

TANUI'S PUBLICATIONS

PLEASURE WITHOUT CONSCIENCE

Take your conscience with you
wherever you go

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They once lived a man in a neighbourhood at a cul-de-sac where an oil factory once stood. The factory building which was long abandoned was a centre for crime in this old neighbourhood called Mikiono, named after the owner of the factory.

This man was a man loved by all in the neighbourhood for his good deeds but he lost his wife and kids in a fire which broke out while he was at work. He worked as a security officer at a high school in the neighbourhood.

Five years after this incident, he still worked as security officer and lived alone.

He happened to like a final year student by name **Ama Nguisa.**

During their lunch break which is always at noon, Uncle Daddy approached Ama.

'Good day my dear, please can I talk to you privately for a moment?'

'Good day uncle' Ama said. 'Anything the matter?' trying to figure out why the man would be talking to her in that manner and away from her friends

'There's something I have been hoping to tell you but it is not easy to just say it' the old man said staring away and kept moving his feet as if he was crushing something on the ground.

'Okay...? What's that thing you wish to tell me? Please hurry my friends are waiting and our lunch break is almost over and I am very hungry'

'Ama it might sound so not true but I have falling in love with you'

Ama who was looking away towards the direction of the school's football field turned in shuck to confirm what she was hearing. But eighteen years old Ama couldn't accept love of that form coming from a forty five years old man

'I am sorry Uncle Daddy; I can't let you finish what you have to say because at the end of the day I will still say NO. if you don't mind I

will join my friends now, bye'

Heart broken by her rejection and scared by his proposal, Both Uncle Daddy as he's popularly called and Ama started behaving awkwardly each time they met.

On a Saturday after her extra classes, Ama passed by her uncle's house to deliver a message from her mom. Seeing that the clouds were getting darker, she decided to leave before the nonstop august rain blocked her far from home but she was not fast enough as it started raining heavily while she still had a long distance to cover before reaching home.

Ama couldn't continue home because it was raining heavily and with hail but she managed to reach the old dreaded factory building.

Scared, wet and cold, all she had was herself to keep her company.

The least noise from the building which already had parts falling apart froze her heart for a bit and all she did was pray against anyone who could hurt her from meeting her at the abandoned building.

About thirty minutes gone, she saw what looked like someone's shadow in the storm. Scared and ready to run, but with hope, she waited and fortunately, Uncle Daddy emerged from within the storm like a super hero coming to a rescue.

'He is not the best person to be stock with at a time like this but he's better than no one'

Ama spoke within her as Uncle Daddy walked toward her.

Their reactions were not different from when they last met but Ama tried to give out a smile of relief.

For close to ten minutes Ama realised Uncle had been staring lustfully at her.

'Why is this man looking at me like this? Hope he is not planning anything bad? It is till raining with strong winds, what do i do now? God I think the trinity will make much sense now; where is the third person, come fort before things go out of hand.'

While deep in thoughts Ama realised she was still very wet and her gown clung to her body revealing every part on her.

After looking at herself and trying to pull off the dress from revealing her body, she turned again to see if Uncle was actually looking at her and it happened that he turned facing a different direction.

Ama gave off a deep breathe of relief but to her greatest surprise, uncle starting moving close to her and the only way out was through a concrete wall.

'What... why are you coming here, you should stay where you were. What do you want?'

She asked in fear with a cracking voice but Uncle Daddy didn't say a word but kept coming with eyes focus on her chest.

Ama tried to shout but it seemed her voice was being swallowed by the storm and she was the only one hearing her cry for help.

Uncle Daddy on reaching her grabbed her by the neck, pushed her to the wall and started pulling off his belt. Little Ama was too weak to fight

off a man in his 40s for all she had was her finger nails to scratch his face with while gasping for air as he had a very firm grip of her neck.

Because the spot where they stood, was a little bit exposed, he tried to drag Ama to a Conner not far away when she successfully hit him in the balls but was too weak to run due to lack of oxygen in her system and Uncle Daddy grabbed her by the left ankle and pulled her back to himself while he regained his strength. A few seconds later, still holding her tight by the neck, he raped her.

Forgetting to lose his grip on Ama's neck, she died; cold, scarred, wet with her blood and tears.

Without a cause, Ama was left lying lifeless in the old abandoned factory.

While exiting, for the rain had reduced, a group four boys who usually smoke Marijuana in the building met him at the door. While greeting him, one saw Ama's Purse.

'Uncle Daddy the wise man, where's the lady you were playing here with?'

He asked excited and laughing but Uncle tried to argue and just then another saw a side of Ama's sandal which got him too curious to stand by asking questions so he head in and found Little Ama laying on the wet floor with blood around her groin. He called for his friends

'Hey Doland, you guys have to see this. Hurry!! And bring Uncle along; he has some explaining to do.'

Uncle came in and tried to buy them off but unfortunately for him, all of those boys were crushing on Ama who had the body of Niki M. They immediately started beating him with anything they could find including iron rods and old planks while one made a call.

Not long, the whole neighbourhood was alerted and the place became filled with people. On hearing the news of the death of her daughter,

Ama's mother came running and screaming into the building where her daughter laid. On seeing Ama's body, she forgot breathe and everything seemed to had frozen up in her system. For about three minutes, she knelt silently by Ama's body and then suddenly burst into tears, crying and shaking her daughter.

'Why did you have to leave me this way Ama? Who will I discuss with when everyone is gone? Who will I argue with? Ama please wakeup, wake...up, don't do this to your mother...'

She stood up, sobbing, with the support of her neighbour who came with her

'Stop beating him. I want to ask him a few questions before he meets his useless fate and I want everyone here to hear this.'

Ama's mom said walking out of the building and after about one minute of Shushing from the front roll to the back, the place became so quiet, only the groaning of Uncle Daddy could be heard and then Mami Ama went on in tears:

'Jonathan, (for that was Uncle Daddy's real name) what if your daughter Honest was still alive, would you want another to do this unto her? Where did you keep your conscience? Ama is dead and you got the pleasure you wanted, but did you think about me? Where did you keep your Conscience Jonathan? When she was crying and fighting for her life, where did you keep your conscience? Was Ama or I responsible for the death of your wife and kids? Why did you have to take this out on us, on my only living child? Tell me, how many of these little girls have you abused in while pretending to be a good man?'

While speaking, Uncle Daddy for the first time said with a low voice

'I am sorry... I want... I... wa...'

But lost consciousness due to excessive loss of blood and was rushed to the hospital by the police who came just on time to get him out of the hands of the mob.

Three months later, Jonathan Taskung aka “Uncle Daddy” was sentenced to 128 years in prison for Murder and rape of **Ama Nguisa** but later died from high blood pressure.

THE END

Let's say **No to rape!!!**

Find your Conscience and take it with you
wherever you go.

Pleasure without Conscience is pure and refined
Evil and the consequences of Evil are Evil.
Think about it...

Talk about it...

Don't do it!!