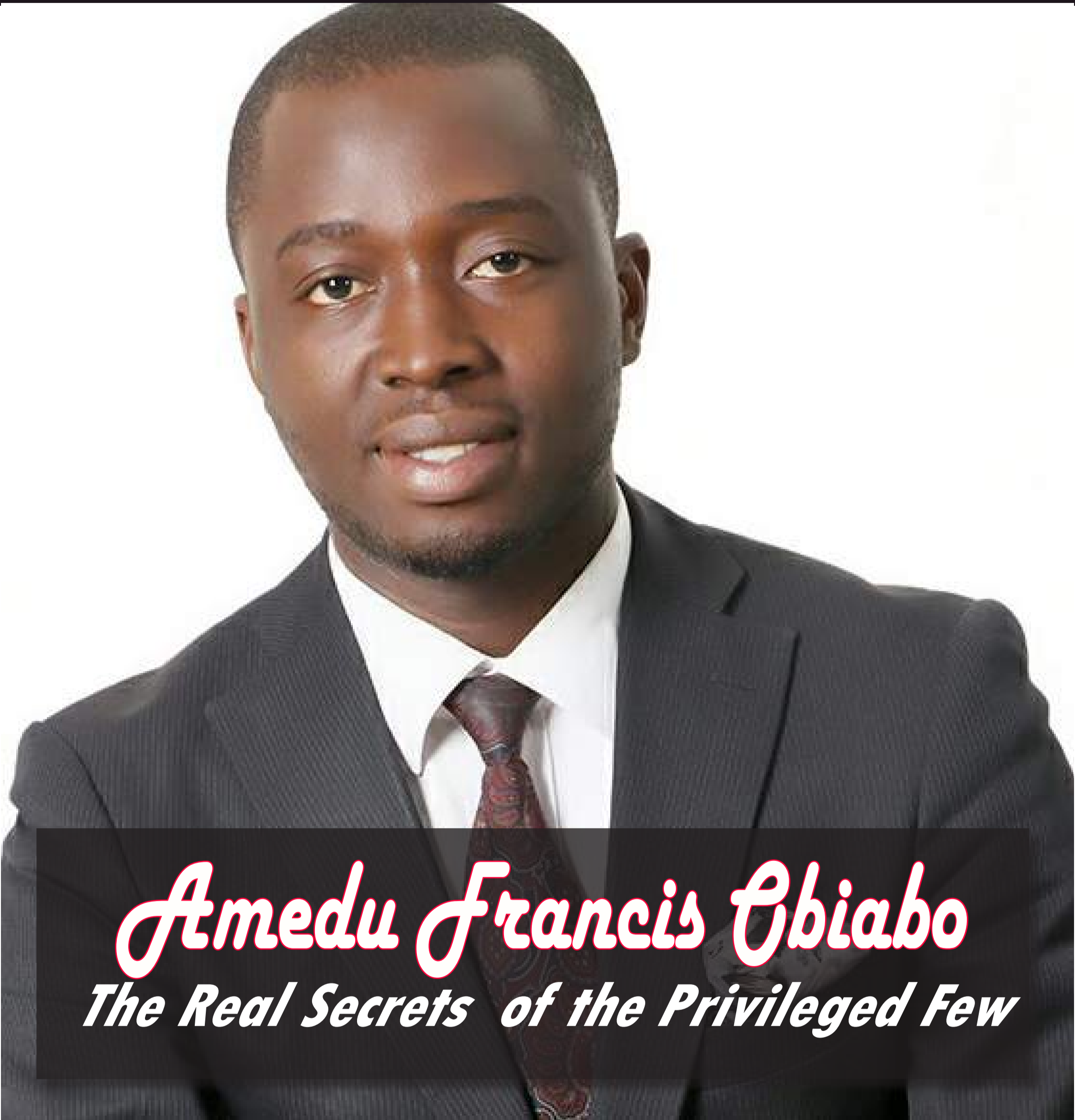


# Writers Space

AFRICA

A Monthly Digital Literary Publication



*Amedu Francis Obiabo*

*The Real Secrets of the Privileged Few*

**Aesthetic Literature in  
Societal Reformation**

**- Olushola Omogbehin**

June Edition  
2017

*Editorial*

**Welcome to writersspace Africa - an innovative platform where writers meet and interaction with fellow published and upcoming writers. This is a monthly digital literary journal that promotes writing and writers.**

**Packed for you this month is a variety of publications from all around Africa and beyond. Be pleased to check our our new columns! We have a lot more works for your enjoyment including the expository segment on love by our very own love doctor, Saka Junior!**

**We also have an interview with Amedu Francis Obiabo, a lawyer and Writer. This ofcourse is in addition to Xena's Ultimate Quest by Elhasan: Jojo.Altine, among others.**

**Your work can also be featured in our highly esteemed publications read by lot of people world wide. Visit us at [www.writersspace.net](http://www.writersspace.net) or send us an email - [infp@writersspace.net](mailto:infp@writersspace.net). Let us continue to write and read!**

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## Xena's Ultimate Quest

By Elhassan: Jojo.Altine

Xena the Warrior Princess was drunk with rage yet cloaked in her usual stern black outfit. Lost in thoughts, she was furious at Hercules' constant philandering ways and the embarrassment he caused her by chasing lowly maidens. While stomping her way up Mount Olympus to visit her father-in-law she thought of suitable punishment such as gouging out his eyes- that way he couldn't see and therefore couldn't be tempted. If she were to achieve such a feat, she would have to be crafty, perhaps lace his evening drink with a potion to render him motionless, that seemed the best option as a man of his strength was hard to keep still any other way. She would be damned if she joined the exclusive coven of bitter, longsuffering wives! She couldn't even navigate through his most recent misdeeds, such was her current world- the man just left her tongue tied and completely exasperated.. Kicking off a rather large stone off her path, she grimaced as the pain shot up her leg. The adulterer had better be home to massage her foot or rather feet when she returned.

