



**WSA**

Writers Space Africa  
M a g a z i n e

July 2022 Edition - Issue 67



# Clara Wanjira Karuiki

Winner of the 2021 African Writers Awards  
(Poetry Category)

This edition is proudly sponsored by:  
**WSA-Ghana**

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## Theme: **HOME**

Writers Space Africa (WSA) Monthly Literary Magazine is calling for submissions for its 69th (September) edition.

We accept Creative Non-Fiction, Children's Literature, Flash Fiction, Poetry, and Short Stories.

SUBMISSION OPEN  
**JUNE 20, 2022**

SUBMISSIONS CLOSE  
**JULY 15, 2022**

To Submit Visit  
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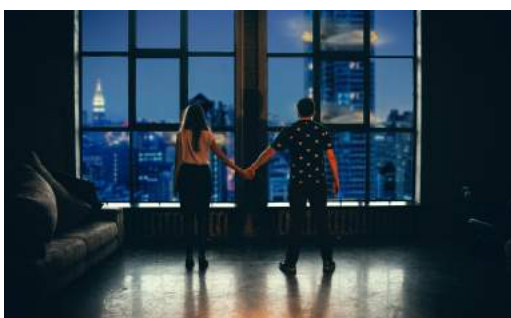
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# From the Founder's Desk

Anthony Onugba (PenBoss)

***“Africans are a product of their individual cultures and an understanding of these cultures will aid greatly in understanding Africa.”***

Culture is something that we are all born into; it is our identity. We all have what is cultural to us and what isn't. Often, these cultural beliefs that we have are what guide our path in life. Right and wrong are often viewed from cultural lenses and it is within a culture that a child is trained and raised.

Culture is not static but dynamic. Elements from another's culture are often borrowed. This does not change the cultural identity of the individual but even provides

more room for understanding and dispelling cultural stereotypes. Africans are a product of their individual cultures and an understanding of these cultures will aid greatly in understanding Africa.

In this July edition, which begins the second half of the year, we are borrowing from another culture to enrich ours. For the first time, we are having a guest Chief Editor who is incredibly talented, has a unique zeal for the literary arts, and is pas-

sionate about African literature. Maria G.N. Biswalo is a Tanzania resident in Denmark. She has taken the time to perfect this edition and at the same time, refresh our culture. This edition is worthwhile!





# From the Visiting Chief Editor

Maria G.N. Biswalo  
Tanzania

As a diasporan daughter of Africa, specifically Tanzania, I often find myself in spaces where I am an ambassador not only of my home country but of Africa as a whole. This is a daunting position to be in as we well know this Continent is culturally and linguistically rich and diverse.

How can one try to sum up and convey African Culture? In short, one can not. And it is in this answer where Africa's true beauty lies. It is witnessing a Continent break free of bounds imposed on its people through structures of colonialism and celebrating an awakening of this generation's unabashed zeal to tell OUR stories - the juicy, gritty, glamorous, difficult and downright heartfelt realities of what it is to be African.

It's the unspoken understanding that family is beyond blood; that the relationship between oneself and community is complex yet secure. It's feeling the textures and intricacies of each woven garment between our fingers. Be it leppi, kente, gabi or kikoi. It's seeing the subtle differences in our melanated skin that reflects the shades of our soils. It's hearing the similarities in tongues spoken across borders or the distinct clicks that identify a brethren. It's feeling the vibrations of the drums ripple from the ground through our bare soles; moving steadily up our bodies igniting motions remembered yet not taught. It's smelling the smokey, crackling firewood that blackens the pots which prepare our most be-

loved meals or taking that first "tonge" of ugali dipped in your sauce of choice, be it fish in coconut milk or pumpkin leaves cooked in ground peanut sauce. I personally had to slip this one in here because I know if you have ever had that first bite of pap, nshima, sadza, phaleche, eba or it's close cousin fufu, you understand the feeling of rootedness and connection to home.

The above only begins to hint at and not even scratch the surface of defining African Culture. In this issue, you will read thoughts of other African voices on what it means to them. It is my hope that you get a glimpse of the diversity yet interconnectedness of values that come across in these pieces of literary works.





**WSA**  
Writers Space Africa  
Foundation

# AFRICAN TEEN WRITERS AWARDS

**The Writers Space Africa Foundation is pleased to announce the African Teen Writers Awards for early teens from 13 to 16 years old.**

**Submissions are in two categories; poetry and prose and accepted from March 15 and July 1, 2022.**

**Winners will receive a certificate and \$100 each.**

**To submit, please visit [www.writersspace.net/awards](http://www.writersspace.net/awards)**

## The Perfects That Define My People

*...When I dance, I tie a strap underneath my buttocks so that when I'm at it, your eyes are also at it. I shake my waist, left and right, up and down to rhythms produced by the hands of the drummers that only the angels are capable of pulling off.*

**Author:** Gana Jemimah

**Country:** Nigeria

I will not need to wield a pen like William Shakespeare or scream at the top of my lungs at the summit, before I can tell you that in my part of the world, people are moulded with loamy soil as masterpieces and we cling tightly to the past. Here, where we are richer than Elon Musk in melanin and born to be kings and queens because our hair grows upwards and sits on our scalps as crowns; we hold the foundations our forefathers' built delicately.

Our forefathers are no longer here but their principles still lord over our lives. My mother often said to me, "Your knees were made for kissing floors" and not a day passed without her reciting it as though she read it from an invincible placard that she held high above her head like Aisha Yesufu did on the streets of Lagos during the End SARS mass protest against police brutality. That bitter past still reverberates as echoes.

My mother buried the roots of tradition un-

derneath my head and watered them more than rains could have, so they would sprout and yield the healthiest of fruits when she taught me to greet at age five. These knees completely lose their will when an older human is sighted and they proceed to act on impulse. Now, if you see me greet the old woman across the street, you need not ask what language I speak. From the way my knees caress her rug, you can tell I'm a young Nupe woman.

I bear marks on my face that lie on both cheeks and although these marks were born from blades, fires, and herbal concoctions, they were put there to arrive before my speech like a woman's breasts preceding her chest. You get to know my scars more than you'll know me.

At twelve, I was put down between my mother's thighs and scarred once, twice, and finally a thrice. When one cheek was done, my mother made me turn the other





but unlike Jesus, I turned the other in tears because the pain that latched unto me overwhelmed my twelve-year-old-self. You might like to think of my forefathers as wicked but now when you see me from a distance, like how I see the streets of Paris from all the postcards, you need not ask of my name. You can tell I was born from a strength laden Nupe woman and fathered by a gallant Nupe man.

When I dance, I tie a strap underneath my buttocks so that when I'm at it, your eyes are also at it. I shake my waist, left and right, up and down to rhythms produced by the hands of the drummers that only the angels are capable of pulling off. If you got a front-row seat at one of our traditional weddings, you would witness more than a dozen young women swaying their hips as though God gifted them newly greased ones, free from rust.

Serve me a plate of fried rice and I will thank you, but serve me a plate of tuwo rice with bean soup and I will worship you as it was the food my grandfather and grandmother dined on Christmas days. You see, it transcends from generation to generation because on the days my family and I are gathered at the dinner table and tuwo rice is the only food on the menu, we inherit the same Christmas joy my grandparents shared. My elders taught me to say things that hold water and so I would like to support my claim with a real-life experience.

I remember at the beginning of my junior secondary school that culture was a critical topic in Mrs Kwaghsende's Social Studies class and we were tasked to bring in our native foods, explain the method of prepa-

ration, and dress in our native attires. The day my turn arrived, at the sight of my social studies teacher, I dashed into the toilet to change into my Buba and wrapper. I then power walked. One foot followed by the other, steadily gracing the floors of my class with my bare feet and started to present. The teachers stared at me in awe, like a chilled coca-cola bottle on a scorching, sunny Wednesday. I served my teachers a meal that they could bet their last Naira on; a meal so sumptuous that I watched them throw shame out the window as they rid their fingers of soup that stuck to them, one lick after the other. Aside from the full 30 marks I got awarded in that presentation, my classmates and teachers grew angry that I did not bring enough food because food that good shouldn't be eaten just once. It is a pleasant coincidence that what I write with ease at nineteen would further stitch to my memory what my mother made me memorize a million times over at twelve.

