

A close-up photograph of a person's eyes. The left eye is wearing a vibrant blue contact lens, while the right eye is a natural light brown color. The person's skin is fair, and their hair is blonde. The image is used as a background for the book cover.

SOCIETY OF YOUNG NIGERIAN WRITERS

**WHAT ELI SAW
AND
OTHER SHORT STORIES**

A Publication of the Society of Young Nigerian Writers

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WHAT ELI SAW

Three friends Musa, 27, Eli, 29, and Ahmed, 26 decides to visit their village Seven years after the trio forged their paths to the city of Lagos in search of greener pastures. Ogbama village is one small village in the far northern part of Nigeria with a population of over Four Hundred whose major occupation is fishing. For the friends whom had vowed never to path ways no matter the challenges that might come their way finally started putting plans in place to visit home. ‘When I get back home, I will tell my mother to stop going to the farm’. Musa who had continued his carpentry work in Lagos have been able to raise some funds to set up his aged mother in the village a small business. ‘I will make sure she delves into petty trading with what I have saved for her over the years’. He

boasted. ‘I will also make sure I rebuild my grandfather’s house close to the Village River so that he will be proud in death’. He concluded while he fold his harms around is uncovered body. Musa sat with his friends inside a one room rented apartment somewhere in Ajegunle slum area of Lagos with his eyes filled with tears as he looked on. “That is very thoughtful of you brother’, Ahmed started in a voice that is so soft which sounds almost like a whisper. His emotions run through him as the night was cold for such. “I will first of all finish paying up my Awa’s bride price and get my wife back”. Ahmed was supposed to have gotten married Awa, 24. Ahmed and Awa first met at the Ogbama village’s river bank and became friends. The friendship continued and He mistakenly impregnated Awa. Her parent because furious and vowed to ensure that

Ahmed take her as wife because it was a thing of shame to be impregnated without the payment of bride price.

Ahmed on his path was at the time jobless and only lived on his father's menial income from the fish farming he does. "We have to pay; there is nothing we can do. We cannot allow that family to be put to shame and also at the same time drag our family name in mud'. Ahmed's father told him one night before going to bed.

All effort by the family to pay up at the appointed time failed and had started generating bad blood among the two families. "That we have not paid fully does not mean we don't want to pay up fully before now". Ahmed's father, 70, with his son standing face down behind his father told the elders gathering whom Awa's father had gathered to intervene. "My in-law you know how poor the family is and aside that, we

are in dry season, the rivers are dried up”. He concluded. “I don’t want to hear anything”, Awa’s father, Usman, 69, fleered up. “Your useless son knew that and he went to impregnate my daughter who has the ambition of becoming the first medical doctor in this village’. He rose to his feet for a physical confrontation before he was held back by some youths in the gather. “You will still need to take it easy”. An elder among the gathering exclaimed. Usman, Awa’s father who has been in and out of sick bed for over a year sat down fuming and whispering to himself with a hard-hitting look.

The village head, Mallam Sule who sat down quietly among the crowd stood up to his feet in a decisive manner. “My brothers, let not fight over what is not’. The atmosphere that was tensed became calm. He had rose to fame as the village

head after his aged father died of stroke three years earlier. “As your village head, since the girl, Awa my daughter, is carrying my son, Ahmed’s pregnancy, let him take her as wife from now on till three market days that he will be paying up. I have spoken”. He rose and walked out of the crowd with his entourage briskly. “I took Awa in and we stayed with my father for market days until trouble started”. Ahmed refreshed his friend’s memory. “Her parents came and took her away because we could not complete the prize that has been doubled. It hurts so much”. He exhaled. “And then I will do other thing”. He concluded. Eli kept quite in his corner. Eli is the only son of the family.

Tall and well built. He couldn’t understand the essence of them going home when they still have not gotten to the height they hope to get before

returning. “I will just make sure I take care of my father’s properties if I am given the opportunity”. Eli had scampered away from his family members when it was obvious that they are ready to terminate his life because of the numerous properties his father had left behind after his sudden disappearance years ago. His parents one night left home and had not returned. Search party says they have both probably been killed and eaten by wild animals. The three friends set out for the journey at the appointed day. The city to their home town is a several hours journey that sometimes stretch to days so they were fully prepared for the long hours in transit. The bus took off early from Lagos in the morning and headed from the park to the far North. Over three hundred kilometers into the journey, the bus derailed and ran into a roadside parked trailer.