Determined to steer her thoughts towards positive themes, she

made a conscious effort to conjure up positive deeds her 'beloved' had performed recently. Sadly and not surprising, her mind drew a blank picture. Further infuriated by this realization, she stomped harder to her destination while her five best friends, Wonderwoman, Catwoman, Jane, Storm and Mystique hurriedly tried to keep up with her pace.

'Someone inform Xena she is journeying with people not animals,' Mystique hissed.

'Leave her be, you know how she gets when she gets into her moods,' Wonderwoman replied back.

'Well someone remind her to at least show some mercy for the ground, farmers depend on the soil for their livelihood,' Mystique snapped.

'If anyone had informed me my husband was sleeping with an ungainly excuse of a mermaid residing at the bottom of the sea; I would stomp worse than that!' Wonderwoman defended her best friend rather hotly.

'I don't know why most men are so unreliable and egotistical. They frankly not that cool.' Storm remarked.

'Zeus would fix this.....' Wonderwoman remarked gently, stupefied at Hercules' recent errant transgressions.

'I don't see Zeus condemning his son- his ultimate favorite child I might add, to Xena's barbaric wishes,' Storm informed Wonderwoman pointedly.

'But he may be kind enough to leave him brain dead,' Catwoman offered

'Of what use is a brain-dead man?' Storm asked.

Meanwhile, Jane was lounged in the back seat of the carriage, clutching her six month old bush-baby whilst enjoying the scenery of majestic mountains with white clouds floating around. She had sacrificed so much for Tarzan and he chose to repay her by not bringing her here. This had been her ideal honeymoon location but Tarzan had suggested Mufasa's lair citing security issues with the jungle militia, ISIS and Al Qaeda. Story! He was going to have the length of her tongue on return to that jungle of a home.

'Say something Jane!' Catwoman snapped, hurling a pebble towards Jane's head.

'I hope you do realize I'm carrying an infant here? Xena should have asked Thor, Bat, Iron or Superman to fly us up rather than allowing us journey like newly captured slaves!'

'You are impossible Jane! Forgotten they were his groomsmen? Childbirth must have laced up your wits!!' Wonderwoman rejoined

Wonderwoman was clueless; Jane wondered how she would fare when Superman legitimized his intercontinental affairs. At least Hercules was landlocked with no hopes of flying unlike the super who flew Singapore -Burundi seven days a week rescuing only damsels. She grimaced at the murky future Wonderwoman was bent on having with the thrice divorced bloke.

'Xena! Aren't we there yet??' Jane yelled.

'This is where we walk Jane. Let me have my godson for a bit?' Xena reappeared, scooping him up.

'Good grief! Is that Thor and Achilles approaching? Where were they before Tarzan?' Jane wailed.

'Means Bond, Bat, Iron and Supermen are here....' Catwoman mused

'Nah, James would turn up in his usual grand manner later...' Storm drawled

'Ah-

'Do shut up your mortal eyes and mouth Jane- Medusa also approaches!' Mystique interjected. But Jane opened all three immediately she felt a warm peck on her cheek. 'Welcome Coward,' she greeted the chuckling Invisible Woman. 'Now we are complete!' She grumbled though as Xena deposited herself and child with Hulk, the security-guard. 'So I miss everything?' she moaned.

'You'll meet Zeus someday,' Xena promised.

'Go give Herc hell girl!'

'I shall,' Xena whispered, hugging Jane tightly. She left with the girls only to walk straight into Thor and Achilles at the shoulder of the mountain. She rolled her eyes before spitting venom at the pair who pleaded on Hercule's behalf.

\*\*\*\*\*

Zeus admired how Xena thumped Hercules' friends as she advanced closer.

'Explain why your waist remains in vibration mode with obese Ursula at the bottom of the sea Hercules? You think you can't drown or I don't see that far? Pray say why you go hunting for her in such great depths without saying hello to your Uncle-Poseidon! You completely lost your manners boy?'

Casting a glare at a still mute Hercules, Zeus examined a request that had just popped in from the pile of new entries then tossed it and over ten billion unreasonable prayer requests into the bank leading to Hades. The humans were wearing him out with their bizarre requests, he needed an elixir just to focus.

'To your Mother whilst I pacify Xena; through that door NOW-'

\*\*\*\*\*

'Daughter Xena: my indefatigable Princess!' hailed Zeus. 'How was your trip?'

Xena winced as Bonds' sirens made speech impossible.

'Ah, the Bond boy has arrived.....'

'Yeah, James. I need Hercules stationery whilst I detach his eyes Dad,'

'Repeat yourself darling; didn't hear you- Bond is so loud!'

Xena stared Zeus until he grinned. Barricading her fury, she knew she would get results this time.■

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*Disclaimer: The views and opinions expressed in this short story are those of Elhassan: Altine Jojo & bears no relation nor reflect or represent the views and opinions held by fictional characters, living or deceased namesakes of characters aforementioned.*

# Shattered dreams.

Matthew Blaise

I am broken into pieces  
With my leg East, hand West.  
I tell the story of a Shattered boy  
Caught In the bars of the ghetto  
Caged in the heart of sexual immorality and physical immorality  
With his future written and placed on a cliff, waiting to fall and destroy.

