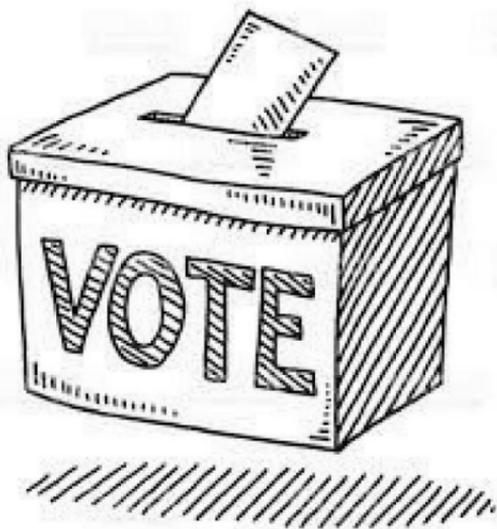


# countdown to the elections

fiction



ELIKEM M. AFLAKPUI

# COUNTDOWN TO THE ELECTIONS

by

ELIKEM M. AFLAKPUI

*“...this book could not have come out at a better time  
than this”*

– Priscilla Etonam Demanya –

This novellete is entirely a work of fiction. The names, characters and incidents portrayed in it are the product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or events or localities is entirely coincidental.

2EWEBOYS, ACCRA

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# **Countdown To The Elections**

by

**Elikem M. Aflakpui**

2EWEBOYS

## Endorsements

COUNTDOWN TO THE ELECTIONS is a breath of fresh air. It portrays relevant issues in a fine-drawn way, saturated with heavy doses of humour. I can't wait for the sequel to come out

*Ekwuwa Saighoe*

It is politics set in a pool of love, rivalry and huge disappointments. Not even the real-life events of the 2016 General Elections in Ghana deny the writer, Elikem, a good peep into how entrenched the growing political environment in Africa largely affects the lives of the very people politics is supposed to positively have an effect on.

COUNTDOWN TO THE ELECTIONS is a tale of love and politics but served on a flat plate of suspense and good juices of wit.

*Etsey Atisu*

One of the joys of any ardent reader is coming across a book in which language is perfectly wedded to story. COUNTDOWN TO THE ELECTIONS does exactly that.

Writing a short story can be a tough ask, because the writer is required to use words to set up a cohesive plot and develop characters. In this series, the author masterfully paints the picture of "a politician-in-the-making" who gets dumped by the love of his and tries to find some respite from his heartbreak with another woman while at the same time hopes to help his party win the national elections, and this all laden with incredible humour.

This is another brilliant work from Elikem M. Aflakpui and he was as compendious, crisp and pithy as can be.

*Victor Tekpetey*



## **Dedication**

**To *Perk*, a true brother**

## Preface

At the time of writing this series of short stories, as a country, we were drawing the curtain on an interesting political season. It had been such a fascinating time that I could not resist writing about it.

Since 1992, we had seen twenty-four years of a successful democratic system. Within this period, we had conducted five successive elections and had also seen four successful changes in government, twice changing ruling parties (in 2000 and 2008). Like all the elections we had had in Ghana, the stakes in the 2016 election were high; with the ruling National Democratic Congress working hard to retain power and the main opposition party, the New Patriotic Party, hoping to unseat them.

This season was such an important time in the life of the country. The significance transcended the present preoccupation of many Ghanaians as to who would win the election. We who were blessed have experienced the elections called it the present. Today, however, and for the generations that would come after us, everything we saw during that period would be history. Even more important was the fact that the political motions we went through in 2016 were crucial in determining our political future as a country.

The preceding made the period of December 2016 a very ripe season for writers. As we all know, writing is not just about writing but it indirectly records history and events, and encapsulates the nation's culture. It is a clash of creative ideas and facts that inform the uninformed. The place of literature could not be over-emphasized and overlooked at such an important time as that.

The media understood the ripeness of the season and they took full advantage of it. Months before the election campaign season kicked off, media houses started

preparing the period. They changed their programming and tweaked a number of things to suit the political times. It was a scramble for who would set the agenda during the period and who would galvanize the most patronage.

