

Jenny's Marriage Story

AMAGOJESSY



A Short Story

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The book, " Jenny's Marriage Story" is a creative work of fiction and so the names, events, and characters are used fictitiously and from the self imaginations of the author.

Should there be a related life history or story bearing the same names and characters, then it should be regarded as nothing but coincidental.

The book cover was created by the book author, Amagojessy.

The book "Jenny's Marriage Story" is for everyone. You can read it as a teen to know how you can make the best choice of husband in the future and to know every possible effect of any teen decisions or actions you may want to take in your life.

It's a must-read for you also as a married man or woman. I'm sure, "Jenny's Marriage Story" will inspire and motivate you into moulding your marriages. It will also help you with the perfect steps on what could be expected from you when I do become I don't in your marriage. Most of all, it will guide you to know the unexpected expectations in marriages, irrespective of whether you married an enemy or you married your beloved, thereby fixing and tackling them with ease.

Chapter One

That Saturday morning, I deliberately sat in the backyard, ignoring the Saturday house activities but seriously contemplating what my mother earlier told me on Friday night. I was still trying to figure out why she told me that simple but powerful word when my mother started shouting my name again and again. Jenny! Jenny!! Jenny!!!.

My mother yelled from the kitchen. I felt reluctant to answer her because I knew it was going to be another different drama.

Last night was all about idiomatic words and parables with deeper meanings. Yeah, deeper than the understanding capacity of my age. Remember I was just fifteen hoping to enter sixteen in the coming two months and also hoping to participate in the coming senior school certificate examination.

Because my mother overheard me telling Sandra, my friend who visited Thursday afternoon, having seen the disagreement pattern between my mother and father. I told Sandra that my marriage would be that of sweet and sugar.

That was why she started her unexpected parables on me. She said, “You will grow to understand that NO MARRIAGE IS PERFECT AND PAINLESS”

Ever since I was born to that worrisome but caring woman, I've believed, accepted, and obeyed all her words, and it had been working perfectly for me but this word,” You will grow to understand that no marriage is perfect and painless” is what I disagreed with.

In fact, thinking about that word alone keeps escalating my confused spirit.

My marriage must be perfect and not just perfect, but I still maintained that it's going to be that of sweet and sugar, I murmured within me. Knowing what David is capable of, knowing how caring he is, knowing how he loved me so much, the best of it all, knowing all the promises he made to me.

My mother never encountered my friend David. I knew if I should allow her to encounter this handsome and promising young man from a wealthy family, then she would come to see reasons why I disagreed with her.

She would realize one day that her marriage wasn't so sweet and sugary because she married an enemy in the disguise of a friend.

Yeah, I believed, my mother and father couldn't make a peaceful home because they never loved each other and so the outcome is just what it's supposed to be.

I suddenly felt my mother's footsteps from behind. This time now, it was all about fear and tension. Jenny Patrick, Jenny Patrick, my mother yelled from behind.

This time around, it was no longer about Jenny alone, it was also about the inclusiveness of my innocent father's surname in a capital letter.

I think I have no other option left than to answer that great woman who birthed me before she beat the hell out of my eyes. Who was that young man? My mother queried.

Which young man, mother? I tried questioning my mother, but my mother gave me a hot, unexpected slap from behind before I could complete my question.

She dropped another thunderous slap again when I wanted to walk away. Yeah! But the last slap got my brain reset to square one and here comes my true confession.

That young man is my friend, “David, I replied to my mother. But then, how did she find out about my relationship with David? I asked myself.

I still don't understand, said my mother.

Knock! Knock!! Knock!!!

We got interrupted by the knock on the door. My father came out of his room as my mother went to check on the new visitor.

I started crying as if someone poured hot water on me, but then no one did. I was only trying to win my father's sympathy and petting. Why is this wicked woman maltreating my only daughter? Not just my only daughter, but also my only child. Why didn't she understand that Jenny had been the only bond that made her continue staying in my house when there was no more love between us? Above all, why did she derive pleasure from seeing Jenny in pain? All these questions were coming from my father at the same time without one answer from anyone. Come inside, Jen, my father said.

