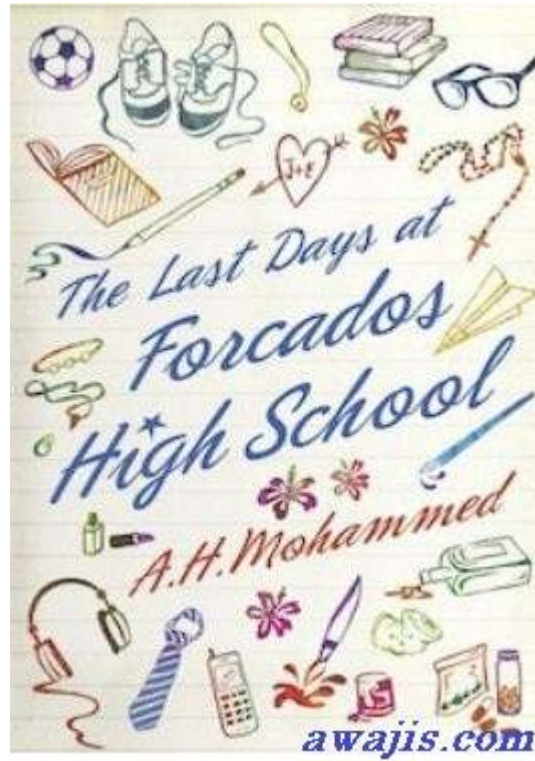


THE LAST DAYS AT FORCADOS HIGH SCHOOL BY A.H MOHAMMED

*Summary of "The Last Days at Forcados High School" for
2015/2016 Jamb Candidates!*



Chapter One;

Jimi Solade is the third and last son of the solade family, his immediate younger brother is Wole solade- a spoilt boy with bad behaviours.

His father mr Kola solade disliked him so much because of his attitude. His mother on the other hand was always trying to defend him hoping he'd change.

It was early in d morning...on a normal school day.
Wole had been away for some time and just came back.
When he came back, he went to Jimi's room.

Jimi felt someone trying to wake him up...
He finally woke up to the sound of his brothers voice....
He was surprised to see Wole.

THE LAST DAYS AT FORCADOS HJGH SCHOOL BY A.H MOHAMMED

They spent some time together and Jim asked Wole if their dad knew he was around but Wole didnt want to mention or talk about The Man...

He just told Jimi that their mum was aware of his presence.

Just then the alarm clock sounded.

Jimi had to get ready for school..

Wole now on the bed looked round the room...

it was a typical boys room with different posters pasted on d wall.

Jimi had a watch which Wole saw and took fancy in.

He picked the watch from the bedside table beside Jimi's maths and chemistry books.

Jimi told him not to touch the watch but Wole said he was just taking a look at it.

Jimi was glad to see his brother back.

Wole began to tease Jimi..telling him he always grew taller everyday...this he said taking some cash from Jimis drawer...

Jimi didnt mind.

Jimi sighed and went to d bathing room...

He knew his brother liked collecting things frm him.

It was d beginning of his final year at school.

Jimi being sixteen yrs old was tall, had long limbs like an athlete and had dimples.

He was already sprouting a beard.

Done with bathing he ate his breakfast of moi - moi and brown pap while Wole watched cartoon and their mum(mrs Solade) in The kitchen with Risikat their househelp.

Some minutes later, Mr Solade came out frm his bedroom and Wole greeted him.

Immediately, Mr Solade (being that he disliked Wole a lot) began to shout at Wole...

THE LAST DAYS AT FORCADOS HIGH SCHOOL BY A.H MOHAMMED

Mrs Solade had to come out from the kitchen in order to appease her husband. She knelt down..telling him it was too early for that and that Wole was still his son no matter what.

Amidst all the pleas he still accused Mrs solade of spoiling Wole and all her children generally.

Meanwhile as this was going on...

Jimi also knelt down and joined his mother and Wole in d plea. Mr Solade still did not accept.

He still told them Wole wasnt accepted in d family and then left for his room. Mrs solade was now on a chair...

But when Wole stood up , he was grinning wildly.

His mother didnt like it at all and resorted to soliciting help from Uncles Kazeem and Shola who would help talk to Mr Solade.

Wole said " he is not a seroius man"..talking about his father.

His mother just had to remind him it was his father he was talking about.

Jimi on the other hand picked up his school bag and slung it over his shoulders.

You have not finished eating his mother said..but poor Jimi...he jad lost his appetite due to the incident that just happened.....

As He staggered outside he heard a vioce calling him, when he turned it was his next door neighbour and school mate Ansa Izaegbegbe running towards him, a short thin boy who hardly reached his shoulders.

