



## Mr Soon Come

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Mr Soon Come was a story waiting to be written. Jasmine Johnson is a 'tell-it-like-it-is' writer, and one day when she decided that she had seen one too many relationships torn apart by lust, too many broken hearts, homes and promises – and yes, too many hurting sistas, she decided to write a 'Sista-get-your-own-back' novel. So basically, she was inspired by *life*.

She simply got the traits of a few players, pumped them into one character, called him 'Mr Soon Come' and gave him enough rope to hang himself. Then she let the women have their own back! At this point, she could almost hear the ladies saying 'Yes!' So she was inspired to write Mr Soon Come by your regular 'Mr 24 carrot-gold Playa': Men who just can't say no to women!

### Why Mr Soon Come?...What is the significance of 'Soon Come'?

Well, most West Indians will be familiar with the term, 'Me Soon Come', simply meaning, '*I'll be there soon*', or '*I'll be back soon*', only, the '*soon*' is more often '*late*' than it is ever '*soon*'. Hence, a promise that is never really kept, right?

So, when the main character, Conteh Gonzalez kept promising his wife, Simone that he'll be faithful, and after giving him countless chances after his serial infidelity trips, the only name for him had to be, '*Mr Soon Come*'.

Conteh Gonzalez was brought up in the church, but not even the Godly upstandingness of his church-going mother and her constant telling, nor the outstanding beauty of his wife (both physical and of nature) could stop him falling to the temptation of the carnal flesh.

But in the long run, for Conteh, the consequences were great – greater than he himself could ever imagine.

*Mr Soon Come* was such a refreshing debut, it won Jasmine the New Nation's Writer of The Year Award, 2001 and is still passionately talked about today.

### Excerpt from Mr Soon Come...

'*Who Let the Dogs Out*' was playing when Nico entered the club. *Fern Gully*. It was his new playground now. The Scratcher's Yard was still going, but it had lost that healthy vibe it generated when Conteh was around. But that wasn't the reason why Nico didn't go there anymore. Bad news had travelled fast, and tongues were wagging about him being HIV positive. He had denied it to all who dared to ask and since it wasn't written in his face, they simply had to draw their own conclusions.

The girl's at the Scratcher's Yard knew him well and all those who wanted a piece of his action before, would now decline, with pleasure. But he wasn't so known at Fern Gully, and the women there were suckers for handsome strangers. They would be drawn to him like mosquitoes to fresh blood.

Now he prowled through the unsuspecting crowd like *The Predator*.

"Can I have this dance?" Nico stretched his hand towards a Toni Braxton look-alike. He was in full swing. The Special Brews he had sunk earlier gave him the confidence he needed for a callous killing spree. This was his sixth prey, and he succeeded every time in getting that fatal dance. He had started on the ground floor, where ragga and jungle music lived, and now he was cooling out upstairs, where revives, lovers rock and calypso were the only things.

Nico had already accumulated five telephone numbers and it was a sure thing that he would obtain another few, before the night was out. The club was packed and the lights were low, *black man style*. The women whose numbers he had already taken would have a job picking up on his game. He had left them down-stairs in different corners of the room, and they were patiently waiting for him to come back, but Nico had a mission to accomplish. He had granted himself his own licence to *kill*, and would not ease up.

Now he danced with the innocent chick, like slow-poison. And that was exactly what he was. *Slow-poison*. In a way, he had already started to kill, since his dance was *foreplay* itself. He was a deadly mover and his preys would all want to taste the main course.

Nico tried to smile a genuine smile, but Beverley could see the hardness behind his dry ‘*kin teet*’.

“Listen,” Beverley continued “You’re not my brother. I’m not even a close friend. I just screwed your best mate a few times. What you do with your life is nothing to do with me. All I’m saying is, it’s fuckries what you’re doing. Taking this thing out on a host of innocent women is not fair.”

“I said, I don’t know what you’re talking about. I need a drink.” Nico forced his way through the thick crowd in an attempt to get to the bar. Beverley kept her eyes on the back of his head, and when he got there, he turned and their eyes met. He had turned to see if she was still standing there. They stared at each other through the dimness of the room until Beverley averted her eyes to the other huddled occupants, seeing them now as cunning cheetah’s stalking their preys with vengeance. She wondered how many of them had done the same – made a conscious decision to *wipe out*. The thought was too frightening to entertain, so she shook her head then squeezed through tight openings, rubbing unintentionally against a sea of breasts, dicks and backsides to get to the narrow corridor that lead to the ladies loo.

“Listen Darling,” Beverley spoke to the woman that was dancing with Nico earlier. The unsuspecting beauty was powdering her nose, as if the difference could be seen in the dim room. “The guy you were just dancing with?” Without turning, the woman glared at Beverley’s image through the mirror into which she was staring. “Just leave well alone will you?” she continued. “It’s nothing to do with a jealous girlfriend, ex-girlfriend or anything. Just don’t go there, girl. Don’t give him your number. Don’t take his. Have nothing. Take it from a sista. Me know w’at me talkin’ about.”

“Got a woman has he? Might have known. Men. They’re all dogs.” The woman pressed her lips together and returned her lipstick to her purse. “So why yuh tellin’ me dis?” She turned now to face Beverley.

“It’s a long story Darling. Just count yourself lucky.” Beverley felt like a Good Samaritan. Now she wished she had the balls to walk back into the room, demand the mike from the DJ and send out a warning. ‘Why should it be so hard to do?’ she had wondered. After all, she would do so if she knew of the inevitable fate of an exploding bomb.

“Men are shits aren’t they?” As the woman left the small confinement of the ladies loo, Beverley looked at her ass through her painted-on dress and knew she wouldn’t dream how narrow her escape was. Now she studied her own reflection in the mirror and realised how much she had taken life for granted.

The DJ played ‘*Every woman deserves a good buddy.*’ “Like a fucking hole in the head,” she muttered to herself, picking up on the blatant innuendo of the jolly calypso jive. She wiggled her ass to the cheeky number and was grateful she could do that. She didn’t know how long it would last. How long she would be in the virus mode, or if full-blown AIDS would strike. For now, she would *dance*. “What the heck,” she said, as she decided against replacing her lipstick. “What the fucking heck.”

That night, Nico *scored* three times. He had found that the idea of *one-night-stands* was no longer a taboo to a host of 90’s women. This scenario helped his mission, with ease. The other four women he would get ‘round to eventually. And the search would go on.

Nico didn’t see his actions as evil. Just doing onto others, what another did onto him. His intention was to infect a large number of women with the HIV virus. He was bitter. And like he said: ‘*There was no way he was going down alone*’...