The electronic media, especially fake news websites, were the more savage in the season. They made the most gains by putting out untrue stories to direct traffic to their websites. As much as what they did was condemnable, one has got to respect them for applying *carpe diem* in the political season. What these fake news websites did is a classic case of “the only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing.” I will expand on this shortly.

Another medium that completely took over in defining the political history of the election season was social media. We were in a time where people stumbled upon political information on social media rather than seek it out. The political opinions and knowledge of most people in those days were influenced mainly by online interactions.

Per my personal observation, almost everyone was taking advantage of the political period to direct the narrative of the season, except those who should actually be doing it. Apart from a few peace poems and articles, there was an absolute dearth of literary works during the season. It is almost as if a bell was tolled and all writers were commanded to lay down their pens and join the usual political discussions. We could return to our first love once the season had passed.

I reckon that a writer should busy himself with whatever absorbs his fancy, stirs his heart, and unlimbers his typewriter. I do not in any way say all writers should be obliged to write something about the political season. I, however, do make a case that literary writers must feel a responsibility to society. We must understand that we do not merely reflect and interpret the times we are in; we inform and shape the times. We must respond to our

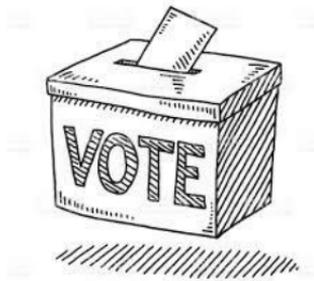
calling of being custodians of what will become history to our children.

There was not a better time than during the general elections in 2016 for writers to reflect and interpret our society and the country. We needed provide inspiration and guidance in such times from the tips of our pens. As much as possible, it behoved us to provide more content to rid the system of deprecating, destructive, and sentimental writings that had plagued the nation.

We must understand that literary writers have an important role to play in helping build Ghana into a developed and prosperous nation. Nation building is not solely reliant on material progress but it must be in tandem with the development of the people's maturity of thought and the development of national identity. Literature is a key vehicle to deliver this. Literature is one of the best ways to shape the thinking of society. Literature is the mirror that enables people, especially the young, to learn from the mistakes of the past.

I wrote this series of stories, though completely fiction, to capture the spirit of the time. It is such a great honour to have this in this book format and I am proud to have done it.





# Chapter 1

## Saved By The Goal

Saturday, December 03, 2016  
4 days to the elections...

Koku rued the fact that he had to go to his brother's that afternoon. Apart from the fact that he would rather he was at the National Democratic Congress' rally, he could not stand his sister-in-law's judgement of his chosen political career and its effect on his life.

As a politician-in-the-making (for that's how he

describes himself), he finds the silver lining in every situation. Therefore, he focused on the upsides of visiting his elder brother that afternoon. At least, he would get a home-cooked meal to eat. Something he had not had since the campaign season properly kicked in, in the last quarter of the year.

And, he would watch soccer; the second thing he was passionate about aside politics. Hopefully, Manchester City would win against Chelsea. That way, his team Liverpool will get a better standing on the league table. A showdown between Real Madrid and Barcelona was also slated for later that Saturday afternoon. His bet was on Madrid to win that one.

On his way to Edem's, Koku followed the discussions of the party members on their Whatsapp platform. There were 2,054 chats that he had already missed out on in the group. The latest notification showed that someone had changed the name of the group to "Mammoth Rally Loading 90%".

"Mammoth" – that word always forced a chuckle out of him. All the last day rallies of the political parties in the 2016 elections are described as mammoth irrespective of how many people were in attendance. Even Joseph Osei Yeboah's rallies are mammoth ones. It is almost as if that is the only adjective Ghanaian journalists know to use to describe big political gathering.

"I thought Miriam would come with you." That's how Naa, Edem's wife, welcomed Koku to the house. Her eyes sized up Koku's lean frame. There was pity in her look. She smiled on the corners of her lips. She would enjoy another afternoon of roasting her brother-in-law.

“She is a little busy. She might come by later when she finishes her rounds”. That was an obvious lie. Naa knew it and Koku knew that Naa could see through him but he did not care.

Miriam was Koku’s fiancée - his girlfriend of six years. In the exhilaration of celebrating President Mahama’s victory in the 2012 election, Koku went on his knees and asked Miriam to marry him. He did not even have a ring. But hey, who needs a ring when your government is in power – you have the whole national cake.