As I said at 2:00pm standing before all twenty-four of my classmates in Mrs Kwaghsende's Social Studies class, I sit now and pen thoughtful lines at 2:00am on this white canvas. In every stroke, paragraph, and syllable, my pen dances to the melody it finds in the distant croaking of frogs. Lucky for you, I am a Nigerian native. Lucky for you, it is about my culture that you read today.



# Children's Literature

## My Dark Culture

Written by **Moses Tololo, Zambia**



Wandi stood in front of the mirror in her mother's bedroom. She gazed at her reflection and admired how the beautiful dress she wore looked on her. She had received the dress as a present for passing her grade seven examinations. Her sister Mary, who lived in the United States, sent her the dress. She was happy at how it looked on her.

"Everyone in the village will be looking at me," she thought to herself. The dress was beautiful, short and revealing.

"I look like Rihanna," she said to herself.

As she stepped out of the house, all eyes flew to her. Her father immediately looked down in shame. Her mother dropped the pot she held in her hands. Everyone was shocked by what they were seeing.

"Why are you dressed like that?" asked her mother angrily.

"Oh, you mean my beautiful dress?" she said. "Mary sent it to me as a present."

"That is an ugly dress!" shouted her mother.

"Why mother?"



"It does not reflect our culture!"

"What has this dress got to do with our culture?" Wandi asked. "Is there a type of dress we should wear in our culture?"

"Yes, in our African culture," began her mother, "we wear long dresses that are not revealing."

"Mama, our culture is a dark culture," she said, "our culture is too backward."

"Our culture is not dark," came the response. "Our culture reveals the uprightness of our society."

"Our culture is bad," she stated, "I hate our dark culture."

"Go back inside and put on a chitenge," her mother commanded.

"I don't want to put on a chitenge," she protested. "I don't want to look old like all the other girls."

She ran out of her mother's compound. She was not going to go to the party wearing a chitenge dress. She wanted to look like Rihanna. She ran fast to the road that led to the village square where the party was going to be held.

As she walked on, an old woman approached her. The woman looked at her from head to toe and then asked, "What are you wearing?"

"You like it?" Wandi asked.

"No," said the old woman. "You are almost naked."

"Mind your own business, old woman," Wandi said.



"I am your grandmother," the old woman said, "and I am concerned about your dressing."

"You are not my grandmother," Wandi responded harshly.

"Every old woman in our culture is your grandmother and every man or woman is your father and mother," said the old woman.

"It's a terrible culture," she said, "a dark culture."

"Put on this chitenge instead," said the woman as she handed over her chitenge.

"No thanks," Wandi responded, "it's my right to wear what I feel I should wear."

Wandi turned her back to the old woman and was determined to walk fast and uninterrupted to the village square. She ignored whatever the woman was saying. She did not like her African culture. She felt it was a dark culture; one which was filled with re-



strictions.

As she took her second step forward, she heard a rumbling noise. She thought it was going to rain soon. She thought that if she picked up her pace, she could outrun the rain.

She blinked her eyes once and when she opened them again, the whole world had gone pitch black. Everywhere she looked was dark. She could not see a single thing. She believed she was blind.

Terrified, she started crying. She could not see which way to go. She could not see the way to her home or to the village square. As she felt the heavy rain drop, she cried harder in despair.

"Please help me," she cried.

"No, I can't help you," said an old man pass-

ing by. "You are not dressed."

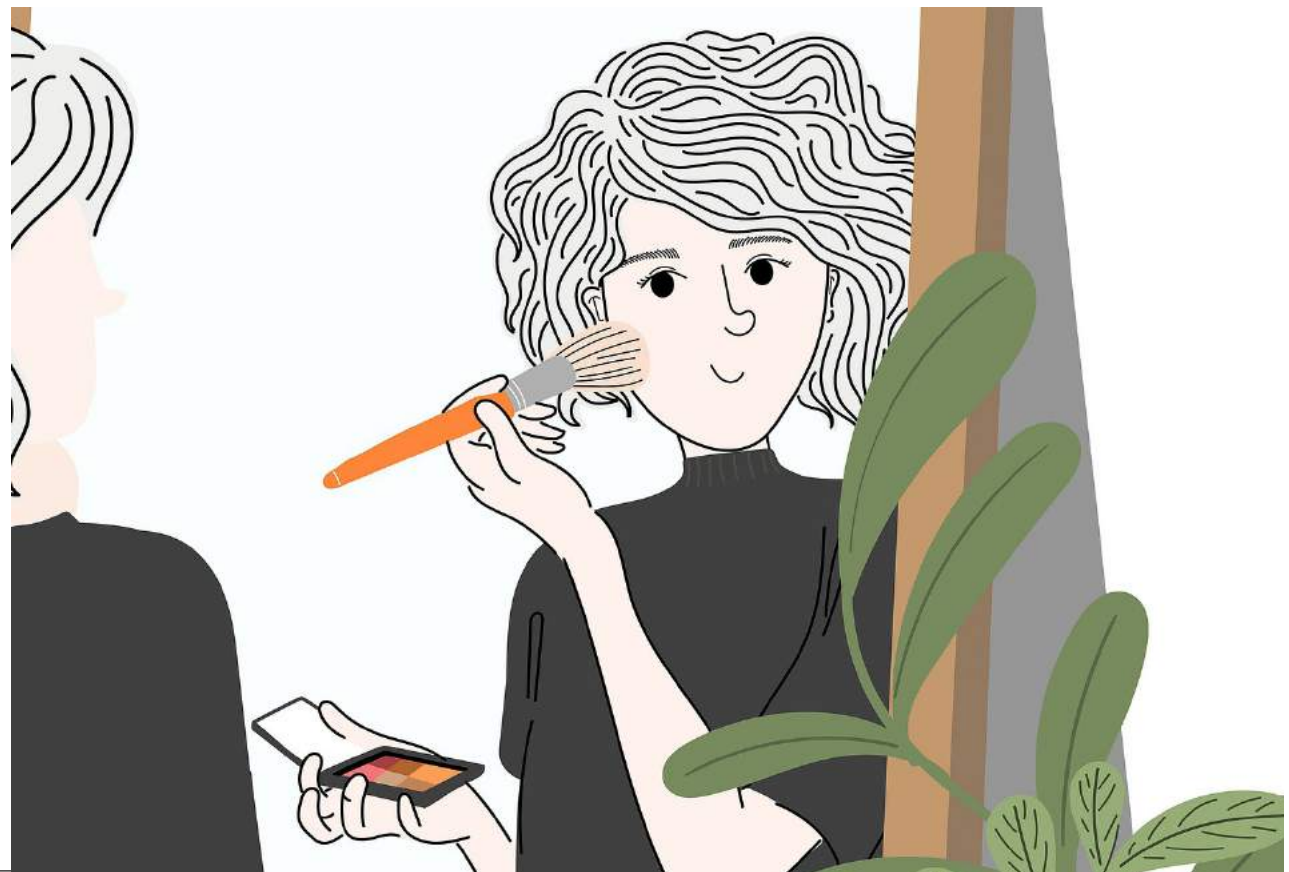
The rain came down heavily and incessantly. She was soaked. She didn't know which way to go. She got down on her knees and asked for forgiveness.

"Can I give you the chitenge now?" asked the old woman.

"Yes, grandmother," Wandi responded. "I am so sorry about what I said."

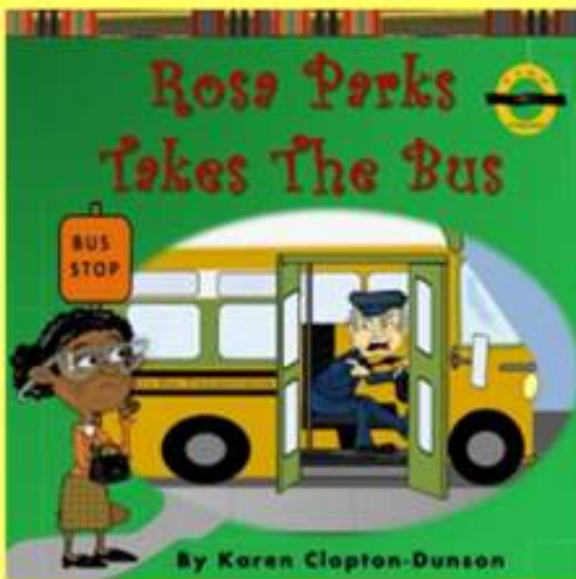
"Let me take you home, my child," the old woman said as she lifted Wandi up.

