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Edition
Issue 22



Empowering African Writers

NATIVE SON

Ayotunde Oyeniran
Nigeria

AFRICA

Gift Samwel Ngamanja
Tanzania

ANCIENT LOVE

Valentine Tusai
Zimbabwe

AFTER SUNSET

Benny Wanjohi
Kenya

MOTHER AFRICA

Wanangwa Mwale
Zambia

**AFRICA'S
MANUFACTURING
INDUSTRY**

Kweku Sarkwa
Ghana

Alexander Nderitu

Shakespeare Reborn in Kenya



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Featured Writers

*Anthony Onugba, Nigeria
Ayotunde Oyeniran, Nigeria
Wanangwa Mwale, Zambia
Shimbo Pastory William, Tanzania
Valentine Tusai, Zimbabwe
Mohau Mohlope, Nigeria
Benny Wanjohi, Kenya
Gift Samwel Ngamanja, Tanzania.
Kweku Sarkwa, Ghana
Kelvin Shachile, Kenya
Kimberly Chirodzero, Zimbabwe
Gabrielina Gabriel-Abhie, Nigeria*



EDITORIAL

You Have No Idea What Your
Legacy Will Be

*“Every life you’ve touched is
your legacy.” - Maya Angelou*

Writing makes writers immortal. In the history of writing, Shakespeare left a permanent mark.

His works have inspired many across the globe and his great legacy, second to none, lives on.

On the cover interview, we introduce a man who shares a birthday with William Shakespeare. Coincidentally, on the same day, April 23rd, we celebrate UNESCO’s ‘World Book and Copyright Day’.

Alex Nderitu, a Kenyan-born, has built a legacy as an IT guru, novelist, poet, playwright and critic.

On the 1st of December, 2018 is the first ever conference by African Writers Conference (AWC) in Abuja.

On the same day, same venue, is the maiden edition of the 2018 African Writers Award.

Catch you there as we build legacies!

Wakini Kuria,
Kenya
Chief Editor,
Writers Space Africa (WSA)





AFRICAN WRITERS
DEVELOPMENT TRUST
To Empower Writers of African Descent



You can't treat the people who love you the most, like trash.

You can't give all your time to people who just want to use you.

**When the sun sets, you will find that your soul is drained and no one
wants to be around you. - By Kavulu Emily**



Faith Mutheu

Guest Speaker,

African Writers Conference

Winner of the 2017 Xtrem Awards for Most Influential Young Person in Kenya, Faith Mutheu is on a roller coaster that only goes up. In addition to being the Founder and CEO of Fuzusmart- a foundation that mentors and has impacted many young people in Kenya, she is also the author of *Beyond Obstacles- Developing the champion in you!*, a book that she wrote at the age of seventeen and published at the age of nineteen. (If you thought all seventeen year olds just sleep and watch TV, think again.) Faith is also a current scholar at Google Udacity, having received the 2018 Google Africa Scholarship.

Furthermore, Faith is a mentor who gives talks in high schools, young people groups and even children homes. She teaches young people on using the written word to express themselves, entrepreneurship and education. As a girls advocate, she is also the current University of Nairobi campus representative for Women Student's Welfare Association (WOSWA) the highest student's body for women students in Kenya.

Personal Take

Faith was born and raised in the Makueni, which is in the Lower Eastern part of Kenya. She is the first born in her family-this is where she started practicing her leadership skills. She is currently a Bcom Student-majoring in Finance, at the University of Nairobi.

She is passionate about the girl child and believes an empowered girl is an empowerment to the whole nation. 'A positive girl changes a negative society' is her mantra. Her pen and paper are the medium she uses to express the issues that burns her in her quest to positively change, not only Kenya but Africa at large. The lack of mentorship programs especially when she was in primary and High school is what challenged her to start the mentorship foundation and write the motivational book.

She loves networking and tries to ensure that her list of friends grow every single day.



FLASH FICTION

... intensity... one sweeping blow of perception.

- Irving Howe



Zambezi

They were at the bank of the Zambezi River. She stood, arms folded and face turned away. He was on two knees, apologising, promising never to cheat again. In the past, she had believed him but not this time. She needed proof of his newly proclaimed love and fidelity. She asked him to swim across the river as proof of his love. Delighted but thoughtless, he sprang to his feet, ran to the bank of the river and jumped right in. That was the last time he was ever seen again.

Anthony Onugba
Nigeria

AFRICAN WRITERS CONFERENCE 2018

Theme:

Reimagining African Literature:
New Voices, New Narratives in the
Fight for the Girl Child

1st December, 2018 9:00am

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Her Excellency, The First Lady of Kaduna State
& Founder of the Literary nonprofit,
Yasmin El-Rufai Foundation (YELF)

KEYNOTE SPEAKER



NAHIDA ESMAIL
Tanzania

OTHER SPEAKERS



SANDRA OMA ETUBIEBI
Nigeria



FAITH MUTHEU
Kenya

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WSA Writers Space Africa
Empowering African Writers

*"Let us continue to tell our stories
in the most honest ways possible,
regardless of the different forms we use."*

- Sbonelo Mgilane, South Africa





POETRY

With an eye made quiet by the power of harmony, and the deep power of joy, we see into the life of things.

- William Wordsworth

NATIVE SON

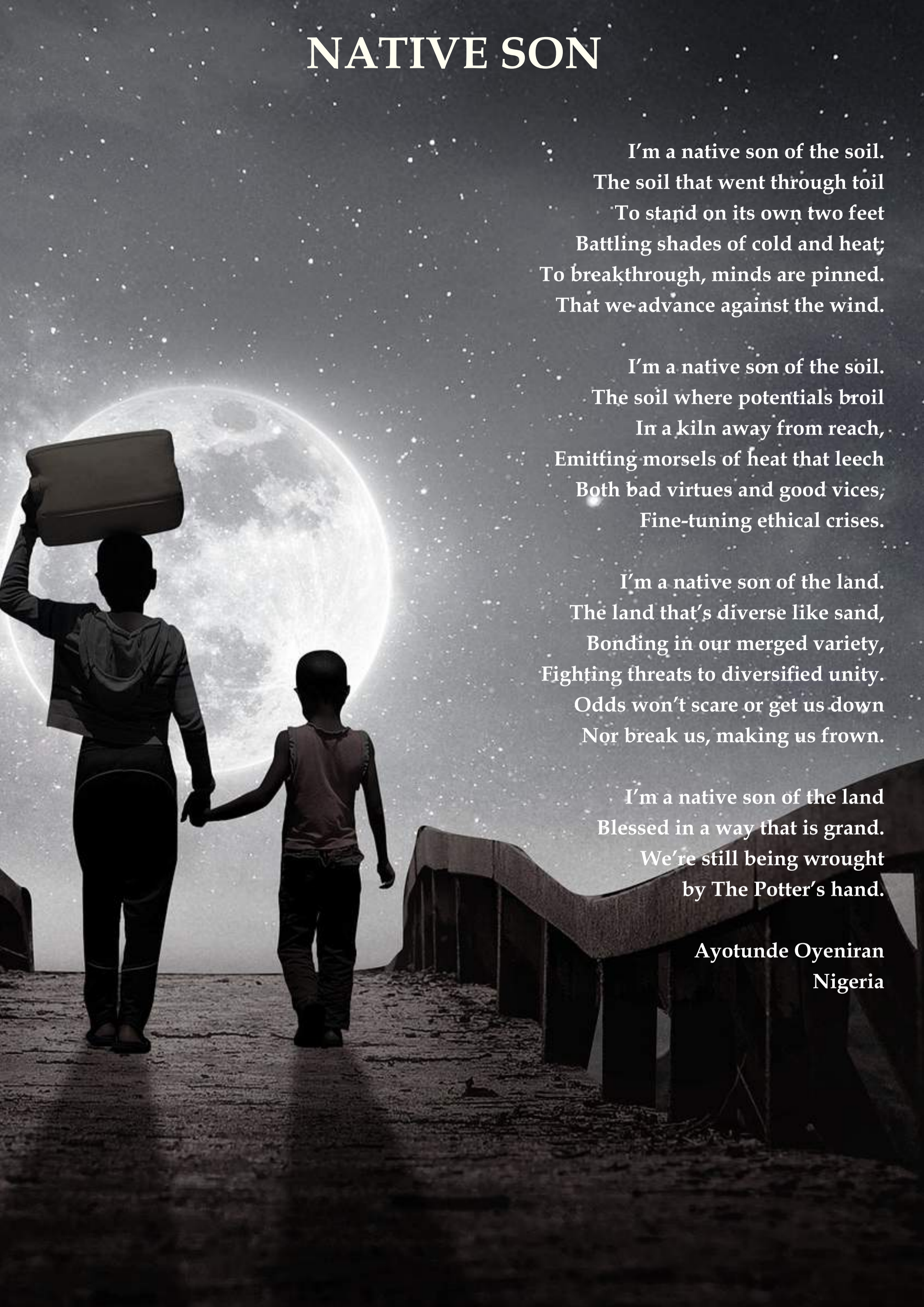
I'm a native son of the soil.
The soil that went through toil
To stand on its own two feet
Battling shades of cold and heat;
To breakthrough, minds are pinned.
That we advance against the wind.

