



WSA
Writers Space Africa
M a g a z i n e
AUGUST 2023 / ISSUE 80



Britney
Muoghalu
The Rising Star



AFRICA Is Unique!

Experience Diversity

writersspace
.net

The best of African Literature

Editorial Team

FOUNDER

Anthony 'PenBoss' Onugba

CHIEF EDITOR

Scholar Akinyi
Kenya

ASSISTANT CE

I Echo
Ghana

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

Lise Nova Berwadushime
Rwanda

Namse Udosen
Nigeria

CREATIVE NONFICTION

Fiske S Nyirongo
Zambia

Elizabeth Dwamena-Asare
Ghana

FLASH FICTION

Ezioma Kalu
Nigeria

Natasha Moses Mwampashe
Tanzania

POETRY

Omadang Yowasi
Uganda

Chisom Benedicta
Nigeria

Everisto Tatenda Simayo
Zimbabwe

SHORT STORIES

Stephanie Nanyongo Darah
Cameroon

Victoria Enyonam Adonu
Ghana

REVIEW TEAM LEAD

Funminiyi Akinrinade
Nigeria

SOCIAL MEDIA

Eben Ace Sarfo
Ghana

Precious Adekola
Nigeria

Adeng Malual
South Sudan

WSA INTERVIEWS

PPBlessing
Nigeria



WSA
Writers Space Africa
M a g a z i n e

in this issue..

Creative NonFiction

- 07 The Illusion of Absolute Sight
Jamie Isaacoed Buchi, Nigeria

Flash Fiction

- 11 Finding My Faith
Nkiruka Daria Ojukwu, Nigeria

Short Story

- 11 Our Father
Siphiwokuhle Mavundla, Eswatini

Poetry

- 19 The Atheist's Grace
Mookodi Sesame, Botswana
- 20 Echoes of The Gong
Otu Regina, Nigeria
- 21 Repentance
Bappa Maryam, Nigeria
- 22 Salaam
Muhammad Naziya, Nigeria

Editorial

Scholar Akinyi (Kenya)

The debate around religion, and what it stands for, is probably the most debated topic worldwide. With different people subscribing to different religions and a set of faith and beliefs that come with them, it becomes very difficult to know how best to define religion. However, the closest we can come to understanding it is the admission of reverence to a higher power; something or someone beyond our physical humanness. A supernatural phenomenon that takes the shape of faith and doctrines for it to make sense.

Even so, religion has been seen to play critical roles in: governance of nations, policy making, laws of the land, parent-

ing, and many other daily human experiences.

Presenting this dicey topic to writers to churn their ideas, understanding and objective analyses of religion has proven fun. In this issue, we get a glimpse; and possible rabbit holes, of what religion means to different Africans, and how religion has shaped their worldview, experiences, choices and day to day life.

What would you say is religion, and why?

Dive in. Karibu.



On the cover

→ In this captivating and exclusive interview, we dive deep into the world of Britney Muoghalu, an exceptional Nigerian writer whose talent knows no bounds.

Page 12

WSA Awards

- **Monthly Digital Literary Magazine of the Year - 2022/2023**
(The Corporate LiveWire Global Awards 2022/23)
- **Best Monthly Digital Literary Magazine (Africa) - 2022**
(Global Business Awards 2022)
- **Best African Literary Magazine - 2021**
(MEA Business Awards 2021)
- **Writer Promotion platform of the Year - 2021**
(The Corporate LiveWire Global Awards 2021/22)

