



Seye

THE PERFECT SYMPHONY



E. C. HANNAH



Seye

A PERFECT SYMPHONY

(Product of the Writing Challenge with Hannah 3.0)

Seye: A Perfect Symphony

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*Writing is a science and an art,
Storytelling is to tell of another world and/or
another time/era,
Reading stories is to escape your world and
live the lives of others.*
E. C. Hannah, 2023.

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Introduction

Hi, I am E. C. Hannah. It's not every time one sees a note from the author at the very beginning of the book but I chose to meet you here. Thanks for downloading this book and choosing to read. You see, this book is so small, it can easily be ignored but I'm glad you didn't ignore it. As stated earlier, it's a product of the Writing Challenge with Hannah 3.0. What exactly is that?

The Writing Challenge with Hannah is a tri-annual event organized to help beginners, budding writers and expert writers in the areas of content creation and fiction. What does it help them do? It helps them do four major things which are;

1. To help writers build consistency as they are expected to produce a certain number of words daily.
2. To provide writers with a writing community for accountability.
3. To sharpen the writing skills of budding writers as each work is

exposed to in-depth scrutiny and proofreading.

4. To expose writers to a world of opportunities in writing – contests, jobs/gigs and submissions.

Some participants of previous editions of the Writing Challenge with Hannah have become first time authors, some have landed gigs immediately after while others have gone on to participate in numerous writing contests to boost their writing prowess. You can read their reviews here – <https://echannah.com/services/>.

To be a part of subsequent editions of the Writing Challenge with Hannah, click this link and follow through with the instructions – <https://selar.co/3WCH>. I am interested in holding the hands of budding writers till they become experts who earn from their writing skill. I hope you enjoy this short piece. All the best!

E. C. Hannah.

1

Seye; Like Play, Like Play

"And now, let's welcome to the podium, with a round of applause, the founder of Girls on Purpose...the brilliant and elegant Seye Johnson!"

The applause was deafening as I walked to the podium in my Christian Louboutin heels, simple *ankara* top and red sequined skirt. I opened my mouth to speak and the tempo of the applause increased.

I smiled.

When the applause finally died down, I

looked around the hall and spoke. "Good day everyone. All protocol duly observed. I am so pleased to be here today. Thanks to the executives of She, Her and Hers International for inviting me here today. My name is Seye Johnson and I'm here to speak to you today on the subject of Love and Relationships."

I noticed the eyes in the hall were riveted on me as I delved into my short session. I encouraged them to raise their hands and ask questions at anytime. I loved interactive sessions a lot.

"You know, I always wondered how it would be when I fell in love. I know I wasn't the only one on that table," I laughed as a couple of girls in the front row giggled. "I saw the mushy-mushy pictures on Instagram and the lovely takes on Twitter. At different times, I held different views on the subject of love. Did love really take people unawares or was it a conscious choice?"

I breathed deeply and continued. "Love is a beautiful thing. But for a while, I wondered if it was for me, you know. I was too much of

a hard girl to entertain those mushy-mushy stuff. I hardly gave the other gender the time of the day. I was always the one working on purpose, focused on achieving goals and all that sort."

I saw a hand go up. "Yes dear?"

"Did anyone break your heart previously?" The young lady asked. "Was that what made you a hard girl?"

I smiled. "No, it wasn't. Contrary to popular opinion that hard girls are usually those who have had their hearts broken in the past, I have never experienced heart break in that sense. I just..." I paused.

"Let's just say I had been warned off boys from when I was pretty young. And when I got saved, I really wanted to please God so, I sort of built the hard girl stance as a form of protection for myself. I didn't want to fall into temptation. I guess I always knew that when I finally fall in love, it'd run really deep and I'd be very emotional so...I decided to focus on academics and later, my purpose journey."

"What changed?" A voice from the back asked.

I smiled. "Mide. He was the one that inspired the change. I just woke up one morning and like play, like play, I was in love."

Seye; What If?

The ladies listened with rapt attention as I recounted the tale of my meeting with Mide, our interactions on LinkedIn and how we finally got together. It was a tale that was somewhat funny, no thanks to Mide's jovial nature and at times, so serious that some of the ladies would wear a mock frown.

“So, if I get you correctly,” a young girl that earlier introduced herself as Esohe, stood up. “You didn't want to say yes to your fiancé?”

“Yes, you got that correctly. At first, I was strongly opposed to our relationship.”

“Why? Were you in a girls’ cult or something?”

The crowd burst into laughter.

“Ah,” I tried to stop my mirth. “Good one, Esohe. Good joke.”

