



LOVE AND THE
RESURRECTION

Adrian Matebesi SDB
Zambia

SOUND OF LIFE

Maria Nicole Enwonwu
Gandaho
Benin Republic

THE SPECTRUM

Wendy Wongani Hara
Malawi

MOTHER AFRICA

Kweku Sarkwa
Ghana

BOOK

REVIEW

CONSTI-
MOCRAZY

Nsah Mala

A CHERRY

BLOSSOM EASTER

Kimberly Chirodzero
Zimbabwe

BLUNTNESS

IS BRUTAL

**Gabrielina Gabriel-
Abhie**
Nigeria

**CHAPTERS AND VERSES
OF A LITERARY COLOSSUS**

**SAKA DBOSZ
JUNIOR**

APRIL 2018
EDITION

Editorial

Man is on a serious self-destruct spree. Life is fast moving I agree, and man, trying to impress or rather keep up is expensively buying himself a hospital bed. We want things to happen fast or with the press of a button, easily without breaking a single sweat.

Let's start with the factory processed food we consume in tonnes. You know, fast foods, GMOs and all those taste buds appeasing foods we enjoy only to cry foul when we crash-land in the surgery room.

Moving on to the next self-destruction apparatus, products that we are buying expensively in pursuit of cosmetic beauty. From creams, lotions, colognes, gels, pills and even wigs. Do your math. Are they'll really necessary?

Apparatus number three, the air we breathe is polluted with car fumes, factory wastes and all other enemies of the respiratory system. Why? Riding bicycles to work is a wayward life and how else will people see your latest guzzler?

Apparatus number four. We long kicked physical exercises out together with the old. You drive to work, use the elevator, swing on your office chair all day and drive back home to feed on junk and the series continues.

Only when things run south, do you panic and hurriedly enrol into a gym and start your workouts.

As if that is not enough destruction, you keep your eyes glued to your screen, head bent and fingers typing. Eye problems and back problems are added to your cart of misery.

So, why feign surprise when you later leak of lifestyle diseases? We leak of cancer, diabetes, arthritis, asthma, obesity, amongst other lethal self-imposed chilling diseases.

You may want to assume that scientists are not sleeping researching for a cure. Whom do you think, they have in mind?

What is on your plate? What is that content in your glass? How well are you looking after your body? Tell your doctor I said hello.

Wakini Kuria,
Chief Editor,
WSA,
Kenya



About WSA

WSA is an international literary magazine, which features rich diversity of writings from African writers to a global audience.

For previous issues, please visit our website - www.writersspace.net

Published by Acacia
www.publishwithacacia.com

The Crew

Wakini Kuria
 Chief Editor

Sandra Oma Etubiebi
 Editor

Pressilla Nanyange
 Associate Editor

Nonhlanhla Radebe
 Media/Publicity

Shimbo Pastory William
 Supervisor

Saka DBOSZ Junior
 Contributor

Gabrielina Gabriel
 Reporter

Anthony Onugba
 Logistics

For adverts, please send an email to editorial@writersspace.net

LOVE AND THE RESURRECTION

Can Love conquer death?

Adrian Matebesi SDB
Zambia

Easter is a celebration of love; a celebration of the conquest of death. Easter assures us of timelessness and eternal love. Easter points to the life beyond the grave. Simply, life eternal implies a mode of existence that knows no end; a life that knows no death. However, the notion of the resurrection is best understood within the framework and background of love. In this season, what every lover longs for is guaranteed. They long for immortality, timelessness and eternity. Love is eternal, love is free, love knows no limits and love is infinite.

In a casual discussion about the resurrection, a newly wedded passionate young man passed a comment, "I cannot imagine that death is final. I cannot imagine that my death is the end of my love. I cannot fathom the fact that death will annihilate all my love for her. I love her beyond death." In his deeply emotional expression, I grasped a unique insight; that human love has got a lot to say about human mortality.

Human love is usually best described by poets. This is so because Love beyond life is a constant poetic theme. One simply has to read Elizabeth Barrett Brown-

ing's "How Do I Love Thee" to believe this:

*How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death*

Love. The most sublime of the human experiences has been told by the most beautiful lines in literature and poetry. Love is more than a red rose, a romantic and candle-lit dinner or a kiss. It is rather the thoughtless need to have, to accept, to cherish and to be with another person in their totality and entirety. Love is a feeling of safety, of silence, of belonging. It is simply completeness, oneness with the other. No matter how profound and sublime, love is simple! Love is straight forward, uncomplicated and has no hubris.