When Wandi wore the chitenge she felt the lingering warmth from the old woman seep through her once beautiful now drenched dress, and her eyesight was restored. She could see again. Truly see.



# FUN HISTORY BOOKS *for* YOUNG CHILDREN

## Rosa Parks Takes the Bus



**Karen Clopton-Dunson** brings another inspiring, entertaining and educational picture book to the world of African American history. She has also written : *The Wacky Discoveries of George Washington Carver and Doctor Daniel Hale Williams in Twas the Night of a Miracle.*

**Summary:** After a long hard day at work, **Rosa Parks** sets out for the nearest bus stop. She climbs aboard the bus and quickly finds a seat to rest her weary feet. It wasn't long before a white man demands her seat. Rosa refuses his request. Her actions landed her in jail, but her bravery, eventually, ended bus discrimination.

**Rosa Parks Takes the Bus**, a creative nonfiction picture book.

Children( ages 3 to 8) will enjoy the catchy rhymes and colorful animated illustrations . This is the author's **third** book in the **FunHistory** series.

**Title:** *Rosa Parks Takes the Bus*

**Author:** Karen Clopton-Dunson

**Publication Date:** Aug 19, 2017

**ISBN/EAN13:**1974480089 / 9781-974480081

**Format:** paperback

**Page Count:**28

**Price:** \$9.99

**Trim Size:** 8.5" x 8.5

**Category:** Children's Creative Non-Fiction,  
Education / Elementary

**Available :** [www.createpace.com/7456870](http://www.createpace.com/7456870) Or Amazon.com



## When the King Dies



**By:** Olabode Oluwabukola  
**Country:** Nigeria

It was a strange Saturday morning and the sky looked ready to pour torrents from its heavily pregnant grey clouds. This was welcome as the heatwave was getting unbearable. At the next house, someone was conversing loudly with another. Amidst all that was said, it was clear that a particular king was dead. But it wasn't so clear if our neighbours were sad or happy about it, as their ramblings were tainted with respectful contempt. Dissatisfied, I turned on the radio.

"News reached us that king..." This was someone talking on the radio in the Yoruba language about the king's death, "...is rumoured dead."

Discontent with the news, I checked my Instagram and there it was; a video of the supposedly dead king throwing his fists at an imaginary opponent, accompanied by an official release from one of the king's aides, stating the news of the king's death as an

unfounded rumour. Soon after, my brother returned from grinding some beans for Moinmoin, across the street and started pouring out news about the dead king. He reported seeing people gathered in small groups discussing the dead king.

While poking my nose around the king's death, I found out that some people were happy that he was dead although they talked in the usual reverent terms used for a dead Yoruba king, while some made it obvious that they weren't. However, history tells me that apart from the king's family, there's usually somebody who would be genuinely sorrowful at the king's death; and I think that he might be the reason why the king's death is usually as coded as it is. I'm talking of the one who has to die and be buried with the king—the Abobaku who is rumoured to be on the run.



# Sesotho Speakers

By: Letseka Thapelo  
Country: Lesotho

The class was dead silent. I sat stiffly with my chest puffed out. Clutching and rubbing perspiration off my palms. Brother Richard moved to and fro; seething with anger which made his whole body quiver. He looked at me in frustration and disappointment. It was no doubt that until now I was his favourite student. Entrusted to be the class monitor. He reiterated his question, this time with a ring of sweltering authority and severity, "Where is the list?"

"There is no list sir," I said, with my head high. Looking straight into his eyes, unflinching.

"Insubordination! Insolence!" He hissed. His mouth was in a tight pout.

Mr. Richard came back holding a long brown baton named Slesher. My whole body trembled.

"This is your last chance boy," he said acidly.

I kept quiet. I was not about to back down now. He motioned me to come to the front. I stood up and straightened myself. Facing my classmates, I held on to the front of my own desk tightly. Praying that my bravery never waivers. The first blow landed with a splat on my left buttock. The pain was a quick sting which reverberated throughout my entire body. I made no sound. Then the second, the third, and the fourth into endlessness. As he hit me, a neatly folded paper written "Sesotho Speakers" scratched my thigh. This is my language.





The 4th

# WAKINI KURIA PRIZE

## for Children's Literature

The Wakini Kuria Prize for Children's Literature was established in 2019 to honour the memory and legacy of Wakini Kuria and for her contribution to the growth of the African literary space.

For this fourth edition of the Wakini Kuria Prize, we are calling for submissions in the **Children's literature** genre **for children from ages 8 to 12**. There is **no theme** for this call.

This call is open **ONLY** to writers of African descent and will run from **March 15 until July 1, 2022**. The winner of this prize will receive a certificate and \$200. The second and third place winners will receive \$150, and \$100 respectively.

Please visit [www.writerspace.net/awards](http://www.writerspace.net/awards) for more details and to submit.





# Creative Spotlight

with Blessing



*In this Edition, I had a chat with a delightful lady all the way from Kenya, Clara Wanjira Karuiki. She's the winner of the 2021 African Writers Award in Poetry.*

*- Blessing Peter Titus (PPBlessing)*

**PPBlessing: Can you give us a brief introduction on who Clara Wanjira Karuiki is?**

**CWK:** Wanjira is a dreamer who lives in her imagination most of the time and sometimes puts her thoughts into words. She's also an avid reader who hopes to one day have written the stories she wants to read. I don't know why I answered that in third person but that's her, that's me.

**PPBlessing:** That's fine. I am curious, how **did you get into writing?**

**CWK:** Thanks. I'm not very good at articulating my thoughts in spoken word & I'd get so frustrated that I'm not able to get my points across or communicate my thoughts. I'd write out my frustrations and I found it easier to transcribe my thoughts rather than speak them and so it became a medium of



*Wanjira enjoying fresh air in the forest*

self expression. Also, I'd grown up in an environment where reading is emphasized because my mum is a teacher of English and Literature and my dad is great at Scrabble. I just came to love words and wanted to write some of my own. I grew up with apps like Wattpad where anyone could start a story and share it chapter by chapter, creating a community of readers who keep guessing where the plot is going. I also wanted to create such a community one day because I made friends in those reading communities.

**PPBlessing: That's wonderful. How long have you been writing?**

**CWK:** I think around 7 years.

**PPBlessing: Is it only poetry you write?**

**CWK:** No. I do write mainly poetry but also prose; more of poetic prose really. I'm slowly trying out fiction stories as well.

**PPBlessing: What themes do you write about?**

**CWK:** I write on life and death. Time- like the past, present and future. I write on the physical and the metaphysical, mental health and politics, especially to do with women. So generally, the things I think about, I write about.

**PPBlessing: What do you hope to accomplish with your writing?**

**CWK:** I hope to make people feel something and think about life because I feel like we move through life not really practicing presence. But, when we're made to feel something or ponder something, we're pulled into





*Young Wanjira dressed up for character day*

life and made to live it- to be present. And so, I would like my writing to provoke feelings. The type of feeling that you can't fall asleep at 3 am just thinking about a phrase, a sentence, character or a plot point, and it keeps replaying in your mind over and over. A feeling where you either want to read the work again to feel that feeling again. Tell everyone you know about the work, just to see if they feel the same way you did, or, you want nothing to do with it anymore because such strong emotion or attachment to fictitious things is unnerving. I also want people to find the pleasure of reading through my writing. To discover how great of an escape or journey reading or writing can be. I also want to leave a legacy, or as Beyoncé said "leave my footprint on the sands of time."