That was the name my father used to call me whenever I was annoyed. The next thing he would do after calling me Jen, he would call my uncle, Uncle Olisa, and narrate everything that happened in the house so that he would help him calm me down.

He called and called, but no one was picking up his call. A few minutes later, my father's phone rang. It was my uncle's wife that called him back. Uncle Olisa is dead, his wife said.

I got the worst shock of my life that Saturday. My parents find it difficult to take care of our feeding and my schooling because of their financial status. It was Uncle Olisa who kept supporting my family without complaint.

He had been sponsoring my education from day one and even promised to take care of my education up to the university level.

My uncle's wife continued, he died a few minutes ago as a result of the injury he sustained from a car crash this morning. I sent someone to deliver the message to you and your wife.

It was at this point that I began asking myself about the outcome of the knock on the door that interrupted my quarrel with my mother. What sort of enmity would cause my mother to leave without reporting the sad news to my father?

What could be the exact thing she discovered about me and David that made her not also deliver the sad message even to her daughter? Ever imagined what questions would turn out to be when a question mark was included, but the answer was missing? I kept asking myself.

Anyway, the case of my father and mother had been that of irreconcilable differences.

No child will be happy seeing his or her parents living in hatred and disagreement. Every effort I made to reconcile them was in vain. At one point, I saw reasons with my mother. At another point, I also saw reasons with my father. All the same, they both needed to contribute to a happy family, but they needed love to make it work out.

Chapter Two

The trauma of the death of Uncle Olisa continues to affect all of us in the house. At the same time, I was mourning his unexpected demise. I was also wondering how to further my education. How can I even succeed in paying for my senior school certificate examination that will be due by next month? How can I even succeed in becoming the Engineer that I've since aspired to be? Queries and queries kept pondering in my mind. I believed my only hope was to let David know about my current situation.

I went to my room to write a letter to David explaining everything to him and requesting his support.

I started writing when my mother interrupted my write-up. What are you writing again Jenny? My mother asked. I was trying to reply to her with tension. When she said again. Are you writing another letter to David after my warning to you? The other time, I picked a letter you wrote to the same David. I've told you as my daughter that men are men and must continue to be men. The earlier you get it into your stubborn skull, the time you will know peace. It will also help you to make the best marriage decision. Remember that all that glitters is not gold and can never be gold. I was so confused at this point that I didn't know the approach to win my mother's approval of David.

My mother took away the letter from me and started to read it aloud. She started scolding me immediately after reading my letter. My mother failed to give me food all through the day. I went to my mother pleading for her forgiveness. She forgave me and warned

me to stay away from David and everything about him. But that seemed so impossible to me, but then I didn't have the power to do otherwise.

Knock! Knock!! Knock!!!

Someone was knocking on the door and it was my friend Sandra who came to deliver a message from our school principal.

She said The principal had told us that the last day of payment for the ongoing senior school certificate examination would be tomorrow. I was so shocked and likewise was my mother.

The tension of missing the exam brought another big disagreement in the family.

My mother started shouting at my father to bring out the money for her daughter's examination. Both of them started quarrelling again. My father now asked me about David, who he was, and how I got to know him. I narrated everything about David to my father. My father suggested I should let him know about the new development and the last day of school exam payment. I did as my father instructed me and David paid for everything concerning the exam and also gave me some pocket money for my upkeep.

One thing I've noticed about David was that he seriously hates to see me in pain. He must do something to alleviate my pain and make me happy.

It had been the reason behind what I said and maintained that my marriage would be that of sweet and sugar with honey.

David also promised to sponsor my University education to win my father's marriage approval with him.

He succeeded in winning my father but every effort of his on my mother failed like a horse trying to pass through a needle.

What could be my mother's problem behind rejecting David? Even after he had taken over almost all of Uncle Olisa's duties in the family.

David was the only person behind all my life's success after my uncle's death. He paid for my senior school exam, he paid for my Jamb exam, he paid for every bit of my first-semester schooling at the University of Gwala, and continued to do more.

Both my feeding, house rent, transportation, and upkeep, he takes care of all of them.