I'm a native son of the soil.
The soil where potentials broil
In a kiln away from reach,
Emitting morsels of heat that leech
Both bad virtues and good vices,
Fine-tuning ethical crises.

I'm a native son of the land.
The land that's diverse like sand,
Bonding in our merged variety,
Fighting threats to diversified unity.
Odds won't scare or get us down
Nor break us, making us frown.

I'm a native son of the land
Blessed in a way that is grand.
We're still being wrought
by The Potter's hand.

Ayotunde Oyeniran
Nigeria



MOTHER AFRICA

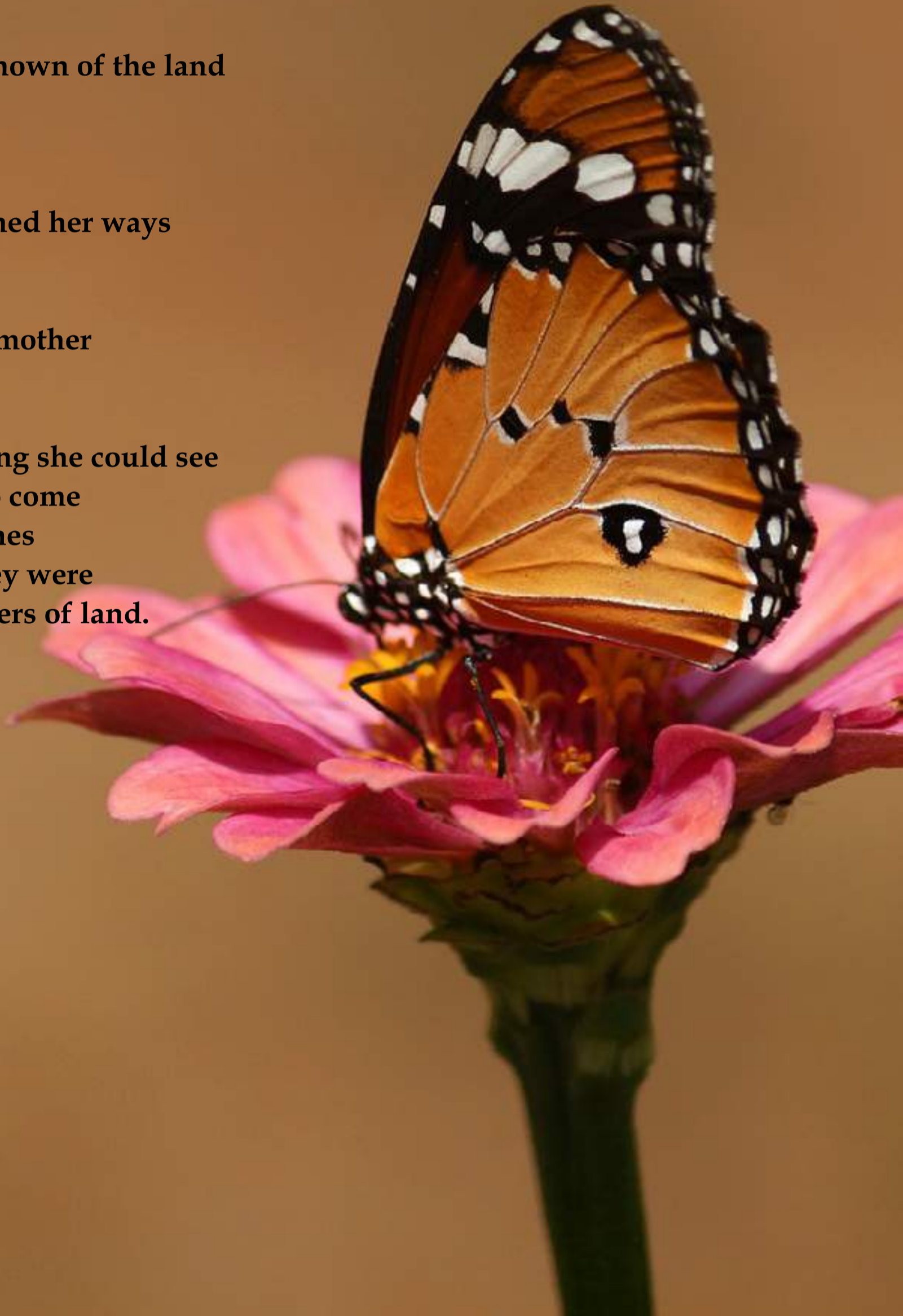
She bleeds
From the knives pierced in her flesh
She is now anemic, but still fighting to survive
For her own

She weeps
In anguish
As she watches her own
lose their own to the unknown of the land
And leaving her barren

She is forsaken
By her own, they abandoned her ways
Broken
By who used to hers,
now detached from their mother

She drained and tied
But still holding on, hoping she could see
a few more generations to come
And maybe the current ones
would go back to who they were
The true sons and daughters of land.

Wanangwa Mwale,
Zambia



The African Man

There goes the Maasai
Hoping up the sun
Down the land, and up again
The warrior of man, African
Taut and hard done

His classy lubega is borne
To shelter the gallant breast
And clothe the life loins
That cold, dirt, rain, shame
Betroths nought

His virgin dagger, darling-
Warrior of man African;
- As is to a hen a nestling,
Parting not wherever she may go
That peace ever there be

His chaste trim spawn's unspinstered,
But for herd historical,
And man not one, save
One who'd smother a lion!
This I did, man African
Hoping up, down, and again to the sun!

Shimbo Pastory William
Tanzania





Ancient Love

I was a hunter and she was a gatherer
She dug roots and gathered fruits
We survived on flat grassy savannah
And on the sides of steep mountains
I set traps and hunted big game
She was healthy, I was the same
I protected her with my bow and arrow
Always happy, she knew no sorrow
On cold nights we were warm in the cave
Her firmness and strong grasp.
She made me feel like a man.
She belonged in the equestrian
Her movements were wild no question
She fed me berries and roots for my strength
I was the leader and the father of the whole tribe
I had nightmares of civilization
Some white men coming to destroy my nation
Force-marching out of our caves
To go and work in their fields as slaves
I couldn't imagine any of the above
Happening to the tribe I love
I'd fight for my tribe and be brave
Nothing could separate me
from my ancient love

Valentine Tusai,
Zimbabwe.

Spirit

Before and thereafter, what lives is the spirit.
It is not by me, but by the spirit.
It carries my being gracefully through consecrated customs.

My spirit burps,
When it burps the truth unveils.
It accentuates ancestral lineage.
In return I honour my deployment
to administer affairs of both worlds.
The spirit initiation resonates
as gallons shrill sea shores.
And it permanganates forces designated aggregately
against omens
From caves, riverbanks and isolated inlands.
Ask anything, it echoes my forefathers' words
It is the brisk foreseer.
They foretell as a diviner.
The Spirit embarked with chants
and burning of essence,
Bones that are blown and spoken to
with no modernised accolades.
It carries cracked feet reigning spiritual realms
of thunderous vanity.
The marks are broaden with healing casted
Herbs that embedded inside kraals
from years lived.
Thus, the beads on my knuckles are ploughed
in the wild chest of seasons.
When Lwandle is not yet born
but responded to the calling,
Whilst his fallacious brother grazes alongside Shepherds in the fields.
The Spirit is not a worn off face of antiquity
That youthfully blazes in the glowing reddish fire
presented by riverside shadows.
One's revelation is free of spirit to appease.

