

Bachelorette Diaries

*Musings of a
Bachelorette*

novella

Elove Poetry



Also by Elove Poetry

Poetry

Holy Innocence – 2013

Holy Crimes – 2014

Bachelorette Diaries

Musings of a Bachelorette

A Novella

ELOVE POETRY



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For

Those who have loved and been betrayed

And

All celebrated bachelorettes out there

The New Year Resolutions



***And God said, 'For the woman to run the world,
let's create man to be her lackey'.***

Week

1

Dear Diary, I am a bachelorette. This diary is meant to depict my ‘antisocial’ behaviour, as my mother once put it, my complicated relationship status—that’s how it reads on Facebook—all work and ambition and no serious romantic relationship

However, during my solo nights, when I feel empty and the worst about myself, I envision one of those romantic evenings with the man of my dreams enjoying a candlelit dinner at some resort; with soft music playing in the back ground. Romantic.

I don’t usually muse over my bachelorettehood.

Three days ago, I found myself drafting my New Year (2012) propositions. I call resolutions propositions due to the adage that we propose but God disposes. Once upon a time, I was a religious fanatic, but over the years I have drifted

further and further from what many people call *The Way*.

I am one girl who thinks for herself. I don't take everything I'm told as the gospel truth. I question everything, even the authenticity of a God we are told to worship when we are born. I simply don't believe in a God who will send some people to hell and others to heaven.

Anyways, back to my propositions—the cardinal resolution is to get myself hitched this year. Honestly, I need this with all my might, body, mind, and soul.

Week

2

I pride myself with being Miss Independent, financially stable to the point of being damn rich, and my star is ever shining. I believe I am a beautiful woman. Well, I have been told I am beautiful: modelesque, beautiful almond eyes, and flawless petal soft skin. I am intelligent too; triple threat right there, something many men find hard to cope with.

I have not had a man in my life for the past nine years. March will mark a decade of being single. Having a man in this case means having a serious relationship. A man I could call my own. I have been man-less since I was twenty-three, at three o'clock, three days after being relieved of my virginity by the man who I had thought was my prince charming. From then on I chose to focus on my career. Until today. My need to get hitched does not mean that I am desperate. That can't happen. That is why I won't go around flirting with any Tom, Dick, and Harry.

I know a lot of people will insist that the older you get the less your choices. At early thirties, a woman like me needs a mature man, not necessarily older but, one with a sense of belonging and direction. Forget about the ones trapped in boy's bodies, or the lazy beach boys who spend most of their time enlarging their dicks and overdosing on sex-boosters and think that all a woman needs is sex.

If I may spoof the all-time bestseller, the Bible, it is much harder for a boy trapped in a man's body to make it to my heart than for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. What's even worse is to be caught raiding the cradle. I am not the cougar type, nor will I be caught dead propagating that youths do nothing but peddle their synthetic manhoods to sex-starved grandmas and post-menopausal, weather-beaten Eve sisters.

In war, the cardinal principle is selection and maintenance of aim. I won't forget that as I focus on getting a man to oil my joints this year. And before you get it twisted, I don't want a fuck buddy. I'm still a girl in need of warmth and love.

Yes, I might be Miss Independent, but deep inside I am a girl—vulnerable and all.

Week

3

I have not kissed many frogs. Actually, I have kissed only one so far. At my age, all I can show of my kisscapades is just one toad!

As usual, Mondays are blue—and today is no exception. I don't drink much—the weekend hangover is a hang down for me. I get to the office five minutes to eight. I can't help thinking it is the third week into the New Year and I have not made any progress with getting hitched.

They say that a journey of a thousand miles starts with a single step, and every step you make takes you away from the starting point to the *Final Destination*. I have not even thought of taking the step let alone planning the journey.

Funny how we come up with New Year resolutions determined to live up to them only to be carried off along the way. Actually, we push our resolutions to the bottom of our to-do-list the minute January blues' tsunami hits.

But I am not letting that happen. No, not me. I must get hitched ...