I tell the story of a girl  
Destroyed by her step father  
Just on the day she clicked her first decade  
His precious gift to her  
Was his manhood  
Now, putting her in the ways of womanhood  
The dreams of poor Ada,  
Shattered by her paedophile step pa.

I bring the story of young Kaleb  
With a first class from a prestigious University, one in Nigeria,  
Fresh fruit to the labor market  
But comes home with nothing to feed his dying mother  
Dreams to work in the banks left him with an Okada.

I bring the story of that celibate man  
Fighting to live celibate  
But gets caught in the web of lust  
Mixed with inner guilt  
Then ends up breaking his dreams.

I bring to you the story of a young poet  
That wants the recognition of his country  
But gets chanced by the elders, then later.

“children, leaders of tomorrow”.■

# Aesthetic Literature in Societal Reformation

- *Olushola Omogbehin*

As Aristotle puts, “literature is an imitation of not just nature but of life”. This is because it mirrors everything man undergoes in life. In line with this, Austin and Warren (1949) views literature as a social institution which has the primary function of reflecting happenings in society. This social function according to literary scholars is the first purpose literature serves. The other is the aesthetic function which is believed to deal with the beauty which art generally creates.

While some literary scholars favour the argument that the business of literature is to reform society, others counter the notion of the societal function of literature and argue that literature deals mainly with beauty of nature. However, since nature is present in society, this article sees these arguments to constitute the history of literature which cannot be demarcated from society and agrees as well with some of the Early Twentieth Century writers such as Eli Siegel, who challenged the existing notion of beauty in literature and suggested the need to broaden the scope of aesthetics in literature and be seen as an integral aspect of societal development.

Aesthetics, which was first applied to literary art in the first half of Twentieth Century, is a branch of literature that explores the nature of art, beauty, and taste. Similarly, as Kelly (1998) sees aesthetics as “critical reflection on art, culture and nature”, its exploration in writing should picture both the good and the bad, the beautiful and the ugly aspects of society so as to conform with the social function of literature which is in tandem with Derrida’s notion that “reality is textualised”, simply because, ugliness and beauty are two basic reality of the world of man.

As life is about beauty, the aesthetic value of literature can be ap-



preciated in many ways. For example, in children through reading of pleasurable stories in poem, prose or drama while sound, rhythm and imagery can create aesthetic value for those that cannot read. Communication and the various use of language from different societies which influence religion and culture could as well serve as aesthetic value. Beauty in literature can also come through the creative reenactment of happening in the society in the form of drama, novel or poetry which can in turn serve as a medium of understanding our society.

According to McClain (1985), "Literature introduces students to a variety of texts which develops students' inter-cultural knowledge of different cultures and shared values" while Lamarque (2007) posits that "Literature preserves the ideals of people and ideal part of human life such as faith, duty, friendship, freedom and reverence which form the beauty of human existence". From here, it could be deduced that literature serves as an extrinsic motivation to its readers as many literary materials provide knowledge of understanding human environment- a display of aesthetics.

This formed the background knowledge of early literary scholars who wrote about their society and evolving situation thereto in politics, social, religious and culture. Subsequent literary movements followed this tradition of mirroring every aspect of their immediate society in their work, hence rapid societal development. Emerging writers of 21st Century should endeavour to capture the ageless struggle for survival in their society so as to understand what gave rise to the present society and how it could be redefined. This however gives a kind of political and cultural slant to the interpretation of literature which invariably re-established a link between literary studies, the political and social world.

The aesthetic design of the natural environment of man forms his social, cultural and political consciousness and how he affects his environment. For instance, the sun and the weather condition of an environment contribute to the way its inhabitant thinks and his thought pattern affects his contribution to the society. As a result, literature in

all its form should intervene in the way society is governed by exposing in particular the ugly and frosting relationship between the oppressed and their oppressors. Also, since “beauty is in the eyes of the beholder” (Wolfe, 1878) and the existence of beauty in ugliness (Olafioye, 2001), the beauty and ugliness induced by the physical and natural environment of man should be explored by emerging writers towards the reformation and reactivation of societal imbalance in the 21st century. Emerging writers should as a matter of necessity consistently probe into how an aspect of human nature, vis-à-vis leadership activity alters the natural manifestation of the ecological composition of Africa which in turn alters the natural beauty of Africans. As Fogiel (2000) sees aesthetics as the appreciation and criticism of what is deemed beautiful or unattractive, the focus of emerging and upcoming writers in Africa should be on the unattractiveness of African society in every ramification as politics, economy, education, judiciary, media et al. ■

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## I WAS YOUNG

- *Ashraff Adeyemo*

My crazy side sees numbers that talk about the future  
And the fear of evil seize, but I really don't yield to seizure  
Look into my eyes filled with confusing pictures  
I look at wide oceans and see the other side seashore  
Nothing should be too much, knowledge should have it measure  
Unless you want to deal with a pride that can burn down a dragon  
And all that should be left unknown shall come to sing their heart song  
The future shall tell its story, the past shall be your own tongue  
And if all is known to me, then life shall seem was long gone  
Loneliness like the God, and feelings are births of stillborn ■

# TALKING L.O.V.E

With

**SAKA DBOSZ JUNIOR**



## **EPISODE 3: L.O.V.E: BEFORE YOU TALK ABOUT LOVE AND BEFORE YOU FALL INTO THAT LOVE**

Welcome to the Season 3 of your most romantic journal, Talking L.O.V.E with His Royal Lovjesty. By popular demand this volume is a little bigger and I hope Oga Anthony, the most humble guy in Abuja and our CEO, will permit the space.