Eli opened his blood shot eyes with heavily bandaged head in a hospital. He had seen spaces unknown till he opened his eye that morning. “Welcome back, you have practically been away for almost days. We thought we have lost you”. A doctor who had come to check the life supporting machine Eli had been placed spoke with a smile.

He try lifting his harms and discovered that his body is pained and not in a good condition. He felt his spirit staggered. His jaws also heavily wired and his legs heavy. He saw wires all around in the room tagged with no entry, emergency room in bold. So many questions ran through his mind and he wanted to give voice but his head-ach pined through his brain and he was quickly forced out of his wondering mind.

Calmly, he relaxed as the lady doctor walked out of the room holding a file with a look that

promised a return. So many thoughts ran through his mind and he recalls where he could have been since he had the loud bang before he passed out. Several things run through his mind like a quickly running river and the rhythms flow in his brains poetically. "My soul at peace, returning from God, well-pleased and well-pleasing, entering among, many saints! Entering a garden" He said to himself. 'The Grave'... "The Grave is a word that inspires fears for me even now. I am pained when it is mentioned not aware of the delight it can contain". "Indeed, the bliss of the Grave is better than any delight that this world can offer. When a good soul is near to death, angels of mercy come to him. When his soul is taken, they place it in a piece of white silk and bear it to the Heaven's gate". They say in smiles, "We have never smelled a sweeter fragrance than this!" His soul is asked, "How is

so-and-so? How is so- and-so?". "And so on they asked me about my friends". And another says to the other, "Let them rest. They have just come from the suffering of the world!" He said to himself murmuring and gradually he falls into a deep sleep.

Both of his friends had passed on and Eli was fast recovering from his terrible state of health. He knew what he saw. They are both in death and he needed nobody to tell him. "In a matter of days, you will be discharged to go with your community members who had finished paying your hospital bills through personal contributions I guess". The regular female doctor he had opened his eyes from the first day to see explained to him. "Some still out there believe you're a ghost due to the general stereotype thinking since we had first announced

your death. Some had seen your body before you sneezed out while we were preparing your body for burial”. She continued in a low tone. Eli looked on while sitting up on his hospital bed with his head bandaged and his left arm in plaster or Paris. “Don’t worry; you will be fine, I am sure they will soon finally come to the reality that you are not dead, but alive’. She concluded while she walked out of the room. After some time, Eli started taking a walk around the hospital un-aided. He has even joined some other kids in the children ward for some celebrations at several occasions.

After his full recovery, Eli was discharged and taken home by his community elders who could not but ask several questions from within themselves how he was able to come back to life. The same night of his arrival, the whole

village gathered at the village square to celebrate his return. Some have even argued that he is a special being that needed to be worshiped. “I think he is God sent and he would have had a personal communication with God during his time off this earth”. An elder told the gathering that also has Eli in attendance before he started addressing the gathering.

“The Grave or the Interspaces is the third stage of human existence”. “The first is the domain of the mother's womb with all the constriction and the three darkness sit contains. The second is the domain of this world in which we grow up, which we are familiar with and from which we acquire good and evil and the means to happiness or misery. The third is the domain of the Interspaces which is wider and vaster than the domain in which we now live -the domain of

this world. The fourth and the final stage is the Everlasting Domain which comprises the Garden and the Fire. There is no domain after it for it is the Domain of Eternity”. Eli started.

“What we are at present concerned with is the third stage, the domain of the interspaces between the worlds. It is the first of the stages of the Next World”. “In it the souls are divided into two groups: one group is punished and imprisoned, distracted by its punishment from everything else such as visiting or meeting each other”. “The other group is in bliss, and it is this second group that we are concerned with here”. “The liberated souls of those who are”. “In bliss visit each other and discuss what happened in the world they have left and the people of that world. Every soul keeps company with those of his friends who acted in a similar way to him.

Many people have had dreams showing this”. The gathering was startled at what he was disclosing while they listened on.

“The souls who are in bliss enjoy this state from the moment of death”. “When the believer is dying, the angels come to him and speak to him and he speaks to them without the people present being aware of this”. “The soul yearns to meet its Lord and leaves the body with ease. Then the angels bear it to the heavens and a sweet fragrance diffuses from it which is perceived by all the angels and the pure, liberated souls in the heavens”. “They ask each other about this sweet fragrance. His relatives and dearest friends who were with him in the world hasten to him. They advance before him to the next world, crowding around him and asking him for news of the world and those who are in it”. “Then the angels

take the soul up from heaven to heaven and every angel in every heaven he passes through prays for blessings on him”. “He is delighted by the sweetest and most beautiful good tidings”. Then the soul comes to a standstill before the Almighty King, may His majesty be exalted! He says to the soul, “Welcome to this good soul and to the body which it left”. When the Lord, the Mighty and Majestic, makes something welcome, then everything welcomes it and every constriction departs from it. Then He says, “Show him his place in the Garden and display before him the honour and blessing I have prepared for him”.

