

WRITERS' SPACE

A Community of Writers and Readers



Azubike Ossaite

The Photographic
Writer

The Forgotten Me

Golden Worlu

Broken Night

Chiefo Zubie Okolo

Distant Lands

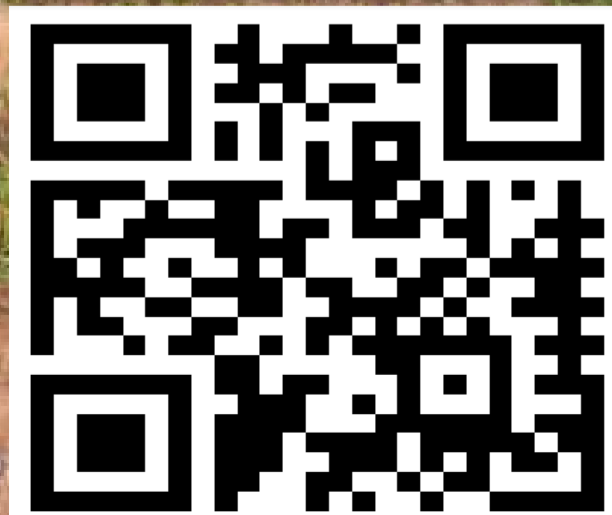
Victoria Oyeshola

For Fanny

Aweni Poet

...and more

January, 2017



Editorial

Welcome to writers' space- an innovative platform for both unpublished and published writers. This is a monthly digital literary journal with the two-fold aim of showcasing the works of writers as well as publicise both the writers and their works in order to attract a huge fanbase.

In this January edition, we will keep you entertained with flash fiction, short stories, poetry, and an editorial on a writer who tell stories using the camera. Please enjoy the January edition, while gearing up for February edition.

Remember, your work can also be published for free using this medium. Simply visit us on www.writersspace.net or send an email to info@writersspace.net.
Happy reading.

Dumebi Okolo - Editor, Writers' Space

Editorial Team

Anthony Onugba - Chief Editor

Dumebi Okolo - Editor

Victoria Oyeshola - Contributor

Saka Junior - Contributor

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For Fanny

by Aweni Poet

He soon arrives at his destination on the other side
of the river
The culmination of a journey not bargained for
He stands on the edge of the water, looking downstream
For it is higher ground on his side of the river
He watches his mother and siblings yonder
His heart bleeds for he knows their hopes
were without measure
He feels he must apologise to those he left behind
Watching mother from this place kills him
For he could not rub off the pain in her heart
The pain that weighs down her soul so
Each tear rolling down the face
of his sister pierces his soul
But he knows the tears must drop for her to heal
Such a curse to watch them suffer
Unable to be a comforter
To let them know it will get better
That the wounds will heal forever
For he is in a better
If only he could wipe the fruit of pain
rolling down their faces
To joke and laugh with them
To hug and whisper to them
Whisper that he is happier here on this side of the river
For he now dwells in the shade of angels
Where he rests, settled on the Lord's breast
More alive now than he was ever
More fulfilled now than he was on their side of the river.

"I am a Nigerian lady who recently found her voice."