She smiled. It was obvious she was one of those mischievous people that would tell a joke with a straight face and look ‘innocent’ while every other person is dying with laughter.

“In answer to your question, I wasn’t in a girls’ cult,” I spoke after the laughter had died down. “And I didn’t swear off men either, if that’s the next question you were going to ask. I was just...scared.”

At the questioning look on the faces of most of the participants, I confirmed, “Yes, scared to my bones.”

I moved to one side of the podium. “I kept thinking...what if he’s not the one for me?”

What if he's not really God's will? What if what I said I heard from God wasn't really God speaking? What if it doesn't work out and a whole lot of other what-ifs."

I looked at the audience and saw a group of girls hanging on my every word. "Some of you here might be exactly like I was then. You are wondering if that guy is the man for you. You are weighing your options and asking questions. You might just be scared like I was and guess what? Your fear is valid. Your what-ifs are valid."

Seye; This Sounds Funny But...

“The day Mide told me he loved me, I almost lost it.”

“You were angry?” A young lady asked.

“Furious,” I replied. “I kept thinking someone sent him after me, not to harm me but to make me fall in love with him just so he could break my heart. The thought came that some guys I had rejected in the past might have had a grouse against me and seen me as ‘Miss Unapproachable’ so they decided to recruit the services of a guy that seemed almost perfect to teach me a lesson.”

I chuckled. “I know that sounds weird and it almost seems I’ve placed myself on a high pedestal of importance but that’s really what I thought. You know, the devil is wicked. All this time, I didn’t specifically pray on the issue to know God’s mind instead, I was allowing the devil bring all sorts of thoughts to my mind. I was allowing him keep me away from love.”

“Did you tell Mide all these?” A mature lady asked.

“Yes, I did...but only after prayers. When he asked why I was holding back, I had to come clean.”

I paused for a moment. “I felt at peace after prayers but I still went ahead to ask. After narrating my fears to him and asking him if anyone sent him, to my greatest surprise, Mide said yes. He said he was sent!”

“What?!”

“You can’t be serious!”

“Yes?”

Shouts of surprise rent the air.

“Imagine my surprise...I felt betrayed. I asked him who sent him and with a straight face, he replied, ‘You prayed to God for a good man, I told you I love you and you want to reject me, *who you think say send me before?*’”

Laughter replaced the surprise in the hall a while ago. I burst into laughter too as I recalled the incident. *Oh my world. I got a handful with Mide. The guy’s so hilarious.*

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Seye; Letting Go

“Letting go of your fears or bias can be a bit difficult when it comes to the subject of love. When you have successfully dealt with one what-if, another rears its head...but the thing is this,” I paused. “You have to be willing to do it afraid. You’ve got to be willing to delve in despite the numerous ‘what-ifs’, that is, as long as those what-ifs are not dangerous, life-threatening or overboard evil and incurably bad.”

“How do you do that?” A girl with ‘Tayo’ on her name tag asked.

“Commitment, prayers and trust,” I replied. “You’ve got to be willing to trust that God is not a wicked father. He has promised us good things and He never fails, never ever. So, when you’ve prayed, be willing to take the leap of faith and actually take action.”

I looked at the eager faces of the ladies in the hall. “In my case, even after I had gotten confirmation from God and accepted Mide, I was still holding back. I didn’t want to call him pet names or shower him with love. I just wanted to play it safe.”

“Even after he told you who sent him?” Esohe asked with a grin.

Everyone laughed.

“Even after that,” I responded with a smile.

“What changed?” Another girl spoke up.

“Well, I discovered that not only was I showing distrust in God, it was also a recipe for disaster. If you don’t give your 100% to a relationship because you are scared it will fail, you are right. It will fail and it won’t be

because of any other thing but your selfishness.”

I took a sip of water and continued. “You know, some of us think that if something comes to us easily, it’s not the will of God. We think we always have to beg, cry, weep and figuratively ‘cut ourselves with stones and knives’ like the 400 prophets of baal in Elijah’s time before God can answer. That’s not true. There are times when God’s will for us will literally fall on our laps without any extra hassle, even in relationship and marriage. So, open yourself to love, give your 100%, learn your partner’s love language and shower them with it. Let go of those fears and embrace true love. If it fails, it fails but at least, you’ll know you gave it your all. And if it works out, just like Mide and I, how amazing!”

