

**Ikani's Homestead Short Stories**

# ESwap 'En

How would you survive the trip  
through your computer?

**ISMAILA IKANI SULE**

[www.ikanihomestead.com](http://www.ikanihomestead.com)

# eSWAP 'EM

by  
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*Nigeria, evening.*

Kani slowly made his way past the drab grey gates. Suddenly it felt like all the birds had stopped singing, the sun no longer shone here, trees were lonely twisted figures bare of leaves and Mr. T was singing Celine Dion's song, squeezing his face to express his heart-felt feelings being poured into the lyrics.

"Good evening, Mr. Charles," Kani greeted the burly night watchman shaking his head as he patrolled the premises.

"Kani, how ya duwen?" came the reply and "Yeah, dat's da wa-hay it hee-ees! Unh!" as the man's tummy suddenly thrust forward while his knees bent slightly. Yes, he certainly looked liked Mr. T. Retired from the A-Team to come to Nigeria for this?... Funky dancing...?

Kani shook his head and proceeded toward the massive structure that loomed before him...

GBAT!.. "Ouch!", he had absent-mindedly walked into WorldWreak's sign board.

"Stupid thing, they just had to get a large-sized sign with a realistic picture of the building!"

Kani hissed, holding his nose and stepping away to go round the side. He headed toward the lime green building with 'golden' windows that reflected the world outside back to itself while it's pyramid-shaped roofed pointed up to the sky declaring the sky was the limit when it came to Internet Service Provider services... and prices. This was where he worked - WorldWreak your friendly, trusted ISP. Man, he hated this place.

**Kani Abu** - 25, 184cm tall, loves comic books and surfing the web, hates his job (customer services, permanently on the night-shift). Ah well, so's life..

He pushed the sliding doors open and stepped into his office. He sighed, nothing serious in this room with white walls and dark brown framed windows - five desks with computers all connected to WorldWreak's servers and on to the Internet through a network; one table with a photocopier and monitor on it; there was also a telephone on one of the desks (cheaper than headphones per desk), that was for receiving customer complaints and questions; one nasty little guy with legs crossed on Kani's desk; an air conditioner on the wall down one corner of the office. He really had to get rid of that nasty little guy, tidy up the office a bit you know. Maybe crouch down now and target this weird creature ... leap, grab his throat, *shakey-shakey*, shake that head... heh-heh-heh... HAHAAHA!!!

"Mr. Abu!", Kani was jolted back into reality - wow, for a while the Land of Imagination felt really good... *Everybody in the house do the Bartman, Shake your body...* oops, nearly went back there - he stared at his boss. One after the other, the man's short legs threw themselves back on to the neatly mopped floor tiles.

"Mr. Abu, what time is it?"

"5:45," Kani replied.

"And when are you supposed to resume for the night-shift?"

"6 o'clock, sir."

"Exactly! You're supposed to come to work for at least seven hours during the day, go home get some rest and get back here at 6 o'clock! What in the world am I paying you for?"

"The night-shift?"

"Don't be sassy with me boy!"

"Sorry, sir."

"Watch it or you may lose this job, understand?!"

"Yes, sir." *Fat chance!*

“Good now get to work, I’m off to a boogie-woogie party.”

“Boogie-woogie on, sir.”

Kani got a really, really cold stare.

“I mean, goodnight sir.”

He watched his employer fling a jacket over his shoulder and bounce out of the building into the approaching night. Kani was often tempted to feel sorry for himself, but hey, he still had his sense of humour. Six years in University for a four-year Business Administration degree course frequented by countless strikes by lecturers over their poor pay and lack of a better excuse to miss lectures for soccer tournaments. One year of the compulsory National Youths Service Corps for Nigerian graduates spent falling sick in the training camp and then being posted to work with a prison facility (at least the inmates were kind enough to offer him a place to sleep the night he reported for duty). Finished that, came back home to live with his parents again - now not just a successful graduate, but a totally unemployed one. Seven months of job-hunting and terrorizing organizations with his curriculum vitae and he was unfortunate enough to be picked up by the only firm in town which believed ‘paid to work’ meant the same thing as ‘work until paid’. He had been queried twice in three weeks already for falling sick at work. Ah well, such was life. Kani’s approach to life’s little problems was to look-u and-u laugh-u, like the Fela Anikulapo-Kuti song suggested.