Mohau Mohlope
Nigeria

After Sunset

Somewhere in the middle of a tea plantation
The sun turns red in the green horizon
Bidding goodbye to the busy day
Children dart around as they play
Mothers bring in their full baskets
Men come in latest, in groups of three
Tired they sit under the Mugumo tree

A mother reprimands her children
For not closing the door of the goats' pen
A young man whispers to a young lady
Telling her that his new house is ready
The men under the tree talk in low voices
About their cruel employer and his vices
Smoke billows rise from the eleventh hut
A good sign that food is ready at last

Men crawl, each to his thatched hut
To eat the cassava meal before night rest
As they give counsel to their eldest sons
Because heritage is passed on to firstborns,
In the bush a leopard watches the village
Planning when its attack it will stage
But the warriors saw its footprints
Sharpened their spears and flints
To stop it at its own tracks and save the herd

Benny Wanjohi,
Kenya

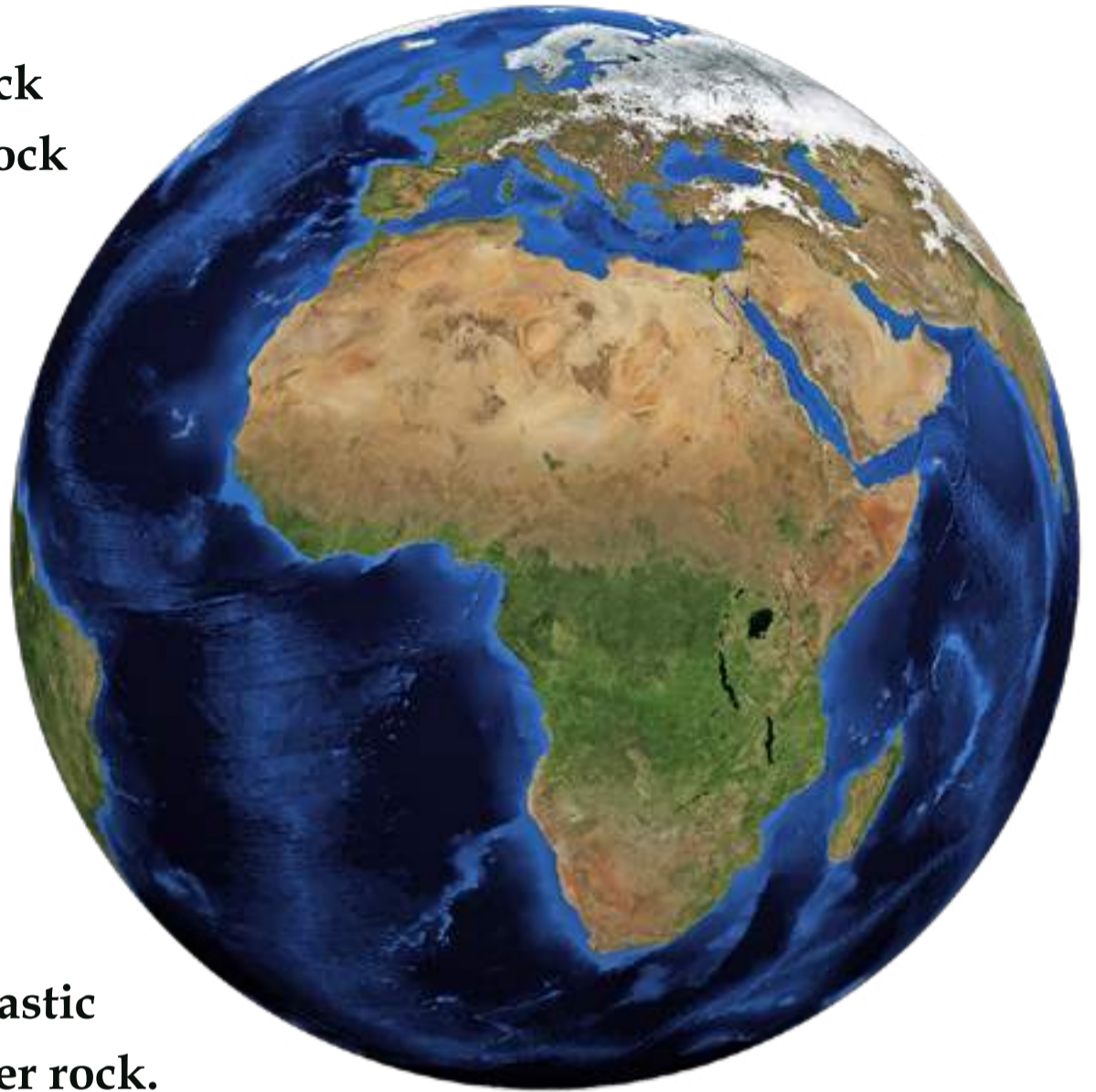
Africa

It is the story of the bird labeled black
As is their lucifer the king of dark
Shipped to alien to decorate the stock
Like a donkey day and night to work
Looted its priceless resources in the dock
And entirely its spirit of technology block
Extremely tired left on the stroke
This bird is Africa.

Rich in culture, history, hospitality
But all they preach on her is poverty
Blessed in beauty to the body figures
Enough to make the morning sun bow
Pyramids on her own built
This mighty bird is Africa.

Fooling the world calling bird barbaric
While everything bird does sound fantastic
Talk will ever be, just as Africa will ever rock.

Gift Samwel Ngamanja,
Tanzania.





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INTERVIEW WITH...
ALEXANDER
NDERITU

*SHAKESPEARE
REBORN IN KENYA*

by
Sandra Oma
Etubiebi

www.writersspace.net



*What do you say to a colossus? How do you handle royalty? These and many more were the thoughts on my mind as I prepared to interview one of Africa's best: He is Africa's first digital Novelist with bragging rights to Africa's most-downloaded novel *When the Whirlwind Passes*. Interestingly tagged 'everyone's literary agent,' this Novelist, Poet, Playwright, Editor, and Critic enjoys a global notoriety bought on by his love for storytelling and sheer force of focus. His life reads like a *New York Times* Bestselling Book series, from his iconic birthdate April 23rd –which is also William Shakespeare's birthday, UNESCO's World Book Day and Copyright Day – to his epic DNA Art vernacular poem piece, *Mathabu ma Carey Francis*' positioned to spark off a new premium DNA Art interest in the African literary space. He is much more than a handful. He is the first and the best. He is... **Alexander Nderitu**.*

Q: When and how did you discover your love for words, stories, and writing?

When I was below ten years of age, we lived near a Kenya National Library Service branch in Nyeri town. My siblings and I used to go there a lot and spend time in the children's section. What a wonderland it was! I discovered not just story books but colourful, well-illustrated books about dinosaurs, machines, space and so on – stuff that wasn't in our school books. I loved compelling stories. I had a wild imagination, which helps when you're reading stories and envisioning them in your brain. I was an avid reader in primary school as were most of my fellow pupils. It wasn't until I went to secondary school in a more rural area that I discovered that not everyone reads books and some don't even have access to libraries!

Around this time, I started to devour thrillers – mostly Cold War stuff – with abandon. My dad had novels by the likes of Frederick Forsyth in the house. I also liked Ian Fleming, Robert Ludlum and Adam Hall. From Form 1, my English essays used to be read out