Both Now Quickly Hurried TO SCHOOL

Chapter 2,

At forcados high school all the students were excited to be back after a long, Summer break. That Morning Jimi and Ansa got to school just before the assembly was due to start.

THE LAST DAYS AT FORCADOS HIGH SCHOOL BY A.H MOHAMMED

Jimi left to join the other prefect to conduct the students who were happy seeing each other after the break and busy talking about their experiences during the holiday.

The morning assembly took place in the large hall that stood in the center of the school and students lined up according to their classes.

The school band, looking smart as always had positioned itself in one corner and was already some students were already beating the the drums softly in practice. Few Teachers were outside the hall, ready to punish late comers by kneeling them down.

At Eight'o clock that morning SEYI LAWAL the head boy called out the National Anthem. The school band struck up the tune, drums beating and the students raggedly joined in.

The school has the highest football field and the best layout, bright purple and orange bougainvillea had been carefully planted along the fences.

The school buildings were arranged in small one-and-two storey blocks with rows of hisbicus plants, forming small hedges between each class, this makes others often say that the Forcados students were artificial but the school took pride in the fact that it always defeated other schools in regional quizzes and sports.

After the Anthem And assembly prayer Mr Mallum the school principal gave a brief talk welcoming everybody. He was a small, wiry man with an old accent as if he spoke through his nose, this made the students to always imitate him, Mr Mallum talked about the prospective waec students and warmly welcomed the students.

When the assembly was over the students boys in white shirts, black ties and black trouser, and girls in pinafores over white shirt crowded into the hallways and corridors of the school, chatting. Some people greeted Ansa but many more crowded around jimmi.

Friends where asking jimmy where he had been, that they missed him, Coachies is annoyed, and would he be among the party that would be hosted that night.

Jimmi burst into laughter and chatter.

The first days of term were always the worst. Back to further maths and physics

THE LAST DAYS AT FORCADOS HJGH SCHOOL BY A.H MOHAMMED

and everyone talking about the latest songs and slangs and also the latest music rocking the town.

Some students wore their ties in odd knots, some have the latest nokia and samsung phones, showing off watches and shoes called "American bling bling". There were some old people the gorrilla-like Okoro, a miserable bully; Teacher Bade whom students called "cane" was always waiting for the next helpless kid who would fall into his trap.

There were group of five boys who composed hip-hop lyrics called Rymers, also Eze the bright spark who was in an unspoken contest with jimi over chemistry results; Finally Gum Chewing Caro(Jimis Caro or vice versa), the queen Bee with her perpetually disdainful expression. Ansa could not understand what jimi saw in caro.

Jimi was best in chemistry in a wizkid in other subjects.

He had won many prizes for the school debate, he was also the health prefect, athletic club captain and best footballer. All the girls loved hin because of all this. Jimi had been Ansa's hero since primary school because he was good at many things. While Ansa only knew how to paint.

There was a plump girl with short plaits framing her round, with a gentle face she was Nene Ekpo. She lived On same street with Jimi and Ansa and was one of their old friends she came over to where Ansa was, he loved her because she always had the sweetest smile.

She asked Ansa when Jimmy came back, Ansa replied yesterday, they chatted. She asked Ansa whether she knew a girl called Efua, that she is a relative of Mrs, Ali who lives in Balogun Street not far from their house.

Ansa Replied No, Neither Do I-Not very well she replied. She was at our primary school for a while and she is coming to join us in SS3.

"I Think she had to leave her former school because thats what her aunt told my mum. her aunt wants me to help her settles things when she arrive.

How Was your Holiday she asked Ansa, he replied boring but he went for a one week art workshop.

THE LAST DAYS AT FORCADOS HIGH SCHOOL BY A.H MOHAMMED

After School Jimi walked behind the classrooms with an earphone and music turned loud to his ear.

As He walked He thought about his brother's return Wole, who has been expelled from many schools severally. And also kicked out of the university. The last time Wole forged his father's signature and carted away with a huge sum of his father's money, that made their father never forgive him.

He always gets angry when he notices Jimmy and his brother see each other because he doesn't want Wole the bad egg to corrupt Jimmy.

Now their father has increased in shouting at everyone at home and also blames Mrs Solade Jimmy's Mum for spoiling all of them.

Jimi decided that all these won't disturb him again. Because it's time for WAEC...