I was so annoyed with my mother that despite all David's efforts, she still found it difficult to accept the young man in her only daughter's life.

I was about to round up with my final year examinations when David suggested it was time to plan for my marriage with him.

I don't have any other option than to support him in his decision. We planned on meeting my family towards the weekend.

On our arrival, David was warmly welcomed and congratulated by my father and one of my father's half-brothers for keeping up to his promises.

My mother was in her room and decided not to show up for reasons known to her alone. Ever since I was born, I've never seen both of them in a discussion mood. I mean my father and mother. But I noticed my father swallowed his pride to dialogue with my mother on the need to accept David's proposal to get married to me.

I also went to my mother seeking her approval. I discovered my mother started crying immediately after I entered her room. It was a sight that pained me most in life, seeing my mother crying like a baby. I also started crying with my mother.

In fact, she was the one that started wiping my tears away.

My mother began talking to my spirit now....

David suffered for our family, I must confess. He did what thousands of men cannot do, yes I agreed, for me to deny him my approval on marrying you after everything he did would be

wickedness and selfishness. I would have preferred he didn't do all he did so I could have the power to make a choice of marriage for my one and only daughter, my world's only surviving child.

David came from a very wealthy family and so he finds spending money on people as an ordinary and common thing. I appreciated what David did and how he helped you out, but.....

But whatever he spent on you must never be proof of true love. You're warned.

You're a beautiful girl that every man will desire to settle down with.

You're not only beautiful but at the same time too intelligent and hardworking.

I never wanted to tell you more about my life journey with your father. I knew that letting you know about it would discourage you from getting married to this particular David of yours and even discourage you from getting married to any man in the world.

I never wanted this relationship to be continued in the beginning but it's damn too late for crying out loud.

I wasn't crying for you not to marry David, I was only crying foreseeing your future marriage ordeal.

I'm motherless and fatherless now but have been coping with the pains from your father only because my elder brothers and sisters remained there for me.

You don't have anyone to call your brother nor do you have someone to call your sister.

Extended family members don't usually count in such situations, it's only your biological parents and siblings who will understand and participate in your marital pains.

The world is passing away, people keep dropping into the world beyond every day. When you will see your mother and father no more, you will have only your husband as a source of happiness.

What will then be your fate when the "I do in marriage becomes I don't" from your husband's side?

I've told you time without number that not all that glitters are gold and I grew up to discover that marriage had been the number one kingdom where all that glitters later failed to be gold instead it became 100% rust iron.

I've also told you to know that no marriage is perfect and painless. Please bear these in mind while entering a man's house.

I would have wanted to select your man by myself but wasn't opportune to do so.

I've no option left than to bless and pray for your successful and peaceful marriage with your David.

I knew there had been many ups and downs following all marriages but I've realized it's more common when you marry in such a wealthy and pompous family.

Everything about them remains pomposity and pride.

I never wished you to go through what your mother went through at the hands of your father in the name of marriage.

Nevertheless, I will continue to leave my spirit with you, and my prayers and blessings also with you. It shall be well with you and your husband.

Amen! Amen!! and a louder Amen!!! I said happily.

But, I still have one more word of wisdom to voice out to you my daughter.

Go ahead, I told my mother.

One more thing.

Please always note that when couples celebrate their marriage anniversary, they're not just celebrating their love and commitment to each other. They are at the same time celebrating the years of tolerance, pains, disagreement, and challenges, and most of all, they are celebrating the years of continuously fighting so hard to

never allow " I do" to become " I don't" in their marriage. So much more to count. Please take note of these words. Let it be in your mind every day of your life with your husband.

One other secret you must know in marriage....

There are four sets of people that remain irreplaceable in someone's life. They're;

Your father, your mother, your siblings, and extended family members, like your uncle and aunts. A man can replace his wife, likewise, a woman can also replace her husband, but.....

But you can never replace your father, mother, siblings, and other extended family members.

Take note of all these to build a better and more structured home.

Of course, you can never build the best and perfect home, you can only build a better home in marriage.

It shall be well with you daughter.

I quickly ran to hug my mother out of happiness for granting me her prayers and approval.