Week

4

I see **Vionna, my secretary**, with those kindergarten-plastic containers. For the first ten days of the month, Vionna leaves the office at 12:30 p.m. for lunch. Rumour has it that she lunches from the most expensive restaurants in town. By fifteenth she eats from the company canteen; and from twentieth to two days before end-month she has no money left to afford her such luxury.

Why not mind my own business? Well, I'm the boss, and a behavioural psychologist in the making. I study my employees well to know and understand them better.

As the boss, I have a hefty meal allowance that affords me six-star services from any six-star hotel in the capital. I once chattered a chopper to take me to lunch at Serena Hotel—talk of beating the Nairobi lunch rush-hour traffic, or just showing off—because I had a meeting with one of the

world's filthy rich billionaires and entrepreneur, Richard Branson. But on most occasions I am alone on these lunches. I wonder what could be wrong with me that even the company's financial director can't ask me out for lunch.

I'm spinning the wheels of my head on how to get some guy to buy me flowers come Valentine's Day. I am looking forward to February. By the end of the week, some lucky guy will be crooning for me as I drift off to sleep.

Week

5



The week has ended and I have not yet got a guy. I have tried to sieve through all my male friends on social media: Facebook, Twitter, MySpace, AIM, LinkedIn, and blog followers—no one is dancing to my tune. I thought with online dating love is a click away!

Today is Sunday; I'm at home still browsing for more potential lovers on the net while sipping red wine. I can't believe that I seem to be getting nowhere. An advert comes on TV and asks me whether I am lonely, and if I want someone to talk to or love. Yes, yes. I answer. The TV tells me to SMS the word 'love' to 5454 and I will get what I want. *That simple?*

Maybe I should SMS the word 'LOVE' to 5454 and see if it works, though I am a bit sceptical about it. The last thing I want is to see my name on tabloids, blogs, and gutter press dailies with the headline 'Prominent Media Personality Is Lonely and

Desperate'. Or worse, my money being swindled by some con. My investigative reporter friend did a piece on it last year. She disclosed how desperate hearts are falling prey to con artists purporting to run dating agencies. Turned out the dating agencies existed in the cells of Kamiti Maximum Security Prison. Social media platform grants me some anonymity as opposed to SMS.

I stop short of sending the text and opt for plan B—and C if B fails. I flip through my mental rolodex for a name of some guy I might have had a thing for in the past, an old flame, uptown or downtown. Seems like Mr Google's search engine up there is outdated.

There have been a lot of red all over—in supermarkets, boutiques, and clothes stalls—in preparation for the lovers' day, selling flowers like Valentines is already here. I don't like this.

Perhaps I will end up being my own valentine like that Japanese girl who married herself.

Week 6

It's barely a quarter way into the New Year and I am almost giving up.

I go to the Village Market mall. I can't help feeling devastated. Window-shoppers are everywhere, 'buying' flowers like there's nothing going on, not caring that the Kenya Defence Forces boys are getting themselves killed by al-Shabaab in Somalia.

Men, with all kinds of toys, walk in and out pushing shopping carts full of gift-wrapped packages. This whole Valentine's Day business is blown out of proportion.

As much as I sneer at the insincerity of the love declared on this day, I silently pray I get a man to do that for me. In fact, I would detective-trail and watch him grappling with what size my lingerie is.

I have come here to get myself girls' stuff. It's that time of the month and the evil red witch has come calling. The cramps are almost killing me.

As I head to the right shelf, I spot this drop-dead gorgeous guy who's not so into the reds section. He's either a rogue bachelor or an available husband, I conclude.

My mind is a mumbo jumbo of voices. Some tell me to go for the kill, others sound the warning bells—he could be a serial killer—but the loudest of all is that which says, '*Girl, your desperation is driving you crazy.*'

Week

7

Cliché, yes, but he’s tall, dark, and handsome, what all women want.

“Long time no see, Tony. Where the hell have you been?” I call out stretching my hand towards him. As his hand envelopes mine, I tremble as shock waves shoot up my arm.