Advertise with WSA

BOOK REVIEWS, BOOK LAUNCH, BOOK SALES, WRITING AND SERVICES, ETC

SEND US AN EMAIL: WSA@WRITERSSPACE.NET

OR BUZZ US ON WHATSAPP: +. +254 702 447049



WSA
Writers Space Africa
Magazine



Call for Submission

THEME: A NEW DAWN

**WRITERS SPACE AFRICA
IS ACCEPTING SUBMISSIONS FOR ITS
82ND EDITION (OCTOBER 2023 EDITION)**

**WE ACCEPT:
CHILDREN'S LITERATURE, CREATIVE NONFICTION
FLASH FICTION, POETRY, AND SHORT STORIES**

**TO SUBMIT, VISIT:
WWW.WRITERSSPACE.NET**

**SUBMISSION CLOSSES
AUGUST 15, 2023**

FOLLOW US NOW



THE ILLUSION OF ABSOLUTE SIGHT

Jamie Isaacoed Buchi
Nigeria



Within the realm of our ancient city in Nkanu, my tribe - Obinagu-uwani - holds the faculty of sight in great regard. In the communities in Akpugo, we stood as custodians of a deep gift, capable of comprehending the imagination of people and discerning the unseen. Underneath our gaze lies the boundless potential to untangle the intricate maze of human thought, effortlessly discerning the unspoken desires and secret intentions that dance inside the minds of men. In our eyes, the future of people lies naked before us, like

pages of an ancient manuscript waiting to be interpreted, and with a simple, quick look, we identify the roads they will follow, their feats of achievement, their miseries and the strands of their past, present, and future. We can discern the thoughts of men, dictate the fate of conflicts, predict the destiny of people, and foresee the fate of individuals with mere cursory looks. Among the distant and nearby communities around us, this outstanding ability endowed us with an unparalleled edge, making us the guardians of our domain.

From a young age, we were taught to perceive the world as it truly is by looking far beyond what lies deep within us. With hindsight, we were told that future promises are only recognized by those who see the reality of things beyond what can be seen. So, in order to reach that point where we grasp the reality of events far from the perception of our visual eyes, we honed our sight by competing in observing events until we could discern the difference between two small grains of cumin and mustard seed from a distance or distinguish between identical twins. This we practiced daily until our sight was refined to perceive the very minute details of things.

Through the depths of our sight, we explore the complex web of possibilities, catching glimpses of the whirling currents of fate that ripple through the lives of people. Even in times of immense difficulty and chaotic circumstances, our vision always sought to fathom the riddles that lie ahead. Our forecasts resonate across the city, influencing choices, encouraging optimism, and establishing a sense of purpose. It is this exceptional sight that sets us apart, raising us to the respected position of unique masters among our neighboring town.

However, as time passed, a significant alteration emerged inside our world, altering it right before our own eyes. This transition brought about vast changes, touching numerous elements of human life, and we witnessed its impact upon science, art, literature, human survival, adaptation and even upon the belief systems of people. The repercussions of this change

did not only affect our sight and the fundamental fabric of the world around us, it also presented us with opportunities for a change in the way we interpret things. But, due to our belief that our eyesight is too sharp, we became caught up in the assumption that the world we saw is all there is, thereby failing to explore further. However, despite our cautious inspection, we encountered unforeseen occurrences that escaped our foresight and were eluded by the alterations in the world. Like a gust of wind, we were tossed to and fro by the shifting doctrines, wandering in our utopian farsightedness until the very people whose future we once predicted made a fool of us. In the blink of an eye, our tribe fell apart. At that moment, we realized that we had all been blinded by our farsightedness and our judgment towards others.

As our sight waned, an unusual hunger stirred within us that we couldn't entirely fathom. This hunger unveiled a mystery, a truth yet untold, and we realized that our eyesight was just a myopic snapshot of our partial reality. We also noticed that the mirror of the world was fashioned by our viewpoint. We discovered that the scene unfolding in front of us was suddenly impacted by something that changed the way we experienced it. It was a shock to us; however, we were still not sure where this change came from and what to do with it.



As confusion revolved around us, a moment of clarity emerged within me. As I meditated upon it, I gained a fresh perspective on our sight. I saw glimpses of things that others would only see in their dreams by peering into vast spaces without aim

or concentration. I realized that the more I tried to focus on the things I wanted to see, the more access I gained to the world's secrets before they appeared. I evolved into an observer of vast regions, gazing at wide landscapes as if entering another world. The more I stared and saw with intense concentration, the deeper tranquility I experienced—a haven of pure happiness—in those timeless moments.

In that moment of complete realisation, I discovered that this is the nirvana, the vision that our spirits had long sought—a place where ease and simplicity are woven together without judgment. Although I can't fully understand the depth of this

vision, its mere glimpse has offered me access to many beautiful and enigmatic revelations that my tribe's farsightedness could not have comprehended. It has also taught me that sometimes our visions are blurred by our judgment and that the course of events remains mysterious until they are about to come to fruition. These unsettling revelations have left an indelible imprint on my path, transcending ordinary physical sight and connecting with the depths of my innermost being. It has illuminated proof that true vision goes beyond the constraints of the eyes, including the realms of intuition, empathy, and interconnectivity.



 www.africanwritersconference.com
 info@africanwritersconference.com



AFRICAN WRITERS CONFERENCE

Accra, Ghana. // November 1 - 5, 2023.