Love is completeness. In Plato's symposium, Aristophanes tells a story in which human beings were originally four- legged and two-headed creatures who were later cut into two by Zeus – Love is therefore what happens when you find the other half. It is no surprise then that Plato asserts that, "Love is the name for our pursuit of wholeness, for our desire to be complete."

What is love? Love is a relationship to another. Love assures us of the resurrection because of an unconditional relationship to the God of Love. The very nature of God as love binds us to Him in a way that knows no death. In the very Otherness of God, life is grounded. Eternity and immortality is due to a

divine relationship.

What is love? God is love. He who dwells in God dwells in love. This Love is stronger than death. The love of Christ has conquered death by his death. Indeed, “when Christ died, death died.” The love of Christ unlike any other has the power to open the doors of death and bestow timelessness and bliss. In the supreme act of love and suffering, Christ accomplished what every lover longs for and that is, endlessness and eternity.

After the resurrection, Jesus asked peter, “Do you love me?” In this everyday question, one grasps a whole new world – an invitation, a mission, the re-creating of man after betrayal, of the refashioning of life and love itself. Easter is a call to live a new life in a new world, a world defined by a new kind of love, a love which knows no end or limit. Without doubt, It is love that believes the resurrection because only love can conquer death.



EASTER BUNNY



HIV/AIDS is a dreadful illness that is presenting organizations or the workplace with chal He had never been so happy. His wife had made him proud, she had given him a son a few days ago, some days to Easter. He had never felt as manly and content as he did when he first carried his little Prince and watched his gusty and energetic wails for food and care. Today he was going to surprise her, he had reserved a table at a five star hotel where they would dine, have fun and then retire for the night. He had even arranged for his sister to come babysit.

“Hunny Bunny,” he called as he entered the house. “The Easter Bunny is here.” He was greeted by silence. “That monster should have finally slept by now,” he thought and smiled wistfully.

He walked gently, tip-toeing to the room so as not to disturb the baby. He opened the door slowly, full of smiles. And as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light cast off from the lamp by the bed, he froze. He felt fear grip his heart, and went blank for seconds. Everywhere he looked, he saw blood! The colour of red so deep it stood out in sharp contrast with the white bedspread, and the yellow paint of the wall, and then the strange lumps on the bed. “Jesus!” he exclaimed breathlessly, and looking by the bedpost, he saw her. The devil! She held a small axe coated in blood in one hand, and a gun in the other, aimed directly at his head.

Looking at her face, he remembered the surge of adrenaline he had felt alongside his friend Sam that night after having fun at the bar, the pleas, the screams, the feeling of domination, the power, and the blood as they took her in different ways. “You killed Sam!” He gasped and fell on his butt, thinking back to the news of the gas explosion at Sam’s home a few days ago that claimed his life. “You’re dead, a ghost!” And then she moved, removing the scarf around her neck, still pointing the gun at him. The last thing he saw was the thin scar around her neck, and then.....darkness. in place.

by Olofinnika Omobolaji,
Nigeria

A CHERRY BLOSSOM EASTER



Rudo stuffed the purple blossoms down the pockets of her jeans as she hurried past the huge gate. Rudo had always believed the cherry blossom legend that if you stand beneath a cherry blossom tree with a good heart then whatever you asked for would come true and since it was almost Easter, she figured the magic would be stronger somehow. Ever since she was a little girl she would always stop at any Jacaranda tree, Zimbabwe's own version of a cherry blossom tree. Her wish was always the same. Rudo wished only for family. Of course now that she was sixteen the hope that someone might actually come to the orphanage to adopt her had waned but she could never pass by an avenue of Jacarandas and not stop to make a wish.

"Sister Maria has been asking for you," Dani told her as she rounded the corner to the girls' quarters. Rudo rolled her eyes at Dani. The sisters at Saint Augustine were always trying to keep her inside the fence but it was pointless because Rudo was infinitely curious. She liked to explore the town centre and botanical gardens especially the Borrowdale Botanical because of the various Jacarandas there. "I'm serious Rudo, Sister Maria wants you in her office now," Dani persisted. Rudo began to feel nervous at Dani's tone but she pushed her fear down and headed straight to the administration building.