So, he smiled and dragged a chair over to sit down. Time to settle down for the night. He worked in the Customer Relations section. That meant that on the night shift, it was his job to take calls from unhappy customers looking for a fight and reassure them that the people responsible for looking after their Internet subscription accounts would be available shortly with their boxing gloves. Man, what a job.

*The United States, afternoon.*

Shewen stared back at her world. Spinning around and around and around... Bare cream coloured walls. Desks with those funny beakers, bottles, apparatus and funny stuff used for practical experiments. White lab coats. Ugly faces. Smiling faces. Bored faces. Wo-hoh, one handsome face! Beautiful faces. ‘Monstrous make-up’ faces. A window with a view of the beautiful campus garden outside. Everything outside looked so colourful, so alive! Things were darn boring in here! Oh look, that ugly face is yawning... Full 180 degrees turn, Shewen in her lab coat, standing in front of a blackboard covered with out-of-this-world sketches and scribbling and some outrageous-looking calculations.

Hello, this is Mitigate University. One of the funkiest places to study in the US of A, baby. Shewen was a Chemistry student, final year, and she also taught freshman classes (Mangaphysics and Ion Edibility). Sometimes she wondered how she ever got here. Then she’d remember her dad with his baseball bat giving good advice on the need to go out and get some education. Her dad was a professor, you know. A well-respected, highly recognized scholar in China. Well, at least she was amongst the five best students in her class. That was more than she could say for this bunch. Just what was it they couldn’t understand about Mangaphysics and Ion Edibility for goodness sake? The faces just kept staring at her.

“It’s not difficult. Cheer up everyone,” *don’t give me that look, missy, your face ain’t that beautiful*, “Come on look, Pokemi squared with a dash of Pokemumu tingles the tongue one thousandth of the way Pokemama does! Darn easy!”

“Pokebaby, all that jive just ain’t clicking right in the brain, get me? This course has got to be the dumbest thing anyone ever heard of”, Chucky, he was the class’s dreadlocked troublemaker.

“Okay, recess time everyo...” They were all gone before her sentence ended. She sighed and

slumped into the nearest chair. She produced a *Kit-Cat* from her pocket.

"Take a break," she ripped the wrapper. *Meee-owww!*

"Eek" she shrieked and hurled away the electronic cat she'd been about to devour, "Damn blasted cheap copycat products!"

Now her tummy growled.

**Shewen Wan Li** - 24, 150cm tall, loves surfing the web and taking pictures of tigers, hates all this tough schoolwork and feels like the shortest person at Mitigate.

"It's okay, Shewen. They'll soon get it and find out what a marvelous teacher you are," came a gentle reassuring voice of wisdom. It was Professor Oaky, one of Shewen's professors.

"You really think so, Professor Oaky?" she smiled back at the gentle old face with its crown of fluffy white hair neatly combed to one side.

"No, I was just kidding, they think you suck! See you at class Ms. Shewen." He strolled off hands in his pockets and head bobbing to the blues tune he was humming to himself. *Bapa - bi - doo - bap - bap Oaky you ol' rascal you-hoo-hoo...*

"Thank you, sir."

She had spent five years at Mitigate University already. It was a pretty cool place to be. It was just that taking a major in Chemistry could really be hard here on one's social life. Endless hours spent in the lab, at the library pouring through books the size of her grandmother's steel safe box, and now lecturing a sorry bunch of bored students. Even her roommate Marge, who was majoring in Abstract Arts, thought she was weird. Nothing Shewen could do about it. Not that she didn't like Chemistry, on the contrary - she *loved* it. It was just that she had been so busy with work these days that she couldn't remember the last time she relaxed, took things easy and had some fun.

She shook her head, smiled and picked up her bag. She walked out of the lab and closed the door behind her.

*Singapore, shortly before midnight.*

Alarms were blaring all around the MacroTough Software complex. Seventy percent of the world's email service providers used software designed by this company. Its success over the years had made a lot of news headlines. The company had lots of investors and friends in high places. It also had lots of rivals competing with it globally. Forget the Cold War, today espionage between major businesses seeking ways to beat each other in the marketplace was the thing. This night an intruder had broken into the MacroTough offices to steal secrets of its latest product - the eSwap 'Em software in development for the past twelve years. The company's CEO had announced it was due for launch and release into the market in a week's time.

