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Opt Out

It has recently come to my attention that the **opt-in policy** I have had so far with regards to subscribing to this blog is considered very cumbersome by many of our readers. I have been asked multiple times to personally include people on the subscription list and thus far I have refrained from doing so in the interest of your privacy.

But it seems that inclusion by default is generally preferred and therefore as has been suggested, I am now moving to an **opt-out policy for friends and family**. Meaning that I will be adding people I would like to receive **The Red String** personally and if you are one of them, you would need to unsubscribe yourself to stop receiving it.

For those of you who took the time to subscribe on your own, I appreciate the effort. Thanks for being with us. To the rest of you, I say **Welcome!**

The Safe Height

My whole life I have always been **one of the shortest people I know**. Be it at work or at play, amongst friends or amongst strangers, my height left much to be desired.

But up until I started taking a less passive interest in girls, it was actually something I was very proud of. Because being short and lean meant that I was quick, could fit into tight spaces, and appeared meek and fragile. All of which came in handy for indoor and outdoor games as well as escaping the punishment that often followed many of them.

However once I did start to take an interest in the opposite sex, it became a major disadvantage. I wasn't tall enough to begin with, and then they go and wear multi-inch heels. Still while I wanted to be taller, I wasn't ready to put in the necessary work. For one thing, I hated drinking milk (still do) and for another, the whole idea of working hard to be taller when others were attaining height free of charge just didn't sit well with me.

The Safe Height

So I hoped and I prayed and I watched and I waited until it finally became apparent that it just wasn't my fate to reach the 6 foot zenith. It was only then that I began to seek what I call **the safe height**.

Now, the safe height is the magic height at which most women in your social sphere would be ready to consider dating you without any extra work. Once you attain this height, it is safe to say that you don't have to be that funny, or that handsome, or that entertaining, to be considered romantically. You can just be you.

I soon discovered that in my social sphere, that height was 5 foot 5 and my prayers became more defined. "Dear Lord, please make me taller. If I can't be 6 feet, at least make me 5 foot 5." For 5 foot 5 was the average height of the girls around me (heels excluded).

The Safe Height

Well, the Lord in his infinite wisdom and grace, chose to answer my prayers. And as you can imagine, I was all abliss with joy. I have no idea if I have grown since then because that day was the last time I was ever truly conscious of my height.

So to those who know not the plight of the short man, and to those who know it full well I say:

Seek thee not the pleasures of the lofty heights, but be content with the heights around you. For it is neither in the highlands nor in the lowlands that ye shall find happiness, but in the average height of the ones you love. As for ye men who have since exceeded the safe height, I beseech thee - Keep thee a safe distance from me lest I bring you to your knees. If only, that we may see eye to eye.

He who has ears, let him hear.

Mini Mouse

At this juncture, I think it is the perfect time to mention my encounter with my old friend Shope Ogunkeye. She indeed was one of the few girls with which I was safe long before I ever attained the safe height. In fact we used to compete, albeit in jest, to see who was taller. This past month, I was able to meet up with her in **Ibadan** and I discovered that the competition was over.

However for the first time in a long time, **I actually won!** - and it was a decisive victory. So whether or not this interests you, I have decided to record that moment here for posterity - and the infinite possibilities it provides for teasing Shope.

The first attempt of which is her new nickname "Mini Mouse." Which contrary to it's appearance is not only meant to be a term of ridicule but also a term of endearment. Because she's just **that cute and tiny** :) So Mini, this one's for you. Thanks for putting up with me all these years.



High-tech Shmy-tech

Are you tired of the **OS X**. vs. **Windows** argument? Or the **iPhone** vs. **Droid**? How about the **iPad** vs. Laptop one? **Well, I am**. It seems that everywhere on the Internet nowadays if one makes the mistake of comparing two competing technologies it turns into an argument - and the more knowledgeable the participants, the more likely it is to degrade into a flame war.

I have come to like **Apple** products after many years spent happily dedicated to **Microsoft**. As I have come to like **Google** services after many years spent again happily dedicated to **Microsoft**. The point here is that I was happy. Not dissatisfied, not grumbling (too much), not looking for the next best thing... **Microsoft was fine**.

And when indeed the grumbling became too much and I was ready to look for the next best thing, I found it - and it's working for me. But when I went looking, none of those heated discussions did a damn thing for me. It all came down to online reviews and the recommendations of my friends.

High-tech Shmy-tech

Because they only told me what the devices could do and let me decide for myself. The fact that the **iPhone** does X, Y, and Z things that a **Nokia 3310** can't do doesn't tell me as much as you think. Because the Nokia 3310 might do A, B, and C things that are more important to me than anything on **your** list of must-have's.

So really, I'm tired. I don't want to discuss why Apple is better than Microsoft, or iOS better than Android, or Google better than **Bing** because really... Who cares what you think? Lol.

Feel free to tell me why you like Android, or why you like your iPhone, or whatever it is. But don't assume that our preferences are the same because you can do all of that high-tech shmy-tech with your thingamajig. I can also do some fancy things with mine... But do you really care? **Didn't think so.**

Institute for **Venture Design**

Speaking of high-tech things, I had the pleasure of visiting the **Institute for Venture Design** up in **Abeokuta** last month thanks to my uncle Gboyega.

The Institute provides an enabling environment for Entrepreneurs to originate and actualise start-up technical ventures. From concept to conception the institute supports "fellows" through an intensive 2 year program at the end of which a sustainable team with a marketable product and fully operational business, are expected.