Four years down the lane after the proposal, Miriam’s status remained the same – fiancée. Behind her back, Koku’s political affiliates called her “wife-in-waiting”.

Koku was 34 and still depending on his parents for *noko fio*. Until July, he was jobless. Even now, what he called a job was nothing substantial. Who called being a member of the constituency campaign team a job? Koku did. Things were clearly not going well but he operated on faith and the promises of his parliamentary candidate. *Inshallahu!* After this election, things would get better.

In the living room, Edem was watching the Super Sports pre-match discussions regarding the Chelsea and Manchester City match. Koku joined him and Naa went into the kitchen to finish lunch.

The afternoon was uneventful until Naa brought Miriam up again while they had lunch.

“But Koku,” Naa started. “When are you going to marry that poor girl and stop tagging her along as if she is your handbag? You know it is not fair. You have been seeing this girl for six years now. Your presidential candidate is

going about claiming that he made it possible for Youth Organizers in the NPP to marry under his government. I do not know why you who follow him closely have not received Mahama's special marriage anointing."

Koku immediately lost appetite. The passion with which he devoured the yam and *kotomire* stew deflated. He sat up and looked at Naa who was obviously not bothered by her statement. She was fixated on her meal.

"Naa, I already told you that I would get married next year – when I get this election out of the way. By God's grace, when we win, money will come and I will marry her."

"I've heard this story before. You said the same thing during the 2012 elections. You crisscrossed this country, galvanizing votes for this same party, and though the National Democratic Congress won and you proposed based on the victory, nothing came of it. When they were doing appointments, they did not even consider making you a messenger in one of the ministries."

"Things have changed. In 2012, I was a foot soldier. This time around, I have been elevated to a higher position."

"Which is?" This time, Edem asked.

"I don't know. There is no name for it. At least, they have given me a campaign van to drive. I do not walk anymore and I have the word of the parliamentary candidate of our constituency that when he wins, I shall get an appointment. Kwata kwata koraa, he will make me his aide."

"And you believe these people? As for me, I think..."

“Naa, please, don’t jinx this promise for me with your negative confessions. If you can’t wish me well, don’t say anything with this mouth of yours to deny me of my blessing.”

That surely shut Naa up and ended lunch on a quiet note.

The brothers went to watch the Chelsea vs. Manchester City match while Naa did the dishes. Later, she joined them in the sitting room and served them a bottle of Club Shandy each. They enjoyed the match in silence because Chelsea thrashed Manchester City 3 – 1.

For the rest of the afternoon, Koku regretted choosing food over the party rally. To make matters worse, in the El Classico, Barcelona was leading Real Madrid by a goal. The 90 minutes was almost up and Cristiano Ronaldo missed another chance to equalize. He could not stand the feeling of anger, disappointment and failure that was boiling within him. It felt as though the NDC had lost the presidential elections. He would rather not think of that.

His phone buzzed. A text notification. The perfect distraction. It was from Miriam. He opened it quickly.

“Sorry, Boo. It’s over between us. I cannot continue waiting. I am not growing any younger. I wish you all the best.”

Koku was shocked to the bone! It was only yesterday he re-assured Miriam of his commitment to marrying her. How could she do this to him? Tears were building up in his eyes. He did his best to conceal his emotions from Edem and Naa, especially Naa.

“Koku,” Naa called.

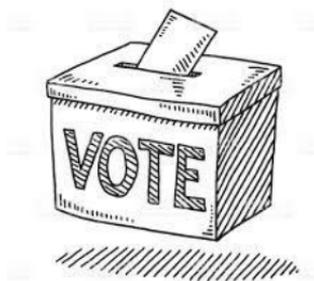
He responded indistinctly. He did not look at her. What a witch! He thought.

“How far with Miriam? I thought she was coming here later.” Naa asked.

“I thought children, instead of a dog, will welcome me when I come here”, Koku responded instinctively and rudely but under his breath. Hell would have been colder than the room they occupied if Naa had heard him.

“WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?” It seemed she heard him.

“Gooaaaaaaal!” Edem screamed. Sergio Ramos equalized!