Obviously some people had decided they just couldn't wait that long. There was a lot hype surrounding the product. MacroTough said it had finally discovered a means of electronically transporting a human being over the Internet and through computers to any location in the world. eSwap 'Em was set to revolutionize the travel industry.

"The whole thing works with our twenty satellites strategically positioned around the Earth in space. You'll just have to wait for the first public demonstration next week," Mark Hypo told everyone during a press meeting.

Big money was at stake. Which was why Yung Luv Tao was paid to break into the company's premises using some of the most hi-tech equipment available. The young thief even had night goggles on to see in the dark which was why he failed to notice he'd put on his bright orange ninja get-up instead of the black one. Someone had spotted him in the dark and raised the alarm. Chasing him was easy - *follow that shiny orange thing!*



Yung ran as fast as his legs could go. It wasn't long before he realized the guards had him cornered within the office building. He had to think fast. *A computer! Had to find a computer quick!* He dashed into an office to discover an employee crouched over a computer monitor in the dark. The light from the monitor illuminated his face revealing the saliva dripping down his gaping mouth. The guy looked so terrified to have been discovered in such a state. He screamed and ran straight for Yung. The thief was pushed aside as the desperate man jumped out of the doorway and disappeared down the hallway. Yung approached the computer and was disgusted at what he saw displayed on the screen.

"Fried chicken with strawberry ice-cream, cheese and chips? How sick can some people get?"

But, no time for sentiments, he had to act quickly. He unzipped a pocket on his trouser-leg and produced a disc. The computers here were all hooked to the Internet via broadband connection. He had to email the information to his employer - Mr. Attah Omale, founder and owner of *JuhJuh* Inc. MacroTough's biggest software rival. Yung heard the sound of guards' feet pounding down the hallway. He logged on to his own mail account and uploaded the information, the codes to eSwap 'Em and other data, as an attached file. They were banging on each door they ran past and getting closer. He began to type in Mr. Omale's secret email address 007omale@mindurbizman.com. He misspelt it as 07male@mindurbizman.com. He added one more '0'. Had to add an 'o' before the 'male'... The guards burst into the room turning on the lights. He jumped and he hit the mouse button, clicking on the SEND MAIL option on the screen.

"No!" He screamed. Too late the message was gone. The guards grabbed him.

Dark XprMnt was the nickname of the hacker who owned the 07male@mindurbizman.com email account. Software codes in very easy format to use. Was he pleased to receive Yung's message...

### *Back to Nigeria.*

Well, so far so good. The phone had stopped ringing for a while now tonight so Kani could do a bit of web surfing.

"Abeg, make I check my email first," - *Pl-lease, let me check my email first.*

He leaned toward the computer on his desk as if to see what he was doing better and typed in the URL before going straight to the YaEmailie.com website. He put in his username and password and logged on to his account.

"Hmm, only two messages tonight. Let's see, let's see what there is for me," he spread out his lower lip and growled like an alien monster in a sci-fi film about Martian politics and werewolf betrayal.

### *USA*

Shewen was at her favourite cybercafé - at least they had some real food over here (a light cybercafé snack - a can of Coke, noodles sprinkled all over pizza with two small buckets of chicken). As she took a swig of Coke, her hand moved the mouse so she scrolled down the list of 12 unread emails in her mailbox. Like the other students and members of staff, Shewen had her own account on the university's server - mangimanga@mitigate.abc. One particular mail caught her eye.

"MacroTough's fabulous new software..." she read.



accidentally mailed the information to someone else. I still have a CD-ROM disc with the copied information in my pocket. I didn't shut down the chicken and ice-cream page, I minimized it and it's still on that computer."

"Which address did you send the codes to?"

Yung gave the man the email address. The CEO charged out of the office, shouting at gathered employees outside.

"I want the owner of this email address tracked down, pronto! Move it, everybody!"

A lady ran up to the stomping executive. She had several papers which she waved about with her hands.

"Sir, we've a little problem. Our systems indicate the eSwap satellites have been activated," she explained and began to lead the CEO into another room. It was filled with all sorts of computers and gadgets manned by several MacroTough employees. "Someone's using the eSwap 'Em software."