- Aweni Poet

Writers' Corner



Azubike Ossaite

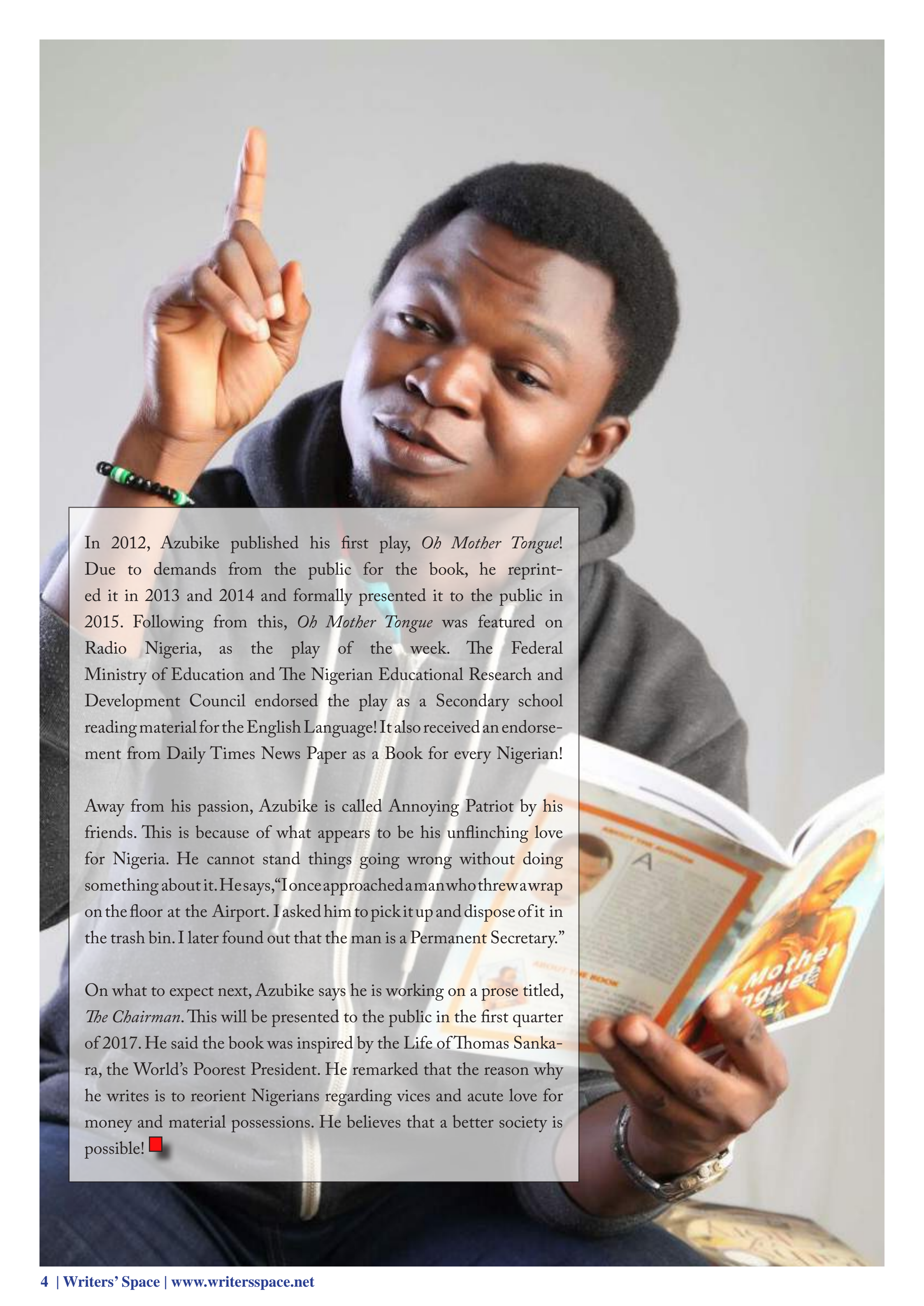
The Photographic Writer

Azubike Ossaite, who is called *Wole Achebe* among his peers because he modeled himself after the works of both Wole Soyinka and Chinua Achebe, is both a writer and a photographer! Can you beat that? Speaking with Azubike reveals his love for writing and his Country. He says that he stumbled upon photography when he finished his Secondary School education. Photography for him is a means to tell a story. "Every photograph tells a story. In order to get the perfect picture, the story of the object has to resonate before he captures it on film. Often times, people admire an

enhanced photo from its clarity but few pay attention to the story it tells." If excessive story telling could kill a man, Azubike would have been long dead. This is because, not only does he tell stories

"In order to get the perfect picture, the story of the object has to resonate before it is captured on film."

with his pictures, he also tells stories using his books. He calls his books Educational Fiction.



In 2012, Azubike published his first play, *Oh Mother Tongue!* Due to demands from the public for the book, he reprinted it in 2013 and 2014 and formally presented it to the public in 2015. Following from this, *Oh Mother Tongue* was featured on Radio Nigeria, as the play of the week. The Federal Ministry of Education and The Nigerian Educational Research and Development Council endorsed the play as a Secondary school reading material for the English Language! It also received an endorsement from Daily Times News Paper as a Book for every Nigerian!

Away from his passion, Azubike is called Annoying Patriot by his friends. This is because of what appears to be his unflinching love for Nigeria. He cannot stand things going wrong without doing something about it. He says, "I once approached a man who threw a wrap on the floor at the Airport. I asked him to pick it up and dispose of it in the trash bin. I later found out that the man is a Permanent Secretary."

On what to expect next, Azubike says he is working on a prose titled, *The Chairman*. This will be presented to the public in the first quarter of 2017. He said the book was inspired by the Life of Thomas Sankara, the World's Poorest President. He remarked that the reason why he writes is to reorient Nigerians regarding vices and acute love for money and material possessions. He believes that a better society is possible! ■

Flash fiction

The Forgotten me

by Golden Worlu

For my 46th birthday, my daughter gave me something I didn't expect - she told me she wanted to become an artist. My initial reaction was a brutally disproportionate rant that can be summarized as, "I can't believe after all the expensive education you're getting, you have the nerve to tell me you want to become a painter!"