## Chapter 2

# And Koku Screamed Twaso

Edem and Naa had been married for five years. Theirs was a perfect marriage except for their childlessness. Their attempts at having children were as futile as Nana Akuffo Addo's first two attempts at the presidency. They tried all sorts of remedies but it was as though they were trying to grow hair on Kwami Sefa-Kayi's head.

Naa was the more affected of the couple. She was broken, shattered, robbed of all the joys of motherhood and nothing could put her soul back together – except a child, of course. By

the fourth year of their marriage, at all social gatherings, she was as scarce as Vice President Amissah-Arthur. She could not stand all the talks about children among their friends. It tore her heart to shreds.

*“I thought children, instead of a dog, will welcome me when I come here”*

Although Edem and Koku were frantic about Sergio Ramos’ goal, the words Koku spoke did not stop ringing in Naa’s mind. It was obvious that Koku was faking his excitement about the goal. He hoped that just as Ramos’ goal had saved Real Madrid, he would save him from Naa’s fury too.

Normally, Naa’s reaction to her brother-in-law’s statement would have been to spit fire and brimstone on him. This time around, she could not afford that. The statement took something from her. Her heart started beating fast but without purpose and her mind was like a lost man at sea, desperate and starving for some stability. She was even more distraught because her husband did not notice the change in her mood. She stomped out of the living room in tears. That was when Edem noticed something was wrong with his wife. He went after her.

Koku, realizing the trouble he could be in, sneaked out the house like a kid who had just stolen from a cookie jar. Not even the sound of his rickety campaign van could be heard as he drove out of the house.

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Koku could not sleep the whole night. Miriam’s betrayal and the cruel words he spoke to Naa denied him sleep. Miriam would not respond to his call, neither would Edem nor Naa. He did the math in his head and calculated the cost of losing his brother and fiancée in one day.

The usefulness of his thoughts was palpable. All his mind could churn out was emptiness like the state of his wallet at that very moment. He took to Facebook to join his friend, Madridista Firmer, to claim that sleep is for the weak and make fun of all those who were blessed by nature with a good night rest.

Sunday, December 04, 2016

3 days to the elections...

The morning came at a pace slower than the snail's but, eventually, it came. Given the guilt he felt about all his misdoings the day before, Koku dreaded the fact that he had to go to church. Unfortunately, not going was not an option.

The NDC campaign team for the constituency was worshipping at the Presbyterian Church in the neighbourhood. It was the last Sunday before the election and the MP aspirant stressed the need for everyone to be at the church.

“This a good opportunity to grab all the members of the church as the NPP team will be preparing for their rally today. Every voter counts. Therefore, every team member must be present to win a soul for the NDC. For we are fishers of voters,” that’s how the message read on their Whatsapp Group Chat.

There was also the need for prayers to be said for them and blessing pronounced on them as they got closer to the day of the election. The importance of being in the service could, therefore, not be overstated.

“See, why did they make us come to this particular church? Look at the colours of the church – red, blue and white,” Koku commented irately.

It was as if everything in the service was done to spite the NDC team that was there. From the colours that decorated the chapel as Koku noticed to some of the dance moves the youth in the church did during the praise time, nothing the congregation did thrilled the campaign team. To think that they were there to make a hefty donation to church towards their annual harvest which they were crowning on that day, they were completely disappointed in the Rev. Martin Ayittey who also waved his handkerchief in a way analogous to the NPP's change sign as the congregation sang "Jehovah turns my life around".

"I thought he was one of us", one of the campaign team members could not hide his surprise.

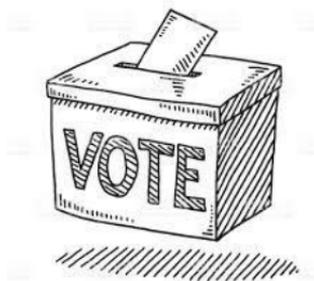
Koku had it up to his neck when the guest preacher for the day introduced the topic for his sermon as "Let's Change Our Minds and Arise and Build". From that time forward, Koku heard nothing. The pastor went on and on about why the congregation should be responsive towards the appeal for funds and contribute to building the new state of the art church auditorium.