As for the other things she said, I knew my David was capable of everything good. He is sure to give me that perfect peace and love.

I would remain irreplaceable in David's life now and forever.

I now persuade my mother to come and welcome David. She agreed with my suggestion.

My mother came and thanked David for the first time.

They both concluded and scheduled the date for our traditional marriage and the white wedding.

Thanking God that everything went as well as we planned. My wedding with David remains the talk of the whole town in Isinku village.

It was done and dusted. I was so happy to become David's wife. I was so convinced without a doubt that my marriage with David must be that of sweet and sugar.

My parents' case was different, they don't love themselves and they never had money to make it work out for them. In fact, my father never valued my mother.

David loved and valued me so much that he so much detested seeing me in pain.

He loved spending money on me. At least, I'm rest assured that my parents will start smelling money after my marriage.

I went to my room to call my mother about her well-being. I'm okay, my daughter, I hope there's no problem. My mother queried.

There will never be a problem throughout my married life with David. I replied to my mother. David loved me so much and promised to never live to see me angry, I told my mother again.

Thank God he loved you so much, my daughter. I pray he will continue to love you both in the morning, afternoon, and evening.

May God bless you, my daughter.

Amen! I replied.

Hope you and my father have eaten? I asked my mother.

Yes, we have. Replied my mother.

Okay, call me later in the day.

My married life journey with my husband, David, started. I told my mother that, even when all men are the same, then my David must be different from all of them. In fact, David is one in a million that every woman would love to spend their life with.

David never denied me anything on earth. He is so loving and a hundred percent caring. Some couples will always bring out a special day for shopping and hanging around but my case was quite different.

So different that every day with David becomes a shopping and enjoyment day.

Nothing to regret about my choice of marriage.

Absolutely nothing and I knew it will continue to be that of sweet and sugar.

My married journey with David continued.

I woke up on Wednesday morning and discovered I was so tired. I'm so exhausted that getting up from my bed has become difficult for me.

Pains all over my body. I felt like I was going to die. Fear and panic were all over me.

Could it be that I have taken poison unknown to me?

Questions kept popping up in my mind.

I started vomiting trying to force myself up from the bed.

Could it be malaria?

What could be the cause of the vomiting and body weakness?

I then remembered that my mother used to ask me if I was pregnant whenever I complained of too much body weakness.

I quickly picked up my phone to call David. He came back immediately from his office.

David took me to the hospital. Behold it was all about pregnancy.

I've tested positive for the pregnancy test.

So that woman that birthed me went through all this shit to bring me into this world.

Ugomma, you deserve gold and silver from me, your daughter, I told myself.

I was given some drugs and was advised as a first-time expectant mother.

David drove me home and stayed with me for the rest of the day.

I felt better the next day and encouraged him to go to work.

David left and then.....

It was either this or that throughout the pregnancy period.

Women go through a lot to bring in a new life in their husband's houses and deserve to be celebrated for this alone.

It was now that I started feeling bad about my father.

Inasmuch as my father loved me so much as his daughter. He should have forgiven whatever he felt my mother wasn't doing right if not for anything for him to respect that risk my mother took to make him a father.

I now became a lawyer and judge without even going to law school. God forgive me, but then, I was only judging my parents from my mind.

If all these happen to be pregnancy symptoms alone, what then should labor and delivery be?

I just don't know but must know in no distant time.

Behold that very day came, the ever-expected day David and I will become father and mother respectively.

It started with a watery discharge that came along with heavy pains.

It was so painful that if I had the opportunity to choose between such pain and death, I would have chosen to die rather than go through such an awful horror.

David held me tightly and requested his driver's help.

His driver came and drove us to the specialist hospital. The nurse after checking my labor progress told me that I'm yet to start my labor journey. I shouted and mistakenly slapped the nurse. May God forgive me for my misconduct.

She should be an armature and unqualified nurse. How could she tell me that I'm yet to commence my labor when I'm already dying in pain?

Call my mother now! I shouted to David for the first time. David quickly alerted my mother. I knew it wouldn't be all that easy to get my mother's attention because it was our village market day and she should be in the market.

Wanted to call my mother by myself but discovered that I'd lost all knowledge of phone operations.