"Stop them!", the man barked.

"We're too late to do anything now, sir. The eSwap has been completed."

"Damn it! Allright, let's calm down. Can someone track down the locations for the eSwaps?"

"We're processing that information right now, sir."

"Good."

### *The United Kingdom.*

Dark XprMnt had been taking a shower when the police barged into the tiny apartment he was living in and placed him under arrest.

"Oi, what's the meaning of all this then?", the seventy-five year old hacker yelled as his scrawny body was dragged out of the bathroom in a towel which looked big enough on him to be his blanket.

"Dark XprMnt, is it?" one constable asked him.

"Yeah, and what's it to you, copper? I know my rights, you know..." The hacker certainly didn't look pleased to have been captured so early in his, so far, two-day underground career.

"Don't get cocky with me, mate. We've got us here a warrant for your arrest. You've been charged with receiving and distributing illegal pirate copies of MacroTough software. A trace online led straight to your apartment and computer."

Another policeman bending over XprMnt's computer also spoke, full of satisfaction at his discovery.

"Got it, Sarge," said he, "Bloke's got both a copy of the email and the software stored on his computer."

"Hah," went the first officer of the law, "Now, what do you say to that, mate?"

"Long live, Lenin and Stalin! Down with the Capitalist corporations and their plots for global domination!" the elderly man cried out at the top of his shrill voice.

"What's up with you, mate? They died a long time ago."

"Oh dear. Long live Churchill then?"

"Aw, take him away!"



“Oh my...” Shewen thought she'd cry. This wasn't Mitigate. She was sitting in front of a computer in a strange office. She looked around, she was all alone. the café was gone, so was daylight and worst of all - her snack was gone!

“No-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!” her screams echoed through the night. She was in Nigeria.

“Okay, okay... Yeyh!” Kani bolted up from his seat knocking over a can of Coke and some pizza with noodles all over it. The attendant at the cybercafé stared at him and began to reach for the telephone. “Yeyh!” Kani screamed in terror again.

“This can't be happening,” Shewen was running around the WorldWreak office knocking over things in shock. “I don't believe it. I'm in Nigeria, at a horrible place called WorldWreak with a boss trying exploit me!” How did she know all these things? “The eSwap software! I've taken over someone else's identity for the next thirty minutes while still maintaining my body and thoughts. But I've inherited the other person, Kani's memories too!”

Kani understood what had happened as well.

“Wow, super-cool software! Ah-ah, e don happen today!” *It's happened!* “Well, I've a class to teach. I believe recess is over.” He gulped down the remaining Coke, stuffed the pizza back in its carton and tossed it at the attendant still staring at him. “See you later Anas, have za rest of za pizza. Got to get back to my class now!”

Kani's boss burst into the office.

“Ah-ha! I knew if I appeared here unexpectedly I'd catch you sleeping on the job! Oya (*right*), get your lazy self up and over here, I've had enough of your nonchalant attitude towards your work After all that I'm paying you.”

Shewen stepped out from behind the desk and approached the little man who jumped back in horror.

“Kani! Bringing girlfriends into the office at night! *Ai, ai, ai*, kids today aren't scared of anything? This guy's really trying my patience!” He began to stamp his feet and look around for the employee he so wanted to throttle with his bare hands if he could stand on tiptoe and reach his neck.

Shewen could look him straight into the eyes, *heh-heh*, what do you know, she wasn't the only short person in the world. The little man stopped his tantrums, saw her again and realized now he'd fallen in love.

“*Cho (so)* what's ya name baby! You're the flower and my heart is the manure! Marry me now!” his romantic side blurted out. It wasn't his fault if he just had to show her his true feelings.

“Shut up you nasty little man!” Shewen snapped at him so suddenly he jumped with fright.

“You think you're pretty clever trying to exploit your employees while not paying them the correct salaries due to them, eh? Well, it's time someone told you off!...”

Elsewhere, Shewen's class was becoming a bit rowdy seeing as their teacher was late for class. Chucky was at the blackboard generating laughter from his fellow colleagues as he tried to mimic poor old Shewen's teaching.

“...And so,” he spoke deliberately with a deep voice, “Pokelahblah in the Pokebluhbluh gives you nyahnyah...”