Theme: The Impact of Artificial
Intelligence on African Literature

Register at:

<https://www.africanwritersconference.com/>

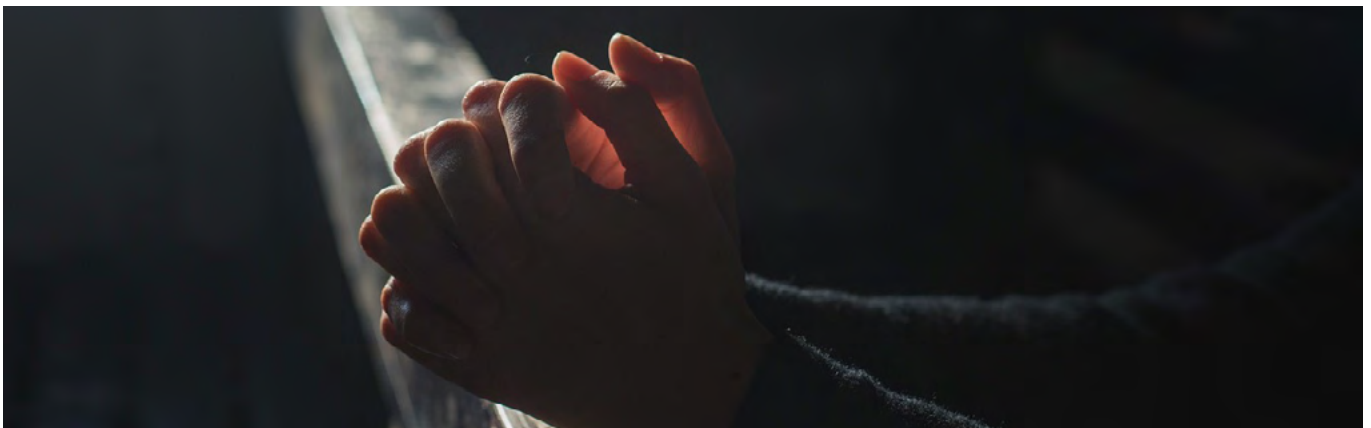
  [africanwritersconference](#)
 +254 702 447049  [@awc_2023](#)



African Writers Conference

FINDING MY FAITH

Nkiruka Daria Ojukwu
Nigeria



What truly is religion?

Is it as simple as believing in something just as they believed the lies that were told to tarnish my image? Is it worshipping something bigger than oneself just as my husband glorified and sang the praises of every enlarged buttock that could make a bicycle seat disappear whenever they sat on it? Is it the devotion to a supreme power like his newfound dedication towards inhaling the strange grass that makes him compete with the most high?

I pondered on this question as I knelt again in front of my little altar, repeating the same prayer points as I had done for the past two years. At first, I was hopeful. I prayed with hope and fervency, but as time passed, I began to lose my faith.

I remembered how they said I was lucky

to find a husband so early and how the gods favoured me. They said I was lucky to have taken in immediately and how the gods must love me. They also said it was a shame that it was not a boy and that the gods must have been angry with me. It seemed the gods were usually quick to lose interest in their beloved.

I stared at the altar, the burning candle, the figurine, the cowries, and other things that dictated my worth in the society, and I felt lost. Standing up, I picked up the few things I had. I wrapped my little one around my back and dashed into the night. It was then that I swore that the child I carried would become my new religion, and I would adore and devote all of my being towards making her the strong woman I could never be.

Creative Spotlight

In this captivating and exclusive interview, we dive deep into the world of Britney Muoghalu, an exceptional Nigerian writer whose talent knows no bounds. Winner of the prestigious 2022 African Writers Award for Creative Nonfiction, Britney takes us on an inspiring journey through her life, her passions, and her vision for the future.



PPBlessing: *Why do you write?*

BM: Because I love it! That's the simple answer. But if I decide to go deeper I write because I have to, writing is an escape, a safe space where I can let out all my thoughts. I write because I have to, because if I'm not writing I'm not "be-ing." It's that thing the brings me peace.