His revelations went on while some elders who are known to be in communication with the gods among the congregation nod in agreement of

Eli's visions while he was away from the human land.

“Then the angels take him back down to the earth so that he can see his body being washed and they carry on a conversation although the living cannot hear it”. “The angels pray for the soul of the believer in the heavens just as people pray over his body on the earth”.

“Finally, the body is buried and the soul returns to between the body and the shroud. This return does not imply the same connection that the soul had to the body in this world. It is not even the same connection which it had in the sleeping state or the connection which it has when it is in its resting place. This return is a special return for the questioning as we have already clarified”.

Then, as I have already mentioned, the two

angels, come down and question him. After that a door onto the Fire is opened for him and he is told, "Look! This would have been your place in the Fire if you had rebelled against God and God had exchanged your place in the Garden for it". "Then that door is locked and another door onto the Garden is opened and he sees his place there". "This door will remain open until the Day of Rising. Some of the sweetness and fragrance of the Garden reaches him and his grave is made spacious. He sleeps in peace just as if he were in one of the meadows of the Garden. This spaciousness, light and greenery in which the believer remains from the time of his death until the Day of Rising is not the same as we know in our world.

If a living person were to open a grave, he would not find any expanse, light or greenness there. He would not find an open door through which

he could see the Garden. He does not see bliss or torment. It is only the dead person who is aware of these things and sees them. God, through His wisdom, has the power to veil this from the living”.

By Ogundairo Abiodun

ABSTINENCE

I couldn't resist Desmond's captivating eyeballs as he focused them on me. I was almost draining like an imprisoned salt.

"Ifeoma ... a million words isn't enough to describe the feelings I have for you," he said and placed his hand gently on my thighs in a way that made me shiver. He was sitting beside me on the three-sitter couch. I managed to push his hand gently away.

I didn't sit comfortably. I had arrived at his rented apartment (a three bedroom flat) at Lagos Island about twenty minutes ago. Desmond and I were close friends in my secondary school at Owerri. That was eight years ago. Since then we had lost contact until two months ago when I encountered him at my supermarket at Ikoyi.

And I found him to be more handsome than he was in those days. He was fair, tall and had a good physique that really turned me on. He looked like the popular Nollywood actor, Van Vicker. Immediately we saw each other, we embraced affectionately. After receiving my contact, he had been troubling me for two weeks to pay him a visit, and now there I was. He was pleading for a romantic relationship. I didn't show that I had fallen for him already.

“I don't think that will be possible,” I said hesitantly, fondling with the golden ring around my finger, “I have told you that I am already in my matrimonial home. I suppose you already have a fiancée.”

Desmond's head slumped, and he sighed as he showed back his face.

“I can't lie to you that I don't have girlfriends, but I don't really love any of them. The last time

I set my eyes on you, it was as if I had never seen a girl in my entire life ... you are now looking like an angel sent from heaven,” he said, wearing a solemn look. I felt like I was at the top of the world inside of me, “I wish I had met you before your husband did ... But it’s sad I came late.”

He uttered the last word with a sorrowful tone that made me get anxious. He shook his head while his eyelids drooped. It was visible that he was disappointed.

It was four months ago I wedded my husband, Edward Patrick. He was a business man. He was good-looking, and had a great sense of humour; although Desmond was much more handsome than him. Patrick had swept me off my feet with his sugar-coated tongue. Apart from handsomeness, I also loved a man that would

always cheer me up with jokes. That was Patrick for me.

I wondered if I should console Desmond or tell him I had accepted his proposal as a secret lover. The more I looked at him, the more my heart beat for him.

I cleared my voice, and said, “Um ... umm. I have accepted what you said.”

“Oh! Really?” Desmond’s face brightened up as if he had just won a jackpot.

“Yes,” I nodded with a slow motion, wearing a look of assurance, “but we shall make it secret.”

“I don’t mind, Ifeoma,” he said, and was apparently out of breath with excitement as he grabbed my both hands, “It doesn’t matter. You’ve just said what I have been longing for ... I love you so much.”