Sister Maria opened the door after only one knock. Rudo entered slowly expecting to be reprimanded for sneaking out yet again. A young man in a well-tailored suit sat in one of the visitors' chairs. "Sit down Rudo," Sister Maria smiled at her gently. "I just went

to the gardens, I swear," Rudo blurted. The man was looking at her strangely and that combined with Sister Maria's unnatural gentleness was starting to freak her out. "Making wishes, no doubt," Sister Maria said but her words had no bite to them. Rudo sat, keeping a wary eye on the stranger.

"Rudo, as you know we found you on our doorstep when you were only a few weeks old. It seems your mother left you here perhaps meaning to come find you when she got on her feet but that never happened. This young man is Roland Hotera, he is your brother." Sister Maria nodded to the young man. Rudo felt the world spin, turn upside down and stay that way. She turned to the young man and almost laughed. If he wasn't a decade or so older, they would have been mistaken for twins.

"Family..." she managed to say like a fool, her hand gripping the blossoms in her jean pocket. "I have been looking for you almost all my life." Roland told her with tears in his eyes. "I want you to come live with me and my wife. The process might take some time but Sister Maria has agreed to let you come with me for the Easter holiday. We can celebrate at the gardens I hear you love so much."

By
Kimberly Chirodzero
- Zimbabwe



Sound of Life



Do you smell the change in the air?
The clouds are dark; heavy with the promise of rain
Little flower buds thrust their heads to the sky;
thirsty for its mighty cry
Trees bring forth new fruits;
dancing to the melodious roaring of the wind
Sheep feed in open fields;
feasting gleefully on rich green grass
Lightning makes a colourful canvas across the sky
As thunder rolls with its deafening clap
Christ is risen, nature testifies it
Earth bubbles with renewed beauty and life
Oh! I hear it now
The loud thumping of rain on fertile ground
Do you hear it?
The sound of triumph; the sound of life.

Nicole Enwonwu Gandaho,
Benin Republic

WE ARE ALL HUMAN

It is the sobs of misery that wakes us up every new dawn
Listen to the gong, this must be Armageddon!
They said we cannot fetch water from the Ngene River
For its pathway has turned blood from our brother's machete
We would have picked up our guns too
But God forbid it!
That our kids should wear armoured kit
What love would make us lynch another's beloved?
To what end is this killer games that have left us all terror gloved?
Little wonder I, do our leaders also cry?
Has their conscience all gone dry?
My soul, yet dreams of the day we shall all be human
And submit to the wisdom of being all born by a woman.

Ezeh Michael Ogonna

Nigeria

The Spectrum

Last night, I fell out of the sky.

I shattered the clouds

I broke the moon in half

I ripped the stars apart

The crash tore us from our sleep,

petals in our palms and seeds on our pillows

You saw red, like you always do

Your hands on my neck

Me on my back

Moaning

Or maybe screaming

I can never tell.

I felt blue.

Running to the bathroom sink

Pink chunks of whatever we had for dinner last night.

I open the drawer and pulled out the stick

and poured yellow onto the white.

We made purple.

By

Wendy Wongani Hara

Malawi



Paschal Season in the West

On the Ash day, I set out for Lent:

Two scores of sacred abstinence-

The period of penitence,

To draw me nigh to Easter tent

Wherein: spy owns mid-week,

Maundy scours Thursday,

Good seizes Friday, Holy takes Saturday;

Then, Easter Vigil welcomes Palm Sunday.

Easter Triduum is the identity of the West,

Ditto, Easter counting from Palming day,

To another Saturday wrapping up the celebration;

For the day of Pentecost to set in.

This cycle continues year in year out in the west,


As a moveable feast of the resurrection of Christ.

by

Abdulhafeez T. Oyewole

Nigeria

ON THE ASCENT IN JERUSALEM



On the hummock ascent in Jerusalem
Man's dry cruelty has shown
The hatred long he's borne
For the good God whom he own
But at will seek to kill, disown
Hard-hearted folks'd bend the truth
Verity lynched, politicized, blown
The schemers'd sit to judge in a booth
As though God had said it all in lone
Foul sleuth-hounds all sin by mouth
The prefect, however, seeing the hex get done
Denounces same on his head, pray fate
"Guilt I have not found", He'd rinse his hands.
But deceit prevails, it's late
Howbeit, to the alien sovereigns,
The saviour-king's turned a threat;
To strangers, and tribesmen, and friends
Sanhedrin, and priests, to the Roman in the East
Good God's turned a spectacle for man's hate
He's condemned to suffering, contempt, spite -
To death, all to open for us the Beyond's gate