PPBlessing: *How long have you been writing?*

BM: It's been a while. The first time I intentionally picked up a pen and book to write a story was in 2011; albeit a very terrible story. However, I only took a lucrative interest in it few years ago. Probably 2020.

PPBlessing: *What necessitated the change?*

BM: I was studying law at the time and I started to feel a bit detached from the course and generally the profession. I had to have a conversation with myself on focusing on the things I enjoyed doing, writing was up there and the decision was clear. I had to find a way to create a name and an income from what I loved doing.

PPBlessing: *Was? You left law or you've graduated?*

BM: I've graduated, I graduated last year.

PPBlessing: *In law school I suppose?*

BM: I'm serving Nigeria now. I'm doing my service before law school. Law school will be next year.

PPBlessing: *That's beautiful. Nigerians generally give tall tales about NYSC. How has your experience been so far?*

BM: I'm currently serving in Abuja, it started off rocky because I was away from home and all that but as soon as I got my balance everything became a smooth ride.

Also, my camp experience wasn't bad at all even though Abuja sun roasted me. I intentionally decided to enjoy the experience, just for three weeks and I have no regrets at all. Camp was fun!

PPBlessing: *Do you intend practicing after law school or would you rather pursue a career in writing?*

BM: I would definitely love to write however I'm considering giving Law a try. I've genuinely never been intentional about it and to be fair there's an aspect of research and writing in law that I personally fancy.

PPBlessing: *Hmm. So you're looking at combining both?*

BM: Exactly! However I don't think I'll ever stop creative writing. It's like the chocolate flavor of writing.

PPBlessing: *Aha! You like chocolates?*

BM: Of course. Who doesn't?

PPBlessing: *Why didn't you study something directly related to writing in school?*

BM: I got into school with the mentality that writing was a hobby and that many

writers were starving so I opted for the professional money-making course; Law. I didn't think I could do anything with my writing until recently.

PPBlessing: *As per your Twitter headline, where were you before you got deported to earth?*

BM: In an undiscovered planet for creative Angels.

PPBlessing: *Where might this be?*

BM: In my imagination.

PPBlessing: *Your award-winning Creative nonfiction, Let my people go, is really gripping. Why did you write that particular story?*

BM: Without giving out too much, I've witnessed a lot of imbalances in the traditional African marriage, the abuse of power by the patriarch and domination of the wife. I chose to write about this very dominant defect in our society. At the time I started the story I was back home in Umuoji, Anambra state and we were coerced into observing the weekly Monday sit-at-home so I decided to place marriage and the history of the Igbos side by side.

One image I remember seeing when I was ages away from 10 was a Hausa man lying dead at the Niger Bridge. My dad was driving us back home from school—our school was in Delta—and that afternoon, a fight had started between the Igbos and Hausas. I made sure this permanent memory made its way into the story.

PPBlessing: *What in your opinion can end this seemingly life-long problem that has bedeviled the Igbos and their place as Nigerians?*

BM: I'll hate to dabble in anything political but if people say they no longer want to be under a particular government, why force them even when you despise and stifle them?

PPBlessing: *How did you feel when you won the African Writers Award in creative nonfiction?*

BM: I cried, I actually wept and then thanked God first. I sat with Him for like five minutes before running out of my room to tell my mum. It was a big validation for me. It was a huge thumbs up and encouragement that I was doing something right.

After weeks of self-doubt, I felt energized again. The award was an answered prayer at the time because I had attempted many other futile opportunities.

PPBlessing: *It was your first award?*

BM: I had gotten money prizes and gigs here and there but yeah it was my first.

PPBlessing: *Congratulations once again. Apart from the award being a big validation, has it impacted your current writing in any way?*

BM: Thank you. Yes, it has. I find myself leaning more towards creative nonfiction

which I had never written before up until the contest.

PPBlessing: *What do you want to achieve with the stories you write?*

BM: To create a global awareness that the themes of African literature is limitless. Our lives are easily as dynamic as that of other parts of the world; political issues, sexuality, supernatural, domestic violence, classism and even high school drama. Ultimately, I want my stories to reach the core of any reader, I hope they are able to live the story while reading.