“I love you too,” The word had escaped my lips before I realized I had let go that hidden

emotion. I should have just smiled in response to that. As much as I loved protecting my pride, it wasn't working in Desmond's presence.

At that moment my phone rang out. It was my best friend, Angelina. I had kept her waiting in the car for long. That was a sign that it was time for us to leave. I had to go and prepare my husband's meal.

I explained that to Desmond, and excused myself. I told him I would come to his place, probably on the following week. We embraced affectionately before bidding each other farewell.

“So, Ify baby, you dey go out with that guy?” Angelina queried after I told her all we discussed inside.

I was behind the wheel of my range rover sport - 2010 model. Angelina was beside me on the passenger seat.

“I no fit wait to get laid by that dude.” I said.

“Please, make una play safe o, my friend.” Angelina said, pulling her right ear to emphasize her statement.

“Wetin you mean by that?”

Angelina formed a circle with her fingers and winked at me. I knew she meant ‘condom’ by that sign.

“I don’t like that trash. I really wish to feel his naked skin inside of me.”

“If you must do that, both of you have to go for a test the way Patrick had done before you got married.”

“For me, I am perfect. I am sure Desmond is, too. Patrick was just being sentimental - nothing was wrong with me eventually, after the useless

HIV/AIDS test. I told Patrick that I was healthy before he insisted that we must do it. Can't you see Desmond is also looking very healthy? Besides, it would appear as an embarrassment to ask him for a medical check-up since we are only doing it secretly?"

Angelina said I shouldn't sleep with him, at all, if we couldn't use protection. I believed Angelina was jealous of me. I noticed the way she was staring at Desmond when I introduced her to him earlier on.

"We shall go for the test. Okay?" I lied.

I needed to bury it there - Angelina is really a talkative.

I found it difficult to sleep during the night, thinking about Desmond. Patrick lay asleep beside me with his hands cupped around my full, luscious breasts, and his right leg across my

thighs. If those parts were Desmond's, my panties might have been saturated. The present day was Friday. I wished to visit Desmond on Monday. Since 10pm that I had lain on my back in bed, I managed to fall sleep by past 12am.

I was finally at his doorstep on Monday afternoon. Desmond had called me in the morning that he would be around. I knocked the polished door several times, and my heart-throb appeared with a warm smile. I replied the smile and followed after him. I was wearing high heels and a pink skirt and blouse which carved out my shapely, fair figure. He served me an orange juice and had one goblet to himself too. Before I took a sip, we toasted to our re-union. We talked lengthily about our secondary school days, and the beautiful reminiscences fed my mouth with childish laughter.

At one point we were both at loss for words, and kept exchanging seductive eye contacts. I was forced to take away my face and blush babyishly. Something in Desmond's eyes always made me lose my senses. At last he made a move. He came across to me from the opposite one-sitter couch he had been sitting on. He sat close to me and I felt his gentle fingers around my waist. I attempted to take the hand away, trying to feign a protest. He placed his index finger over my lips and shushed.

"Don't pretend to me," he said softly, "I can see it in your eyes."

I became dumb as he advanced his lips towards mine. We had tongue-and-lips' tussle for what seemed like decades, and I was gasping to gulp more of his delicious saliva. I didn't realize Desmond had pulled up my skirt until he dipped into his pocket and produced a packaged

condom. It was then I realized he was prepared for me

“No, I hate that shit.” I said, waving it away.

“It’s for your own benefit.” Desmond whispered.

I objected to it again.

My gasps and moans soon rose to the air when he was pounding me against the leather couch.

After the scene, I felt as though a heavy load was taken off my body. I quickly dressed up and picked up my bag. Desmond saw me off to the car.

“That was how I must have contacted HIV, Doctor,” I burst into tears after pouring out my troubles, “Desmond was the only man I had met after my husband.”

I had arrived at our Doctor’s office twenty-five minutes ago, narrating my past experience on

how I must have contacted HIV. I had come for a medical check-up when I began to have sore throat, rashes on my body, and fatigues.

“So, the young man actually advised you to use protection, but you refused?”

“Yes, sir.” I nodded.

“You must have infected your husband then.”

“No,” I shook my head, “Patrick didn’t sleep with me before he went for his business in the US, over three months ago.”

The Doctor shook his head and sighed, “Anyway, I will prescribe some drugs for you.”