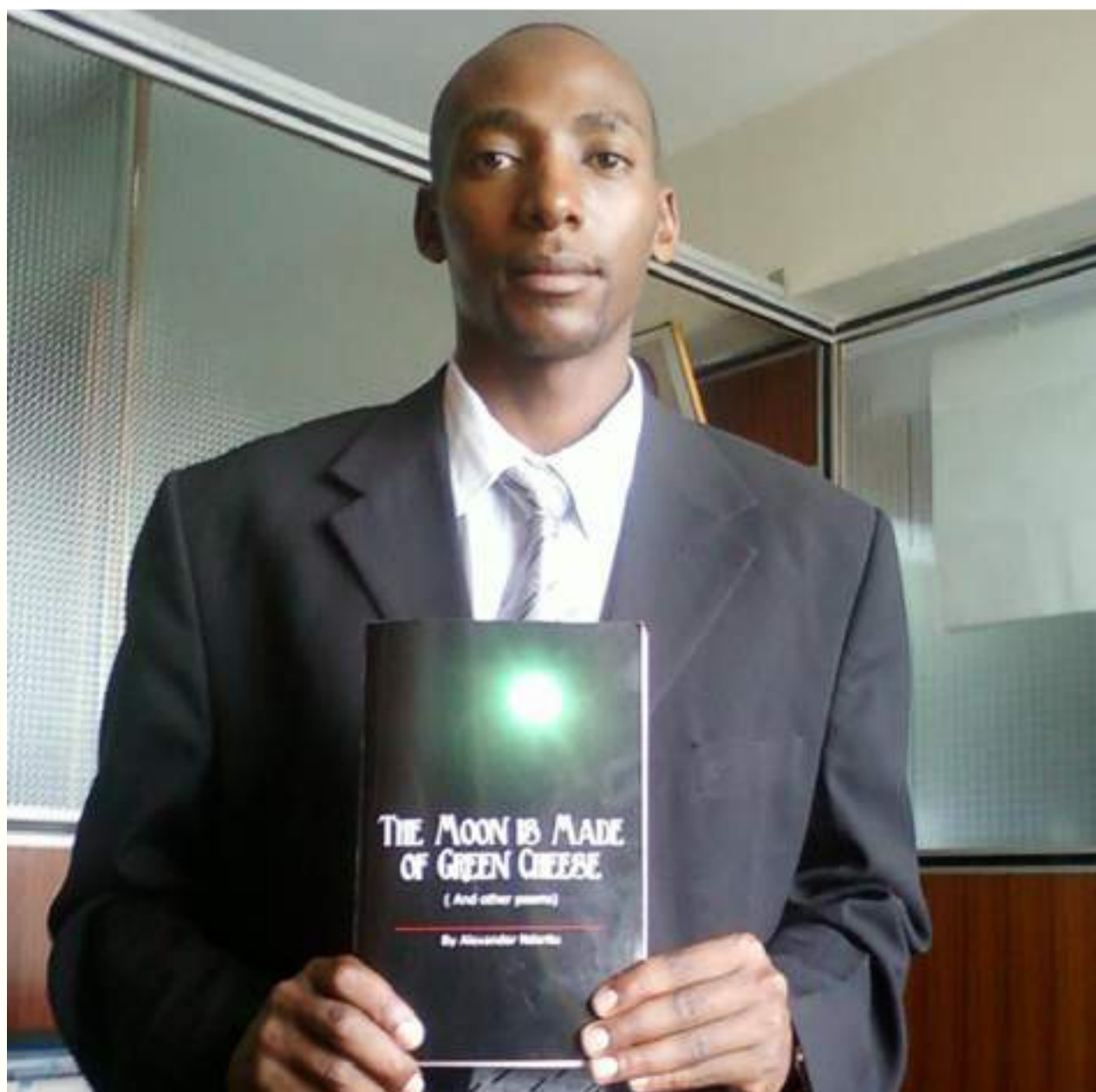
to my classmates. My Form 2 English teacher, a Mrs Ndung'u, used to read my essays to her Form 4 class! Once, after reading out an expository essay I had written, she told my classmates, 'I wish you could all write the way Alexander does!' and right then, I knew I was destined to be a writer. I was 16 years old.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Ndung'u passed away before my first novel, *When the Whirlwind Passes*, hit cyberspace in 2001, but it was dedicated to her memory. Incidentally, it was the first novel by an African to be written exclusively for Internet publication.

Q: Everywhere, you are introduced as a novelist, poet, and playwright; tell us about your writings. What inspires your writing projects? How many of your works are out there?

I am a storyteller. Even my dreams have heroes, villains and a twist in the tail. That's not a joke. If I could download and publish my nightly dreams, I'd be on the New York Times Bestseller List by now, alongside James Patterson whose marketing acumen I admire a lot. When I write, I am just trying to communicate my ideas, stories and philosophies. I go from one genre to another like a person walking from one room to another in a big house. The poems are mostly 'narrative poems' and the fact that I was born on William Shakespeare's birthday fascinates and inspires me. I have a poem called 'The Dead Poet's Society' in which the persona is magically whisked to the underworld where he meets Shakespeare, St. Coleridge, Emily Dickinson, E.A. Poe and other historical poets and they help him improve his struggling poetry.

I have thus far authored 2 novels, 1 short story collection, 1 poetry collection and 6 stage plays. My work has also appeared in various magazines, journals and anthologies, including IFLAC Peace Anthology (2016), which is widely read in the Middle East, and *Ars Artium*, which is an Indian-based peer-reviewed international journal. My poem 'Someone in Africa Loves You' was published on BBC Commonwealth Postcards in 2014 and has been translated into Kiswahili, Arabic and Chinese. Another poem, 'Silver Limousine', about wealth inequality, was published by the Mex-



ican-based Ofi Press. I am also a literary/theatre critic and have written many articles for various publications and 4 scholarly research documents. One of them, 'Changing Kenya's Literary Landscape Part 2: Past, Present & Future', has been read in about 100 countries. My writings are quite diverse and are inspired by different things. When the Whirlwind Passes was inspired by a single newspaper story about the gangland-style murder of an Italian fashion baron and the subsequent trial of his glamorous ex-wife. My short story 'Harvest of Blood' was inspired by the 1994 Rwandan genocide. Inspiration can also come from the inside, especially when I am crafting poems. At such times, I am usually looking inward, kind of like thinking aloud.

Q: Many good writers never get to their works out there in the limelight; tell us, how did your work spread? What was your journey to fame like?

Scottish writer Hugh C. Rae once said that it's easier to change sex than to get published! For many people in the Third World, that's probably true. A caller to a radio show called Kameme FM Book Club once said that he had been trying to get published for the last 20 years! In my case, I got lucky in that by the time I started writing manuscripts, the Internet had been invented and I was studying IT in college. I had also pestered my mom into subscribing to some foreign writing magazines, one of which was called The Writer.



From these magazines I learnt about the new 'e-book' technologies that were emerging in the West. In 1998, an e-novel titled Angels of Russia, had been nominated for a Booker Prize, which was a first for a virtual book. I began to wonder why we didn't have e-novels

in Africa where it's even harder to get published than in the West, and then it struck me – I'll just be the first one! Also, in the early 2000's, I joined an American website called AuthorsDen.com. It was such a great platform for authors and poets! Even then, it had a tiered membership system with paying members getting more visibility and features but the free basic membership allowed for multiple posts and feedback. This was before Wattpad, Goodreads, Facebook, Amazon Kindle, Worldreader and so on. It was such a rush to post a poem or article and then come back the next day and find a raft of comments and reviews from writers and readers from around the globe. Through

AuthorsDen.com, my short story 'Life as a Flower', which had previously been longlisted for a Douglas Coupland Short Story Award, made its way to an assessment exam in a US college. I continued using The Net to promote and distribute my work and pretty soon, I became very easy to discover online. I get a lot of emails and DM's from around the world.

Q: Who and what were your literary influences growing up?

I have had so many influences. Again, because I write in different genres. I have a series of short spy stories that take place against the background of an African Cold War. The series began with my e-book *Kiss, Commander, Promise*. The inspiration for that was that I grew up reading Cold War thrillers – CIA vs KGB kind of stuff – and I always wanted to write such stories.

However, the Iron Curtain folded in 1989 after the collapse of the Berlin Wall and I was left without a Cold War to write about. So I created my own fictional one that only takes place in Africa and I love to write about it, to imagine new challenges for the central characters. Earlier on, I mentioned frequenting a library as a child. I can remember struggling with the word 'aeronautics' in National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Today, one of my best poems is about NASA. It's titled, 'Houston, Forget That Other Thing.' Had I been exposed to something else in the library, like Communism or motorsports or a certain religion, that's probably what I would have been writing about or pursuing as a career. The mind has no firewall.

Q: Is there a singular factor you can highlight that contributed (or still contributes) to your global success as a writer?

Probably tenacity. If you stick to one thing, you master it and people perceive you as an expert in that field. If you keep hopping from one area of specialization to another, you'll never win awards or recognition in any of them 'cause you don't hang around long enough to make an impact or inspire others.

Q: How do you think you are influencing others today; directly and indirectly?