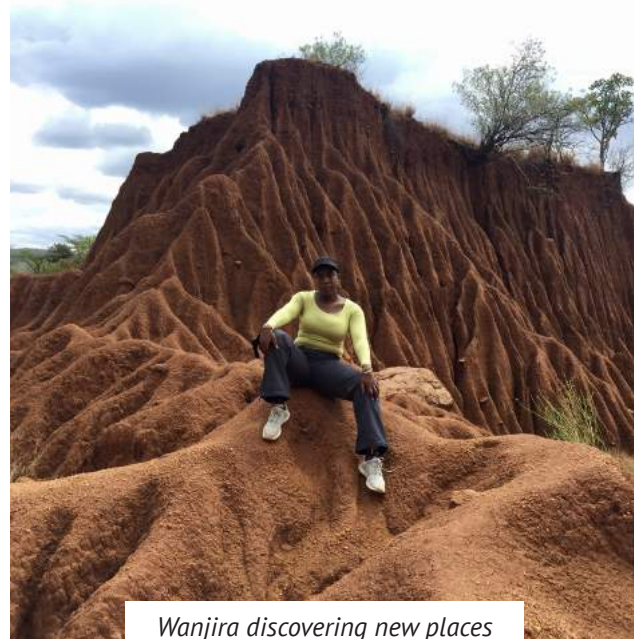
**PPBlessing: This is a lot. At the moment, have you been able to accomplish this?**

**CWK:** Not at that magnitude, no. I've been bogged down by a lot of self-doubt and writer's block, that I've only recently started

sharing my writing. The feedback I've gotten affirms to me that my work does evoke emotion. Maybe not as strong as to keep one up at night, but I believe it'll get there. As I said, I'm a dreamer.

**PPBlessing: Godspeed on that. You won the African Writers Award for poetry last year, how did that make you feel?**

**CWK:** Thank you so much. It was a mix of emotions. Initially, I was in a state of shock, then disbelief, then when it set in, I felt and still feel very affirmed in my dreams to write. The prize helped me work through a lot of self-doubt and actually start actively finding avenues to start sharing my writing. It kick started the process of me compiling my work and looking for publication options. It opened up a door I had shut in my mind; where I could read and write for a living. I'd credit this prize with changing the trajectory of my life for the better.



*Wanjira discovering new places*



**PPBlessing:** This makes me feel proud being associated with the African Writers Award organizers. I hope you keep shining as you write. Does this mean you don't have any published work?

**CWK:** Thank you! And you should be proud. I and many others really do hold Writers Space Africa and the Awards in high regard. Yes, I haven't published any books yet, but I do have two main ones in the works- one anthology and one fantasy novel.

**PPBlessing:** Could you give us a sneak peek?

**CWK:** Sure, on my newsletter. Here's the link - <https://tinyletter.com/WanjiraCK>. I send updates on the writing and just random thoughts on there so it's the best place for a potential sneak peek.

**PPBlessing:** How soon should we expect your anthology and the fantasy novel?

**CWK:** The anthology will probably come first; by the end of this year. I'm still saving up to self-publish. The fantasy novel is hard to put into a timeline because I keep changing things.

**PPBlessing:** Godspeed on both. Why did you decide on self-publishing?

**CWK:** Thank you. I've done a lot of research on publishing and made a list of pros and cons of both traditional publishing and self-publishing and as much as traditional publishing has multiple pros, it just felt a bit too restrictive for me and I'm very protective of my creative license.



*Wanjira at an art show*

**PPBlessing:** Does this mean you'll only recommend self-publishing to writers?

**CWK:** No. I think context matters. I recommend writers to do their research and see which route works for them (their preferences and their circumstances).

**PPBlessing:** Alright. What's your greatest fear when it comes to writing?

**CWK:** I think my greatest fear is that fear itself will stop me from writing or putting out work I actually want to read. I'm scared of fear paralyzing me. Keeping me from writing about hard hitting themes or topics that need to be talked about, especially in our relatively conservative Kenyan/African society.

**PPBlessing:** Thank you so much. Have you won any awards aside from the African Writers Award?





Clara Wanjira Karuiki

**CWK:** Yes. Two in high school, where we'd have interschool writing awards. The African Writers Award one is the first time I submitted my work outside of a school/educational institution setting.

**PPBlessing: Are you still a student?**

**CWK:** No. I recently completed my undergraduate course and I'm awaiting graduation.

**PPBlessing: Wow! Congratulations. What course did you study?**

**CWK:** Thank you! I studied international studies.

**PPBlessing: Why international studies and not something related to writing?**

**CWK:** I'm also wondering the same but I do know that in my O level, I really loved literature and in my finals, I got a C, which I con-

sidered a failure. I was really devastated. I thought then, it wasn't for me. So in my A levels, I took other subjects that weren't in line with literature or writing. When I got to the point where I needed to pick a course in university. I picked a general course that incorporates all the subjects I did 'pass' in, because I used to put so much primacy on grades and didn't factor in passion or anything else, I let the grades decide for me. In hindsight, I would highly not recommend it.

**PPBlessing: So will you have a career based on your course or writing?**

**CWK:** I think one based on writing. Thankfully my course is quite broad and encompasses many of the topics I like to think and write about so there are many avenues to fuse my course and my writing.

**PPBlessing: Do you have Mentors?**

**CWK:** Unfortunately no, but I do have some great people in my life whom I talk to sporadically for advice. Do you have any recommendations on getting mentors?

**PPBlessing: Eish! Am I been interviewed now?**

**CWK:** I think with the wealth of knowledge you've gained from conducting all these interviews, it's only fair you share these nuggets of wisdom.

**PPBlessing: Writers Space Africa - Kenya will be a good source of Mentors. You could join them**

**CWK:** Oh yes thank you!





*Wanjira and her sister at the 2021 African Writers Conference in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania*

**PPBlessing: Who are your top 3 authors and why?**

**CWK:** That’s a very tough question. I think my preferences are very transient as they are highly dependent on my mood. Right now I feel calm and so my top author at the moment is Tomi Adeyemi because her works stir fictional chaos and paint such a beautiful picture that I can’t help but keep reading. This is what I want when I’m feeling calm.

When I’m feeling sad, I’d probably fall back to a childhood favorite, Roald Dahl. He helped to light up the spark in me to want to write. When I’m happy I usually want to read books that will have me sobbing like Hanya Yanagihara’s ‘A Little Life.’ When I’m feeling contemplative I’d probably say Munira Hussein’s or Nana Darkoa’s works.

So ultimately, my top three authors depend

on my top three moods at the moment. I know I’ve really skirted around that question but it’s very hard to choose three.

**PPBlessing: By the way, that was four! One last question for the guys. Are you married, single or in a relationship?**

**CWK:** I’m happily single yet not looking to mingle.

**PPBlessing: You’ve just broken the hearts of a lot of guys with that last part. Thank you for honoring our invitation.**

**Thank you for staying with us through this month’s interview, until next month, keep reading Writers Space Africa Magazine.**





# AWWA

2022

## AFRICAN WRITERS AWARDS

We are delighted to announce a call for submission for the African Writers Awards under the theme: **HOPE**.

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We accept submissions to the following categories:

- Poetry (Structured or unstructured)
- Creative Non-Fiction
- Drama

A cash prize of \$200 and a certificate will be awarded to each winner.

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This call is open from March 15 until July 1, 2022.

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# Poetry

Poet: Jonathan Y. Bundu

Country: Sierra Leone

## Stripped Bare

In his desolate state,  
He becomes filled with hate.  
In his ignorance, he can't fathom such beauty  
Wondering why she should be basking in purity.

He wallows in individualism,  
And continues to hate her communism.  
Armed with his Bible and false religion,  
He set out on a sojourn.

He touched down from his sea beast.  
Looked at her from afar as she radiated from melodious drum beats,  
And gyrations he couldn't understand.  
He mutters and curses as he stands.

Circling her, he marvels but conceals.  
From top to bottom he strips her with zeal.  
First, spitting on her way of worship,  
Forcing her sons and daughters to look like sheep.

With his poison her sons became monsters,  
Who in their drunken stupor enslaved their precious future.  
With all his evil antics,  
She slowly loses her aesthetics.

For centuries he carted away her rich ornaments and treasures,  
Yet she stands resilient in full measure.  
Her new generation, her treasured resource.  
Though he stripped her bare,  
With face radiant and shoulders high, she continues to raise the bar.





Poet: Muhammed N. Abdo

Country: Ethiopia

# A Confused Generation

My fellow youth of this time;  
We are the one to decide our fate.  
But, we are a confused generation  
Who don't know what to do;  
Like the one who lost contact with the ground.

