

How to Marrie A Rich Man

In this morning of the Monday that is serious day of work and business, the sun is shining hot. I am standing in the under of my big umbrella in the Sapele Road and be frying akara in the pot that is in the top of the firewood.

I am looking the plenty man, the plenty woman as they are going their work. I seeing children as they are going their school. I seeing one man holding him daughter, and he is going her school with her. I starting to be thinking in my heart that she have lucky because she have father. Me that I never seeing my father! I no even knowing what he have resemble.

I hiss and remove the thinking of my father from my heart.

I continuing to be looking the people as they are going in the road. As I am looking, I just seeing my rich woman customer inside of her car and her two son. She slow the car and wind her window down and stretch her hand, 'Miracle, how are you?'

'I fine, Ma. You no buying bread and akara this morning?'

'Not today, Miracle. I am in a hurry.'

'Peeraps, you go buy another time.' I smile

'Perhaps, Miracle. Not peeraps.' The woman shake her head.

I squeeze my eye from embarrass.

She do bye-bye with her hand for me and drive her car go. I starting to be thinking in my heart that it is good to marrie a rich man. This my customer, she always get happiness anytime I seeing her. Everybody have know that her husband get plenty monie. The husband treat her well. I hearing that before she can finish asking him for something, he have give it to her like magic. Who doesn't wanting that kind man as husband?