the birth day so that's what it is." Abraham said with a worried face but tried his best to conceal then he asked, "So on your side... are you celebrating. "Yah! Why not take this" black Abraham answered with great excitement while he handed a card to Abraham. "If you change your mind just know you are invited to my twenty first celebrate. He said again while he leaved to class.

Seconds made minutes while minutes made hours and hours went on and on until school out. Just when Abraham was about to leave the classroom, a group of learners came and sang a chorus of 'Hi Abram'. He moved his eyes swiftly to capture their faces and also interpreting them and guessing what they might ask from him. His thought was that they needed help of that cubic equation especial on how to find coordinates. "Heellooo" he replied slowly. "Sorry to disturb you but we were wondering if you might be able to help us with that cubic thing?" one of the girl broke the Ice after a long pause. "Yah sure why not" he said. They immediately welcomed themselves to the classroom.

After half of four hours the class was dismissed everybody understood the cubic graph. He went out from classroom to the school gate, to home gate then he was at the door then he was inside. "You are home at least; we've been waiting for you for so long." His mother said with a smile and hugged him. "Is everything okay mom?" he asked with fretfulness and took the schoolbag to the floor. "Sit down son" his father commanded him. He sat and tried his best to calm himself and gave an ear to them. "Son me and your mother we've been keeping a secret from you. We made a mistake by not telling you." His father said with a lower voice but audible. He paused waiting to be judged but his son was as quiet as a mouse. He resumed "we have the reasons not celebrating the birth days here at home." He paused and coughed but Abraham still said nothing. "You are not our first born son" Abraham interfered in his father's talk while he shouted, "what". After a long pause his mother said "Neither you are second nor third". Abraham said "mmm" and walked out with fury in his heart. His parents sat and watched him walk away and said nothing thing he will be back very soon.

"Myself, you made it, let's celebrate your day." Black Abraham said with excitement welcoming his friend to the party. "I never drink in my entire life please do not let me overdrink." Abraham requested a limit. They promised. The party went on and on. They drank like there will be no tomorrow. Nobody warn anyone about overdrinking. The two were Mr. Party. Nobody had a say

in them. The beer was new in the veins, the brain couldn't take more and it tried to defend itself by causing him to vomit. He went to toilet and locked himself there then he slept.

Morning came; Mike and his wife never shut their eyes still waiting their son to come back but no omen of him to be coming back. "Mike its five o'clock and his not back." She said and paused while the tears watered her dress. "Can you feel how cold it is? That jacket he worn is not enough for the whole night. And what if some gangsters attacked him or hurt him or perhaps killed him?" Mike rounded her with his hands and said no word. "Wait what if he's in a party somewhere?" she said while she wiped tears from her cheeks. Let's check his bag.... Maybe we can find something" mike said and moved swiftly to touch the bag. He checked and checked. While busy his wife said "let's call the police" Mike was concentrated in finding something in the bag and indeed he found something. "Here it's an invitation to the party" Mike said without reading what was written. "What! He can't be there..." she said and she showed a great terror. "Let us waste any more time you'll find me in a car." Without waiting for a respond he rushed to the car. And Jane followed. "What is it" Jane asked amazed. "No petrol and the battery need charging." He said while he breathed high. "No, no, no... we might not find him. It's over with my son. Oh Lord God protect my only son." She said and cried but leaved her and sprinted to a place where the party was held. Step by step he was moving forward and the faster the better. With a potential being there he reached his destination. The party was over everyone was at the bathroom door, black Abraham and his friends attempting to break the door. "What going on here?" mike asked while he shouted. All eyes were on him. "He is the only one who shot so we think he is the one who is there" Abraham said while trembling as if he was feeling cold. He again "The door can only be locked from inside." Well Mike applied greater force and three and four times the broke. "What's going on here? What are you peopling doing in our house?" Black Abraham's father asked surprised. "Mom, dad I'll explain later." He said while he breathed high. Mike said nothing but concentrated on saving his son. "No" he said crying while Jenifer mother of black Abraham and Abel the father of black Abraham evacuated the children not to observe what was happening. The poor boy was as quiet as a mole. His father crying helpless brushing the poor boy's face.

Shortly Jane, police and Emergency medical services arrived. Jane began to cry yet Mike was strong enough to face the fact. Mike went to black Abraham's family and apologized for the inconvenient. He said to them "Every time... when one of our child's birth days is celebrated in our family

it's either the father will overdrinks and die or the one whom is his birth will overdrinks and die. I had three sons before him... all same death."