We're supposed to be heirs of our forefathers  
But, we don't know what to inherit.  
The world disconnected us from our background;  
Our forefathers left us in a vacuum of time.

Before opening our eyes  
And activating the faculty of our brain.  
To go ahead, there is no ground to step on  
To go back and restart the forefather's journey.

We didn't follow their footsteps,  
And we don't have any clue of our past,  
To step on and jump to our future.  
We are following the footsteps of others.

We are living in others' present time  
And we can't shape our future,  
Because there is no disconnected time;  
As a generation is a continuation of a generation,  
This time is a continuation of the past.

So, my fellow youth we are in trouble;  
If we forget our history and culture,  
We can't find the way to the future  
We will remain as confused as we are;  
Like the one who lost contact with the ground.



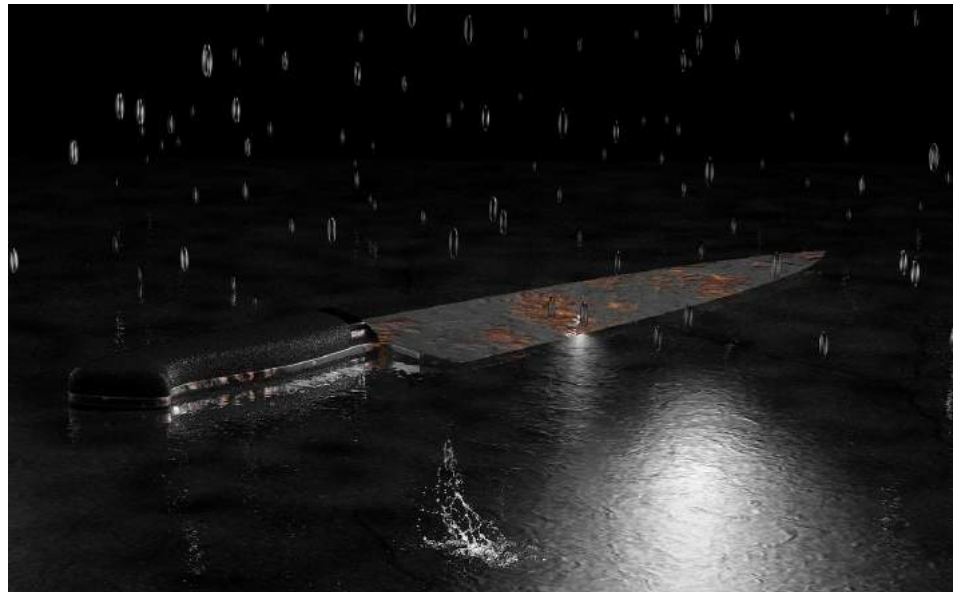


Poet: Khan A. Mustafa  
Country: Uganda

# Ritual of the Knife

Rhythms of Kadodi and the ritual chorus  
That elders and novices sing, that at last!  
Vigorous with ecstasy;  
With dances that are glorious,  
That refine courage  
As the Umusinde is led away to skin.

By the sharp blade edge,  
He's a man, he's born;  
And the knife is never blunt  
At elevating men from boys,  
And the knife is never blunt  
At satisfying the glory of a man unto a boy.



Poet: Naziya Muhamma  
Country: Nigeria

# The Gbagyi Woman

This woman didn't carry her calabash on her head,  
But on her shoulders  
Like all the perks of being a wife and a mother.

Her smile hid every tiredness and screamed bravery,  
She wore strength like her attire  
Wrapped around her heavy bossom and curvy thighs,

She adorns herself with precious pearl stones  
like the gem she is,  
her skin speaks glory and her face could tell a story,

She could lead a warzone and be a peacemaker in a switch,  
She is the woman.  
The Gbagyi woman.



# Africa

Poet: Busayo Fakunle  
Country: Nigeria

Yesterday,  
Your narrative beauty was well weaved,  
Like the knitting of the bride's hair.  
Saintly sweet sight with no sore,  
Heart in you grows gladness.

Your narrative beauty was well weaved,  
Like the marching of ants after the rain,  
Love, peace, orderliness, culture, boldness...  
Lived before the wild wind.

Your narrative beauty was well weaved,  
Like the peaceful steps of the Nile,  
Of rich gifted greenness...  
Too priceless.

Your narrative beauty was well weaved,  
Tall like the great wall of Zimbabwe,  
Resourceful like the palm wine tree,  
Gorgeous like the pyramid of Egypt.

Today:  
Bad beauty you're clothed,  
Joy lives only in the wind  
Your Sun dozes like a drunkard.  
Will our world again be lit?

In these seeds tomorrow smiles  
Only must we water many miles.



Poet: Immaculate Halla

Country: Tanzania

# Of Lines and Patterns

Her Lulu cornrows knotted by the hands of her mother,  
Introduce her ipseity.

Her sunless skin and cimmerician eyes,  
Swallow you in like an ocean.

The cowrie beads hanging from her dreadlocks,  
Call you in like the edges of a river.

The paintings decorating her face and sombre lips,  
Hold more buried throes than ever was.

For in her ancestral mother tongue and gravity defying hair,  
Lies the deep stygian history of odious serfhood and blood-won  
liberty.

It is in the design of the kanga she wears,  
The lines on her clothing,  
The patterns in her headwrap  
And the threads in her coverings  
Where ...  
Her aptitude becomes visible.  
Her silence, discernible.  
Her unspoken words, explicit,  
And her beauty, acknowledged.



Poet: Liberty Taruvinga  
Country: Zimbabwe



# Here I Belong

I got marooned on the Smiling Coast.  
There I met an African beauty,  
“Habari Yako,” she said,  
Rattling off rich melodious languages.

Her Ashanti outfit had the value of gold.  
It was stunningly mouthwatering and manifold,  
It never gets old,  
Neither can it be bought nor sold.

She took me to her native Kigali,  
Where she served me a lip-smacking ugali.  
A befitting King’s welcome,  
An outpouring of respect and hospitality.

As we sat around the fire,  
Her grandfather churned out folktales.  
The village folks painted the village red,  
With riveting traditional dances,  
Which were easy on the eyes.

We got sandwiched between Cape and Cairo.  
My desire to be here eternally burned in a crescendo.  
Here I belong,  
Africa is where my heart is.



Poet: Ogechi Osuji  
Country: Nigeria

# What We Are Made Of

You are not just Africa,  
A place I come from.  
You are all that makes us.

Our countries,  
All bearing fruits of languages  
Infused in attires  
Worn by my Zulu neighbors.

How else will I tell I am African?  
My Igbo name is Ezedinma.  
That Adamu 'jumping dance' says I am Maasai.

His well sewn kente suit,  
Visual of our arts embodied in pottery,  
Sculpture of unbaked clay,  
Bronze, wood and brass.

Beads on a dance parade  
Let's talk of the Himba dreadlocks  
Our history of slavery couldn't stop us  
Still we are the Africa.





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PoeticAfrica is Africa's first trilingual poetry magazine published quarterly. The magazine showcases rich and diverse poetry in English, Swahili, and French from all over Africa to the world.





# An Awkward Cultural Enlightenment

**By: Tumisang Shongwe**  
**Country: South Africa**

"My best advice to you son, is, marry someone from your own culture."

"Yessah."

I was always the clever one, questioning everything behind the veil of my practiced humble expression. Of course I thought this time my papa had lost it. After all, he is only human and sometimes humans give bad advice. Even pastors.

I was already seeing someone you see; a beautiful flower across the borders of my culture and far across the oceans of my nationality and kind. This was Joburg. What was the likelihood that I would meet a Naija girl who is also God-fearing, beautiful and funny? Maybe I could have. We were many in Joburg, but I was not just Naija. You see, I am Calabar, from the very traditional and arrogant villages. We know ourselves very well. We are truthfully much cleaner, beau-

tifuller than the others and our food is way more delicious. Ask them if you doubt me. They will agree.

At least South African girls can dress for my type and they don't have time to pamper me which makes them more exciting to conquer.