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"Enough of that, Chucky!" Kani burst into the classroom like a super-hero desperately in search of some toilet facilities.

"And just who are you, man?" Chucky was angry as he watched the stranger walk to him and stuff his shoulder into his face. Oh-oh, he tilted his head backward to look up at Kani's maddened face. Next thing he knew he was in a headlock.

"You ungratefully rabbits!" Kani held his captive in the headlock and spat out disgustedly at the terrified faces watching the spectacle in class. "Your teacher spends hours trying to simplify things for you, comes to class lectures and you're still so thick in between the ears and never for once care to show any sign of appreciation for her efforts! She's missing so much of her social life just to be in here with you guys and you keep messing around! Now all that stops!"

*Back to Singapore.*

Yung was dragged into the Control Room, as it was called, where there was a lot of activity going on with the computers and other gadgets.

"Welcome," the CEO beckoned him to join him on a special platform overlooking the entire room, "I don't know whether to pound your head in yet or rejoice in the fact that you've actually gotten the eSwap product to some unsuspecting consumers to try it out for us."

The handcuffs had been taken off and Yung was rubbing his wrist. He climbed up to the CEO.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"Oh, don't worry," the CEO assured him, "I've decided not to hand you over to the police. Your services may come in useful to me."

"What?"

"Yes, how would you like working for me instead? MacroTough's about to leap light-years ahead of it's competitors. How would you like to be part of the winning team? You've already demonstrated your capabilities."

"Hmm, okay."

"Splendid," the CEO beamed with delight.

"Sir," one of the employees called out below, "We've pinpointed the location of two eSwaps."

"Excellent. Carry on and keep me posted on the progress of these two subjects of our, *ehem*, 'experiment'." The delighted man turned back to Yung.

"The way the eSwap 'Em software works is very simple," he began to explain, "First it picks up a person's genetic structure and code through the eye's retina staring at the computer screen. Then this information is passed on to the nearest satellite in orbit above the planet. Computers on the satellite process this information and then prepare an electronic 'gentic magnet' signal which is beamed back to the computer and straight through the monitor at the user. Microscopic bits of the person are then gradually sucked into the system and electronically transferred back to the satellite's genetic magnet which collects them for transfer to a targeted computer system elsewhere. The identified target computer is located over the Internet and, *presto*, the microscopic bits are passed on. Once received by that computer, the individual specimen's microscopic bits are transmitted out of the computer screen and re-arranged in organic form from the electronic state. *Tada*, fast electronic transportation."

"Woo-woo, woo-woo... Beam me up, Scottie... Star Trek," was Yung's unbelieving response.

"Yeah, right," the CEO turned his back to him, "But look. It's happened already."

There were two flashing dots on a large central computer facing them.

USA.

Kani pulled Chucky with him over to the blackboard.

“Please, sir, I won’t make fun of her again! I didn’t know anything about her family! Do not hurt me please, Mr. Hitman!” The poor boy thought Kani had to be a hitman sent by Shewen’s gangster family.

“Stop crying, Chucky! Now get this y’all: Pokemi squared with a dash of Pokemumu tingles the tongue one thousandth of the way Pokemama does! Una hear me?!” *Got it?*

Everyone nodded. They were all scared...

Nigeria.

“Oh-ho-ho, stop it please. I’ll never treat Kani or my employees unfairly again!” Kani’s boss was on his knees. A crowd had gathered in the office. Everyone wanted to know where all the late-night racket was coming from.

“...And don’t forget the five months night-shift allowance you owe Kani not to mention the fact that you still owe the janitor for stitching your trousers when you ripped them trying to do the splits...” There was laughter, Shewen just kept going on and on blasting Kani’s boss until he burst into tears like the poor old wretch he now believed he was.

“Now who doesn’t get the story?” Kani growled lifting Chucky up by the legs and arms and carefully twisting like this and like that.

“Help! Help! Help!”

Each of his terrified cries had the whole class screaming “Pokemi squared with a dash of Pokemumu tingles the tongue one thousandth of the way Pokemama does! Pokemi squared with a dash of Pokemumu tingles the tongue one thousandth of the way Pokemama does!...” They were closing their eyes and squirming.