SHIMBO PASTORY

Tanzania

MOTHER AFRICA



A mother is the one capable of bringing a great person into this world with struggling and tears,
She goes through a lot of difficulties trying to bring up her offspring with good teachings for years,
In order for him to suit the environment, the society as well as be tolerated by his peers,
A mother does everything within her power to train the younger generations wholly to benefit the nation,
Without considering where they originate from whether from a small or a big home and ignores their location,
Because she is ever prepared to give in all she has just for the welfare of her children as a donation,
For where the mother is, there shall always be joy, satisfaction and contentment moving around her in a cycle or rotation,
She makes sure and puts in all efforts to cater for her children even if it causes all her properties and resources to drain,
Mother left us well equipped with courteousness, good habits and kindness so that we could move to all corners of the world without difficulty and rejection on a peaceful rail just like a train,
And this indeed grooms us to live happily with our neighbours as enjoyable as a group of lines in a poem or song called a refrain,
I remember how mother would direct me onto the right path to be a person through the infliction of pain,
She would call me and tie me down with her single arm that is as strong as a chain,
Without hesitation, she spans me heavily with a strong slim cane,
At that moment, I thought mother hated me but that has rather made me a better person,
So now I pray she receives more blessing,
Which no evil one can try cursing,
For she did me a greater good than harm as it vividly shows through my dressing.

By
Kweku Sarkwa (The Romantic Writer)
Ghana



CHAPTERS AND VERSES
OF A LITERARY COLOSSUS

SAKA DBOSZ
JUNIOR

APRIL 2018
EDITION



Chapters and Verses of a Literary Colossus: **Saka DBosz Junior**

by Sandra Oma Etubiebi

There are book series that seem to go on forever. They create endless journeys, take up entire shelves of bookcases, and provide a rich vocabulary of words, thoughts, and ideas that cater to our lifelong learning. I was privileged to interview a dynamic personality of mythical proportion: HRL Saka Dbosz Junior, the man many refer to as “Chief.” My time with the chief was a rewarding experience that got me thinking these thoughts; “If Saka was a book!”

If Saka was a book, he would be an epic tale told in world-record lengthy series spanning several decades, yet keeping fans enthralled with every new turn of the page. On the introductory pages, we would read of Saka’s early years and ever-growing love for writing as he said in his own words: “My deep love for writing has always been there. Actually, I will say deep love for storytelling because, before ev-

everything, I loved telling stories. Writing was just a medium of telling my stories and it came after drawing, which I gave up when I found out I could tell more stories faster by writing. My career in Journalism came later and it was just another manifestation of my love for storytelling. For the record, I was born into a polygamous family in Eleme, Rivers State, Nigeria. Due to the heat and tensions of a polygamous home, my maternal grandmother High Chief (Madam) Osila Ngegwe, sister to the then reigning King of ELEME Kingdom, King Walter Ngegwe, took me away. At that time, there was no TV or radio around, they did all they could to entertain me with endless stories; family stories, folk tales, historical events of the kingdom, tales of war, and land cases. As a child, I knew the history of most of the families around. You can find most of these stories in my books like *Nightlight*, *People of the Hills*, *The Last Drum*, *The Shrine*, and *The Village Lovers*.”

If Saka was a book, he would be a carton series captivating the young and young at heart with riveting tales of life as an indefatigable speed reader and writer, which was captured in his many responses to our probing questions: “My life as a writer is simply that of love. People ask me how I make out time to write considering my workload and other family activities. Writing does not affect my work. I wake up and write for a few minutes, exercise and go to work. When I come back, I play my fatherly role to my kids till they are all sleeping. Then, I return to write till I fall asleep between 1 to 2 am. I write at great speeds so you will be surprised what I can put down in 5 minutes. Another secret to my ability to write despite my schedules is that I prefer to be driven about rather than drive. I read and write, and take notes all the way. I read and write on the plane with no time for side talks. On the plane to Kenya recently, the Ethiopian woman sitting next to me asked if I was going to Kenya for an exam. She wanted to see what I was writing and was shocked to discover I had read 2 books on leadership from cover to cover taking notes as I read. Also, I carry stories in my head. I plan all my stories in my head before writing it so if I told you I wrote a book in one week, don’t think it started that week. I must have been planning and keeping the dialogue and characters in my head for years.”