My 15-year-old princess froze in shock at my heated words and disappeared upstairs. I looked sideways, expecting a sarcastic comment from her mother but it never came; it was my birthday and so I was allowed to wallow in my guilt all by myself.

Sitting in the garage that evening, I looked at the different canvases that she had painted. By God, the girl could paint! I had never thought that she did it for anything more than just fun though. But becoming an artist? Full-time? In this country?!

I sighed tiredly and caught sight of an old laptop sleeping in a box. When I pushed the power button, it came alive and I saw myself in a compromising position, with a guitar. I was on stage performing at an event. Those were distant times... distant lands. I had not gone through with my musician dreams because they seemed too daunting at some point. I had acted like a quitter and I was about to sabotage my daughter's dream too. As I walked upstairs to tell her she could paint all she wanted, I picked up my old guitar and stroked it tenderly. ■

Born in Ibadan, Nigeria this writer has been shaped (and is still being shaped) by multiple opinions and viewpoints. Although a graduate of Statistics, this promising fellow only recently began to actively pursue his passions in prose and music.

Poem

Voices from a distant Land

by Emuze Godwin

I can hear it again.

These voices, like the sound
of a thousand children
crying, for help? for hope?

I'm not sure what it is.

could it be there is famine,
a plague in the land or war?

Why am I hearing these strange voices?

It seems they are calling out to me for help.

What can I do to stop the crying?

My conscience responds, but...

what about their parents,

could they have abandoned their children?

Could they have died in the plague or war?

Could they have also lost faith

in hopes for a better future?

It sounds like voices from

a distant land but I can feel their presence
around me.

it seems their guardian angel

is trying to send a message

..."give them hope". ■

Godwin is a student of Federal University of Technology Akure. In addition to writing, he loves playing table tennis and reading novels.

A Tearful Smile

by Philomena Solomon

The name Unique certainly is Unique. She's a beautiful girl, average in height. She's eighteen with charming hips and an attractive body shape. She's the only female child, with two elder brothers, Borno and Gim, who are unduly protective. They always tell her how life is in the World and how difficult and frustrating it could be. They also never fail to tell her that life is sweet if the righteous path is followed.

Unique is naïve but believes that she can get what she wants easily. She had just gotten admission into the University of Jos, Plateau state, to study Theatre arts which she never wanted. She applied for law but was denied. When the admission list was published, she cried the day she saw it and even wanted to forfeit the admission and wait for another year but Borno, the eldest, requested that she accepts the admission, register and commence lectures while her family work things out for her to study abroad. Hearing this, she wiped away the tears from her face and agreed.

During her registration, Unique made new friends. After the registration exercise, the students were given two weeks break before resuming for lectures. The friends Unique had made, Trisma an indigene of Plateau state, Toyo a Yoruba beauty, and Gracie from Kaduna State, promised not to forget each other when they resume fully and to keep in touch while at home.

When Unique returned home, she told her family how difficult the registration exercise was and about the new friends she had made. In private, she told her mom that a student named Bright, a 300level English student who helped her with her registration, wanted to be her boyfriend. She confessed that he was quite handsome and nice and would love to be his friend but not date him because she was not ready. Her mom advised her to be careful with boys because most of them were out for *jambites* (the name they call new stu-

dents).

On Saturday before resumption, Unique's mom went to the market to buy things she would use in school such as kitchen utensils, food items, room ornaments, and so on. Unique loved everything and appreciated it.

In the afternoon of the next day, Unique and her family drove to the University. They helped her arrange some of the items in a room in Nagaruta hostel. She paid for room 13 on the ground floor where she would reside alone. Her brothers fixed the curtains while her mom arranged her clothes in the wardrobe, and her dad drilled some nails into the wall so she could hang her pots and cooking spoons. When they were through, they stayed with her for a while, talking, eating, and laughing, before they left.

As soon as they left, Unique went into the room and loneliness descended upon her. Tears flowed down her cheeks like a waterfall. It was then that it dawned on her what her brothers were saying about the wider World. She was now in the wider World and she will neither see her family frequently nor will she be able to consult them at every instant before taking any decision. She was now even more responsible for her actions and decisions. An idea crept into her head. She wanted to spend some more time with them. She cleaned the tears from her face and rushed to where they had parked the car. When she got there, she realised that the car had disappeared. ■

Philomena Solomon is a young writer from southern Kaduna, Jaba by tribe. She attended Victory nursery and primary school Television, Kaduna and then Our Lady of Fatima Girls' Secondary School, Sabon-Tasha, Kaduna State. She is currently studying theatre and film arts at University of Jos, Plateau State.