First of all let us look at some mean definitions of love:

Yes, some definitions could be hard on love thus:

- i. Love is a corrupt and over rated word that helps the smart seduce and outsmart the lusty and randy.
- ii. Love is dead on the shelf without money to light it up, lift it and give it value to shine and function.
- iii. Again, love is a mere word without its functioning value.

### LOVE SWEET LOVE

- Love is a basic self-expression.
- Love is an embodiment of very good things.
- Love is a response to a divine rule which says, "Love one another."

### LOVE COMPARED

- i) As we have seen love is like the air we breathe and determines how

we live and how we do what we do and did not do.

ii) Again love is like the blood of life. The quality of the blood life in our veins determines our state of health and temperament.

iii) Love and life make an eternal compromise.

iv) Love is an art.

v) Love is an act of faith.

vi) Love is the taste and the flavor of life.

vii) True love is the expression of the deepest aspirations.

viii) To love somebody you must appreciate the best of him and discard the rest.

#### THE ESSENTIALITY OF LOVE:

No matter how you look or define it, love remains one of the most essential things in human life, in fact one of the very things that make us humans.

Love is like the air we breathe. If you don't take it in; you wouldn't have it. If you breathe in the good air, good health is what you get. If you take in polluted air, that's also what you get with the attendant ills. If you remain passive, then passivity is what you get. So you can see that what you put into love is what you get out of it. Again, like the air that we breathe; it determines the state of our health and wellbeing.

Thus said, love could be seen as a thing of the mind, what you think love is, that's what love is and as they say in computer, garbage in garbage out.

Again love is one of the most beautiful things in life. That same love has killed most of its devotees and moved others to murder or got killed. It was love that made Romeo and Juliet legendary figures as well as worthy names howbeit fictional. There had been even stronger cases all around us that went on without being recorded.

Love is one of the major deciding factors in decision making. You hear things like, "I did it because I love you...."

People have walked extra miles and exposed self to various degrees of danger because of love and many others had been called fools because of the same love.

In fact, it is clear that anyone who does not have anything to love and, live and die for has no life to live at all and has no respect even in death.

And if you have problem dropping money to maintain love then you get love that suffers maintenance ... yes, like our roads - battered.

### BEFORE YOU TALK ABOUT LOVE

Before you talk about love with any level of sincerity you must look at the following. However the list is not exhaustive, nobody can list them all as it affects different individuals.

### PURPOSE:

From our discussions so far you can see that love is a purpose of its own. Without the purpose, love is nothing. A lot of people had not been able to separate love in the love songs and the movies from the actual life and we continued to see wasted energy in motion without purpose.

We have heard some people say, "I love you."

The other now says, "Why do you love me?"

Next you see the first speaker lost. The fellow who just confessed love has no purpose to the love he claimed and he had not even been tested yet.

Some say, "I love you."

Next the other says, "I love you too."

This is just like people reading a script in a movie and love can't blossom that way. If you want your flower to bloom you tender it with care beginning from the purpose of why you must have the flower.

There must be a purpose, a "why". This determines how much you wish to go and how much you can go.

### SACRIFICE

Love is a sacrifice. Without sacrifice love is nothing. It is because so many people want to sing love songs and make no sacrifice that makes love turn sour and you might not call it love in the first place.

What have you got to offer even at a great cost and pain to yourself.

We have seen people cropping people they claimed to love just because somebody dropped a careless rumor. They will claim betrayal. "He never told me ... He lied to me ... He was cheating on me..."

The truth is the ego. You are afraid people will say you are weak because you did not discard your lover after somebody had said something. It doesn't if the gossip who had not told you his/her interest in your affairs is lying or not. You are concerned with what people would say and not protecting the bridge you have built even when you know people don't

like beautiful things happening for you.

#### PATIENCE

Love is patience. It needs time and space to handle its own challenges. Mrs. Hilary Clinton helped spoilers to eat their own heads. She knew the man she married is no saint and stood by him even in his hardest times. God blessed her with being a senator and Secretary of State in the U.S government and there is no stopping her. It's all Clinton's goodwill, he is proud of her and God will continue adding to it.

Again you must think twice of people who get attached to a man/woman when heading for the top, they want a place by him on top and wouldn't mind detaching him when she can expand her place on top.

#### COMITMENT

This is one of the biggest things in love. Are you committed? How far can you go and what can you do in the name of love.

#### ATTENTION

Love demands great attention. How much attention can you give to love?

#### TIME

Love is a time eater. Love demands for your time and love means you give it as much as you can.

#### DEMAND

Love places its own demand without compromise. All those "give me ... give me" that makes some people crazy is also love. However, the greatest task could be on your time when you are supposed to be on the phone or serve breakfast in bed when you should be hustling for money.

#### COMPROMISE

What can you compromise in the name of love? Yes, because you are going to give up a lot and you better think fast when your best is not enough.

#### REASON

There should be only one reason underlying your actions in love. That reason is L.O.V.E. You must live, breathe and sleep it because there will be no other reason for what you do. This is where selfishness and jealousy comes in love because your object of affection will always like to

have it all and alone.