I am well aware of my influence on the art scene at home and on African literature in general. That's why I received a 'Top 40 Under 40' award last year. E-novels were unheard of in my country until I wrote *When the Whirlwind Passes*. When I wrote my first non-fiction 'paper' on Kenyan literature, 'Changing Kenya's Literary Landscape (2012 – Onwards)', other creative writers started releasing non-fiction documents. The thing to note about that first 'paper' – it's actually about 200 pages long – is that it was written with a thriller writer's mentality. I didn't want even my non-fiction to be boring.



I am an official of Kenyan PEN and I created a Facebook group through which I post local and international opportunities and news to the over 1,000 scribes. Through this group, many writers have been able to attend workshops and enter competitions. Last year, one member won a prize and a trip to Italy. Before that, a female YA fiction writer got a paid trip to South Africa and was published by Worldreader. She now refers to me as ‘everyone’s literary agent.’ The group also helps create a ‘community feel’: people post their works, comment, interact and get updated on where the events are. I am trying to create a ‘community feel’ within the theatre community but this is a lot harder than one would expect. There is a lot of competition and suspicion. Theatre isn’t doing well and the people involved in it are divided into little groups like islands in a stream. Even popular shows are lucky to be half full. Kenyans prefer watching DVDs or TV or NetFlix or YouTube or playing video games. A Managing Director of Phoenix Players, Kenya’s biggest repertory theatre, once said that he wanted Phoenix to be Kenya’s Broadway. Today, Phoenix itself is out of business. Incidentally, I am the Kenyan Editor of TheTheatreTimes.com, which is a global theatre news portal. As a critic, I have consistently complained about urban theatre’s domination by foreign stage plays like *Joseph* and *The Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* and *Jesus Christ Superstar*. I didn’t even watch the recent run of *Sarafina* or publish any critique. *Sarafina* was a Broadway musical in the eighties and a movie in the nineties. In the early 2000s it was staged in Kenya by Sterling Entertainment. I don’t want to see it again. I want to watch fresh African productions, preferably some in indigenous languages.

Q: Do you, have you, or will you teach writing/ storytelling to those who'd love to follow in your steps?

I have given talks at universities, literary events and writers' groups, and been involved in various mentorship programmes – like the Daystar Creatives Academy - and literary initiatives like ANASOMA. The ANASOMA project was a writing-and-training initiative by Worldreader and AMKA which is a forum for upcoming scribes and critics. The five eventual winners won accolades and USD \$1,000 each. New writers were discovered.



Q: Tell us about “Mathabu ma Carey Francis” ...the poem and the spectacular DNA Art, which has your poem etched into a backdrop of your actual DNA sequence. That’s epic!

I first heard of DNA art while watching a motivational video clip by a co-founder of DNA 11, a leading company in that field. The process is painless but rather expensive. You swab the inside of your cheek with some cotton wool and then send the sample, along instructions about the size and colour you want the canvas to be, and then you wait for the ‘portrait’ to be shipped to you. No-one can ever replicate the resultant artwork – it’s as unique as your fingerprint. I decided that I would one day get one. Around the same time, I had been planning to write some poetry in my mother tongue. It bothered me that in all my years of writing, I had never written in an African language. I decided to combine the two concepts – DNA art and vernacular literature – and come up with something truly unique and newsworthy. I wrote the poem, titled ‘Mathabu Ma Carey Francis’ (‘The Mathematics of Carey Francis’) in my native Gikũyũ language. Gikũyũ is not a national language but it has millions of speakers. It’s like Yoruba or Hausa or Igbo in Nigeria. Ngũgi wa Thiong’o, President Uhuru Kenyatta, Australian Senator Lucy Gichũhi and late Nobel prize winner Wangari Maathai all come from the Agikũyũ community. The oil-on-canvas artwork consisting of my first-ever vernacular poem painted onto a background of my actual DNA sequence will be auctioned at a later date. The minimum bidding price is USD \$10,000. In 2001, I introduced e-novels to Kenya and this year, I have done the same with DNA art.

Q: If you were ever invited to give a one minute speech (about 130 words) to prepare today’s writers for tomorrow’s readers, what would you say?

Writing is not for everyone. Just like not everyone can run like Usain Bolt or play tennis like Serena Williams. It’s looks easy from the outside, but it’s not. However, if you are determined to be a writer, if you feel that your life will not be complete without it, then this is actually the best time in history to write. Embrace technology. It’s so easy to research, work

on a word processor, contact publishers and agents and publish online. Read widely. Any writer who doesn't read is faking the funk. Attend literary events such as festivals, book fairs, readings, salons, book clubs, and lectures. Interact. Network with others in order to get information. Join groups like PEN International and ANA in Nigeria. The mysterious solitary scribe is a dying breed. And finally, write. Just start no matter how bad the writing looks at first. It will get better as you go along.

Q: What do you think about WSA, so far? Any advice?

I downloaded a couple of past WSA issues. I particularly liked the September one. There were quite a number of new voices from Africa featured there, which is great. Hopefully, WSA will become a launch pad for new talent. One thing you can consider is placing it on a Print-On-Demand system like Lulu.com. That way, anyone in the world can order a print copy and it won't cost you a thing. Each issue should also have an ISSN number. They are magazine-and-journal equivalents of ISBN numbers. Utilize social media in your promotion. You can even tease upcoming issues e.g. 'In next month's issue - A Step-by-Step Guide on How to Get A Literary Agent' or 'Next month - Our Biggest Interview Yet!'. Also, notify readers (who are most likely aspiring writers) of trends and opportunities e.g. writing contests, call-outs for academic papers and so on.



WSA is honoured to have our own Shakespeare share his life and wisdom with WSA members, readers, and teeming followers from around the world. Mr. Alexander Nderitu carries with simplicity a legacy so endearing, challenging and inspiring –he made handling royalty a breeze, and words flowed freely with this larger-than-life Colossus. - Sandra Oma Etubiebi



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EDITORIAL

TO SHARE KNOWLEDGE, NOT TUBERCULOSIS

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CASE SERIES

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CASE REPORT

RECURRENT MYXOMA ARISING FROM MULTIPLE CARDIAC CHAMBERS WITH SYSTEMIC EMBOLIZATION.

ETHIOPIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

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'Up and about Africa'

News with
Nyashadzashe Chikumbu



LUBACHA SCOOPS UP THE 2018 BURT AWARD FOR YOUNG ADULT LITERATURE



On September 27, 2018, Lubacha Deus Abdul won the Tanzanian Burt Young Adults African Prize. The winning title *If She were Alive* is his second novel.

The award marks a height in the career of this young Tanzanian writer who expressing his overflowing joy said, "Winning the Burt Award is one of the major achievements in my career. I am humbled and motivated to write more books for young adults."

Speaking further on his motivation via his membership with Writers Space

Africa (WSA), Lubacha said "I am honored to be part of the winning team. WSA has been a fantastic writer's community for me as I keep learning and developing my skills through its programs and numerous workshops. Writers Space Africa has been an amazing spotlight for my career development.' Two other members from WSA, Nahida Esmail and Elias Mutani, were finalists at this years award. They are also previous winners of the award.

BURT AWARDS is a literary prize recognizing excellence in Young adult literature.





Writers Space Africa
Empowering African Writers

The tragedy of our time is
we often search for happiness
in gardens of sorrow.

- Anthony Onugba
www.anthonyonugba.com



October 15, 2018
www.poeticamagazine.net



ESSAYS

The man dies in all those who keep
silent in the face of tyranny.

- Wole Soyinka, *The Man Died: Prison Notes of
Wole Soyinka*



AFRICA'S MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY

The manufacturing Industry in Africa has been struggling in darkness for so long without it coming out to see the light of day. There have been so many instances of scientists and creative thinkers from out of Africa who rose to the occasion and solved some of our problems in our own land because we thought we were not capable of doing anything profitable on our own. And So I have been asking myself 'are we really independent and out of slavery? Even if we are politically independent, are we mentally, socially and economically independent?' Because our taste for foreign goods is always on the increase, we have blindfolded our eyes to our locally made products. We assume that since they are locally made, they lack quality, beauty, completeness and luxury. But if we do not cherish what we have, who will?