PPBlessing: *Considering all of this, when should we expect a book from you?*

BM: It will be a while because I still have a lot of growing to do in the literary world.

PPBlessing: *Please give me an estimated time frame.*

BM: 3 years or less by God's grace.

PPBlessing: *Godspeed. What is your favorite book of all times?*

BM: Asides from Panic Years by Nell Friezell where she describes motherhood perfectly, I'll prefer to stick to an African literature; Under the Udala Tree by Chinelo Okparanta. This book captured my heart and was able to show homosexuality from a more realistic perspective.

PPBlessing: *Interesting, what do you mean by realistic perspective?*

BM: It wasn't like recent media trying to

shove it down your throat. It was subtle and unfolded naturally. Not like a bunch of horny teenagers experimenting. The main character tried to fight it, she got married, had a child and was never happy. Her mother who preached and casted demons eventually accepted her daughter.

PPBlessing: *Which writers have influenced your writing the most?*

BM: To be quite honest, I won't say I read as much as I ought to but Chimamanda Adichie being one of the Nigerian Authors I was introduced to, I fell in love with her works and her storytelling. My other influence and encouragement is my Uncle, Osita Obi.

PPBlessing: *Why did you start candaline podcast?*

BM: I started the podcast when my journey with God grew into a beautiful relationship. I just felt the urge to share the good news. After years of trying to figure the entire Christianity thing, I finally found out who God was and I needed to tell others who probably experience the same thing. I've not recorded in a long while though.

PPBlessing: *That's wonderful. Who is God?*

BM: A father and ultimately a steadfast friend who loves you and doesn't judge. He is a beautiful and perfect peace.

PPBlessing: *Why haven't you recorded?*

BM: I've been extremely busy, between work and many other things.

PPBlessing: *Why the name candaline?*

BM: I pondered on a name for so long, prayed to God about it and one morning I woke up with the name. I just wanted something that sounded peaceful and He gave it to me.

PPBlessing: *What's the meaning?*

BM: It means Helpful and Comfortable.

PPBlessing: *Impressive... I like.*

BM: Thank you.

PPBlessing: *What will you tell African Writers who feel there is no prospect in choosing writing as a career path?*

BM: I'll tell them to do their research, ask questions and most importantly read African books because in between those pages you'll see the beauty of writing and I don't think there's a greater encouragement than that. When you google these authors you see how they grow everyday. It's just unfortunate that the mainstream media doesn't celebrate such.

PPBlessing: *If you were to change one thing in the literary scene, what would it be?*

BM: I don't think there are enough African books for children and none of the "moral lesson" type. Something easy and light, something that incorporates our folklores and gods.

PPBlessing: *Aha! Should I take this to mean you may dabble into writing chil-*

dren's literature?

BM: Well, I've been doing my research, so maybe.

PPBlessing: *If you were to describe yourself using just one word, what would it be?*

BM: I'll say dynamic because with me it's a new thing everyday. Today I'm invested in the Ukrainian war, tomorrow I will learn how to bake.

PPBlessing: *Should we add baker to the list of things you do?*

BM: Please o, I'm not qualified yet.

PPBlessing: *Do you have a writing routine?*

BM: At all oh. Tried it and failed. However I try to engage in weekly writing challenges and use writing prompts on IG.

PPBlessing: *What do you do to relax?*

BM: I watch movies mostly or just a YouTube video that I can laugh to.

-----end-----



WSA
Writers Space Africa
Empowering African Writers

WSA CREATIVE ACADEMY

CALL FOR APPLICANTS

The Writers Space Africa (WSA) Creative Academy is now open to creatives intending to expand their knowledge or explore new genres. This call is for the 6th Academic Session.

The Academy offers a 3-month course in the following:

- ✓ Children's Literature
- ✓ Creative nonfiction
- ✓ Drama
- ✓ Flash fiction
- ✓ Poetry (structured and unstructured)
- ✓ Screenplay
- ✓ Short stories

Successfully screened applicants will be required to pay **\$40** to cover the **3 months** and the issuance of a **certificate** at the end of the course.

We also offer private mentoring at **\$60** for **3 months**.

The course will be held virtually from SEPTEMBER 1, 2023.