#### BEFORE YOU FALL INTO THAT LOVE

Before you fall into that love please consider the above and many more. However, there are other things you must know before you fall in that love:

#### SELFISHNESS

Can you handle selfishness?

Your lover is going to need it. Yes, the object of your affection is going to need you. Are selfish demanding for all you are worth it just for hm/her, no exception unless it's his/her desire.

Children who love their fathers wouldn't let him have time for their mother or other siblings. It's the same when they love their mother.

There are men who had fought their wives because she had time only for the children. Women had fought their husbands for the same.

#### FUNCTION

A good love must function so before you fall in that love you must define how that love will function.

Yes, love must do things. Something must happen in love and will certainly not be in the script. When love stops to perform functions boredom creeps in and the partners start looking elsewhere, things fall apart and the center cannot hold. At this point there is no cure but only the history of how it used to be and that belongs to yesterday.

#### DYNAMICS

How do you handle the fast pace in love?

When you are in love there are the gossips, the warmth you must provide, the food to put on the table, demand of your time and taste and so much more you go crazy.

Most great love had bust by the seam because the partners cannot handle the dynamics of love.

#### MAINTENANCE

How do you maintain love?

This venture is going to task your time and resources.

You better think you cannot survive on kisses alone and "I love you" does not pay bills.

TEST

How do you test your love?

So many loves collapse at the first test of what they call love.

OFFERING

For me there is nothing like love until it has passed through the crucible of fire.

Has your love passed the litmus test? I believe if Mrs. Hilary Clinton tells me today she loves her husband, I will believe her before she completes the sentence. Some say it's for political ambition and why not love must be for something. It is those "I love you for nothing" I worry about.

Now let me take a bow and hope I tried a little.

See you in Season 4 when we ask the question; HOW DO YOU DISPLAY YOUR LOVE? ■



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# Writer's Corner



*Amedu Francis Obiabo*

*The Real Secrets of the Privileged Few*

Amedu Francis Obiabo is a lawyer practicing in Abuja, Nigeria. Aside from the law practice, he is passionate about social development and human advancement. In order to actualise his dream regarding social development and human advancement, he founded and incorporated a non-governmental organization known as the Outstanding Citizen's Humanitarian Initiative which is focused on promoting citizen's participation in governance and developmental processes.

On how he is able to cope as a writer and a lawyer, Amedu says. "Lawyers write every day... preparing briefs and articulating the case of the client in a logical and coherent manner prepares most lawyers to be good writers. Basically we always find time to do what we love and I always make out time out of my busy schedule to scribble something down because writing for me is an obsession."

Amedu began writing at an early age. This is because at a tender age, he became intrigued by local folktales, legends and stories of tribal hero's that was narrated by his elders during trips to the village. This ignited his passion to read everything literary that he came across. It didn't

take long before he attempted to write those stories and poems that he had heard and read in the books. It was through the books that he discovered his identity and found his connection with his people and the rest of the world.

On the inspiration behind his book, *Real Secrets of the Privileged Few*, Amedu says, “Everything about life, humanity and the world in general inspired my writing the book which incidentally is my debut book. The book is my attempt to start a conversation that would force people to re-examine their lives vis-à-vis where they are and where they could get to if exposed to the right information. I hope this book would provide that kind of information that would transform the life of the readers.”

Publishing, however, remains a major challenge. He summarises the publishing challenge in Nigeria as follows, “Publishing has remained very difficult and expensive because of our stubborn insistence on following old ways, I have no problem if you have enough money to publish hard copies of your book but speaking for myself I think the days of the paperback book is numbered. The earlier

we embrace e-books, the easier life becomes for the reader and the writer at the same time. While publication of hard books could be stressful and expensive, from my experience e-book publishing brings book publishing down to everybody's level, and makes publishing accessible to all."

On the role of the government, he says, "I am always suspicious when people mention the word government! Who is government? The truth is reading is self-liberating, all the secrets are in the books and anybody who is keen on the betterment of his life should seek out that which would make his life better. For the writers I think they can improve the reading culture by adopting new technologies that will help them reach a greater audience. Once the writer has done that, I think his task is complete. The job of the writer is to make his book available and accessible once he does that, it becomes the responsibility of the reader to pick up the book and read."

Amedu has great plans for the future. He plans to start a new writer's academy. He also intends to strengthen the various book clubs he belongs to so as to enable them penetrate the youth more easily. He would also like to be remembered as the person who exposed all the secrets of the privileged few.

## DIE NOT ANYTIME SOON

ABDULHAFEEZ T. OYEWOLE



Die not, not now, child,  
A long way you have to go.  
For this world will chide,  
No doubt, but you must grow.

Quit not now, dear child,  
A hope you are for the future.  
This world is yours to glide  
Like a gladiator upon torture.

Hold back none, our child,  
Do fight till your last breath.  
As a proof you're our tide,  
Fight foes in your length & breadth.