Somewhere in the middle of the sermon, Koku leaped onto his feet and screamed, "Twaso! Twaso! JM Twaso!" Everybody was in stitches – even the guest speaker too – except the NDC campaign team members. The looks on their faces were enough to make Koku want to vanish.

He started sobbing and pleading for mercy. "Oh, Jesus, help me. Oh, Jesus, help me," he cried.

Then he felt a nudge in his side. He turned to look at the person who prodded him. It was one of his colleagues who was trying to tell him that the service had ended.

Apparently, Koku fell asleep as the sermon went on.



## Chapter 3

# Love And Politics

Monday, December 05, 2016  
2 days to the elections...

Today is the third day since Miriam broke up with Koku. He felt depressed by the loss of the love of his life. By the day, he looked sick. The pain of the break up sat on his chest. It was too heavy for him yet he had to carry it around amidst all the campaign duties. Though he smiled with the constituents and his colleagues, each time he faked his happiness, something in him grabbed his heart tight and crushed it into pieces. The brightness inside of him was gulped by something dark.

As he laid in bed and considered the activities of the day, especially the Regional Rally scheduled to come off at the Accra Sports Stadium later in the afternoon, he recollected some of the good times he had with Miriam. His most memorable day of their six years together was their first date.

It was a sunset picnic beach date. Koku recalls that day vividly because of how the sun poured its brilliant hot oranges and reds into the clouds like a pot of molten lava. Never before had he realized how tenuous and thin the tranquil clouds were – wispy and frail. The cool breeze from the sea complemented the beauty of the sunset.

The beach was gentle beneath their bare feet. They sat on tips of shells peeked from holes made by little creature seeking shelter in the soft sand. The sun's rays peacefully floated, resting on the warm waters. A few trees lined up along the coast and gave them a touch of shade to sit beneath. It was there that Koku poured out his heart to Miriam.

“I can't hold my heart from falling in love with you. You are in my heart so I don't look outside for you. When I touch my heart, I can feel you. I will never let you go because there is no better place I would rather be than be with you. Anytime I smile, you are the reason behind that smile. Thoughts about you make my life meaningful. Your smile gives me relief when I'm in pain. Your words inspire me to go ahead and your love makes the whole world beautiful...” Koku continued until Miriam could not hold her tears back.

Koku himself was drawn to tears as he remembered the tight hug Miriam gave him that day. In the middle of relishing the experience, his phone rang.

“Koku, come and park the campaign car in my house,” that was the MP Aspirant. “I want you to use my salon car. Have a

feel of it. It will be yours in two days when I start using the government V8”

“Okay, sir.”

Koku was not in the least bothered by the swap of cars. Actually, he was not, at all excited about going to the rally. That morning, thinking about Miriam made him sluggish.

Koku picked his phone and called Miriam for the umpteenth time and there was no answer. He checked her status on Whatsapp and she was online. His newsfeed on Facebook even showed that she was commenting on posts about the Kossi Akplah and Friends in Live Comedy Show coming up on December 24 at Rally’s on the Haatso-Ashongman road.

Somehow, Koku found strength to get prepared and go to the rally. He stepped out of the house at 12.45 pm. The press release that was circulated said that the programme was scheduled to start at 1 pm. He was late and he did not care.

To worsen his mood, the electricity in his house went off three times within the space of two hours. When it finally came back on, he burned his pristine white campaign shirt. He, therefore, wore a shirt that was not branded in the NDC party colours. He would get another one when he picks the car up from the MP aspirant’s house.

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Linda was distraught. How could Kenny do this to her? Today of all days? She paced back and forth with short pauses to put her hand on her waist of chin to think. Occasionally, she ran her hands through her hair and yelled angry words at poor Kenny who could not say a word.

Kenny was the name she gave her car. The 2013 Hyundai Elantra was a birthday gift from her ex-boyfriend. She named it after the donor's son to spite him when she found out that she was but a side chick to him.

“Stupid Kenny, start!” Linda screamed at the car as she tried to start it again. “Ok, baby, I'm sorry. You're not stupid. Please, start. Please, please, please....”.

Kenny could not be easily fooled. He only coughed to tell his mistress that he was very much alive but not moving an inch.

