

Juanita wants you!

Dear Jack,

There are two types of very black skin. There is emulsified light absorbing black skin, and there is glossy light reflecting black skin. Juanita has reflective black skin, the type that illustrates principles in Physics. Lupita Nyong'o has nothing on her.

Science says a black object absorbs all wavelengths of light and converts them into heat. Juanita absorbs wavelengths. She's a walking Physics apparatus. She's not dark in complexion, she's not chocolate brown, or any other confectionary analogy. She's black. Black as in black. But she has a twin collection of large beautiful eyes - a picturesque pair with a cantilevered bush of lush eyelashes. And a figure to boot. She's a velveteen canvass eulogised by primary colours, a fashion illustrator's muse. Bold eye liners, vivid hues of yellow, red, blue and orange, lush lips smeared in tones of oxygenated red... Her retinae are like floating water lilies sitting on a pond of milk. She occasionally frames those eyes in a pair of sunglasses, otherwise they are naked to the world. Only those on whom the gods have mercy can escape those eyes. The blind can see them and Juanita knows.

Her hair is silken, black, befitting her slender head befitting her slender frame.





She colourates her eyelids to match the hues of her habiliments, transforming into ethereality. And so she was on that fateful day they met at the cinema. He a successful young entrepreneur. It was an accidental meeting. He had come in the company of friends. Their paths crossed at the foyer. She called out to him and he was mildly surprised. Such a beautiful babe! He didn't know her but he had to pretend know. He can't remember her? Gosh! They met some months back... at an event. Anyway, it was nice meeting him again! To compensate for his unpardonable amnesia (not to recall such a beautiful face!), he invited her to join them.

She smiled, a bit hesitant, bit her lip, pursed them and said, okay! They sat together in the theatre. After the movie he invited everyone home for drinks. It was a singular invitation masqueraded as plural. He reckoned a mass invitation would make her feel comfortable. And so they all piled into his car and headed to his wonderfully appointed apartment. It was located in a gated community, obscured from the misery of the rest of the world.

His apartment was minimalist in composition. Modern. One or two pieces of Charles Eames, a Le Corbusier. It's a young man's dream. Two sports cars kept sentinel outside his door. Everyone relaxed on the lush carpet in the relative expanse of space. The backdrop was smooth jazz. Coltrane. He stole glances at her as the evening transmuted into night; the isolated spotlight made her duotone.



At departure they hugged, rather awkwardly, the oddness reflecting the state of the union. It was however sign language - a vain attempt at denial in front of others. But everyone understood. The only other woman poorly camouflaged her feelings in effusive praise of the evening. She squinched her emotion. Squirted octopus ink. She knew he was a lost battle. God ain't fair. They exchanged phone numbers. Gone are the days of accidental encounters.

They met the next weekend. And the next and the next. It turned out she was a medical doctor. He knew some about medicine, and the teaching hospital she practised in. Was a frequent visitor years back. His cousin is a medical doctor, a graduate from same school. He knew many doctors. But she would not encourage conversation about medical practice. Medicine should be left in teaching hospitals. She's one of those who separate church and state, work and life.

He looked forward to weekends with her. To movies...tv series... Once she even slept over. But he made sure to behave himself, though he didn't know why. Things on occasion did get red blooded but he maintained restraint. Something held him back. And she seemed to hold back as well, like she kept her emotion in a bottle back home. Like she only visits him with a measured quantity of emotion, say 5ml. But it was something. He was lonely. Something however didn't add up and he couldn't place his finger on it. Something didn't align.



One Saturday he offered to visit her at work the following week. He has a business meeting in the proximity. But she was going on sabbatical she offered. Her application was finally through. Something wasn't right. Unsettled guts. Instinct. A screw wasn't tight. He needed information. He ran her name by his cousin. She had no recollection of her in school. Neither did her friends.

And then came the fateful phone call. Friend of a friend of someone in her past. It was a shock! Juanita was no medical doctor. She was a beautiful fraudster. She targets men and lives off men. Extortion via simulated conception. They didn't meet accidentally. She plotted her path across his path. She had done homework on him, knew details of his bank accounts. She had an insider working in his bank. He ran for his life. But the experience left him shaken.

This is a true story by the way. Caveat emptor. Aequae pars ligni curvi ac recti valet igni. (Buyer beware. A crooked log makes a straight fire). A lonely man is vulnerable. A successful young man is a target. Don't let the physical blind you to the obvious.

Your mentor

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Lene Andersen'.

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