If Saka was a book, he would be an inspiring epistle of many chapters and verses with every thought cataloguing his acts of valour on the battlefield as he fights for African writers and their writings. The Chief said, “When I was an amateur boxer, the coach told us that you must love what you do and respect your opponents. So, I love writing and respect other writers. I also try to assist where I can and that is why with the help of my very good friend Mr Anthony Onugba, I came up with HRL PRINCE SAKA DBOSZ JUNIOR WRITERS AID. I use my personal money to train young writers, assist them in preparing their manuscripts, publish their blogs or pay for their materials to be edited. I love people and want to help see more writers and readers around. As a writer, all I do is watch society, interpret life through

my writings, and proffer solutions. If you read my books; *On the Margin*, *My Point Exactly*, *The Road We Walked* and *This Is What I Said*, you will find everything that is happening around us, even today. When an African Country defeated Nigeria, I wrote that it would happen again unless certain things were done. It happened 2 more times. Who in government read these books? None. You see, I am not one of those celebrated foreign writers that we quote without reading their works. I am neither a part of a lucky government nor a Sponsored writer, so our knowledge remains in our works and nobody is trying to test it out.”

If Saka was a book, he could be a beatitude of blessings and warnings, for the next generation, serving a digital guide for writers everywhere, as captured in his advice: “The digital era is a blessing to writing. I wished I was born in this era. I believe it will continue growing. Some of us have tried to recruit young writers and readers by establishing platforms online including WhatsApp. My friend Emeka of the *Blood At Noon* fame created something on WhatsApp, and when he called me I gave the name AFRICAN LITERARY NETWORK. It brought in so many writers even Pilots and Top Engineers. That was where I met Mr Anthony Onugba who is today a blessing to my talent. He dreamt of a larger platform where seminars and competitions could take place. He called it Writers Space. I said ‘let’s define our Space’ and added Africa. So, we have WRITERS SPACE AFRICA aka WSA. This is a one-stop online Writers hub, and I have not seen another like it. With several creative personalities aboard this community of a thousand talents with seminars, roundtable discussions, literary competitions and rich literary writing that would fill volumes; WSA has no rival. One week on the WSA Platform is equivalent to 2 years in the University. It is my desire that the young ones keep writing and seeking for help. Join groups and learn the skills. Just like on WSA where you learn both the skills and discipline. You learn to interview others and to respond when interviewed. Writers are even grouped and published. Critiques are everywhere so you get all the help you need. The youth should forget politicians and pick mentors among people who know the meaning of love for humanity. People who love God and want to see a better world.”

If Saka was not a book, what then would he be? Perhaps, he would be exactly what he is right now: A passionate philanthropic writer who has given more than he has taken from the world as he humbly tells us in very few words; “The important things about me I will like the world to know is I don’t complain. Saying ‘my father does not have money should not be an excuse.’ Educate yourself. My father gave me money just once when I was in my second year at the University of Port Harcourt. I joined a literary group, turned it into a commercial magazine, and increased it to five magazines at the time. I love myself and use every opportunity to