Recently, my girlfriend and I started discussing marriage. She is neither traditional nor sentimental, unlike me. She said she had self-counselled and found out that it was because she was neglected by her mother when she was a child. Her mother neglected her by dying. Abeg, my girl is crazy, but I enjoyed listening to her voice in the background, telling me things I only half-heard because I would be thinking about how nice my life in SA was. Naija is fantastic, don't get me wrong, but the nagging of my mother begging me to marry was too much. Then, those church sisters who tried to flirt with



me in their respectable clothes. It was all too much.

My girlfriend said she was happy with going to sign in front of marriage officers and throwing a braai after, and that even her own father would be too busy to notice. I told her I couldn't fail to that level. I told her that my grandmother would turn in her grave if I did such an abomination. It is not African to just go to an office and sign no matter what part of the world you find yourself. Well, thank God she didn't give me trouble.

"You'll be on your own when my family wants bags of lobola money from you," she warned me.

"Well, at least that one can cover me with dignity. I'm a proud African man. Baby, ah ah!"

Then we got married. After the preparations and lobola and counselling, we got married. After we fought over what I should wear and how much of her shoulders she could expose, we got married. After I borrowed money from my friends—thank God it was not from the bank—and starved myself to make sure that our wedding was as grand as any Nigerian wedding in the eyes of a South African woman, we got married.

It was beautiful. My wife was one dynamite of a woman. Energetic, fine and entertaining. Feisty. All seemed to fall into place so easily and perhaps that should have been a warning, except, we were not warned. Neither one of us had any reason to be on high alert because before our marriage, our relationship was electric. We did everything

together except at church where we tried to disconnect our energy so that it wouldn't be too obvious that we were fornicating to the extent of spending weeks together sometimes.

As soon as we got married, we got tired. At first, we were tired from the wedding. After some weeks that could no longer be an excuse and so we decided that we were tired from adjusting to the new life. There was always a good reason why we were tired. I knew that my wife was not the traditional type so we still cooked together and did everything together, except when we were tired.

One day I asked her to make me an easy South African dish because I was too tired to prepare food for the week. She placed her feet on the table and said, "Nope!"

Eh! She didn't even give an excuse. She just said, "Nope!" Mind you, I was feeding this girl and making her look this good. My blood began to boil but then I held myself together and left the room. Strike one.

Days, weeks and seasons went by with us managing ourselves very well. Then one day I told her that my parents wanted to pay a visit. We had talked about how we would handle our parents in our home. So, I didn't foresee any trouble. We were sitting together, watching America's Got Talent and she was also on Instagram, posting selfies of us.

"Baby, Mama and Papa would love to come visit us at the end of this month." I squeezed the utterance into the moment.

"Sure, Babe. When are they coming?"





“On the 28th. Their visas should be out by then.”

She paused, then continued on her phone. It was a brief moment of realising that I had been planning behind her back, and also a brief moment of deciding not to make an issue out of it.

“Okay Babe, I’ll make sure the spare room is ready by then. Don’t worry, I’ll be at my best behaviour. I can even tell them we are working hard to make them a grandson.” She laughed with a freedom that I envy. She thinks parents are just cute, little grown babies, but I think they are monsters. I kissed her thank you.

She was always so pure that I sometimes asked myself if maybe I was the only idiot messing things up with this culture bull. Did that pastor curse me by warning me against marrying outside of my culture? Sure, I could easily defy my parents. I had done it all my life. But a pastor?

Fast forward to the arrival of my grand, self-important Calabar parents. They flew in matching attire and heavy-looking jewellery. Their faces seemed to demand attention from the entire hall and their stride as majestic as the rulers of this world. I know my people - too beautiful to watch! I laughed with excitement as they approached, and my wife joined in because it was also quite comical.

In the nique of time, I remembered that I had not gone through the greeting procedure with my wife in advance. My parents couldn’t make it to our wedding so she was seeing them in person for the first time. I quickly whispered to her, “Baby, kneel down,” and then I prostrated before my parents. While I was down, my heart thumped with sudden panic from realising that my wife did not kneel. Did she not hear me? But she must have. We always whispered, making jest of others in public places.



“Hello, my dear. In our culture when you greet your parents, you kneel down.” I heard my mother’s most composed motherly tone suggest to my wife. It was a big deal. I was still lying uncomfortably on the ground and it seemed like they had forgotten me. Did I mention that my wife was so pure that she saw people as people, not as parents, pastors, superior or inferior? It was a good thing, but very scary.

My wife, with all enthusiasm even though she had already realised that things had taken a swing off course, leaned in to give my ice-cold mother an enthusiastic hug and quickly retreated. “I’m so sorry, Mummy, I don’t mean to offend you, but I am a Xhosa woman, and we have been explicitly instructed to never kneel before any living person. We were raised to stand tall and to respect...”

My father finally remembered me and said, “You may rise, son,” cutting off my wife.

We clung to each other in a tight embrace, and for the first time, I felt like my father

was proud of me; even in spite of my ‘un-kneeling wife’. He finally let go, and I moved on to embrace my mother. “Mummy oo! Mummy! You dey fine even when flying long distance Mummy?”

“Aah, my son, still charming I see. It is so good to see you. Sorry, your wife was still explaining something about her culture. Sorry my dear, continue.” She remained closed off to my wife in body language, but ever so polite in speech.

“It’s not important, Mummy. I am really just so pleased to meet both of you.”

“Likewise, my child. I will share some stories with you that will enlighten you about culture after you make us some tea at your home. I hope my son informed you that we like earl grey tea after a long trip?”

Having felt the high wall radiate from my mother, my wife gave a slight shrug, and in that moment I knew that I was the heifer about to have two bulls in my kraal.



# Caroline

**By:** Okhuosami Fatima

**Country:** Nigeria

“Aminu Akanni, you are a danger to women, a menace in decent society and a disgrace to humanity. I hereby sentence you to twenty years imprisonment without option of fine.”

Cell 12 in Block B of Kirikiri Maximum Security Prison was a sixteen-by-sixteen misery chamber saturated with the stench of dried piss and stale vomit. It was also my home

and will remain so for the nine years, ten months, four weeks and three days left on my sentence. Five comrades and I demolished kulikuli and garri soaked in coconut water delivered by a warder for eight times the actual cost. Every two seconds, they accused me of fetching too much garri. The mixture of smells from a faulty soakaway under the open window was forgotten. As we ate, we discussed tomorrow’s football match between our boys and the Block A. Rangers.

My hand froze mid-motion when the warden, Thomas Ajayi, surfaced opposite the steel bars. I dusted my buttocks and strolled towards him. There was laughter in



my eyes and mischief on my lips. He rested his palm next to mine, the tips of our pinkies touched and tickled in a pleasant way. He said a new lead in my case popped up which we must review. My colleagues whistled and rolled their eyes. Everyone, except the ex-presido that I dethroned. Though he was the oldest and booked for lifelong residence in this shithole, power was transient. My roommates placed a value on stomach infrastructure and I never returned from trips empty-handed.

Inside his office, Mr. Ajayi double-locked the door, freed me from my cuffs and pulled out a seat. On his desk was an old picture in a square frame—he and his wife in a matching aso-oke on their wedding day, a walkie-talkie, and stacked files. He handed me a flyer advertising Miracles and Blessings Ministries: Centre of Overwhelming Breakthroughs upcoming action-packed “Fight Against the Sins of Your Flesh” program. “One pastor I met in front of the prison this morning gave it to me,” he said bursting into laughter. I was on the point of asking him if he wanted to attend, but somewhere around my throat, the words jumbled together, so I swallowed them.

He removed six packs of Chi Exotic from the mini fridge and placed them in front of me. The aroma of grilled chicken suya wafted into my nostrils. I unwrapped the foil, pushed the onions and cabbages aside, wolfed down the meat, and grabbed one pack of juice. Its cold mango flavour romanced my tongue. I guzzled until the paper carton was empty. He discarded it and hurried back. “I still have trouble sleeping,” I complained just as he lifted me from the

chair, kissing me on the mouth—hard and ravenously. My body responded, and I recognized a familiar stir in my loins. He broke away as soon as my head dropped to his shoulders in utter submission. “Somebody is in the mood,” he joked, tickling me, then wrapped me in a solid embrace. I took off his trousers and fell on my knees, attending to his erection. In between moans, he whined about work, emphasising how overworked and undervalued he was. He reminded me as if I ever forgot that he lobbied his transfer to this troublesome prison because of me.