CHAPTER 3

The girl sat quietly in the rickety, jerky taxi. 'Ugh!' her mother said irritably to the driver. 'This car is so slow—and dirty as well.' She turned to her daughter. 'Efua, sit straight, you're looking dead.' Efua ignored her mother, knowing it would irritate her further. 'Well, I trust we've found a place where even you will find it difficult to get into trouble,' her mother said, eyes glittering. The car stopped in front of a grey building.

A small, round woman wearing a gold wig and bright red lipstick was standing by the gate. 'Fumi! Efua!' the woman shrieked. Her mother smiled. 'Moni, this is Efua.' Efua's aunt embraced her. Efua stood a little stiffly, somewhat embarrassed at her aunt's warmth. She smelt of a queer but not unpleasant mixture of strong perfume and oranges. 'Such a long time. You remember me? You—' 'All right,' her mother interrupted. 'I'll be off.' 'So soon? You're not getting down? My girl prepared egusi soup and—' 'I have a plane to catch. I'll write you a cheque. Efua, bye-bye and be a good girl. Don't give Auntie Moni any trouble.' The taxi sped off and Efua helped her aunt carry her bags inside. Her aunt kept chatting in a high-pitched voice. 'Forcados is a nice school. They always have excellent results every year. Such a pity you were expelled—er, had to leave your former school. I told a few people you were coming. 'Remember Nene Ekpo? Her father is Pastor Ekpo and she's such a sweet girl...' The Last Days at Forcados High School Later that day, as Efua was in her room unpacking, she heard her aunt calling shrilly, 'Efua, come out and meet someone!' Oh dear, Efua thought. She took a deep breath and went

THE LAST DAYS AT FORCADOS HIGH SCHOOL BY A.H MOHAMMED

out. Nene and her mother had dropped by. 'Nene, this is my niece Efua Coker,' Aunt Moni said. 'Efua, this is Mrs Ekpo and her daughter, Nene.' Nene stared at Efua. She'd had a hazy memory of her and she had been expecting—well, she wasn't sure what she had been expecting, but certainly not the girl standing in front of her. Efua was tall and slender, with large eyes and long eyelashes. Her hair fell in tangled plaits across her shoulders. She had a delicate, mysterious beauty that made Nene think of a freshly blossoming flower. She certainly didn't look like someone capable of being expelled. 'Good afternoon,' Efua greeted her visitors, curtsying a little. She had a surprisingly deep, almost masculine voice. 'Come here, you pretty child,' Mrs Ekpo sang out. 'I hear you will be going to the same school as my daughter.' 'Hello,' Nene said, feeling a little awkward. 'I don't think you'll remember me; I'm afraid I don't much remember you.' 'Why don't you both step outside and talk?' Aunt Moni suggested. The girls stepped out to the balcony. 'I'm a commercial student,' Nene began. 'What class do you attend?' 'Science.' 'Oh, you're a brainy one. Well, I suppose it doesn't matter whether we're in different classes. Let me tell you a little about our school. Morning assembly starts by eight, so I'll come over at seven-thirty, if you like.

You must plait your hair in the week's style. I'll show you where I do mine.' 'I'd like that very much, thank you.' 'So tell me about your former school. Girls only, wasn't it?

Forcados is mixed – it may come as a shock.' 'I hope not,' said Efua. They both laughed, suddenly discovering they liked each other. Nene continued, 'Do you remember two boys called Ansa and Jimi?' Efua frowned, 'I think I do.

Very troublesome boys, am I right?' 'Only one of them was.' They laughed again. 'Hope you'll like it here' Nene said. * The next day, as the students stood in front of the hall laughing and talking just before assembly, Jimi joined the other prefects trying to organise everybody into lines. 'No more chains on trousers or dangling earrings for the girls. There will be an inspection of fingernails and socks during assembly. Principal's orders,' he said. Then he noticed Nene standing with an unfamiliar girl.

Efua clung close to Nene. She felt queasy, the object of curious stares. Jimi moved over to Ansa. 'Who's that girl, the one with Nene?' 'Oh, that must be the new girl she was telling me about yesterday,' Ansa said. 'A new student joining us?' 'Strange isn't it? Nene said she once attended our primary school, so she might

THE LAST DAYS AT FORCADOS HIGH SCHOOL BY A.H MOHAMMED

recognize us. Ef—something, um—yes, Efua.’ Efua. Jimi had never heard of her, but she looked rather nice—not bright, though. She had probably failed at her former school. Well, Jimi Solade to the rescue. ‘Come on,’ he said, half dragging Ansa. ‘Let Nene introduce us.’ Ansa sighed; he knew Jimi very well. ‘Hello Nene,’ said Jimi. ‘Efua, these are the boys I was telling you about. Jimi and Ansa,’ Nene said. ‘Boys, this is Efua Coker.’ Ansa murmured awkwardly; he always felt shy around girls. Jimi just stared, his mouth open a little, until Nene prodded him. ‘Jimi!’ ‘Oh, I’m sorry,’ he said. He stretched to his full height, flashed his brightest Mr Cool smile and extended his hand. ‘I’m Jimi Solade. Nice to meet you, although we’re supposed to have met before.’ Efua stared at him, not taking his hand. ‘I remember you,’ she said frostily. ‘You once put a dead lizard on my table.’