Easy access to quality infrastructure is vital for the development of the manufacturing sector. Transport infrastructure is the most important tool in manufacturing since it creates a smooth and easy access of the manufactured goods to customers increasing the level of

patronizing of the goods. Also access to reliable and sufficient supply of water and electricity is the key to the production process to go on perfectly. However, these areas are where Africa finds challenges in providing. According to the "Quality Transport Infrastructure" index, only 10 African countries are ranked among the top half globally (i.e.: they are in the top 74). But in the "Quality of Electricity Supply" index, only 5 African countries are above the global Median. South Africa has good transport infrastructure but lacks electricity. Namibia, Morocco, Tunisia, Mauritius, and Seychelles are now ranked to be part of the Global Competitiveness Index in Africa in terms of quality electricity supply and quality transport infrastructure in the top 90 African countries ranking.

The second most important tool for production is the employees. Therefore the skills and competence of the local workforce should be carefully considered in the manufacturing sector's development. Gambia, Seychelles, Mauritius, Kenya, and Rwanda are countries that have the best education systems on the continent, according to the Global Competitiveness Index (QCI). These countries are among the best placed countries providing companies with skilled and productive workers. Kenya's manufacturing sector contributed an estimated 10.6% to GDP in 2013. The country is one of the top exporters of manufactured goods in the SSA region. Kenya's manufacturing sector is stronger because she has a relatively skilled labor force and is also open to innovation. Kenya is ranked 53rd in the innovation and sophisticated factors pillar of the 2013-2014 GCI of the WEF.

Ethiopian ministry of industry and trade is currently involved in numerous projects to increase manufacturing revenue through foreign trade, promoting investment, supplying inputs, improving custom services as well as the global market relationships. To encourage the growth of the sector, the government is offering tax breaks and competitive interest rates on businesses. Nigeria is faced with electricity crisis in the manufacturing sector. In 2010, the government raised the age limit on imports of used vehicles from 10 to 15 years, and gradually decreasing tariffs on fully assembled imports. The government is now concerned with the development of the domestic industry and therefore has passed a policy called the Automobile Industrial Policy Development which was approved by the Federal Executive Council (FEC) in 2013.

Morocco is also developing interest in manufacturing industries, such as aeronautics, automobile manufacturing and electronics. The government is also supporting the growth of the automotive sector by offering fiscal incentives and tax exemptions in free zones. Ac-

According to Economist Intelligence Unit, Morocco assembled 156,000 vehicles in 2013, which made Morocco the second largest supplier of vehicles in Africa after South Africa. According to the Foreign Investment Promotion Agency (FIPA), there were 312 foreign mechanical and metallurgical companies and 263 electronics companies operating in Tunisia at the end of 2012.

Ghana has a good and investor-friendly climate. In the midst of high inflation rate as well as interest rates, sharp depreciation of the cedi (currency) and power shortages, technology is still finding its way through the struggles and problem facing the country. Kantanka Group of companies has risen to the occasion of fitting into the loophole of providing some solutions to the problems in terms of medicine, construction, quarry and technology. Because of the good work of Kantanka Group of companies, Kantanka Automobile won the African Prestigious Award for best car brand in Africa in 2018.

These technological innovations have set Ghana to the process of being part of the countries in Africa that are capable of producing technological goods.

BY Kweku Sarkwa,
The Romantic Writer
Ghana



Retelling African stories



December 2007 to early 2008 was a sad historic period to individuals in Kenya. Not all may have lost loved ones or properties, but almost all witnessed the change that prevailed when the skies turned red in a country where those of my age group had never experienced such instability. People died. Others to date have never been traced. Food supplies were scarce. Kerosene was nowhere near home and for almost two months I remember everything being hurried at home so that nightfall would find us done. The nights meant night-darkness and no trace of any light. My own father, during that whole period, went to a place unknown just because he had been mistaken to have supported a certain party during the elections.

It must have been difficult for him, for when he came back home with a bundle of newspapers after his mysterious disappearance, he threw them on the table and sighed. “That man has saved us,” he said. I have never got the chance to ask him who the man was, but his next statement has been forcing me each day to get a piece of paper and a pen to write. “Who amongst you can tell a story well?” he asked, having been that kind of a little boy who always made people sit down and listen to the lies I had, everybody turned towards me and there and then, I was commissioned to tell the many stories of my father’s encounters and stories of those long gone, and of things I had not been present to see happen.

“People may forget, generations to come may never know that once the country was on fire.” Papa said. “Unless we think at the same time rethink in using stories of such history and cultures long forgotten to preserve the name of our clan, tribe, country and our continent at large.” Was all he said that evening, and as series of after dinner narrations began, his old graying face silently pleaded with me to never forget what had happened. He bestowed on me the responsibility to tell stories, from the myths, folktales and now contemporary and historic stories.

Now, when all my siblings turned to look at me that night when my father needed a storyteller, it

was not because I had a storyline enough to narrate or even write, but they wanted me to use the skills of storytelling I had to offer- a platform, to tell the new stories dad had brought home that night. Through stories I have known of the Biafra in Nigeria, I have known of what happened in Cuba and of so much that Africans went through during the struggle for independence. Through contemporary literature I know of the Igbo, Yoruba and other African communities with diverse cultural cosmologies and the perspectives connected to them. But still I have a feeling that there is still much in Africa that needs to be discussed and given way to see the light of day.

Yes, the world knows that we were colonized, the world knows the struggle that Africans went through from the introduction of religion and colonialism, but does it know the pain, what the intertribal conflict between the Kabras and the nandi over the escarpments in Kuvasali-Kakamega county-brought? Does it know that the pain the individuals had after losing loved ones in the series of terror attacks in Kenya? The media might have done its best to tell of it, but the issue here is to go into the in depths of fiction and memoir narrations, testimonies the media might have never got and those the cameras might have never caught. The culture those pioneers might have never told of, the tribes the world might have never heard of, they for sure deserve representation.

Every time I deliver a talk, lecture or speech, I always share experiences of my life, my family, tribe and the world at large. No one came home to interview my father about his encounters in exile, but because of telling the stories I have, it is known that even after being said the country was on fire, a hopeless child sat in the embrace of his mother waiting for his father to come back home. It is known that a man who had been buried after meeting his death on the streets of Nairobi had walked home after three months only to say he was not the one they buried.

Chinelo Orkparanta the author of *Under the Udala Tree* uses the story of Biafra to tell the existence of group of LGBT women who survived brutality over their sexual orientation. Chimamanda Adichie in *Americana* uses a story of love to tell the story about race, hair and immigration. In Chinua Achebe's book, *There was Once a Country*; a personal history of the Biafra, he notes that no one would tell his story of Nigeria, the story of Africa the same way he could do it, the story of life coming from within him and carefully interweaves the words from sharing his own life story to the experiences of the Biafra.

In retelling our stories I hope it will open the world where we can collectively get and understand the deeper meaning of what is told about us. Use the existing ones to tell the others.

They might have been already told and said, but what does retelling mean? It is the call that the existence of what is known can be used to accommodate that which still is held in the silence of the people. We should tell many stories, for through them we gain knowledge, we gain Wisdom, we gain heights unto which our own definition is set and that is what Achebe, Soyinka, Chimamanda, Ekwenzi and many others did for Nigeria, that is what Nelson Mandela did for south Africa, that is what Ngugi, Oludhe and Grace Ogot did for Kenya and that is what we can do for our Africa.

Kelvin Shacile,
Kenya

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Short Stories

A woman with dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a white, off-the-shoulder dress, is looking directly at the camera. She is positioned in the foreground, with her hands resting on a wooden surface. In the lower-left corner, a lit candle in a holder casts a warm, golden glow. The background is a textured, dark brown surface, possibly a wall or a backdrop, with some lighter, fibrous material visible behind the woman's head.

Storytellers are a threat. They threaten all champions of control, they frighten usurpers of the right to freedom of human spirit.

- Chinua Achebe, *Anthills of Savannah*

DAUGHTER OF AFRICA



Kundai dove into the under bush behind Grandma's house. Her sixteenth birthday was ruined anyway so she cared less that her skin was getting scratched by the roots of various wildflowers. Her teacher at the academy in England had given the class an assignment to complete over the vacation. She was supposed to find historical female role models that she aspired to and write an essay on them to present before the class next semester. Her father had promised her a trip around Europe, visiting museums and important sites so she could gather information for her assignment. She was also counting it as a present for her all important sixteenth birthday, instead they had come to this backwater little village in Africa.