Yeah! That's true.

I've even forgotten the passcode of my phone.

In fact, I just discovered I've forgotten about David's name.

I know I'm seriously honest with my words.

I immediately shouted again from the labor room as my labor pain progressed.

Call that man for me, I told the dark-skinned nurse standing beside me.

Who was that man? The nurse queried.

Call that man making calls over the counter.

It was then that the nurse laughed in Spanish.

You mean I should call your husband? She boldly asked me.

Yes, call him for me.

At the same time my husband was coming to answer my call, my mother came standing beside me.

She gently hugged me and whispered into my ear.

Be strong my daughter, that's how labor used to be.

Be strong for your husband, your mother and your father and most of it all, be strong for your unborn baby.

Remember, I went through the same thing ten times and because I never gave up on the way, I succeeded in giving birth to you as the product of my tenth labor experience and my only surviving child.

My mother, Ugomma, had always been a strong woman. She was so strong that she could bring light during darkness in almost every situation. Only that she has failed to succeed in her marriage with the same qualities and tactics.

She just removed fear and brought courage, faith, and determination to me.

Yeah, she did.

I was put to bed a few minutes after my mother's presence.

A bouncing baby girl followed by another bouncing baby girl.

Yeah, I gave birth to identical twin girls that look exactly like their Daddy, David.

My husband was even so surprised that my first reaction after delivery was to kneel before my mother and tenderly apologise to her for any way I'd wronged her all through my stay in my father's house.

It wasn't easy becoming a mother though but I must confess that it remained the best experience in life.

Chapter Three

How time flies remains the number one unexplained mystery of life. Baby Kasie and Kadi are already getting to one year old. They will be celebrating their one-year birthday in the coming week.

I complained about pregnancy pains being the worst pain I experienced in my life during Kasie and Kadi's pregnancy journey but labor pain came to supersede every bit of it.

What about nursing the newborn? It's yet another stress and wahala but a good experience.

May God bless and see all mothers through.

May God also bless and see all fathers through, especially fathers who understand the delicate nature of the heart of a woman. Fathers who understand what women go through in the process of making men fathers. What about the risk of losing their own lives in replace of the newborn?

I kept wondering about getting pregnant again, but I must do so for Kasie and Kadi to have their siblings. Having lived my life as the only surviving child of my parents. Sometimes I feel so bad whenever my classmates introduce their siblings to me. I have decided with my husband David on getting only four children, possibly two girls and two boys by the grace of God.

David prefers taking his clothes to the dry cleaners but I've decided to surprise him today by washing his clothes for him.

I was washing David's clothes when I discovered something in his pocket. On checking to see the content in his pocket, behold it was a condom.

Ohh shit! But I trusted David with all of my breath. How could David do this to me?

I was so annoyed and disappointed that I started searching all of David's trousers. It was during this time that I found a letter in one of his pockets.

I quickly opened the letter and it reads....

Hi baby,

How are you doing?

I wanted to let you know how we are missing you. Baby, I'm so worried about our relationship. You promised to make me your second wife.

You've been taking good care of me and our baby boy. I must confess that I have lacked nothing with you.

The next year you fixed our marriage will be too far for me, please.

Let's do it this year for me and my son to be happy and fulfilled.

Thank you, my love.

Tears of betrayal of love and trust filled my eyes. I cannot even control my tears.

There's even no need to call David for trouble right away. I don't usually keep friends to confide in.

I resorted to reaching out to my mother who had been a mother and a friend, at the same time my siblings.

My David has failed me and my mother had earlier warned me about my childish decision and conclusion.

I now realize the reasons for every negative attitude of my mother on my quest to marry David.

This poor woman had wanted to advise me. My trust and dependency failed me.

I called my mother but her line wasn't going through. I decided to call my father to get relief from him. My father was so surprised and even found it difficult to believe my story.

He was so pained that he helped me reach out to my mother. After narrating my story to my mother. She started crying loudly, I never wanted you to marry that David. I never wished you to experience one-third of what I went through at the hands of your father.