He too turns out to have lost count of days since he last saw me. I smile to myself.

Five minutes later, we walk into a restaurant to ‘catch up’. I know I have made my kill. So, this year I won’t send flowers to myself and fake the enthusiasm. Nevertheless, I won’t be expected to boldly declare my feelings through gifts, statement, bouquets, or catwalk in some hotel room in provocative sheer lingerie.

The week has ended and I can’t help thinking about the day—Tuesday 14th February, 2012. It was fantastic—a candlelit dinner, great wine, and

jokes. I enjoyed (and giggled) watching him trying hard to fight the lust tugging his loins. MR. ROMANTIC was not rewarded. Who does that on the first date? After all I had paid the bill.

Maybe this coming weekend I might decide to give it to him. The evil witch is gone, plus I can't wait to have my joints oiled after almost a decade.

Week

8



So much for Valentine's Day, the hullabaloo is over. My heart is no longer fluttering like a butterfly.

Life is normal.

This week, I have cooked three meals for my man at my place! Maria was surprised Madam didn't like her cooking anymore.

Being with Frank is fun, it brings back the girl in me that disappeared the minute lusty Shamir ditched me nine years ago.

Yesterday we went to the park and rode horses as we talked about virtually everything. Then we came to my place and prepared dinner. I wondered how he took my flirting with him the whole evening. When dessert was over and I took his hand and led the way upstairs, I saw this dubious look on his craggy face.

I showed him to my room. I thought he might bolt when he saw my canopied bed with scattered rose petals. I was hugely turned on and I wanted to explore the mystery behind his body.

“Come on, Frank, it’s not like I’m going to jump your bones. Relax,” I told him.

He just smiled and followed my lead. I know I was acting crazy and warranted the look on his face, but if you have never been walking away from 30’s and are a bachelorette in love you won’t know what I’m talking about.

Well, I did ‘*jump his bones.*’ When I pushed him to the bed, hardly had he settled on the linen sheets when I fumbled with the zipper of his jeans pants at the same time searching for his mouth and kissed him hard.

Indeed, it was going to be a long night, and the beginning of a week that was going to be a juggle of activity— business and pleasure.

Lemme spare you the spectacular shenanigans of the whole night, but I was disappointed when he said he was not going to stay the whole weekend.

That notwithstanding, Saturday has been a beehive of activities, rarely leaving the bed, not even to get a snack. He just left. He has to go to work. On a weekend? I can’t be demanding. We

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are still in the honeymoon phase of our relationship. I don't want to scare him away.

I couldn't be any happier.

Week

9

I am in love, head over heels. Really? That fast? You would call it lust. Perhaps it is. Maybe you are right. No matter how much I try not to be ensnared by my feelings, I can't help it.

I have been on phone most of the time sexting Frank. So unlike me.

Frank is the Bomb.

But I have not had a chance to meet him this week, how I miss him.

On Thursday, I got a call from home. My employer, Kol Yizrael, called me for an abrupt meeting. The next thing was me hopping on a plane to Israel.

I cursed the senseless fiend for spoiling my much anticipated date with Frank, but I had to leave.

Kol Yizreal (Voice of Israel) Media, KYM, is the largest private and international media group in

Israel. And no, it has no link with Kol Yizrael, the Israel Radio.

KYM publishes dailies and broadcasts all over the world in countries where it has established media houses, but it is headquartered in Tel Aviv, Israel.

I have just arrived. I won't be going home tonight. I am enjoying six-star service at the David Intercontinental wishing every minute was the last.

I miss Frank so much.

Week 10

On Thursday I was a guest speaker at Tel Aviv's The Diaghilev LIVE ART Boutique Hotel during this year's International Women's Day. I talked of the need for the women to respect themselves if they want to be respected by the menfolk and to stand up for their rights.