Although she had been born in Africa, her family had moved to England when she was a baby. Grandma kept trying to teach her "African stuff" which only made Kundai more sullen. How could she find a role model amongst slaves and ignorant people? Why couldn't anyone understand that she was from a generation that appreciated and fully embraced the Western culture? Her phone didn't even get service in this remote place so she couldn't even placate her delicate palette with senseless YouTube videos or chat with her friends. Instead she had to sit and listen to Grandma rumbling on about an age long past and tales long forgotten.

Burying her head in her hands, Kundai took a long sigh. "Why are you crying?" a highly amused disembodied voice asked. Kundai looked around but saw nothing beyond the

thicket of the bush and the giant oak tree blocking her view. She shrugged, deciding she must be losing her mind since she had been deprived of civilization. “You are very sullen for such a pretty girl,” the sing-song voice came again. Kundai jolted to her feet, following the sound to the giant oak tree. “I am not pretty, not yet anyway. When I’m eighteen Dad will finally let me wear coloured contacts and put in weaves in my hair, then I’ll be pretty.” She didn’t know why she was replying to a person she couldn’t see but it felt nice to talk about her frustrations. She tugged at her kinky and unruly curls in annoyance.

After rounding the oak tree twice, Kundai decided she had indeed lost her mind. She kicked the tree in frustration. “I hate this place and I hate this stupid tree,” she seethed. “Why do you repay my hospitality with cruelty?” the voice was no longer amused. Kundai started to back away but her converse shoes were caught up in a tangle of roots and she couldn’t get free. She closed her eyes. “Not real. Too many movies,” she mumbled to herself like a mantra. “You disregard your history for fiction, do you?” the voice sounded well and truly pissed now. “Just a voice in a tree,” she mumbled, trying to work the knots at her feet loose.

A figure stepped from behind the oak tree. He was tall and stick thin with skin like polished mahogany and eyes as black as the midnight sky. He was dressed in none descript garb that looked suspiciously like tree bark. There was something of the earth about him, something deeply primal that it made every survival instinct in Kundai scream at her to run. He was a being of magic, long forgotten ruins and something entirely playful but easy to anger. “Tell you what, daughter of Africa. If you can call me by my true name I shall let you go,” the figure said, drumming webbed fingers together.

Kundai thought she would pass out or wake up from the nightmare but nothing happened. She tried screaming for Grandma but nothing happened either. “I don’t know you. Are you even real!” she pleaded. “I’ll give you a clue. But if you fail I shall take you into the oak to teach you who you are, deal?” The amusement was back in that wild sing song voice. Kundai nodded, looking around her for anything to dig herself out. “I am an African god,” the figure said, sounding immensely pleased. “How helpful,” Kundai scoffed, rolling her eyes. “There is no such thing.” The two obsidian orbs the figure had for eyes flashed at her. “Is that your final answer?” he asked, prowling towards her. “I don’t know who you are,” Kundai was ashamed to find she was crying.

“Obviously, you don’t even know who you are,” he flicked a wrist and her feet came free. The girl turned to run but instead found her feet leading her straight to the oak tree. She had no control over her own body. She screamed as the tree yawned and an opening started to swallow her whole. When Kundai finally stopped screaming and opened her eyes, she found herself standing on a hill, below her in the valley was a clearing. In the clearing

there was a tribal gathering. The men and women before her wore animal skins and had tribal markings on their bodies. Kundai turned and ran blindly until she noticed that no one seemed able to see her. She stopped running and hiccupped, fear running rampantly through her system. "Please, I'm scared," she begged, squeezing her eyes shut.

Kundai felt something shift, as if the being had been holding his anger above her and now it had dispersed. She opened her eyes to a dark scene. A fire danced in the centre of a great village. A small gathering sat around the fire whispering merrily together. A stone carved chair that Kundai could only call a throne was at the head of the gathering. A woman sat on it. She was exactly like Kundai, black, kinky hair, high cheekbones, full lips but that was where the similarities ended. This woman was beautiful, so comfortable in her own skin that she practically glowed. The crowd around adored her and it was obvious she was their monarch.

With eyes full of wonder, Kundai watched as the scene before her changed. She saw women just like her as they built glorious kingdoms, led great armies, made life changing policies, were great mothers and matriarchs. She saw warriors who protected these women and held them in high regard. She saw cultures preserved and passed down even when these empires were invaded. She saw fierce kings and warlords who fought for their people. Remaining unseen she passed through various tribes. One had an army of only female warriors. Before she knew it, Kundai was ensnared. "Too fast," she cried out as the images spun leaving her head reeling. The images stopped flashing and the clearing stood empty.

The being at the oak tree had tricked her, she finally realized. This was no punishment. It was some elaborate way to bring her in touch with her heritage. Normally, Kundai would balk at such open manipulation but it was too late now. She was hooked on the magic and the sheer brilliance of a people she had only viewed as slaves and uneducated. In wonder, she touched her curly and gravity defiant hair with a sense of pride for the first time in her life. It was staggering the amount of knowledge she did not know about her people. "We built our own empires," she whispered in wonder. "I come from women who built empires and led armies!" Suddenly the being was besides her, smiling indulgently the way a father might smile at a naïve child.

"Let me tell you a tale of a girl like you who became a great queen. She's a favorite of mine," the being who called himself a god extended his arms and the clearing shifted before him. Tendrils of power rose like smoke from his webbed fingers. As he spoke it was as if his words conjured a landscape of events and people. A woman appeared before Kundai leading men into battle. She was barely coiled power. As Kundai watched the woman expanded her empire and fortified its borders. "She is expanding and fortifying

the walls," the being stated the obvious, watching her closely as if waiting for something. Kundai frowned at him until it hit her. "She is an architect!" she exclaimed with shock and excitement. The being threw his head back and laughed. "Amina of Zazzau was not just a warrior princess, she was a great architect. A woman ahead of her time, wouldn't you say?"

"Come," the god said swinging his hands in a half arch. "Let me show you the glory of kings. She's my favorite." Kundai carefully stepped closer to the being. Pyramids rose before Kundai's eyes. "Oh, is this Egypt?" she cried excitedly. The being cast her a look that silenced her. "See the woman walking along the Nile," as he spoke the scene became closer and clearer. The woman he spoke of was magic and beauty given flesh. "That's the last pharaoh of Egypt. High priestess, sorceress and daughter of Isis," he continued. Kundai watched as the girl who became pharaoh at eighteen fought famine, established Egypt, reigned and mothered children. She was a naval commander at the helm of the fleet of Egypt, an author of medical journals and she spoke multiple languages. Kundai watched through her loves and her pain until the pharaoh went to her watery tomb.

While Kundai's head was still reeling, the being swept his arms before them once more and the scene began to change. Before them a woman faced off the horde of Roman soldiers. She watched as the roman army was pulled away and the woman led her warriors to protect her kingdom. She was a strong warrior with cunning and precision in her strategies. "Who is she?" Kundai whispered reverently. The being beamed proudly. "Candace was always my favorite. The Empress of Ethiopia was a force to be reckoned with," pride rang in every syllable he uttered. "Empress? But she led the army..." Kundai started to say. None of these women were what they seemed to be at first. "She was also a general," the being cut her off.

"Surprised, are you? I must show you another then. She led the last known war but really the women you hail from have never stopped fighting," the being said, the laughter gone from his voice. There in the clearing appeared a woman, a queen from her bearing. Her king was captured by men in a uniform even Kundai recognized as that of the British colonists. It made her incredibly sad that she could recognize the colonists but had failed to recognize her own ancestors. She watched as the queen, who could have broken down and hid herself away, rose and rallied men to stand against the British. Her own chiefs were ready to accept defeat and she stepped up and offered them some of her faith and strength. She kept her enemies at bay, risking her life to buy her people time and freedom. When she fell and the British captured her and cast her out of her own land, Kundai wept.

"Tell me her name," she begged the being. "Yaa Asantewa of Ashanti. Now you see why she is my favorite," he said, attempting a smile that fell short. "Why don't we learn about

this in school? Why do they make it seem like we were living in hovels before we were colonized?" the girl demanded, a sudden rage rising inside of her. "You can't rely on other people to tell you your own story child. It never goes well. Someone is bound to forget to tell you that you come from royalty," he said, spreading his webbed fingers and shrugging. "Why didn't you do anything? You have power. I mean, we are practically time travelling." Now her voice held a tone of accusation. "Every power has its place. I am a storyteller. I followed my people across oceans. I helped those who stayed," the being told her solemnly.