Seye; A Different Perspective

“I realized that in life, everyone views things through the lens of their own experiences. When it comes to relationships, that is something we need to guard against. Don’t go listening to every Tom, Dick and Harry or Tomisin, Dike and Halimat on the subject. These days, someone in 100 level will be giving relationship takes on Twitter and countering people who have decades of experience in marriage.”

“*No be juju be that?*” A young lady close to Esohe interjected.

We all burst into laughter.

“Exactly,” I concurred. “What foolishness?”

“Anyway, back to the facts – your relationship is peculiar to you. What worked for A might not work in B’s case. This is why we need to be careful when listening to relationship counselors and advisers.”

“Is it that we should not listen to others?” A voice from the back asked. I couldn’t make out her name but I answered anyway.

“No, I don’t mean that. You are listening to me now, aren’t you?” I asked.

They all nodded.

“What I mean is that while listening to those relationship talks, you should be careful to know the general principles that you can glean and personal experiences that you should discard.”

I paused for a while and continued. “Of course, it’s always good to look at things from a different perspective and with a different

eye. Still, be careful. There are so many amateurs out there. Exercise caution.”

“Still on a different perspective, I had to learn to ask Mide questions and see things from his point of view without feeling like my thoughts and ideas were being subjugated. This relationship/marriage thing is a process. Embrace the process and always be open to a different perspective.”

Seye; the Day I Realised

One of the participants at the back row raised her hands up. The media team quickly turned to her and her face was boldly displayed on the projector screen. Her name tag read 'Daisy'.

“Yes, Daisy?”

“How did you know you were in love? Some people say you just know but, I’m not sure that’s it. What are the signs? How was it for you?”

I smiled. “You want to know the

characteristics of a *finished woman*.”

Everyone burst into laughter.

“Completely gone!” Someone shouted.

“Exactly.” I concurred and smiled.

“Let me start by giving you the general signs before I tell you what happened in my case.” I looked as most of the girls nodded.

“How do you know a *finished woman*?” I smiled while drawing air quotes. “How can you tell when you are in love?”

I paused for a minute before I continued. “The signs might not be physical. There may be no tummy ache or what do you guys call it? Butterflies in the tummy?”

The girls laughed as someone shouted, “Purging!”

I laughed. “It might not be purging or shortness of breath. But, the truth is you’ll just know. You will wake up one day and discover that this person has come to mean more to you than others.”

I looked at some of the girls jotting while others nodded and stared intently at me.

“In my case, I just discovered that while praying, Mide’s name would jump into my mouth and I’ll tell God to favour him and guide his path. If he was going through any problem at work, I was sure to mention it to God,” I paused and continued. “I realized that I enjoyed his texts so much I’ll go back to reread them. I’ll play his voice notes to myself again and laugh at the sound of his voice in my ear. And I couldn’t hide all these from everyone because they watched as my face practically lit up when I saw his calls come in. It was... all new and exciting to me.”

I watched some of the girls blushing while others dabbed their eyes with their handkerchiefs. *Oh my God, are they crying? Oh well, I’d probably do same if I was in their shoes.*

“One day, I sat down to do something I had never done for any man – I wrote a love letter. That was the day I knew I was in too deep. I realized I had fallen in love.”

“*Finished woman*,” Esohe roared.

“Completely finished,” I concurred with a smile.

Seye; When It's All Over

I looked around and smiled. The wedding reception was over. I was now Mrs. Adeleye. The high point for me had been when Mide oops...sorry, my husband had knelt before my parents. A tear had slid from my eye when he thanked them for raising a perfect daughter.

I slipped out of my reminisce and turned to the light of my world. We were still seated on the couple's chair, relaxing over a bottle of wine. I smiled as I felt Mi...my husband's gaze on me.

“What?” I asked.

“What is it?” He laughed.

“Why are you staring?”

“You. You are so beautiful I can’t help but stare.” He raised my right hand that been ensconced in his left hand and dropped a kiss on my palm.

I blushed and hid my smile for a second.

His smile was intact when I looked up.

“Perfect?” I asked. “You thanked my parents for raising a perfect woman.”

“Mmmm Mmmm,” he affirmed.

“Mide,” I whispered. “I’m a lot of things. But, I’m not sure perfect is one of them. In fact, I am far from perfect. What if I nag? What if I have mood swings? What if...?”

My husband shushed me with a finger to my lips. “Shush darling. You see all those things you mentioned and even the ones you didn’t? They don’t make you any less perfect than you are. Hmm...” He rubbed his fingers that had been on my lips a while ago

together. “Your lip gloss is sticky.”

I smiled and shook my head. Trust Mide to make me laugh in the middle of a serious discussion. I gasped as he licked his fingers.