Tired, Linda stepped out of the car again and started punching the screen of her phone.

Koku spotted the pretty damsel from afar. Nobody had to tell him she needed help. Koku smiled as he got closer to the lady. He drove up towards her, slowly.

A few metres closer and he had a better view of the lady. He let his eyes slide over her body, adding up her pluses and minuses like she was a mathematical equation. If she ranked high enough, she was in for a lucky day. Per his calculations, she was a seven, not bad. It was her breasts that let her down. There were not large enough.

Koku thought of himself a nine, at least. The lady did not really meet his standards so he would just go to her and give her his best help and that is it.

His smile was from ear to ear when he reached the lady. “Hi,” he greeted. “I see your baby has let you down.”

That made Linda chuckle. “Yeah. Can you help?” She asked.

Say no more, Koku thought and went straight to the bonnet

to examine bad boy Kenny. "Please, turn the ignition on," he requested.

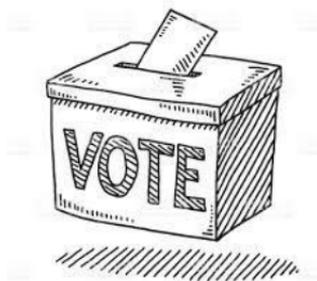
After two failed attempts. He moved to the driver's seat and politely asked the lady to come out so he tried turning it on himself. The first thing he noticed was the National Democratic Congress flag sitting in the front seat of the car.

He turned to Linda with another big grin on his face and said, "JM..."

"Toaso!" She responded.

On that happy note, he turned the ignition on and, vroom, Kenny was back to normal.

"Afa!" Koku whispered and stepped out of the car.



## Chapter 4

# See You Later Isn't Goodbye

“Thank you very much. My name is Linda”

Koku could not break the handshake. He was mesmerized – even hypnotized. He felt a deep connection with this stranger that he did not understand. It was not only physical attraction. There was a spiritual connection as well. His soul was also at peace about the lady.

“Hey. Are you here?” Linda asked, still wearing her broad appreciative smile.

“Forgive me. It’s just that I find you too attractive. And frankly, that you are an NDC member makes me an even worse hopeless romantic.”

Linda chuckled. She felt the connection too. Koku was truly a handsome guy. He had the kind of face that stopped you in your tracks. She could not help but reply his words with a nonchalant gaze and a weak smile. Of course, the blush that accompanied her smile was a dead giveaway. It didn’t help that Koku would not unlock his eyes from hers. It made her fall for him all the more. In addition to the kindness he exhibited by helping her with Kenny, Linda concluded that Koku was handsome alright, but, inside, he was beautiful.

“Are you going to the rally too? Linda asked, finally breaking the handshake.

“Yes. But it is a shame that I can’t ride with you. I need to drive my MP aspirant’s car to the stadium.”

Linda smiled shyly. It’s a shame. She thought so too. It would have been absolutely great to go together. Imagine all they could have talked about on their way. Of course, the election would be one of the topics under discussion but Linda would have really loved to know more about the man whose looks alone made her heart melt.

“Linda,” Koku interrupted her thoughts.

Aww... His voice, she thought again. It was a voice to sink in as it wraps you up. Yet, it vibrated with power and command.

“Do you mind giving your phone number? I would love to call you and take you out some time. Have you heard about the Kossi Akplah and Friends in Live Comedy show on the 24th?” Koku asked smoothly.

He was on his A game. The baritone of his voice reverberated through Linda's bones and carried her off to the world where sound was the power that could change everything wrong in the world.

"Of course, I can. We can have a private victory party when President John Mahama wins the election." She reached for her purse and took out a complimentary card. She kissed it to ensure that her red lipstick was perfectly drawn on it and handed it to the excited Koku.

"See you at our special victory party," Koku responded and stuck the card safely in his wallet. He handed her his card too. It read, "Koku Zamedo, Campaign Strategist." Linda held her mouth in shock and awe but only chuckled and entered the car. Koku watched her enter the car and closed the door.

Linda turned started the car and it was obvious that Kenny, the automobile, was in perfect shape now thanks to Koku's magic hands. She shot him another smile and released her legs from the brake. Koku watched on as the car moved away from him.