"What good are stories to someone who has lost everything?" Kundai cried, only half aware that shouting at a being of such power was a bad idea. The god smiled indulgently at her again, the way Grandma did when Kundai missed the point of something. "Storytelling is a powerful magic child. When one has lost everything, a story has the power to bring them hope. There is nothing as powerful as hope. Give a man in chains hope and he is no longer a slave," he told her slowly. When Kundai said nothing but simply nodded, the being laughed in delight. "Come now, let me take you home before nightfall otherwise your grandmother might bring an axe to the oak tree," he said in a highly amused voice.

"You know Grandma?" Kundai asked, taken aback. "Oh, yes. She's a favorite of mine your grandmother," the being told her, a glint in his eyes. "You say that about all the girls," Kundai laughed. She was either crazy or she was making jokes with an African god. When the being extended his webbed hand, the girl did not hesitate. With her hand clasped tightly he swung around and suddenly they were stepping out of the oak tree. "Go and make your own stories child but don't do it out of fear or a need to blend in." She nodded quietly and watched as he seemed to blend back into the oak. "You are made of earth, fire and the spirit of women who led armies and kept mysteries," his disembodied voice rang over her. Blood and fire had paid for the mahogany skin she called home and Kundai made up her mind that she would honor it from that day forth.

Kundai walked back into the house and headed straight for the kitchen following the scent of African dishes. Grandma was standing at the kitchen island dishing out delicacies into bowls. "Grandma, if you don't mind, I'd like to hear those stories now," Kundai said in a timid voice. The old woman looked up, her smile reaching to her eyes. "I see you've met Anansi," Grandma said.

by
Kimberly Chirodzero,
Zimbabwe



RUNAWAY CHILD BRIDE

Alhaji Yusuf walked into the living room with fury. Everyone was seated on the cane chairs, some clasping their faces in their palms and some with lips separated from one another in an o-shape. His eyes trailed the exit by the left of the poorly built bungalow. He knew she had fled and he also knew where to find her.

“Allah ka Taimake Maryam. God help Mariam,” he said with clenched teeth, inhaling and exhaling violently.

Feet trembling, heart pounding, hands fidgeting, jaws jittering, Maryam zig-zagged down laterite road on barefoot. Her feet stamped as she made swift moves towards the mosque; her breath, one could almost hear. She was ready to escape the tragedy about to befall her.

“I’ll find her and talk sense into her mai gi da,” Hajiya Kudirat pleaded as she swooped to lay hold of the hem of Alhaji Yusuf’s jalabia. He preferred to get rid of Maryam rather than bear the disgrace that she had brought upon him. With a machete in his hand, he stared at Hajiya Sekinat, his senior wife who cast her gaze to the roughly cemented ground, and then,

dashed out in search of the fifteen year old teenager.

Maryam was panting. She had reached the mosque twenty minutes earlier but the fear within kept her panting like she was still at race track speed. She squeezed the small white sheet of paper as she lowered herself to the ground and bowed her head to pray. Her eyes were closed but her lips didn't move until a minute went by.

"Allahu akbar." She could say no more than that. She lifted herself off the ground and straightened the paper in her palm. Hajiya Sekinat had scribbled the name of an NGO that catered for the girl-child and handed it to her. The handwriting was poorly structured, so she strained her eyes to read it.

Help Our Girls Malik Foundation

14, Mararaba avenue, off Polo Club, Dadinkowa, Maiduguri.

She didn't know how long it would take but she was determined to go there. As she approached the exit of the mosque, she peeped through the door frame to look left and right. When she caught no glimpse of any familiar face, she adjusted the veil around her head to shield her eyes and mouth. With her head facing downward, she hurried out.

Maryam was way too educated to allow her dreams to die in the bedroom chambers of an imam. "I have eight sons whose education I have to cater for. The rest of you five girls, I will marry off," Alhaji Yusuf once declared. He said that women did not need so much education as their duties were basically to satisfy their husbands. So, he married Aisha off the first daughter first. She was the most beautiful of all the girls. The women of the house had teased her that she was lucky to be getting married to a rich farmer. Only Hajiya Sekinat, Aisha's mother, pleaded with their husband to give her a chance to finish her secondary education but he didn't heed. Lucky. Lucky. Lucky. That was the word that reigned in the house until the marriage rites took place. It was some sort of consolidation to make her feel like she was not missing out on anything. He'll send you to school. That was what they told her. Five years met Aisha with four children and a heavy stomach. At twenty-two, she now looked like a woman in her thirties. Her beauty gone just like her dreams.

Fatima the second daughter wanted to be a teacher like Aisha. She pleaded with Alhaji Yusuf that she would marry Shekau if allowed to finish secondary school. She was not the brilliant type but she loved the idea of going to school; it was her right too. Hajiya Sekinat pleaded again on behalf of the sixteen year old but Alhaji Yusuf hit the left side of her cheek with a stick which left a scar on her face and pulled a tooth. Fatima was married off to the suya man. Everyone saw the look on her face the day she was given out. It told of a young girl whose hopes of being better than her mother and a voice to reckon with in the academic world dashed. Shekau never made positive comments about Fatima except that she looked

like one who would be as delicious as fura da nono on the night of their wedding.

For Maryam, Alhaji Yusuf was not worthy to be called a father. He often strutted his lean tall and dark self about as if he was passing a message to the women in the house of his superiority as a man. Bilikisu his third daughter was raped to death by her husband when she refused to perform her marital duties for days, insisting she was only a teenager. She bled until she died.

And so, when Hajiya Kudirat, the second wife and mother of Maryam, informed Maryam that the imam to whom she was the *alkawarin kamu*, had come for her hand in marriage, she sought the counsel of Hajiya Sekinat who had promised to rescue her from the trauma of child marriage. The imam attended her christening and seeing her beauty as an infant, told Alhaji Yusuf that she was going to be his fifth wife when she clocked fifteen. He paid her dowry early enough. Hajiya Sekinat, half-schooled, wanted to see all the girls educated but she couldn't stop what was happening to them. Her decision to rescue Maryam was born out of personal experience. She was forced into marriage at age thirteen and ended her education at age fourteen due to child birth, despite her love for books. She saw herself in Maryam's eyes; Maryam was the scholar among the five girls who hoped to be a lawyer and human rights activist in future. So, when she heard about the NGO for the girl child, she took down the address and saved it for the day Maryam would need it.

Maryam did not make any fuss when Hajiya Kudirat broke the news of marriage to her. "Say no word until the day of the marriage rites," Hajiya Sekinat had warned her, "I'll tell you where to go when the day comes. Then, you'll run as fast as you can."

Thus, Maryam's attitude was unsuspecting in contrast with her sisters' reactions. And when the day came, she ran as fast as she could away from the presence of her would-be husband and in-laws, bringing shame to her father but securing her future. At HELP OUR GIRLS MALIK FOUNDATION, her education would be sure and her dreams of fighting for the rights of women would be achieved.

By
Gabrielina Gabriel-Abhiele,
Nigeria



AFRICAN WRITERS
DEVELOPMENT TRUST
To Empower Writers of African Descent



Empowering African Writers

CALL FOR SUBMISSION

Writers Space Africa (WSA), an international literary magazine, published by the African Writers Development Trust, is calling for submissions for its 23rd edition under the theme "Tears of the African Child". For this edition, we are including a section for children. We encourage the submission of poetry, short stories, etc from children below 18 years of age. There is no word restriction.

In addition, we're accepting literary works from writers above 18 years in the following categories:

Articles/Essays – 1,200 Words maximum

Flash Fiction – 300 words maximum

Poetry – 1 poem, maximum of 24 lines

Short Stories – 2,500 words maximum

Jokes – 1 joke per writer

Artworks – maximum 3 artworks in high resolution

Personalised quotation – 1 quotation and must be the original work of the author

Please note the following:

You're only entitled to submit for one category.

The Deadline for submission is October 12, 2018.

Due to the number of entries we receive, only selected authors will be published in the issue and online.

The author retains copyright.

Your work must be thoroughly edited before being uploaded.

We will in turn edit selected entries to suit the publication.

The magazine will be released on the 1st of November, 2018 on our website

To submit, please visit www.writersspace.net to upload your work through our submission portal.

We ONLY accept MS word documents.

Artworks can be sent in either JPEG or PNG formats.

Entries can also be mailed to wsa@writersspace.net as an attachment.