Kani shook Chucky so much that his trousers fell down a bit to reveal his hibiscus-flower patterned under shorts. More screams and they all hugged each other. *Please, this ordeal had to stop! Pokemi squared with a dash of Pokemumu tingles the tongue one thousandth of the way Pokemama does!*

Some students and lecturers from other classes had observed the spectacle in Shewen’s lab and quickly alerted the campus authorities. They in turn notified the police.

In less than half an hour, the entire campus had been surrounded by police men and women. The University was quickly evacuated. There was no telling how dangerous the guy holding Shewen’s class hostage could be. A special team of negotiators was sent in. There were snipers stationed on rooftops facing the windows to the lab.

Reporters were all over the campus trying to get the best accounts of the incident as they could. They took pictures, they interviewed people.

“Yeah, like she orders her usual Coke and pizza, man. Next I know, she gets this super powers and changes into that tall guy, man. Like, awesome, dude.”

There was a knock on the lab door and Kani walked over to it pulling Chucky along now by one leg. He opened the door and peered out expecting to see someone peddling Get-Rich Pyramid scam certificates.

“Yes?” said he.

He saw some guys with bullet-proof vests and helmets on all pointing guns at him.

"I take it you're not part of my class," he remarked rather dismayed, "How many times have you been told not to bring guns to school? Those things are dangerous!"

One of them raised his hand at the others and slowly approached Kani.

"Okay now, take it easy, mister. Let the boy go now. We don't want anyone harmed here. I just want to talk to you. Look, I'm unarmed. Let the boy go."

"Alright, then. I believe he's learnt his lesson," Kani pushed Chucky back into the lab and walked back in, inviting the police negotiator to come in too. The man followed cautiously, stepping into the room like an astronaut on the moon doing a crouching ballet.

"Is everyone alright?" he asked the class.

"We're alright," Kani smiled, "Just in the middle of a lecture. Let me guess, you're a parent here to check up on your kid, Mister..."

"Parker, George Parker," the police officer answered.

"Ah, Mr. Parker. You sure you're in the right class, I haven't got any Parkers here," Kani gave a friendly smile and offered the officer a seat. He declined.

"Look, let's cut through the crap. What have you done with Miss Shewen Wan Li?" the officer almost growled at Kani, "I'm here to negotiate her release along with her class. What do you want? What are your demands?"

*Shewen.*

Kani suddenly clasped his head with his hands. There was some sharp pain tearing through his brain. He winched. Then the pain was gone. He smiled at the police negotiator before him.

"What are you talking about, man? Is this some sort of joke? I am Shewen," he told him.

The entire class gasped.

"Now if you don't mind, we have to be getting on with our class..."

"Oh no, no please!" they all cried out. Kani looked disappointed. Kids were so lazy these days!

"Look, man, let her and the kids go. We'll work on letting you have whatever you want. State your demands."

These guys were crazy. *They want to know what I want. Some free time to myself. Some rest. Some fun!*

"What I want? I've spent so many years studying here. So many years in the lab. So many months trying to teach these block-headed brats here! I want some fun! I want to break-dance!" Kani spat out.

The other man stared at him, mouth wide open. Kani began to break-dance. He did the moonwalk thing. He did the waves with his arms. Backslides. Frontslides. That slithering fish or snake dance on the floor. The back spins across the lab. He was doing a head-spin when the police rushed in and grabbed him by the legs. The negotiator had fainted nine minutes earlier. The whole class was sobbing and there were hugs all around.

The pain had torn through Shewen's head temporarily too.

She dragged the WorldWreak entrepreneur and flung him into a chair in Kani's office. The spectators who had gathered followed them into the office.

"Shebi you think this job is easy, abi?" *So you think this job's easy, eh?* She shoved the ringing phone into his face. "Oya, talk my friend!"

“He... he... hello,” the poor man began, “You can’t connect to the Internet? Eh, did you try connecting using a computer or just your phone? Oh, sorry... Yes, I knew that... em... em... Let me call some specialists over next week to take a look at the problem. Oh no, no, no... The problem should be taken care of tonight. Yes sir... I mean, yes Madam. Thank you, Madam. We’ll fix it immediately.”

Sweating and shaking all over, Kani’s boss slowly dropped the phone. He could hear all the stifled giggles around him.