APPLICATION

Open from

July 1 - August 10, '23

To register or for scholarship info:

 **+254 702 447049**

For more details, visit www.writersspace.net/academy

 [writersspaceafrica](https://www.instagram.com/writersspaceafrica)  [@wsacentre](https://twitter.com/wsacentre)

 www.writersspace.net/academy



MEET THE

JUDGES

African Teen Writers Awards



CORONA CERMAK
(Tanzania)



TAMUNOMICIBI ENOCH
(Nigeria)



PATRICIA EJANG
(Uganda)



TESTIMONY ODEY
(Nigeria)

African Writers Awards (Poetry)



COMFORT NYATI
(Zimbabwe)



TEMWANI MGUNDA
(Malawi)



TEMANI NKALOLANG
(Botswana)



OMADANG YOWASI
(Uganda)

Wakini Kuria Prize for Children's Literature



NAHIDA ESMAIL
(Tanzania)



NAMSE UDOSEN
(Nigeria)



HALIEO MOTANYANE
(Lesotho)



Up To
\$500
To Be Won!

Supported by:



WSA
Writers Space Africa



African Writers Conference
Class of 2023

Submit your entry now to:

www.africanwritersawards.com

THE ATHEIST'S GRACE

Mookodi Sesame
Botswana

Keep your eyes closed,
So you can follow their voices blindly.
If the words are sharp enough,
You won't feel them cut out of your soul.
Keep your hands together,
So it's easier to relinquish free will.
If the tongues are loud enough,
You won't hear the spells they cast.
Keep the knee bent and bow deep,
So as to look up at them in complete devotion.
If your anguish is deep enough,
You won't want it any other way.

ECHOES OF THE GONG

Regina Otu
Nigeria

We danced in rhythms
and sang thunderously, unanimously!
the tumping of our foots, tup'-tup''
raised dusts of cheer and smiles
as we swayed to the left and right in styles.

As the ancestors did, we followed
even in diverse distant lands, our roots near
our hearts burn each time we hear the gong.
The knowledge of our heroes past
shall lead us aright fast!

Our gongs are shattered
with wars, wounds, no shelter;
tears trickling down as all is lost
but we still blame each other at all cost
saying, "who scattered the gong?"

Assemble all products of sounds,
let ready dancers dance even in the heat.
Like our hearts our drums beat
no matter the trials, the gong would play
as we would still hope and pray.

REPENTANCE

Bappa Maryam
Nigeria

I bow before thee, O Ar-Raheem,
With heart dipped in plea, filled to the brim.
Wined with devils, rum of doom,
Dined with rebels, meal of fools.

I wronged, I sinned, for that I weep.
My whole being is doomed to reap.
What seeds be sowed, shall duly attest.
What debts be owed, will surely infest.

The lump of flesh, which once bore sound,
Was ground to mesh with sins abound.
Cajoled by piper, playing tunes,
Of poisoned sniper, forming pools.

Forgive me, O lord, I plead in shame.
To redeem my faults, I call your name.



