



Dusty Diary Of A
Nigerian Witch

**A short story by Roli
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DEAR DIARY

My name is . I am a thirty year old woman. I am a complete failure.

Let me tell you why I am a failure. I know it might be a little strange that I am keeping a journal but I had to. I am depressed. I saw a former classmate of mine. She was someone I bullied. Someone I did terrible things to. I stripped her naked once, in reality asked a boy that was in love with me to strip her naked. I then asked him to send her pictures to everyone she knew and more. People saw her nakedness and laughed at her. They were obsessed with me. I was a practising witch then. They were the demons in human flesh I served so of course despite the fact that her body was a million times better than mine, they laughed at her. It made me happy. I thought I had ended her forever. I was sure after that she would commit suicide. I knew because I had done it to people before. They always

ended up dead. So I was sure, she would be no exception. Despite the fact that I did all that, she survived. She did not just survive, she thrived. She is the richest most successful person from my class. She is actually very popular. I see her on television, on media outlets and more. I pretend not to see it because I hate her. Her name is Riley. She had always been so perfect. She went to the best school. Funny story, she went to a school I also wanted to go. I wrote common entrance for the same school and I did not pass the exam. When I sw my result, my mum whom I expected to console me actually said "it is better that yiu did not even pass. We would never have been able to pay the school fees" so I went to a mushroom day school in my area in Warri, Delta state. So this girl had told me randomly that she attended this schoo;/ It wasn't just the school. It was the fact that I was always outrageously envious of her. I was jealous. She was so beautiful. She walked in to class and everyone stared at her. She was endowed and she jad a good waist to go with me. Unlike I, who had saggy breasts, a big protruding stomach and a

flat bottom. She was tall, with a big back side. When she walked, she was vomspicious. I hatedher. It wasn't just that. She was more intelligent than I was. She never raised her hands to answer questions still when she was asked she would give an answer hat made everyone clap/ When she did this. I looked at her with hatred. I was mad when she caught me mher out as one of the most beautiful looks,she of course won the competition she was brought out for against the other our people/ Eveyone cheered for her but me, again she caught me. Then it wasn't only that. When she turmed 21 she got her car. I wanted to scream into my pillow. I said I practise witch craft,it is true, my mother introduced me to the service of Levianthan when I was just a child. It was throught this dark magic that I knew about demons in human fleshes. Really just beings you think are normal human beings but they are not. They are demons that I serve. So it was this same demons, they are horrible, slimy and they are disgusting, kind of like me because I am in their image and likemness but I am okay with them. Since I can get them yo do my

biddings which involve killing people or making them kill themselves. It is usually a horrible process. The person hallucinates their worst fears. Whether it was through sickness like Malaria or depression, they would eventually end up dead. So in like manner, I wanted my father dead, it wasn't for any reason. He wasn't a horrible father. He just loved my sister more than he loved me, this I admitted to many people. I even wrote a letter about it. So they helped me, spiritually, it is not something I can explain. He fell sick, he started to hallucinate then I would sit by him and count his belt holes in sarcasm to see how many belt holes he had lost, how closer he was to death. He eventually dies and I was happy. But where did it get weird? I asked them to do same for this girl. They did everything for years. They made sure she was almost raped six times. Yet six times she was saved by a mysterious intervention. She fell terribly sick twice, she was close to death and still survived, She was tormented every second of the day for four years in her mind and nothing happened. She did not harm herself. She did not stop getting blessed.

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