Distant Lands

by

Victoria Oyeshola

In some far places,
In the remote outworld;
I mean, in some distant lands!
Far from modern gadgets!
Far from being rescued,
is their thoughts!

Far away from hope,
is their daily brooding!
Striving for their daily Bread from nothing!

Far from having choices!
Eating whatever hardly comes their way;
humans, Children!

Tetterdemalions!
Who are broken- down, and depressed!
Holding out their dirty
Bowls, as if in hope of Some food,
out of Nowhere, to drop in Into their bowls!

In the end, they Desperately withdraw
Their bowls, empty!
Then, came their Wailing! Sprawled on The
bare ground!
Spittle drooling from Their mouths:
“Forgotten are we;
Abandoned, we are!
We are still striving,
Alive!
For some miracle,
For some rescue,
For some hope,
For some food, too!”

Down in remote villages,
Down in the streets,
Down in some countries,
some people are dying;
Some people are dead! ■



Broken Night

By

Chiefo Zubie Okolo

The night was misty and cold.
Sounds of sadness and gloom echoed
through the wind with quick reverberation.
A stench hung over the air,

a strong stench.
It was that of death.
It had become more like a fragrance to me
than a stench,
Being so used to the familiar occurrence
of the passing unto Glory.
Voices could be heard from afar,
Yards away but yet it felt so close.
The icy hand o the forgotten one
was hovering round,
Spreading chills to whoever was in its way.
The night was young but pregnant,
As the lords took their seat in council
to judge me, the vilest of all offenders.
That was it!
My last time perceiving the fragrance
of death
as the one I inhaled now
was that of my own death!!!
Alone and at the mercy of the
rulers of darkness
was I left to face my fate.
My crime being the price of love.

Oh how I loved my Beauty!
Her tender words caressing the black lump
that was my heart.
The gentle strokes of her hand
easing the pain that came
with every scar on my body.
I was supposed to be the tough man,
But here I was, facing what was to be
my last glimpse of life.
For the one I love,
For the queen of my heart,
I take my last breath!!! ■

The Departed One

by Emmanuel Ibezimakor (Zimackos)

With eyes wildly dilated and fingers obliviously scratching "Revelations 20" in the open Bible on the pew in front of me, I listened in terror to the prophecy of doom told by Sir Nelson in Sunday school. I was only seven and had never been as terrified.

"God said to them 'Depart from me...'"

The stories of the Bible my mom had told me were refreshing. I never foresaw that a book so entertaining is so terrifying.

Drops of dried saliva fell on my face from Sir Nelson's crocodile mouth. I saw visions of the devil in red, seven horns smeared with human blood and a set of teeth similar to Sir Nelson's. I heard distant shrieking and felt heat waves flood my trousers as I lost control of the urine in my bladder.

"Come, give your life to Christ... Don't be among the departed ones on the last day."

I stood up before anyone else. I ran, not toward Sir Nelson. I ran out, all the way home.

I descended on my bed like a weight let loose accidentally from a crane. I heard a loud sound. I thought the trumpet had sounded. Moments later, when I heard the sound of the gate opening, I knew my dad had returned.

Through the night, I dreamt of worse things

than Sir Nelson described. The devil held me by the spine and sucked my blood. I woke up screaming and choking. There wasn't enough air in the World for me to breathe. As soon as I breathe in, I lost them before they reached my lungs.

I raced to my mom.

"Mom! I... I...don't want to be the departed one."

As soon as she held me, I passed out.

I woke up on a hospital bed. I overheard the doctor tell my parents.

"Your son has asthma."

I grinned. It's just asthma. The doctors can handle it. I'm not the departed one after all. ■

Emmanuel Ibezimakor (Zimackos) is a freelance, multi-faceted writer and song-composer. A few of his fictional stories are featured on his blog www.zimaquotes.WordPress.com. He is single, a Jesus-freak, motivated and goal-driven. He dreams of owning the most successful alternative record label in the country, become a renowned blogger, a husband, and a father of two.



Call for Submission

We are happy to announce that Writers' Space, 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, novel excerpts, 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 every Month. 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.

Novel Excerpts: 500 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, please contact us or send us an email - publish@writersspace.net

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