SALAAM

Muhammad Naziya
Nigeria

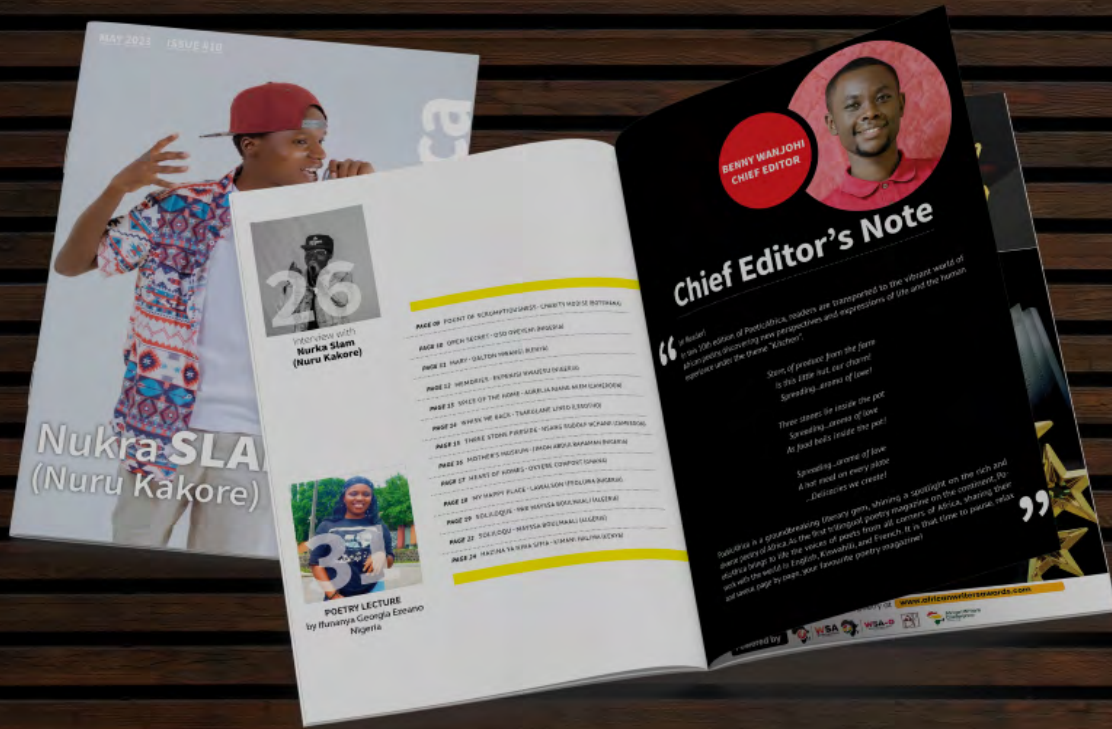


To find peace,
first breathe; in, then out.

Now lay your hands on
This river of life,

Drink from it, feed,
Pick the pearl stones
You could reach, move,
Create a niche,

Now face a qibla, stand,
Bow, prostrate, sit, cry,
Breathe, again and again,
There you go, peace.



Download from www.writersspace.net/poeticafrika

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

OUR FATHER

Siphiwokuhle Mavundla
Eswatini



“Sing my dear children. Invite the presence of the Lord with your soothing voices. Let Him learn of your sorrows and the burdens of your hearts,”

Father Mark’s voice echoes within the walls of the cathedral. The choir of voices, both young and old increase their volume under his guidance. His eyes swell up with tears as they rush over the tear-streaked faces masked with grief and sorrow and the lanky trembling bodies crouched on the mahogany benches. He buries his trembling hands beneath his cassock and steps down from the altar. His eyes are drawn to a small family. The mother is cradling her toddler on her lap, tears flooding down

her face as her son convulses in her hands, his eyes lolled backward and his mouth foaming. He places his right hand over his heart and mumbles a short prayer. He heads for the back room and quickens his steps as he reaches the door. He forcefully opens it and locks it behind him. He leans against it and takes in a deep breath before pulling out a dagger from beneath his cassock as he approaches a marking on the ground. His heart lurches in his chest and he throws himself down on the ground and wails. He lifts his gaze to the Heavens and cries out.

“Father, forgive me for I have sinned. I have gone against your word and I’ll live

to regret it.”

Blood oozes from his cut wrist and he splatters it over the markings.

“Come forth Lilith, daughter of hatred, I command you,”

He yells. He is thrown back when a lilac flame licks at the markings on the floor before rising to the roof. A feminine figure with bulging horns on her head and a Serpentine coiled around her form appears before him, her back facing him. He reaches for the cross around his neck and grips it tightly till his knuckles turn white.

“Oh father, do you really think that cross will intimidate me?”

She mocks with a sultry voice as she zooms across the room and stands directly before him. Her black orbs burn through his eyes and a whimper escapes his lips. A cold sweat forms on his forehead as he is pinned to the floor by her piercing gaze.

“I summoned you, you have to obey me,”

Father Mark orders with a wavering voice. Lilith throws her head back and roars with laughter.

“Then act like it. Oh men of little faith,”

She remarks with a smirk and the priest bows his head in shame.

“Tell me, why have you brought me here?”

She asks as she paces around the dark room, her skin gleaming under the candlelight.

“I need you to heal my son,”

Her ears perk up at the information and a smile creeps up her lips as she turns to face him.

“Ah, so the dear father gave into temptation and bore a son, but the almighty punished the son for your sins?”

A tear rolls down the old man’s cheek as his heart drowns in guilt. His faith is being belittled and the name of his God is being dragged through the mud.