“Mide!”

“Mmm...it’s even sweet.”

“Oh God. What do I do with you?”

“You’ve already married me so, keep loving me,” he grinned.

I laughed.

“It tastes like strawberry. Why didn’t you tell me your lip gloss was sweet?”

I giggled. “That’s how it is. It’s called Strawberry Kiss.”

“Aha...so, you wore it on purpose. *Thank God say I don marry you sha.* Let’s leave this place and get into the car first. I’ll show you the real strawberry kiss. Or...” he looked around. “Do you think we can start here?”

“Mide!”

“Yes wifey?” He grinned again and my

heart skipped a beat. “As I was saying...before Strawberry Kiss interrupted...”

I chuckled. “Mide, you will not finish me with laughter.”

He laughed and pulled my two hands together till they were enclosed in his.

“You are perfect, Seye. Everything about you. You are perfectly crafted for me. All your supposed flaws mean nothing. You are a perfect woman. The One for me. I have my flaws too but I hope to keep working on myself and working on this marriage.”

I smiled as the DJ switched to JayMikee’s ‘Here for You’.

Mide smiled as well. “I’m here for you, babe. I’m not going anywhere. Let the DJ go away and this ceremony is over. Let me be the DJ and you’ll be the dancer. We’ll create our music and continue till the hereafter. Even when it’s over, you and I will still be a perfect symphony.”

THE END

Glossary

1. Ankara - West-African cotton cloth with brightly-coloured patterns produced via a wax-dye means.
2. Who you think say send me before? - Who do you think sent me?
3. 100 level - Freshman/Introductory year in College/University.
4. No be juju be that – Is that not voodoo? (Nigerian slang for something unbelievable)
5. Finished woman – Slang for a lady who is head over heels in love.
6. Thank God say I don marry you sha – Thank God I've already gotten married to you.

Also By E. C. Hannah

1. Thoughts of the Redeemed; An Anthology of Poems – <https://selar.co/ToTR>
2. LOST; Finding the Way Home – <https://selar.co/LOSTbyHannah>
3. Intertwined 1; In Love With A Pastor – <https://selar.co/INT1>
4. El Amor; My Valentine – <https://selar.co/9lpr>
5. Hadizat; A Tale of Mercy – <https://selar.co/Hadizat>
6. A Seal Upon My Heart; An Anthology of Poems
7. Tell Me Again Why You Love Me – <https://selar.co/kg7>
8. Roses for Valentine – <https://echannah.com/its-valentine/>

About PANN Editorials

PANN Editorials was birthed on the 1st day of July, 2020. Before then, E. C. Hannah had been involved in editing for quite a while. She had held the position of the Student Head of the Editorial Board for her school magazine in 2011 (The Ivory, University Preparatory Secondary School, Benin City). She had also occupied the position of Editor-in-Chief, Law Students Association, Delta State University from 2016-2017. Hannah had previously edited and proofread book drafts and poems for friends and family for years.

During the Coronavirus pandemic lockdown of 2020, she rediscovered her passion for editing and decided to resume it intently. After a few months, she invested in it as a proper business and PANN Editorials was born. In a few months, two others were employed as part of the PANN team. While book editing/proofreading is our main forte at PANN, we have since ventured into related areas.

We offer the following services;

- Book Editing/Proofreading
- Book Project Consultancy
- Book Cover Design
- Book Formatting
- Research Article Writing/Editing
- Content Writing/Editing
- Ghostwriting
- Ebook Publishing
- Social Media Management
- Coaching/Tutoring on Writing/Editing.

In three years, we have helped about 25 individuals become first-time authors. We have edited about a hundred books and several research thesis and social media articles. We work as freelance book/article editors with a clientele base that spans three continents – Africa, North America and Europe. We also work as part of content creation/publication teams of several organizations. You can check out our Facebook page here – www.facebook.com/panneditorials and contact us via email at panneditorials@gmail.com.

About The Book

Seye; A Perfect Symphony is a product of the Writing Challenge with Hannah 3.0. The chapters are the prompts that were issued to the content writers during the Challenge but since the work is more fictional in itself, the author and some participants in the Challenge named it *fictent* – a combination of fiction and content writing.

About The Author

E. C. Hannah is a multi-potentialite. She's good at a lot of things and writing happens to be one of them. She dishes out heart-warming Christian fiction novels with lovely characters and loads of lessons. You can check out her blog here – www.echannah.com

You can reach out to her via;

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Do reach out. Hannah absolutely loves hearing from her readers!