“Aha!” Shewen made him jump once more, “Now how do you plan to sort out the problem when you refused to pay the engineers to stay here and look after the server and things? Wetin you go do now?” *What are you going to do now?* Hmm, all the onlookers had to agree that ‘these foreign students were catching the local pidgin English quite nicely’.

Kani’s employer didn’t feel love anymore... just sheer embarrassment mixed with terror.

Shewen picked up the phone and one by one she called all the WorldWreak subscribers.

“Hello,” she’d start, “Greetings from WorldWreak, this is Kani Abu calling from Customer Services. We regret to inform you that WorldWreak will be winding up operations first thing in the morning. We shall be refunding you all your money of course. Oh, you’d like to sue us, we welcome that option too. We are cleaning up our act and hope you’ll bear with us.”

With one more phone call she arranged to have the business bought over by another major ISP in town, that way Kani and all the others wouldn’t have to lose their jobs (that was part of the agreement).

Kani’s boss was sobbing.

“Why are you doing this to me?”

“Why am I doing this? After all the misery you’ve caused others? Hah, and you haven’t even paid me for last moth’s night-shift duties!”

“What are you talking about? You don’t even work for me!”

“Not anymore I don’t!”

Right then the police walked in and ordered Shewen to give herself up.

“Una sef,” *you guys too*, she began, “Has he even paid the fines for illegal running of fibre optic lines through the city’s drainage systems and obstruction of traffic to wash his shoes?”

“Eh! That’s right!” The sergeant leading the team of policemen shouted and ordered Kani’s boss be arrested to. They decided to treat Shewen like a lady.

“Who are you calling a girl?” she snarled.

MacroTough’s CEO didn’t like the news he was receiving. His two eSwapped guinea pigs had been located by agents hired by his organization but now they were reporting that both of them were acting like they’d lost their minds. Each was taking up the other’s personality and identity.

“Oh, I hate this,” he sighed.

“What do we do now boss?” one of the agents asked.

“I say just eSwap them back,” Yung suggested. He received a rather cold gaze.

“I suppose you’re right. Okay do it people.”

“Take it easy son... Hey, what are you...” The police officer escorting Kani stopped dead in his tracks. The crowd at Mitigate University stared in disbelief. They gasped with fright as Kani’s



body began to glow. A greenish sort of glow.

“Eh-eh!” The police car taking Shewen and the former WorldWreak away came to an abrupt halt and all the policemen dashed out, running for their lives. They were still within the company’s premises. Another crowd gathered around the car. Kani’s boss gasped with fright and so did the spectators. Shewen was glowing! A greenish sort of glow.

Suddenly Kani reappeared back at WorldWreak and Shewen was gone.

“Yeyh, weench, weench o (*witch, witch*)!” There was a stampede out of the compound. People were taking off in all directions.

“Wow!” Kani looked at the panic his reappearance was causing.

“Take it! Take the company, please don’t hurt me!” his ex-boss yelled at him as he did his best to get as far away as possible constantly stumbling in the process. Kani rubbed his head and blinked his eyes - he was back in Nigeria!

Shewen reappeared at the Mitigate.

“She was an alien morphed into human form all along!” People on campus were yelling and screaming even louder as they tumbled over each other trying to flee for their dare lives.

“Look just erase whatever you have about me on your data base, I’m just a worthless human. Eeeek, don’t hurt me! Mama!” Chucky scaled two police cars and bounded out the campus gates.

“My!” Shewen’s hands were shaking a bit, but she certainly was glad to be back home!

Simultaneously, on both continents, the two heroes of this weird story ran for the computers where they’d bumped into the eSwap software. They checked their emails, they looked all over the computer system. The software was gone!

MacroTough made sure the eSwap ‘Em incidence never broke out to the media. That meant paying a handsome fee in compensation to the two ‘test subjects’ and making Yung Assistant Vice-President of the organization.

Today Kani is the proud sole proprietor of one of the world’s most successful ISP businesses. Shewen is the Head of Mitigate University’s popular new Department of Mangaphysics and Ion Edibility.

The two constantly email each other. They had to - they had shared each other’s memories and knew quite a lot about what had happened to them.

And that’s the eSwap story. So, whenever you’re feeling blue, remember: good, free software is hard to find.