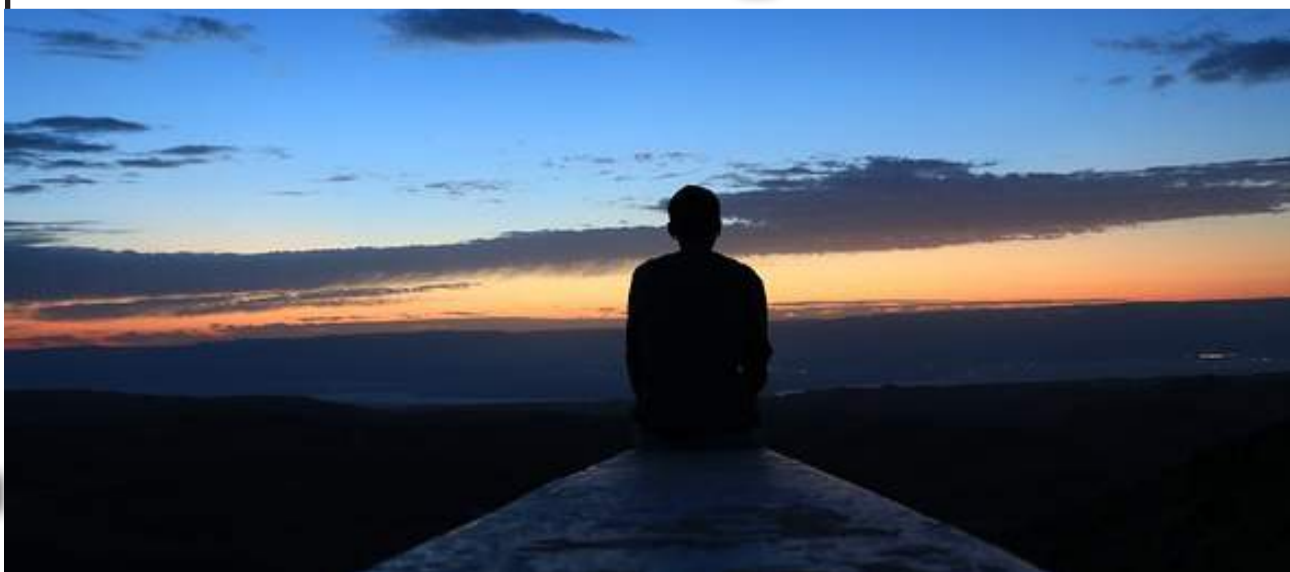
Die not anytime soon, child,  
For the later (sun) loves you dearly.  
Live today till moon's on your side.  
Let dawn heralds your kin greatly. ■

## UN-ME

GODSTIME JOSEPH ASUKWO

(LUMEN)

I had unlearned,  
Unlearned to give my all for no value,  
I had unforgotten  
Unforgotten the very essence of self,  
Self-worth.  
I had un-remembered,  
Un-remembered the tormenting,  
Memories of love unreturned.  
I had Unseen,  
Unseen myself through the eyes of others,  
I had unloved,  
Unloved love in its entirety,  
I had unhinged,  
Unhinged myself from societally-accepted norms  
I had Unknown,  
Unknown falsehood coated with truths' fur,  
I had Unlived,  
Unlived death for a true reality,  
Words unspoken,  
Love unexpressed,  
Feelings untold,  
True-self being re-discovered,  
I am Un-becoming myself. ■



# Temperance

- Geoffrey Ochieng

*(notes taken from the pastoral letter of Bishop Javier  
on 2nd October 2011)*

Temperance is self-mastery. A self-mastery that is achieved when we realize that not everything we experience in our bodies and souls should be given free rein. Nor ought we to do everything we can do. It is easier to let ourselves be carried away by so-called natural impulses; but this road ends up in sadness and isolation in our own misery.<sup>1</sup>

Aquinas says that the second meaning of temperance is “serenity of spirit” (*quies animi*) due not to a purely subjective state of mental calm; rather is the seal and fruit of order.

It is a power that moderates the concupiscible appetite (the passion of sense pleasure). It finds the just mean in any pleasurable good. Temperance makes the soul sober, modest, and understanding. It rosters a natural sense of reserve which everyone finds attractive because it denotes intelligent self-control.

This virtue introduces order and measure into our desires, and the firm and moderate control of reason over our passions. Its exercise is not limited to sheer denial, which would be a caricature of this virtue. It acts in such a way that delightful good, and the attraction which this arouses, are integrated harmoniously into the overall maturity of the person, into health of soul. Temperance does not imply narrowness, but greatness of soul. There is much more deprivation in the intemperate heart which abdicates from self-dominion only to become enslaved to the first caller who comes along ringing some pathetic, tinny cow bell.<sup>2</sup>

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1. St Josemaría, *Friends of God*, 84.

2. *Ibid.*

Experience shows that intemperance hampers one's capacity to determine what is truly good. What a pity to see those in whom pleasure is converted into the rule for their decisions! The intemperate person lets himself be guided by the multiple sensations which the environment arouses in him. And leaving to one side the truth about things, and seeking happiness in fleeting experiences which, since they are transient and sense-based and never satisfy completely, but rather cause upset and instability, they send the person into a spiral of self-destruction. By contrast, temperance confers serenity and calm; instead of silencing or denying good desires and noble passions, it restores man's self-mastery.

The Supernumeraries, with their commitment to create Christian homes, take on a special responsibility in this area. St Josemaría remarked that parents ought to teach their children to live soberly (...). It is difficult, but one has to be brave: have the courage to educate in austerity.<sup>3</sup>

The most effective way to transmit this attitude, above all to young children, is example, for they will only understand the beauty of the virtue when they see how you renounce a whim for love of them, or you sacrifice your own rest to look after them, to accompany them, to fulfil your mission as parents. Help them to manage what they use: you will do them a great good. I insist: if you look after temperance in your homes, our Lord will reward your self-denial and sacrifice as mothers and fathers; and there will arise in the heart of your own home vocations dedicated to God.

