

The U Turn

By Chukwudum Okudarue

“Mommy, look at his big head”

Nothing was held sacred, not even the head of a chief judge on a Sunday morning. The judge was going bald; sprinkles of white salted his temples dotting their way round to the tips where the hair stopped just short of his crown.

“I like your head, it’s shinny at the top” the child retorted to the judge’s stare.

“It wasn’t always like this” the judge managed out in between fits of laughter. “Age and wear have taken their share I’m afraid” he said looking at her mother. The mother smiled sheepishly, too embarrassed to speak. She sought someone who would accompany her to the back of the church and help shoot the girl. She would have sufficed to smack the girl’s head clear of her posits - the child had given one too many in awkward places - but everyone would frown at that sort of thing in church. She settled for watching the girl closely. Her eye had begun to shift again; no doubt looking for something else to violate.

“Mommy I want sweet”

Her hand rose to strike. But in the interest of peace she grabbed the girl’s wrist and marched out of the church; ignoring the judge who had produced a sweet from his jacket pocket. The judge had grandchildren and understanding perfectly their eccentricities, always had a ready sweet for their entreaties.

Once in the rest room, the mother began to undo her wrapper. It had taken a good twenty minutes to get it right in the morning. Loose enough to move around and tight enough to look chic. This had now been ruined.

There would be one way to end it all. The girl would have to go back the way she came. Sure her head had been smaller a year and half ago but if she could get it out then, with a little effort she could get it back in.

She matted down the little girl’s hair disregarding her innocent stare. Lying down she parted her legs as far they would go and began to force the girl back into her womb. She had half expected it to be like the first time; with a lot of slime and screaming. Instead it turned out quite seamless. There had only been a little jar when it got to the girl’s shoulders that made her grimace and scuff her heels violently on the toilet floor.

After about five minutes it was over, she now had no child and all the peace she wanted. She patted

her trim tummy and stepped out to join the service.

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