Ajenifuja Adetokunbo. L

ULTIMATE DEFEAT
(DIARY OF A NOBLE LAUREATE)

The thunder struck loudly and it began raining heavily for a long time. It was clear to me that I have experienced this sort of rainfall.

I just received the most prestigious and honourable award in the world and as I walked down the hallway, faces smiled congratulatory at me, hands shook mine, friends and strangers hugged me. I felt on top of the world thinking of the number of lives I have saved. Then I remembered that my life was empty; I remembered mother.

If only she is still living, she will indeed be the proudest mother ever. TV reporters hurriedly approached with their mics, cameras asking the same question.

" How did you do it?"

To me, it was an error that veered into a miracle during a lab experiment. Anyway I replied that it was by God's grace.

“it is unbelievable”

Indeed it was unbelievable decades ago. Man believed there was no cure but surprisingly mother said there was cure for it. She told me I had the cure then I laughed at her. At the time she passed on, she was only 36 but looked older. That day I will never forget.

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I left school because mother's sickness worsened and she was unable to work. She made some money doing our neighbours hair, rumour began that she deliberately pricked her customer's body, they stopped patronizing her. I started doing odd jobs to fend for myself and her. When i had saved enough for hospital treatment, she vehemently refused to go

claiming that her sickness was temporal and it was a waste of money to go. I did not doubt her until one night I found her crying and wriggling in pain. She lied that she was praying because of the nightmare she had.

I sat beside her, consoling and trying to make her go back to sleep. We held hands together-mother and son as if it was going to be our last moment together. The pains in her eyes moved me to tears, when she told me she was going to die, I wept the more, and not that it was not obvious, the thought of losing her hit me and sent cold shiver down my spine.

“Please don't say that” I said imagining how I was going to live without her-the only relation I knew.

“You should be strong, tomorrow you must go to hospital” I said

“Hospital has no cure for my sickness” she said coughing.

“then God will heal you" I assured. She smiled and was silent for a while. Mother does not go to church except on special occasions like a friend’s wedding. She lived her life with the belief that God was angry with her.

“God can cure me but he won't because I deserve it" she said. I looked quizzically at her and asked “what do you mean?"

She narrated the events of her past life, when she was young living wild and free. She was orphaned and relatives abandoned her. She resorted to prostitution to survive and sponsor her education. When her colleagues began dying in droves, she wondered why she was not claimed as well. “They died of HIV/aids" she said.

In her days, the disease was prevalent. “It claimed young people, most of my friends died of it” mother said shaking her heads.

“I did not know about it, if not I would not have been involved in prostitution. Ebuka please don’t let what claimed your mother claim you” she advised sorrowfully.

“Beware of this young girls flocking around you” she continued coughing incessantly. I was glad the cough came, if not she would have started recounting the number of girl friends I had. “If only I had someone to advise me” she continued. “Now I have lived with it for more than 16 years and you think God has not tried for me” She concluded. Then I realized why mother was always transiting from one sickness to another. Gratefully, I did not get the virus because of mother’s careful actions during my birth. She joked that she had strong white blood

cells." End of discussion, you must go and see a doctor tomorrow" I said to her.

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The following day, mom and I got ready for hospital visitation. She reluctantly dressed up, freely entering her skinny body into her dress. I looked pitifully at her, dreading the disease that got the loveliest person in my life. Then, I knew little about the disease except that it takes people when life was still enjoyable.

“Ebuka, you will go to work first, when you return, we will now go to hospital “she said with a tone that shows her death was imminent

“You are more important" I protested. We argued and argued until a decision was made. I was to go and buy drugs to ease her pain.

When I had purchased the drugs, it began raining. I thought about going home but remembered mom's stern warning. So I delved

into a friend's house and was soon absorbed in a soccer game which I won. When it finally stopped raining and the utility of playing the game diminished, I remembered home.

She was still lying in the same position when I left except that she was motionless. She did not turn to know who entered the room, she did not respond to my greetings. At that moment, I held myself from crying, she really knew she was going. She was still beautiful even in death.

She left a note that read "only you can find it and be a good boy". Find what? I thought. I recalled our last night discussion.

I wish I was there by her side when she passed on, holding her hands before she breathed her last. I blamed myself for not coming back while it was raining. I blamed her for getting the virus. She should have prevented it. She was too

beautiful to die, too lovely to leave me when I needed her the most.

Then and there, I decided to pursue the dreams she had for me and I vowed to fight and conquer the disease that fought and conquered her.

