

PRE-EDITED SAMPLE:
(not for reproduction, property of Witty Writings, Inc.)

My one time ugly teenage story always flashed back from time to time and in relation to that I was warned never to repeat them. I was in my uncle's house with my two cousins and we knew that night outings were not accepted so we decided not to take permission to go out. We made our own plans to sneak out when my uncle and aunt were asleep. we monitored their movements. My dress for the party was at a friend's house who had also planned to sneak out. That night seemed like my uncle and aunt lingered longer around the parlor than they usually did. It was 9pm and we had to leave. So I called our little cousin Sophia and shut the door behind me. She was so sleepy and never shut it .I left to join my two cousins who had to accompany me. We had to jump over a fence into our neighbor's farm. They both were taller than I and so jumping over the fence was not a problem for them. The fence was uneven and so the shortest height of the fence was directly opposite to louvers of my aunts room .If she had just spied, she would have caught us .It took me a while to jump because It was my first time trying to jump over a fence. My cousins grumbled as I slowly struggled to climb. Finally, one of them had to help me out. As I jumped in the next neighbor's farm, there was someone standing there. I suppose one of the neighbor's sons. He did not know our names but he saw us in their farm and as he stretched his hand trying to use the sign language to stop us, we ran away like we had never seen him. When my peers saw me, they were so glad as well as amazed that I was in their midst and they all asked how I made it there because I was known to live in a very strict house where in no doubt night visits could never be accepted.

Ten minutes after we made it to the party, the Master of Ceremony(MC)loudly called out our names on his microphone "Miss Christiana Agbor you are urgently needed out of this party by your uncle". I heard the crowd boo. Our uncle was out there waiting for us with a stick in his hand as a friend reported. Though I behaved as though I was not one of those whose name was called, I trembled greatly within. When I noticed that people were distracted with dancing, my friends thought of hiding me in the DJ's little room. Nevertheless, when I got home, we were seriously reprimanded. When this story was recounted to my dad, it was no fun. later, I succeeded to go to high school but that did not cover up my dads rage about this. It was more important to have a good name than any accomplishment to him. Proverbs , A good name is better than gold and silver. Thank God who touched the heart of my aunt and uncle to forgive me .I attended High School in another area and as we read one of our literature books, "I will marry when I want" by Ngugi and Ngugi ,my teacher highlighted to the class that I could better tell them what it meant to sneak out at night. I was embarrassed that he knew my story. Hallelujah,the class ended right after he wanted me to tell the class. Someone had told him about me I thought.