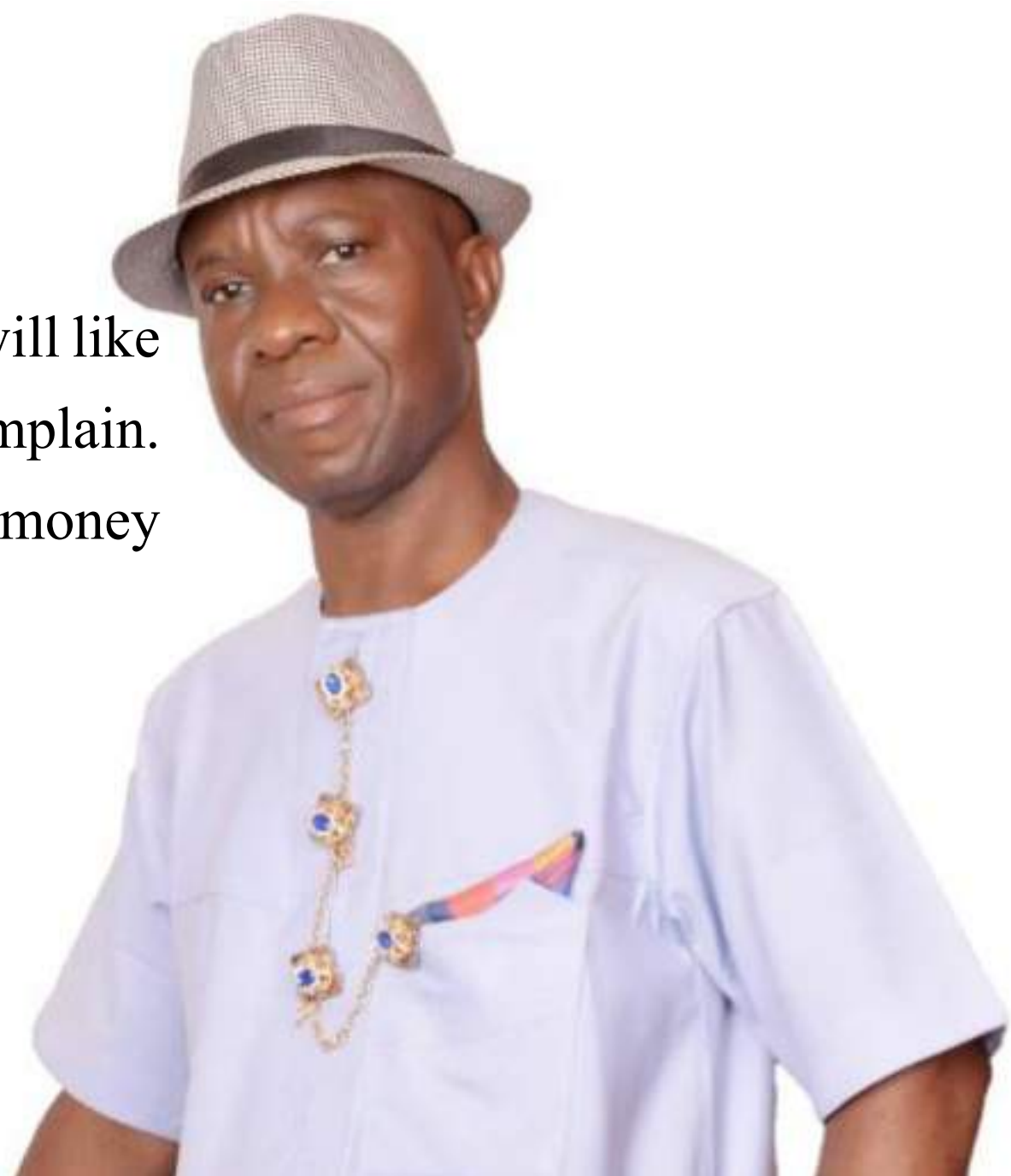
step up. I look up to nobody. Jesus is my role model. I love people. I love my family. I am somebody who loves staying in the crowd, achieving modest things and refusing to shine. I don't want to rule the world and I don't want it all. I love happiness and life itself. I do my best to help people. I spend my money in what I believe in and I will rather put somebody in school than ride a sports car. Now, I have setup the HRL PRINCE SAKA DBOSZ JUNIOR MERIT AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN LEADERSHIP AND MENTORING. I decided to sponsor a merit award so that others may get the recognition I am not getting. The current winner is Mr Anthony Onugba aka The Pen Boss of Writers Space Africa. Some people hate me because I cannot lie or gossip, others think I have money everywhere but it's just the joy of loving people and placing my God first. I can give anything I have, except my life. Although I thank God for my intelligence, sometimes I wish I was just a fool with the Tony-Montana-kind-of-heaps-of-money to give to the suffering in society."

Yes, there are book series that seem to go on forever, enveloping us in the beauty of life as seen from different perspectives, experiences, and conclusions. If Chief Saka Dbosz Junior was a book; his words, writings, notes, thoughts, experiences, and acts of valour would take up entire shelves of bookcases, and provide a rich vocabulary that will cater to our lifelong learning. With a total of 5 degrees, numerous certificates, and a PhD fast approaching, the Chief is a breathtaking real-life mystery whose chapters and verses can be summarized as a literal literary gift that keeps on giving.