The lyrics to “Frankie” by Sister Sledge, blasted from his Samsung Galaxy S20 mobile. He stiffened. His wife, it seemed. I stopped, looked up, and we locked eyes. He didn’t pick up. “It’s not important,” he murmured, signalling me to continue. I did the thing with the roof of my mouth that he couldn’t resist. He came in a rush, shuddering. I swallowed. “My turn,” he proposed, reaching for my green khaki shorts, but as always, I declined. It offended him, but he hid his disappointment well.

It was way past dusk when I reached home, bearing gifts. My friends had taken the choice spots, except a tiny space at the corner of our freezing room. As soon as my buttocks touched the ground, my intestines pushed against my anus with their load. I squeezed my glutes and released simultaneous gaseous bombs which corrupted the already putrid atmosphere. One glance at our toilet made me reconsider. I thought “can sixteen days old shit kill me?” Scrawled across the walls with yellow chalk was a warning to “flush after use,” but the lever has since stopped working. So we trans-



formed a bucket provided by the warders to ferry water into a substitute latrine—overflowing with faeces.

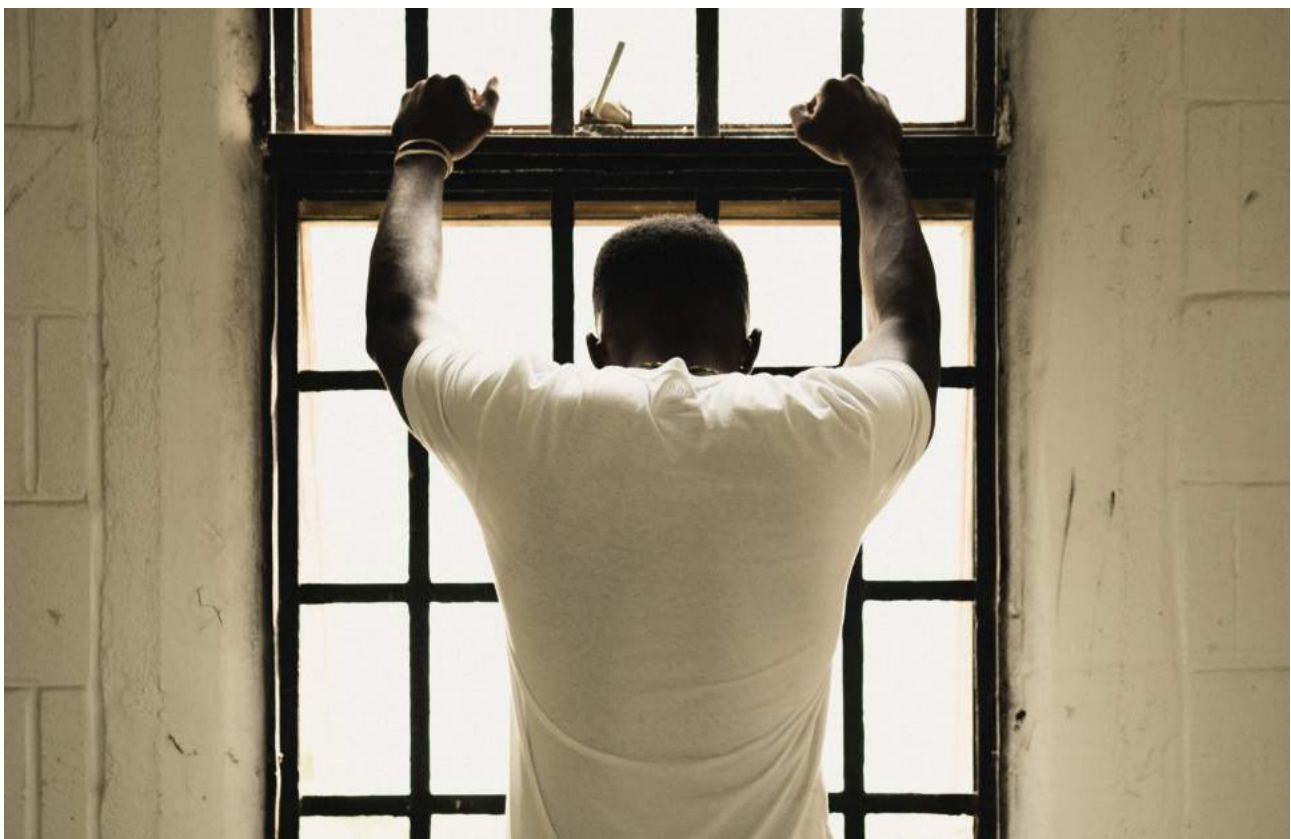
I resigned myself to another vigil. As discomfort became bearable, I hopped over my buddies to reach the window. Standing on my toes, the contrast of a brightly lit moon against the black sky was enthralling. I imagined Lagos. People on the highway praying to catch a few hours of sleep at least, or in hotels having transactional intercourse, or inside nightclubs dancing away their savings assisted by copious amounts of overpriced alcohol.

As usual, my thoughts veered to Caroline. That final day with her plays before me like a movie in slo-mo. As if I was a spectator in my own football match.

She screamed at the top of her lungs, calling

me the vilest names known to man. She said I was a disgusting homosexual, doomed to the hottest part of hell, and my buttohole was bigger than my brain because of that cursed sex I relished. “I will expose you to the entire Idumota then divorce you,” she threatened. “You said you don’t enjoy blow-jobs. Only when I am giving them, abi?”

I begged and promised to end things with Thomas. Her brother’s friend turned my boyfriend, but she was red with vexation. “We are not that serious,” I lied. She grabbed her phone and scrolled through her contact list for his number. I pried the device from her hands. She lunged at me—slapping, punching and scratching. To free myself, I shoved her. A little more forceful than normal. A curse escaped her lips as her head connected with the wall. Even in my dreams, I still hear her skull crack.



Her body jerked before it slid to the floor, face contorted in pain – hatred? There was blood. So much blood.

My heart pounded against my chest. I itched in one thousand different places. An army of goose pimples invaded my skin. I dragged Caroline into the kitchen and threw a blanket over her. Unlocking my phone, I launched a UC Browser in incognito mode and searched: “How to make a corpse disappear.” First page results suggested acid, deep sea drowning or pigs; three things I didn’t have at my convenience. I squatted near the unresponsive form, begging and willing it to live.

I checked my watch. Two hours passed. I shifted the curtain and peeped. Our gate-man’s eyes were fixed on my porch, but ear-phones were plugged into his ears. He was miming a song.

I dialled Thomas’ line. He picked on the fifth ring. “Hello. No, I’m not ... fine.” I couldn’t go further because he interrupted me.

“There is an issue at my cousin’s workplace. I dey Idumota as we dey yarn so.”

“Oh, okay,” I responded. “Let me know how it goes. Once you are free, I will text my address.”

“But are you not sick sha,” he asked. Worry creeping into his voice.

“Nothing critical,” I answered, meaning it.

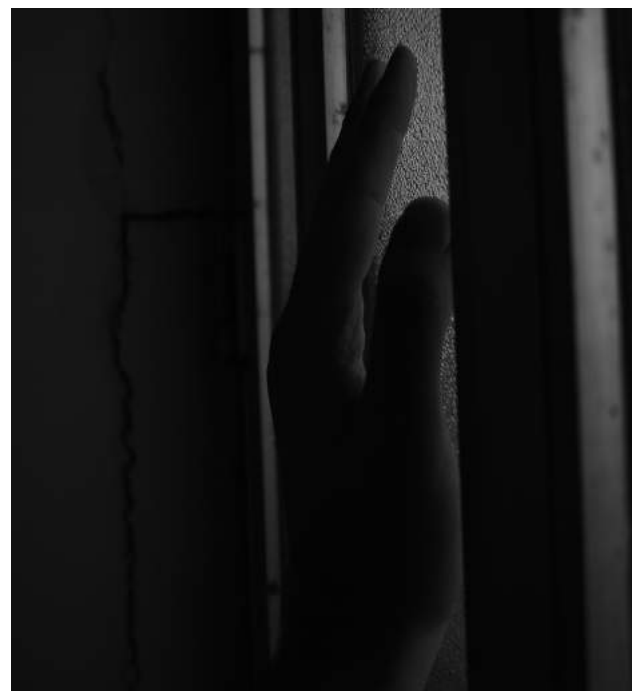
“Love you,” he said before hanging up, making me blush despite everything.