But then, you have to stop crying and put yourself together, such is marriage for you. Put yourself together because what you experience now is not even the major pain and predicament that will kill you in marriage.

I would like you to know about one of Amagojessy's marriage and relationship quotes.

Most times, it's not all about the weight of the sin or actions that kill emotions in a relationship, it's all about the attitude of the offender, is he or she even remorseful?

[Amagojessy Quote](#)

Welcome him when he returns and serve him food as usual. Is not even the pain of what he did that will break you as a woman.

What would break you more would be his reaction after you have let him know what you noticed.

If he apologizes to you and shows a remorseful heart, then you don't have much problem. Forgive him and move on with your marriage. Women always pass through the fire in the name of marriage. The earlier you get to know it, the more peace for your soul and spirit.

I was still listening to my mother's advice when David entered the room.

I had to hang up my call to welcome him as my mother instructed me. I served him food and in the process of me wanting to tell him what happened, David started shouting at me for the first time.

Another thing I noticed from David but ignored out of love was David's habit of sleeping outside. He would tell me one story or the other story and I believed him.

Instead of David showing gratitude for washing his clothes. He resorted to shouting at me.

Did I ask you to wash my clothes for me?

Won't I have some privacy in my own house? Is that how your mother trained you?

Anyway, it's even better if you get to know everything this way because I have been thinking about how to break the news to you that I'm planning to marry a new wife.

Well, everything you notice is nothing but the best truth you should know.

I came from a very rich family and can afford to marry any number of women I would love to marry.

But it wasn't part of the agreement, I shouted to David

Leave for peace if you can't accept my decision. I'm the man of the house and I have the final say on what happens in my house.

It was like a dream but it's all about reality.

I started crying again expecting David's petting and promises as usual but he overlooked every one of my actions.

My mother warned me but I failed to listen to her.

The expected marriage of sweet and sugar is now turning out to be that of pains and regrets.

My mother warned me but I disregarded her.

I'm not only worried about David's unexpected negative attitude towards me, I'm mostly worried about my mother, she has

developed high blood pressure because of what I'm going through in my marriage.

I was thinking all this and slept off, it was David who woke me up asking me to return his atm card I've been using to withdraw money for my upkeep. I handed David the atm card. He again requested I should minimize the way I'm spending money considering the new development.

All I could reply to him was nothing more than my silence. The painful side of my marriage continues.

It seems I'm still in my dream but reality has proven it to be true. David's marriage with his secret wife was done and dusted without anyone stopping them.

I thought of going back to my parents but my mother debunked the idea.

One Sunday morning, I was dressing myself and my daughters for the Sunday church service when my co-wife took away my boiled water for her personal use outside my consent. I wanted to let her know that she was supposed to boil another water for me when she decided to take away the one I boiled. She started shouting at me.....

I'm the mother of David's first son and deserve the full right to be respected by everyone in the house. The earlier you know it, then, the more you know peace.

Tears kept rolling from my eyes, I was flabbergasted and short of words. I was crying in the kitchen when David came to judge what had happened. Prepare for your packing out for failing to respect the mother of my first son. That was David talking to me.

I was so pained and annoyed by David's judgment that I started shouting at David. It was at that moment that David and his wife started punching me.

In fact, the only thing I could remember was when I woke up from the hospital bed.

At least I was happy that I woke up and saw my father beside my hospital bed instead of the wicked David and his wife.

When I asked him about my twin girls and my mother. My father started weeping. That was the first time I witnessed my father in a crying mood. His cry worsened my pain and I started calling my mother's number but was so surprised to see it ringing in my father's pocket.

Why would my father go with my mother's phone?

What happened to my mother? My father and mother are not always on good terms for him to be permitted to use my mother's phone.

I was still asking myself questions when someone entered my ward to ask about my father. The man came straight to my father to tell him that the mortuary attendant had wanted to see him.

I decided to follow my father to see the mortuary attendant but my father debunked my idea. When I maintained my decision to follow my father, he broke the sad news to me.

Yeah, the sad news is that my mother, Ugomma, is dead. She died as a result of the shock she got from what she saw in the hospital. Poor mother! Her death would have been avoided but I failed to listen to her advice on choosing the right man for marriage.