‘Oh,’ Jimi was flustered. ‘I don’t recall ...’ ‘Yes—but you were just kids,’ said Efua. She turned to Nene. ‘Can you show me round a bit?’ They both walked off, and Ansa decided he didn’t like her at all. Snooty, just who did she think she was? But Jimi still had that dazed expression on his face. At that moment, the bell rang. * After classes at the end of the day, Efua walked slowly to the principal’s office. It had not been a pleasant day. In the first class, the teacher, a Mr Bade, came in and stopped short at the sight of her.

‘Who are you?’ he barked. She stood up and said, ‘I’m Efua Coker, sir,’ in her best lady-like manner, the way girls at her former school were taught to speak. ‘What are you doing here?’ ‘What—excuse me sir, I don’t understand.’ ‘Are you supposed to be in this class? A new student in SS3?’ ‘Ye—es.’ He gave a snort and ignored her for the rest of the lesson. Each teacher kept saying the same thing: ‘What is your name?’ and ‘You are new in a senior class?’ until she thought she would scream. The maths teacher, a portly middle-aged woman added, ‘I suppose you know what being in this class is all about?’ They didn’t like her because new students didn’t normally come into school at the senior class. They thought she might lower their results. They must have thought she was a bird-brain who had managed to buy her way in. What could she answer to that? The students giggled or whispered and nudged each other. Now, she was supposed to meet the principal and she wasn’t looking forward to what he had to say.

Mr Mallum was seated behind his table piled with bulky but neat files. He wore small glasses. ‘Miss Coker, you know why you are here?’ he began abruptly. Yes, because my mother gave this school an endowment, she said to herself. ‘It was

THE LAST DAYS AT FORCADOS HIGH SCHOOL BY A.H MOHAMMED

difficult for us to accept you and register you for this final year, but we took some factors into consideration. You are a straight-A student and your former headmistress gave you a glowing recommendation, even though she had to expel you after you ran away from school.' Efua bowed her head a little. 'I find it difficult to believe an obviously intelligent young girl like you could ...'

Efua knew where this conversation was going and decided to take drastic action. 'Oh sir,' she said quietly. She tried to make her voice as meek as possible. 'I'm not a bad girl. I'm really not. I was going through a rebellious phase. I promise you I'll never do anything to make you regret taking me here.' She sniffed a little, hoping it sounded real. The principal stared at Efua. There was something that was not quite right about her, but he could not decide what it was. 'You are under probation for this term. We will be watching your marks closely to know if you can cope and you are to meet the guidance counsellor once a week. Good luck in Forcados.' 'Thank you,' Efua said and went out. Once outside, she dropped the meek act. She found a shady spot beneath a mango tree and leaned against the rough bark. The school grounds were deserted now and a small flock of grey and black pigeons strutted and fed on the grass not far from where she stood.

Mr Mallum hadn't been too bad, though she would never have thought he would speak to Mrs Obange, her former principal. She thought of Mrs Obange, a large woman, with a gruff, friendly voice so different from thin, stuffy Mr Mallum. The principal hadn't wanted to expel her. 'What is wrong, Efua? Why did you run away?' Mrs Obange had asked after Efua had been brought back to the school. But Efua hadn't been ready to open up. 'You can tell me to leave if you want,' she had replied, defiant. Mrs. Obange had flared at that.

'Very well, if you want to leave, then leave you shall.' She had got what she wanted, hadn't she? She had left Abuja; she was away from her mother and stepfather, and all of them. Suddenly, she couldn't help thinking of her former school, St Catherine's, an all-girls boarding school. She thought of all her friends and clubs, and the busy life she used to lead. At this moment, she thought, the girls would be on their way to the dining hall, forming a long row of blue in their school uniforms... I was a fool, she thought. I only hurt myself. A tear trickled down her face and, suddenly overcome by regret, she burst into tears. The pigeons, startled by the noise, took to the air in a flurry of flapping wings.

THE LAST DAYS AT FORCADOS HIGH SCHOOL BY A.H MOHAMMED

CHAPTER FOUR...

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