Onuselogu Ezinwa Sandra

SO, PEOPLE NO LONGER KEEP TO THEIR WORDS?

By Odimegwu Onwumere

Majority of people no longer keep to their words. The result of their promise is lies. Even when the person they have lied to brings it to their notice, they do not care. You call their phone lines and write emails to them, they neither pick nor reply.

The sad side is that these people with ‘deformed behaviours’ are persons we so hold in high esteem, not that they are faraway fraudsters or gangsters. I’ve always told people that in human relationships, “distance is not measured in miles, but in affection.” I’m not sure they even know the cost of their aberrations. I feel like the

ground should open, when I placed calls on people I have something to do with and, they did not pick or replied the 'missed calls'. Or, even when I wrote emails, they did not reply, because they were dodging.

I feel that I have lost myself a lot in the process of loving and being honest to others, whom I would later found out have ruinous tottering-manners. Then-again, I have often found consolation in the words of a Woody Allen, which say, to love is to suffer. To avoid suffering one must not love. But then one suffers from not loving. Therefore, to love is to suffer; not to love is to suffer; to suffer is to suffer. To be happy is to love. To be happy, then, is to suffer, but suffering makes one unhappy. Therefore, to be happy one must love or love to suffer or suffer from too much happiness.

Some would pick the calls and quickly tell you how busy they were and that they were going to call you back shortly, when their intension was to ‘discharge’ you. You would wait for their calls that would never come, till eternity. And somebody who finds it very hard to fulfill his or her promise of ‘I’m going to call you back’, how would the person, have the time to reply your emails?

My worry is that people do not know the commitment of their words. Even when they knew, their belief is that they can easily pray or ask for forgiveness from their ‘God’ at will. While they have this mindset, they do not care about what pains their actions have caused the person they have wronged.

My belief-system is that without honouring your fellow humanbeing with your word and action, it would be very hard to honour any sky God or underground God. You can't say "I honour God in everything I do" whereas your fellow human being is dealing with the pains of your betrayal of him or her. Not one, two, three, or four times!

I'm easily convinced by people's words, but I've found out that many people, we think we respect in the society, are just liars and cheats. They do not regard your integrity. Rather, they see a man with integrity as a fool, because he does not cheat with words and, always believes in his fellow man.

I can remember as a kid that all people needed to keep to business were a handshake and word. These were seen as sacred. Some of us grew up

like that, but into a society that is windswept of quality character and principle. Many people today do not or, have refused to recognize that a man's word is his bond that should not be played with.

Rather, they see how fast and often they sermonize their religious principles as the bond, without which they feel that they are incomplete, whereas they are gnarled of humane manners. Wonder why the society is falling apart every day? People are ever ready to risk their relationship with promises they can't and won't keep.

In marriage, I laugh when I see people make promises on the altar they cannot keep, at last. I have suffered in the hands of people who made promises to me in business transactions, but later

they unashamedly dishonoured their personal word and, without bathing their eyelids.

And they do not make any attempt to salvage, in order to show that conscience is not only a word in the dictionary, but that which should also be the guiding principle of every living man. It is imperative that we keep to our words. To me, I see this as the essence that we live as human beings, not as beasts. I have had cause not to relate with people deeply, but on the thought that one man does not make an island, what could I do.

People should understand that words are the tenets that should prove how honest a man is, not how often he goes into the streets to win persons to his religion. There is no 'reality' without people keeping to their words in this

world. I have suffered dishonesty in the hands of many people. And when I sit down and ruminate, I wonder what influence these people were creating in the society.

I wonder if people know that the best of impacts in influencing the world is to keep to words. I tell people not to always want the honest man in their lives, but have to also be honest themselves to help encourage the world with healthy ways of co-habiting.

It is sad that many people want an honest man around them, upon that they do not have what the honest man needs. They incessantly betray the honest man with lies and cheating and also call him a fool in their closets. Nonetheless, a Alan Greenspan said that regulation – which is based on force and fear – undermines the moral

base of business dealings. (People think) it becomes cheaper to bribe a building inspector than to meet his standards of construction...

Conversely, for healing, I'm taking succour in the words of a Belinda Taylor, which say, don't mire up in self despair of your losses, learn from them and move on to other good things in life. Don't stop allowing the sunshine in, because of the fear that winter will come and engulf the warmth. Hold it close to you to help you through those cold winter days.

*Odimegwu Onwumere, a Poet/Writer, writes
from Rivers State.*