Tell me how I'm going to cope with these life frustrations from David and his wife without my mother.

I was filled with pain and guilt, I think I'm the one that killed my mother.

How could I take care of my twin girls and my pregnancy without my warrior, my mother?

So this is the outcome of the so-called marriage of sweet and sugar that I've been dreaming of.

My mother's marriage was even better than mine because I never lived to witness my father lay hands on my mother.

Yeah, not even a day.

Even though I'm the only surviving child of my parents, my father never allowed my mother to experience the wounds of a polygamous home.

I wished my mother would come back to life so that I could tender the best apology to her and also let her know that her husband, my father, is a unique and sincere husband that every woman would pray for.

In fact, my father is one in a million. God is God and will continue to be God. I loved my father so much but sometimes hate his attitude towards my mother but now I have realized that he is one in a million.

Just as my mother said not all that glitters are gold. I have grown to know that no marriage is perfect and painless but can only be moulded to be better.

My father has developed high blood pressure from the death of his wife, my mother.

He has been managing his health since my mother's death.

I pray nothing happens to my father because I'm going to kill myself if I should lose him. He has been the reason for my trying to cope with my mother's death and David's frustrations.

Staying alone and indoors now becomes the new trick I'm using to avoid David and his wife wahala.

I always stay alone in the room, playing with my twin girls.

I was in the room when my husband entered my room to tell me about my father's current situation.

He was called from the hospital that my father's blood pressure had risen beyond normal.

We went to the hospital together but I wasn't lucky enough to see my father alive.

God, where are you? Where are you God to permit all that has been happening to me?

What the hell could life in David's house turn out to be for me and my girls without any of my parents by my side?

God, why?

Ugomma, why did you leave so soon? Patrick, why did you join her too soon?

Why didn't you people have me in mind? Who would take care of me now?

May the death that killed my uncle, Olisa, and my mother and father never know peace.

Both of them remained irreplaceable in my life.

I think I'm going to end this shit called life. But then, how do I write letters to my girls so they won't make my own mistakes again?

My mother's marriage story is now better than Jenny's marriage story.

I would have ended this shit called life but wanted to keep the ball rolling because of my girls...

Yeah, so I will tell them everything I learned from my mother. I will carefully select their husbands so they won't suffer what I suffered. I would love to let my girls know that money is good but should be counted among the last things when choosing a man to marry.

What Jenny learned so far...

Not all that glitters are gold in marriage.

No marriage is perfect and painless but can only be molded to be better.

"I do" sometimes becomes "I don't" in marriage.

I can never replace my mother, father, siblings, and extended relatives and likewise, they can never replace me in their life.

Money is good, it will help you to solve many marital problems but it will never give you marital peace and love.

Marital troubles and disagreements from wealthy families are always heavier and more complicated than troubles coming from average or poor families.

I've learned that trusting and dependency is no longer recommended and so should be completely removed from our life journey for more winnings.

Yeah. I trusted David and he failed. I trusted my parents to always be there by my side guiding and protecting me but they both failed by succumbing to the power of death.

May God rest their souls, Amen.

May God console, protect, provide, and see me through, May God protect me and my girls, Kasie, Kadi, and my unborn child in the womb from David and his wife's beatings and trouble.

I hope God will give me that longevity and the power to make my girls' marriage a better one. Indeed I've grown to realize that no marriage is perfect and painless but can be molded to be better.

To God be the glory in everything.

To be continued....

About the Author



Amagojessy is a verified Amazon author and a confirmed storyteller. She has what it takes to revive your weakened spirit with powerful plotted fiction stories for your merriment. Her real name is Chiamago Emechebe.

When she's not fighting that shit called slavery and dependency. Then, she's busy writing or trying to discover ways to assemble and assign every life's negativity together in equilibrium for her satisfaction and the comfort of other people out there. Conveying the tips via writing, storytelling and sharing of knowledge. She simply loves reading, writing, and sharing knowledge with others.

She has been a writer with more than ten years of experience, writing articles for different blogs and writing stories, novels and self-help books. Find most of her stories, novels, and self-help books on Amazon.

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