I stole a peek at what was once Caroline, and avoiding that area, marched to the fridge for

a Coca-Cola when I heard banging on the burglary proof. My spirit vacated my body. I turned, ascertained she was where I left her, and rushed to the door.

Through the spyhole, I saw Thomas conversing with the gateman. I fixed the key in the keyhole and twisted it. He barged in before he saw me. He halted, stared, and all the blood drained from his face.

A wave of thunder and lightning broke through my reveries, driving me from my lookout. I fell back on my feet and grimaced painful shoots to my head. Drops of rain continued to hit the parched earth, marking an end to the dry season. I breathed in the aroma of scented wet soil. With the discernment of a night owl, I noted it was past midnight. Life wouldn’t be too miserable if time passed fast. Someday, I might even allow Thomas to have his way. “Nine years, ten months, four weeks and two days,” I recited non-stop while sitting against the wall, till of their own accord, my eyelids fluttered and shut.







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WSA MAGAZINE REVIEW  
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**WSA**  
Writers Space Africa  
Magazine

June 2022 Edition - Issue 66



**Stephanie Chizoba Odili**  
Second-place winner of the Wakini Kuria prize  
for Children's literature



# When in Eden

**Writer:**

Halla Immaculate, Tanzania

**Reviewer:**

Benita Magopane, Botswana

Halla Immaculate's article burrows into two worlds – the modern and the ancient. It probes into the modern world where technology and science are the overlords. It wishes its way to the ancient world that the writer can only dream of being a part of – a world in its aboriginal state, a world where people had a different vision for life, I suppose a world that was as pure as the driven snow. Halla refers to the technology as a thief and an invader, to science as a devil and to these modern times as times of stress and mediocrity, a far cry from what people could have imagined they could be – a simple, advanced and soft life.

This article makes me think of technology and science as these poachers that killed the creature of ancient life to extinction and have left nothing but movies, drawings, and books for us to read about it when all we want is to truly experience that creature face to face. It makes me wonder, have we been robbed or helped? Has life gotten simpler as was the initial plan or complicated? Are we admiring what we should and neglecting what we shouldn't? The writer talks about how our values have changed, as would be a consequence of a changing world – from valuing time with nature to valuing Netflix,

TikTok, and Instagram.

The Garden of Eden symbolizes a time immemorial when everything worked in perfect order, there was peace, life was functional, humans still prospered, progressed and lived to the full – there was no need to imagine that anything else lacked. That is until, as Halla mentioned, critical thinking and the power of reasoning “invaded” the human mind.

Have we wondered what we shouldn't? Did we welcome a devil at our doorstep called science? Have we made a mistake? You can't blame or hate an individual for asking such questions when science and technology are the reason for their existence. You can't hate an individual for looking at the hole in the doughnut, it's just there, isn't it? But a more balanced and flexible individual also appreciates the doughnut.

In conclusion, there are always two sides to a coin, we've seen the bad and good sides of technology. Whether the good outweighs the bad or vice versa, doesn't matter. It's not the point of argument from the article, the point is, without technology, we can still flourish. We have before, haven't we?



## Father Miracles

**Writer:**

Ncube Samkeliso, Zimbabwe

**Reviewer:**

Bohlokoa Lephoi, Lesotho

Father Miracles is a story of what many Africans experience and are unaware that they are being played. I always wonder why Pastors that perform miracles can't do that in hospitals where there are real sick people, not at their churches where actors are hired.

This story is so much relatable. This we don't only see at church buildings but on televisions too. On many occasions, we treat Pastors as semi-Gods, we give them more credit than they deserve. We tolerate them in a very annoying manner and get happy with results regardless of how they achieved them.

With the use of perfect imagery, the writer takes the readers on a ride, from what is meant to be a happy and healing place turning into a cult.

The story has a good beginning, the best middle and a fulfilling end. The vocabulary is well used and the jargon that the fake Pastor uses is well written.

The characters are very idealistic, from Sbo's mother, a praying woman who can do

anything for her daughter to get married. To the Pastor who tricks the congregation into believing he is capable of doing extraordinary things.

This story reminds me of a Pastor that was trending a few years back after an act of raising someone from the dead went wrong.

The writer takes us on a familiar journey in a masked way. One would think the Pastor indeed had powers, only to be disappointed in the end.



## Andrew and The Robot



**Writer:**

Pelekani Lwenje, Zambia

**Reviewer:**

Ernestina Edem Azah, Ghana

In this story, the writer puts into perspective how some decisions by parents affect their children for the rest of their lives. This indirectly makes the reader more conscious of the effects of their decisions on those close to them.

In the beginning, we're introduced to Andrew who despite wanting to spend time with his father, is denied the opportunity till his father is taken by death. The writer focuses on the reality that misfortune can happen to children and that sometimes childhoods are not as comfortable as is usually painted.

Andrew when he hears the news of his father's demise is angry and sad at the same time and at that moment, running away

from the source of the pain is the next logical step for any child.

In the natural cycle of things, there's always misfortune and hope shining like the sun at the end. Andrew's family get their fair share of hope when Andrew goes in to see the cause of his father's death. Finding out that his father's consciousness has been transferred into the robot must have been scary but the miracle of having his father again outweighed the fear and made Andrew and his mother happy again.

The writer leaves us with unanswered questions like, did Andrew's father know he was going to die, and was he ill, if yes, how did his family not know? It was an interesting story to read.



## Texting



**Writer:**

Laurent Bwesigye, Uganda

**Reviewer:**

Odirile Odirile, Botswana

Technology helps and has helped us connect with many people from different places in the world. The invention of texting has in many ways and times helped simplify communication between people who are connected but are far from each other.

This poem reminds us of the importance and good that texting brings to us as humans. The joyous hope that comes from waiting for a response is highlighted in the first line of the piece where the poet says “happiness hoping in a heart.” Waiting for a response to a text from a loved one is one of the most joyous parts of texting apart from when you know their response will bear with it a package of bad news. Even then texting has made it easier to communicate such information with relevant people as indicated by the line “the silence of broken hearts.”

The poem also redirects our minds to the part of life that texting often touches. Texting often has been used to bring pain and cause divisions. The line “like a fleece of smoke, added to the sky.” shows us that texting though good in itself can be used for

spreading lies that will end up causing confusion and divisions just as smoke sometimes does when it is saturated in the atmosphere. Likening the chaos of the lies and untruths spread by texting to a smoke-filled atmosphere makes it easier to relate to.

Texting can be used also to relay one’s anger without them having to loudly express it by mouth.

It is also important to note that with many people using texting as a means of communication, it is easy to make promises and not fulfil them. This has left many unable to trust fully the words of people sent over text.

Texting here is painted in lights of good and bad. Depending on who is using the technology, at what time and with what motives in their hearts. All in all, this is a good and insightful piece of poetry, carrying deep and multiple views of the same topic of conversation which is texting. A brilliantly put work. Hope to see more of this from you. Keep writing.



# CALL FOR ENTRIES



## VOLUNTEER WRITERS

Are you passionate about **'Made in Africa' products**? Are you interested in topics like hair styling, upcycling, perfumery, Makeup artistry, Dermatology, Photography and Etiquette? Are you willing to work as a part of our team for a minimum of 6 editions (1 year)?

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*Afroglent*, a bimonthly online fashion magazine published by **Jetito** is looking for volunteers for her maiden edition in the following positions-



## SHOW OFF YOUR DREADS

Let your natural dreads grace AFROGLEN T magazine cover.

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- No faux locs
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We are looking to fill the positions of three editors. If you are interested, please send your creative CV (which should include your experience as a creative) and a short bio to [afroglent@jetito.art](mailto:afroglent@jetito.art)

Deadline for Application is **July 14th, 2022**.

If you have any questions, please send an email to [afroglent@jetito.art](mailto:afroglent@jetito.art)





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