I did not know that I was going to spend this week around here. Everybody wanted to have a piece of me. So, after the event, I found myself rearranging my week's schedule in my head: *cancel the flight back to Kenya. Call Frank to let him know I was not going back till next week. Call Mommy and Daliah, tell them that I would be home.*

Mom and Dad are doing great—Dad has recovered from a minor operation he had last month, and Mom, despite being named the businesswoman of the month by the *Forbes* magazine and attending many media interviews and talk-shows, is forever by his side.

Our family businesses are doing fine, thanks to Daliah's management.

Mom is worried about me. My biological clock is ticking fast and I have not settled down. She wonders what the hell I am waiting for when we have so many good men out there. It's not natural for a woman, especially one like me, "all work and ambition", she says. I have not told anyone about Frank, and I am not planning to.

I belong to an ethnocentric lineage, Jews who have married other Jews to keep the bloodline pure. I am a descendant of King David, or so the story goes. We are the secret bloodline of the children Jesus begot with Mary Magdalene. All the more reason we have to marry amongst ourselves and not sully the lineage.

It was such a blow that Mom bore no son, and only one of her daughters seems to know who she is and what she ought to do. The other, me, might turn out to be a genetic dead end. Mom is worried that, at my age and marital status, I am not likely to perpetuate the lineage because women of this ancestry reach menopause at thirty-five.

"I am afraid this family will come to an end. All that good blood," she says. "Divine people. At least Daliah had the presence of mind to preserve the lineage ..."

In truth, our family is traced to Esau, the Edomites. We were the most affected by the pogroms in Europe and the Nazi Holocaust.

So, I am a bachelorette, so what? Would the world come to an end because of this?

I have not told anyone about my new relationship status because we are in that 0-to-6-months discovery phase. Not that I am afraid of sullyng the 'lineage'. And if the legend is anything to go by, as is told by my mother, I am not likely to sully anything. Menopause will catch up with me sooner than later. I want to find out more about Frank first, that's why he remains a closely guarded secret.

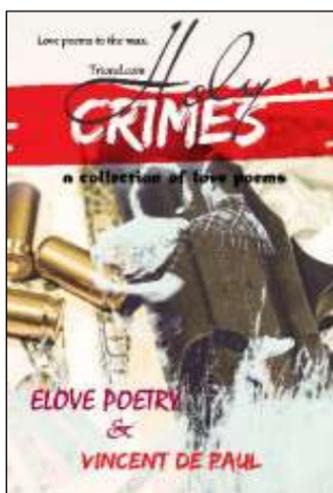
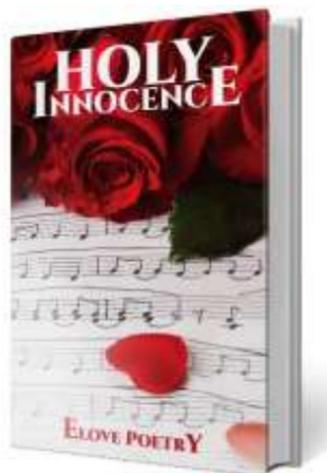
I like Meira's, my niece, childish games. She's so sweet. Even if I don't get to walk down the aisle very soon, like Daliah, maybe I should get my own Meira

Daliah is so lucky.

About the Author

Elove Poetry is a freelance writer, author of *Holy Innocence* and *Holy Crimes*, all collections of love poems, and a blogger. For more about the author, ongoing works, and news, go to www.elovepoetry.wordpress.com.

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Intriguing. Funny. Captivating.

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Shiri Golan is smart, intelligent, and successful—top media girl, and owner of Golan Technologies that’s hired to develop stealth software for the Kenya Defence Forces fighter jets—but she isn’t as smart when she falls in love with a Catholic priest and skeletons crawl out of her perfect man’s closet hauling with them betrayal, a dark past, and deadly secrets.

Hurt, betrayed, and vengeful, Shiri finds herself caught between forgiveness and justice and fighting unknown forces.

From the sensational love poet and author of *Holy Innocence* and *Holy Crimes*, Elove Poetry, comes a story of love, hate, betrayal and secrets.

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