"The important things about me I will like the world to know is I don't complain. Saying 'my father does not have money should not be an excuse.'

Educate yourself."

-HRL SAKA DBOSZ JUNIOR



BOOK REVIEW

Notes on Constimocrazy

By
Brian



Constimocrazy is like music to me. Music has the tendency to mean different things to different people. To me, music is much more. It's a collection of sounds and most often beautifully braided words that remind me of the past, animate the present, but enforce the future. In short, it reminds me that I am alive. A new piece of music sets a mark on the present. When I listen to this music in some future, the mark that was set in the past, that is the first time I experienced the said music, is rekindled. As such, music when experienced the first time, fills my soul with a mark that will illuminate my world in some future present :-)

The more I read Constimocrazy, the more I realize that it has the same effects like music. It educates my being. It rekindles memories, lessons, passions and above all my very quest to read and re-read more of the poems. The following lines can't escape my mind:

Hurdles sprout all the times
but I exploit them in my favor

A burst of what I know not arises in me and a host of memories flow through my mind. From the advice poured into me by my parents and other wise ones to tidbits

of self-discovered truths. In effect, it's music to my mind. There are many genres of music: bikutsi, ben sikin, country dance and so on. All these kinds of music trigger various moods in us. Some make us jump and dance, some make us sit down and productively reflect about our lives and eventually make big moves, and others do what they do.

Constimocrazy is like a buffet of all kinds of music in the guise of poems. Some make you sad but developed, others make you joyous, but all the poems uncover secrets of life in a deceptively simple manner. At one point you are lavished with deeply philosophical statements like we swam in wandering waters. For the master himself knows that "you can't step into the same river twice" like Hipocrates of ancient Greece told his compatriots.

At some other point, you are faced with a playful but educative poem like The Magic of Female Buttocks. A serious reader may turn back to the front page of the collection to ascertain that she is still reading the same book Constimocrazy. But the relaxed mind picks up the subtle messages that lies within the lines. Like another genre of music, the reader experiences a mood unique both in time and space. Hence, the collection of poems actualize themselves as a platform akin to a diverse collection of music albums of ineffable genres. Each magically striking chords in our very own souls in ways that are to be experienced to be believed.

And when you come to the poem and music, Of Law, you'll again experience the master's ability to reach into your very own existence as a human who's capable of reason and stimulate your understanding of humanity. You are led to the simplest conclusion, "The best law is love." At this point you see may as well realize with your whole being that this law is "the law" :-)

Now, it is evident that writing about Constrimocrazy is a sisyphean task; for where will one start and where will one end?

Such works of beauty that are seasoned with inexhaustible elegance are truly free. And like all free things, they can't be captured, especially with words. If you truly want to test the truth of matter, you have to read it for yourself. If you do, please try to capture your feelings about what the poems open your mind to. Perhaps, you may also realize that you can't say what you feel. For me, I can go as far as I'm able to and I'll say it's a masterful album and it's music to my soul.



BLUNTNESS IS BRUTAL IT'S NOT A MAN'S WORLD

About the columnist:

Gabrielina Gabriel-Abhie is a writer, editor, and broadcast journalist; a reporter with Writers Space Africa online magazine. She's a preacher of her propaganda and a believer in equality and truth. Her essay contents span various topics from child abuse, politics, to gender equality, racism, tribalism, and as many issues as can be touched. She is a general interest blogger too. According to her, her blog should not be mistaken for a rant but one that focuses on heart splitting issues.

This is a world where a woman without a crying lad is a man. This is a world where a woman who cannot stand at the fire in the kitchen is not virtuous. And more so, when she cannot lift a pestle to pound 'solid', she's lazy. This is a world where a woman with makeup on is a slut, or better still, ungodly. This is a world where a woman who walks on the lawn calculatively, disgusts the sight of the average man, and is perceived as a weakling, or unprepared for marriage. This is a world where a woman's tears are interpreted as her stupidity, and her silence, her powerlessness. This is a world where everything about her is WRONG.

This is Africa; my beloved continent.