### Virtues Allied to Temperance<sup>4</sup>

1. Abstinence- consists in eating according to reason
2. Sobriety- drinking according to reason
3. Chastity- Regulates the use of reproduction powers according to

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3. St Josemaría, Notes taken from a family gathering, 28 November 1972

4. Silvabo Borrusso(1996), The Art of Total Living, Pauline Publications Africa, Nairobi, p66-67

reason. Reason requires that they be used within marriage, for only within the family can offsprings be brought up and educated.

4. Clemency- Moderated the desire for vengeance

5. Modesty

a. Humility is modesty in the pursuit of self esteem. To be humble is to acknowledge the truth about self.

b. Studiousness

c. Elegance

Vices against Temperance 5

1. Gluttony- eating for pleasure rather than for sustaining health.

a. Eating anytime

b. Eating in a haste or violently

c. Too many foods

d. Sumptuously (expensive food rather than nutritional value)

e. Gluttony leads to:

i. Inappropriate cheerfulness with remarks in poor taste

ii. Buffoonery i.e behaving like a clown

iii. Impurity, due to the body demanding sex when satiated

iv. Foolish talk

v. Dullness of mind

2. Drunkenness

3. Lust

4. Anger

5. Intemperance

6. Unnatural deprivation

7. Cruelty

8. Idle curiosity

9. Negligence of duty

10. Frivolity



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5. Silvabo Borrusso(1996), The Art of Total Living, Pauline Publications Africa, Nairobi, p67-70



## The Writer

-Phanuel

Man's fate would lay engrossed in merging an impressive work of art called 'DESTINY'. The road would comprise of thorns the size of pumpkins. Alongside the pumpkins, the texture of fine linen. I wonder how the two fit.

The work of crocheting this destiny was stolen from its founder, the man seated on the golden seat! He gnawed and wailed but the world was too busy turning to loud-sounding, moral-defying parties where sorrows could be flushed down with concentrated alcohols, adultery or recklessness. I was there too! We chose to turn our backs on the succor coming from harmonizing the sensual rhythm of the heartbeat with thoughts...thoughts that could be poured into writing.

My hands now tremble with deep understanding of the word 'betrayal'. I toss and turn at the sound of his distant gnaws. Cover my ears when I have to! Soon fed up, I finally seized fate from man's hand, gave it to the man seated on the gold seat and while he now does the perfect work of crocheting our destiny with pumpkins and leaves, I write! ■

## FLASH FICTION

### THIS BOOK

#### CHARITY KURIA

By now, the driver is rally racing taking corners and bends at a professional speed but nobody seems to mind. Actually, it is as if they are urging him on, probably to get to their place of work on time at least.

The book holds her attention like a magnet and soon she has lost touch with the physical world up until the sudden sounds of screeching tyres and the deafening bang.

Being forcefully thrust forward and tossed out of her seat knocking heads with another disoriented passenger but not before catching glimpse of the infant's surprised look and the mother holding tightly onto him.

The vehicle rolls several times spitting out blood stained bodies on its wake downhill before finally coming to an abrupt stop below a tree escaping the cliff by inches.

It all comes in flashes, the force followed by distant painful moans and groans, the blood and smell of death before she slips into a black still world. The book surprisingly still held open on her hands. ■

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*Charity Kuria is a writer, journalist and editor born and raised in Limuru of Kiambu County, Kenya. Charity holds a degree in Mass Communication and Publishing from St Paul's University and a member of Writers' Guild Kenya. Writing is therapeutic for Charity and hence works both ways, professionally and as a hobby. Charity's blog is [www.wakinicharity.blogspot.com](http://www.wakinicharity.blogspot.com). Charity has also worked previously with Kenya Television service (KTS) and Kenya News Agency (KNA) and been writing for several publications. Hobbies include painting, travelling and reading fiction.*

**THE RIGHT NIGGER**  
**BIZUUM GODWILL YADOK**  
**(BIZZY)**

The era of *deus ex machina*  
Is a myth, so we hear;  
But we dare to dream  
While we wait for the right nigger

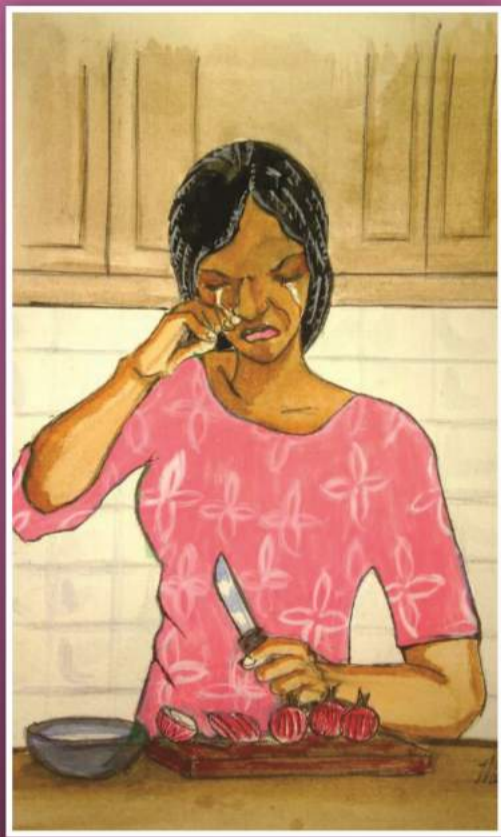
60, 70, 80, . . . 180 million elements  
Lost in a haze of chants  
About the right nigger;  
The one who can sew multiple commonsenses  
Into one fine-looking garment