He stood in the middle of the street and hopped from one foot to the other like a little girl and he was not ashamed one bit. He was deliriously happy, giddy even. He was sure Linda was watching from the rear-view mirror of the car and he wanted her to see his excitement. He crowned his little dance off with President Mahama's signature dab and gave one final jump into the sky. The car vanished from the horizon.

About two minutes later, there was loud boom sound from the direction Linda had gone. "Jesus Christ!" Koku exclaimed followed the direction of the sound. He stopped when he saw what had happened. A car was burning into ashes. Onlookers had gathered around the vehicle and many of them had their

hands on their heads. It was apparent that the occupant of the car could not be saved as nobody could go near the flames.

Koku stopped. He had to because his limbs moved as if some inexperienced person was controlling them with a remote and his eyes were wide, looking right at the accident scene, but not really. He was shaking visibly. He successfully moved into a nearby corner and screamed. “Jesus! Whyyyyyyyyyyyyy?”

He was beside himself. He wept like a child who had been denied candy. In fact, that was exactly what he was – a child that had been denied candy. God just teased him with it and minutes later took it away from him. How could He be that cruel?

How Koku got himself back to the house that day was a mystery. As for the regional rally, he could not be bothered about it.

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Tuesday, December 06, 2016  
One day to the election...

Koku’s phone rang. He looked at the screen. It was a strange number. He did not answer it. The phone rang again.

“Mtcheew,” he exclaimed and answered the call.

“Hello, stranger!” Came an excited voice from the other side of the call.

“Hello. Who is this please?”

“Really? It took you less than 24 hours to forget about me?”

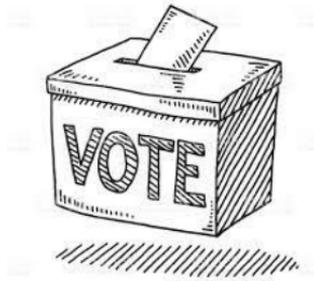
“Linda?” Koku sat up. “But I tho-o-o-u-ug-h-t...,” he stammered. “The accident”

“Yeah, I saw it too. It happened a few seconds after I drove past.”

Silence

Wait!” Linda screamed! “You thought that was me?”

Koku sighed. He put the phone on his chest. “Thank God you are safe”.



## Epilogue

Koku and Linda voted in the December 7, 2016 presidential and parliamentary election. It was a peaceful exercise and the presidential candidate for the New Patriotic Party, Nana Addo Dankwa Akufo-Addo won the presidential race, beating Koku and Linda's preferred candidate, President John Mahama.

Watch out for the sequel of this series entitled "The Year After". It will also be a four-part series which will be published on [www.2eweboys.com](http://www.2eweboys.com) starting from Sunday, November 10, 2017 (one part each day). Don't miss it.

# Acknowledgements

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Finally, I acknowledge all those who have been reading our works on [www.2eweboys.com](http://www.2eweboys.com). I have always maintained that we are nothing without you guys. More vim to us. Bless up!

## **About the Author**

Elikem M. Aflakpui is a Data Analyst with PEG Africa in Accra, Ghana. He completed the University of Cape Coast in 2014 with a degree in Economics and Geography. In 2016, Elikem together with his friends (Leslie, Isaac and Perk) started [www.2eweboys.com](http://www.2eweboys.com) – a blog committed to creative writing, social empowerment, entertainment and education.

Since the blog went live, it has established itself as a powerhouse in the Ghanaian storytelling space. Barely six months after its inception, [2eweboys.com](http://2eweboys.com) won the Best New Blog award in the Ghana Blogging & Social Media Awards 2016.

Elikem also co-edited a [2eweboys](http://2eweboys.com) anthology titled “Growing Up”. In addition, he runs a column that is dedicated to literature and writing in Ghana in the Business and Financial Times newspaper. He uses the column (Writing About Writing) to report on literary events in Ghana and offer writing tips to his readers.

### **Also by the Author**

1. **GROWING UP: An Anthology of Everyday Experiences from Everyday People** (Co-edited with Leslie A. Akplah)
2. **WORDS OF THE WIND: Essays, Short Stories and Reflection** (Co-authored with Leslie A. Akplah)