I love Africa. I'm supposed to be proudly African; well, I am, but basically because I have, over time,

built my self esteem and learned to love myself as a woman- and this is my motherland. I have a great father, who inculcated in me the mentality of true womanhood. He told me that I am a woman, not a slave. He made me understand that whatever I did in the past, do in the present, and will do in the future is purely borne out of love, responsibility, and godliness; none out of duty. The moment I do anything out of duty, I do with it with the mentality of slavery, and this is the truth that we evade in Africa.

A girl is trained to live for a man, which makes her possess the mentality of duty and over dependency. She's told that she needs to keep clean to attract the opposite sex; she's told that she needs to have good cooking skills and sex tactics to keep her husband; she's told that she needs to stay calm always, in order to be perceived by men as one with good home training; she's told to remain a virgin for her future husband, even if he's not one; she's told not to cross gutters, so that the guys won't judge her as razz; she's told that a woman is more decorated when she has the wedding ring on, and becomes a real woman, when she bears children. In fact, she's continually faced with the threat of sharing her husband with another woman, if she bares no male child. And when she bears both male and female children, but still shares her husband with another, she's told to learn to get on her knees and remain on it in prayer for the man. All duty.

What hurts me most is the gender degrading posts I see on social media, when a girl child is born: Bride price don confirm (translated in English as bride price is sure to be received. To aid the understanding of non-African readers, bride price is an amount of money paid to the family of a woman given out in marriage). They call it a joke, but underlying that joke is a sickening mentality of the woman. A baby girl being monetized so early in life.

A woman is trained from childhood to be a wife. She sees herself as a wife at a very tender age. A man is made to believe he is a man because of his physical strength and the difference in his sexual organ from that of a woman. He sees himself as a husband only when he eventually walks a woman down the aisle.

Several times, I have heard religious counselors advise women, whose husbands are jobless or have financial challenges, to stay supportive to them, until he becomes

financially buoyant again. I have also heard them advise young women to marry men despite their financial status. I do not speak against these as love is the determinant factor, but how many religious counselors advise men to marry women who cannot cook, or live with them in peace and love despite their cooking skills? The sermon is rather put this way: you are not ready for marriage as a woman if you cannot cook or, don't blame your husband for cheating on you if your meals are not appetizing. I speak truth, no ranting.

Listen man! I am human just like you, and entitled to my rights too. I might have a weakness for you called love, but that does not make me any less than you. I can do the world for you, but not without treating me as one ought to treat a human being who has a life and a right.

I am not throwing accusing stones at men, rather, I am painting a realistic mental picture of the inhumane treatment given women in Africa. Humorously, women have got used to these ill treatments for centuries that they get baffled when they are treated otherwise. Let me cite this amusing example. Once, my elder brother was walking into a monotechnic with a lady, and heading for the stairs. He stopped abruptly, stretched his hands forward and told the lady, "after you." Wow! She grew suspicious and in fact, found it offensive to be asked to take the stairs first, before him. She replied him rudely, "and why must it be after me? You're after my butt, right?"

Amazing!

Now, this isn't right, but that's the reaction a woman, who's not used to being treated nicely by a man, puts up. Being good to whoever shouldn't be difficult, gender regardless. My advise to men is: treat the woman nicely, the way you would treat yourself. She doesn't need to be your wife, girlfriend, sister, or mother before you do so. She's neither a sex symbol nor a maid.

The world would be a better place for a woman if she's brought up to be responsible and not dutiful. One with the mindset of responsibility is in charge, purposeful and independent. One with the mindset of duty is timid, dependent and weak. A woman once told me it's a man's world. Don't give me that crap. It's our world; both man and woman.



We are now accepting submissions from 1st to 12th April, 2018 for the May Edition of WSA.

Published every month, WSA is an international literary magazine, which features rich diversity of writings from African writers to a global audience.

Please Consider the following before sending:

Articles/ Essays - 1,200 words

Drama - 1,000 words

Flash Fiction - 100 words

Poetry - 1 poem, maximum of 24 lines

Short Stories - 1,500 words

Please note the following

1. You can write on any theme
2. Due to the number of entries we receive, only selected authors may be contacted
3. Your work must be neatly typed and uploaded in MS Word format only. Remember to edit your work. We are allergic to unedited works although we will edit all selected entries.
4. Your work must not have been published anywhere and please submit in one genre only.
5. You retain copyright.
6. Some selected published works will be featured on our website.

To submit, simply visit our website at www.writersspace.net to upload your work.

In case of difficulty, contact editorial@writersspace.net