The idea is based on the concept of **venture capitalism**. A major force behind the development and advancement of technologies in America. **Venture capitalists** in America played a major role in the future of well known companies like **Apple** and **Atari**. Indeed it is thanks to them that **Silicon Valley** became what it is today.

The new institute hopes to achieve much the same thing by supporting and nurturing start up ventures in Nigeria using knowledge gained from past successes as well as new findings in modern research.



Andoral

The dark veil was lifted and the young ork, together with his maiden found themselves side by side... holding on to their Andorei... (a brief moment of love and recognition floats between them). They look up, and the double-headed beast stands calm as the ice on its heads melt away. What they saw did not surprise them – this couple had already understood the ancient teachings... they had found peace again. But this time it was a peace they would fight for, together. And with these last thoughts together they charged! The ork to the head of the beast that was himself, and the elf to the head of the beast that was herself – an eternal battle to protect their union, yet at the same time, finding the peace they once knew in the fight to protect it.

And so they fought for many eternities... protecting one another, in love, in peace, and in duty... And they were not alone. Some others joined in the fight against the beast that is themselves, to protect their unions... and sometimes to enhance a feeling of belonging amongst fighters.

Andoral

Andoral – A sword that pierces only its wielder... in a bid to preserve all that is precious.

Unfortunately, many are still unable to face themselves to protect those they love the most. I write you today because I know you are not one of these such people... but more importantly because I want this to be yet another memory: The day we began to fight ourselves, for ourselves.

Sincerely,

Your Ork.

- The End -

Becoming A Woman

Becoming a woman means:

I don't quit when the first wave of pain hits. Instead, I take a deep breath and soldier on through the last 10 reps of push-ups, dead lifts, crunches and/or lunges.

I don't go on to the next chapter even though I desperately want to know when Marissa discovers that 'darling' Jeff did kill her husband. Instead, I close the book, turn off my night light and go to sleep coz I've got work in the morning.

I don't lose it when someone is too lazy to do their work and we're right at the deadline. Instead, I do their work, meet the deadline, go home, get some rest and plan the perfect revenge. After all, Lazybones must be taught a lesson.

Becoming A Woman

I don't eat the cake just because I want it. Instead, I eat it because it counts as a meal if I don't eat much else with it. Plus, if I don't eat it, someone else with a slower metabolism might and ruin their diet.

I don't squirm or cringe when the pointy, high-heeled shoes begin to hurt. Instead, I school my face into a serene expression, curl my toes (as much as possible), walk softly and wait till the first opportunity to trash the good-for-nothing shoes.

Becoming A Woman

I don't waste a lot of time thinking of what they would think of me if I said no. Instead, I ask myself these questions: 'Is it life or death?', 'Can I do it?', 'Do I want to do it?', 'Do I owe the requestor anything?', 'Will I gain anything?' Then I give my answer.

I don't indulge myself as much as I would like. Instead, I will stop writing here coz Damola said 300 words or less. 290 words.

Journey to Self

Cause I know what it means

I was no longer in an abusive situation, but the next couple of years almost seemed harder. I realized, many years later what I had really given up. What I had given up for me and my son, when I had sacrificed my pride. I realized after the fact that I might have been far better off doing it all on my own.

As I finally got into my single-mother routine, I realized that it wasn't really different from my 'with boyfriend' routine. That was when I realized the high price that I paid by staying in that relationship for so long.

Journey to Self

To walk along the lonely street of dreams

By the time my son was in fifth grade, I had finally achieved my Bachelors degree. Along the way I had called on the image of the Phoenix many times. It was hard. There were good days and bad days. The Phoenix was my strength when I thought I had none left. The Phoenix was that ray of hope that kept me going even when I thought I was done.

This time the graduation celebration was just that --- a celebration. I was so proud of my accomplishments and so were my friends and my family. And most of all my son. After graduation I finally got one of those jobs that I could really think about getting both of us those things that make life a little more comfortable. I could also think about putting a bit away for savings, and who knows? A house?

Journey to Self

And here I go again on my own

It was only a couple years later and my son went on his first date. I was a little happy and scared at the same time. I was happy to see him turn into this fine young man, with a cute girl on his arm as I escorted the two of them to the movie. But I was also a little scared. Did I raise him right? Would he be like his father? Was I able to instill the right ideas?

This was also quite a wake up call for me. Me? Dating? The only person I had ever seriously dated was my son's father, and well he was quite a winner. I did not have a clue of what do to get back into the dating scene. Did I really want to? How could I be sure that I wouldn't find another one like my ex? But that little feeling inside of me was starting to wake up for some reason - and it was hungry...

- End Part 4 -

Ask Prof.

Here's another new idea I want to explore and I'm calling it the Ask the Professor segment or Ask Prof for short. Since I actually enjoy giving advice, I thought it would be more fun to make it a bit more interactive. Actually, my Dad suggested it and it sounded great :P

So readers can now send an email to admin@theredstringblog.com with a topic they'd like me to give advice on or a question they'd like answered. I will pick one email per edition and respond as I see fit. I think it will be a lot of fun, but none of it is possible without your participation.

You may also use the [contact form](#) on the blog if you prefer and I'll be setting up some more features in the near future to make it easier to contact me via the blog. For those who have my personal address, please be sure to use the address I gave above for your emails instead. **I will not respond to anything sent to my personal address.**