The right nigga  
Not that Black Cat out of the White sack  
That sat on a throne in a house – white  
Nay, the right nigga for the Nigger-areans  
Not the right rigger for the niggers

The pseudo-right niggers come in white gowns  
And they force us to move in the fight direction  
But we dare to dream  
So we long-sufferingly wait for the right nigger. ■

## Book Review

### ONION TEARS



Grace Austina Okpo

I stood there watching her, she was heaving and I knew she was crying. “Mummy!” I called to her. “What is the matter? Why are you crying?” She was quiet for a few seconds, frantically wiping her face. Then she turned to face me. “My dear, it is this onion. I am not crying. It is onion tears,” she said. Wiping her nose with the back of her free hand while she held the knife in the other hand, trying to force a smile. I nodded quietly, and made to walk away. I knew what I had seen. ■

### About The Author



Grace Austina Okpo wrote her first novel MY friend THE RETURNEE in 2015. A daring woman, an advocate for women and children and a motivational speaker, she uses her writing as a tool to drive positive change in society.

A lover of travel, food and languages, Grace Austina Okpo lives in Lagos Nigeria with her daughter.

## A Journey from Hell to Heaven

Akinrinade Funminiyi Isaac  
(Esv\_Keks)



Deep down the deep pit of adversity,  
Breeds black beings from the saint society,  
Where souls march to the beat of different drums.  
Pot of lust; they eat triangular meals,  
What a sardonic sinful scene to see!

Above high the home of colorful skies,  
Reside people with hearts of a foetus.  
Songs of sages fill the mouth of the saints,  
Their attires lighten the face of earth,  
As the rainbows contract to give them light.

Ding dong bell, retell the agile rebel,  
Loud enough to let loose the gate of hell.  
The Potter bakes a palatable clay,  
To raise special soldiers for the relay,  
Womb to tomb; a path to tread day to day.

What a war we must win without weapons!  
Broom in lieu of bomb; to wipe the ashes.  
Cutleries in place of artilleries,  
To wine and dine with the fallen angels,  
Jointly, we march men from hell to heaven. ■

## POET WITHOUT A VOICE

Gideon Mariochukwu (pengogle)

I sit each down and then, with pen on papers,  
Writing notes that is full of hopes  
With lines connected with rhymes.

I write messages that would change lives,  
but in the pages of my note they all lie.  
Reading it to myself each day and nodding  
My head to the sweet connection of lines,  
Hoping and wishing that one the world  
Will hear.

I know my message will be for ages  
But am too shy to stand on stages  
To proclaim my message to men of all ages  
So I sit and hope to my aid one day  
the world will come.

I dream and imagine of myself speaking  
Which left my audience weeping,  
But I woke up and on my bed I remain lying.  
And when time and ages has passed,  
I lay on my bed, only to remember all  
The wonderful pieces I wrote.

Then I realize I was a poet with a voice ■



*The Rainbow "Femme" Writer*  
With  
*Winifred Felix*

**GODS ON JEANS**  
**To Great Men...**

Have you seen gods?  
Have you held them?  
Have you spoken to them?  
Have you sang to them?  
Have you praised them?

I saw gods on jeans  
Bringing light in palms  
Telling riots to calm  
Making wolves become lambs.

I saw gods on jeans  
Walking my streets  
Buying little ones sweets  
Bringing old men meats.

I saw gods on jeans  
Remembering the forgotten places  
Treating the shameful cases  
Brightening the hurtful faces.

I saw gods on jeans  
Cleaning deeds of dirt  
Stopping rivers of tears  
Mending pieces of broken hearts.

I saw gods on jeans  
Bringing others from pits  
Stopping slaps and hits  
Changing the world in bits. ■

**Cynthia Gentile**

*Nnaji John Kennedy*

Deny me not this privilege  
To multiply thy beauty  
That what is now  
May never cease or get extinct  
Waste not thy youthfulness  
On the four corners of the earth  
But yield in to this call of nature  
That creation may pro-create  
A Cynthia, gentle, no I mean Gentile

inside your heart  
A memory with  
sweet smelling savour  
Run away with me  
let's fight these odd  
And see through this vow  
To love and to hold,  
till our ink runs dry. ■

Give me an ink  
And I'll be your Picasso  
I'll paint my love deep

DEDICATED TO:  
Cynthia Gentile from Menifee Cali-  
fornia.

# Call for Submission

We are happy to announce that Writers Space Africa, a free monthly literary publication aimed at creating a platform where new and emerging writers can publish their work, is accepting submissions for flash fiction, short stories, essays, and poetry. We are looking for something compelling, unique, original, enchanting, & remarkable.

However, please consider the following:

- The deadline for submission is the 20th of June. Submission received afterwards would be considered for the following Month.
- Submission must be in the English Language.
- There is no age restriction.
- The maximum word counts are as follows:  
Flash Fiction: 250 words.  
Short Stories: 800 words.  
Essays: 800 words.  
Poetry: 25 lines.
- The writer retains full copyright.
- We only accept electronic submissions in either MS Word or PDF formats.

If you have any questions or have encountered any technical difficulties while trying to submit your work, or if you would like to advertise, please send us an email - [info@writersspace.net](mailto:info@writersspace.net) or chat with us on Whatsapp - 08052136165

[www.writersspace.net](http://www.writersspace.net)