“Lord forgive me for all my sins,” he murmurs under his breath. “As men of God, we also face temptations. We are human after all,”

“But Jesus was also human for thirty-three years and he led a holy life. Isn’t that what you preach? Aren’t you supposed to follow in his footsteps?”

The man of God lifts his head to face the being before him in utter shock and amusement at its knowledge.

“Yes, that is what is expected of us as followers of Christ,”

“Then your argument of being human holds no ground. Religion nowadays is dead and sin runs a rampage. God gave you too much power when he gave you the ability to have a choice, and now you sin under the guise that the blood of the lamb will wash away your sins. Tell me, Padre, do you really believe Jesus will find any believers at his second coming?”

Father Mark folds his arms in defeat. In his head, he is wishing for the earth to open up and swallow him. He raises his gaze to

the roof as though gazing into the Heavens.

"It's too late for that now. Answer my question, Padre,"

She draws out the last word to taunt him and he Buries his face in his hands.

"I believe so, yes,"

He replies in a choked voice.

"Your response lacks faith Father. Has your love for your God run cold, mmh?"

She inquired as she crouched before him. He breaks down as a sob escapes his lips.

"I didn't even want to do this in the first place. The mother of my child beckoned me to call upon you so you could rescue our son from the torment of his illness. I had been waiting on God to intervene, but with each passing day my faith lessened

and lessened till at last I heeded to her demands. I don't know what to do with myself from here, I'm so lost,"

She sits in silence as she contemplates his confession.

"So you've given into the temptation to sin because of your significant order, just like Adam, Solomon, Samson, and many more other men of God? It is disappointing to witness the downfall of great men orchestrated by the women in their lives. But who is to blame? The women and their devious tactics or the men for allowing their carnal desires to govern their thoughts and actions? I guess we'll never know. I must fulfill my task, Padre, but what will be my dues for my misdeeds?"

"The blood of the innocent. They await you behind this door,"





The man has regained some of his authority and confidence back as he stands beside Lilith.

“Shall we?”

He guides her out of the back room and into the chapel. Cries of terror and horror erupt inside the chapel as the people behold the gory being in the company of the man of God. Father Mark’s head is bowed, his expression stoic as though the cries of the multitude have no effect on him. Lilith raises her gaze to the statue of Jesus on the cross mounted on the wall. She does a curtsy with a devilish grin on her face before turning to the fear-stricken faces of the homeless and beggars. Her attention is drawn towards the mother and her son. She slowly approaches them, her gaze fixed on the child’s small form. Her whole demeanour changes as she transforms into a young maiden right before their eyes. She reaches out for the child but the woman shrugs her off and holds her son tightly

to her chest. Lilith’s face contorts in pain and she weeps before returning to her normal form and unleashing all her rage upon the people as Father Mark watches on. He shuts his eyes and mimics the cross on his chest and forehead.

“It is done, Padre. Your son has been healed. Are you happy? Are you proud that you’ve sacrificed innocent lives for your own needs?”

“Be gone, Lilith. You have been paid your dues for your service. Your presence is no longer needed,”

Father Mark chastises her bluntly and she’s taken aback by his cold demeanour but she quickly recovers and does one more curtsy.

“I’ll be hearing from you soon, Padre,”

She disappears in a burst of flames, leaving Father Mark in the emptiness of the cathedral, and his soul.



ALMARA
PUBLISHERS

AMANG GOES TO THE VILLAGE

Available at

LAGOS

Ouida Books Ikeja.
Bookworm Cafe

ABUJA

Rovingheights Bookstores
Spine & Label

KADUNA

Fasaha Cafe
Almara Hub

And bookstores across the country

AWWA

2023

AFRICAN WRITERS AWARDS



SIXTH

Awards

AFRICAN WRITERS AWARDS

Theme: Artificial Intelligence

Submit your poems to one of the biggest literary awards in Africa by Africans.

Stand A Chance To Win:

- The grand prize of \$500
- An Amazon ebook publishing contract
- A scholarship for a 3-month creative writing course

Submission Dates:

Entries open from April 1 to ~~July 1, 2023.~~

Now extended to: August 1, 2023 (11:59pm).

Submit your structured or unstructured poetry at www.africanwritersawards.com

Powered by



WSA
Writers Space Africa



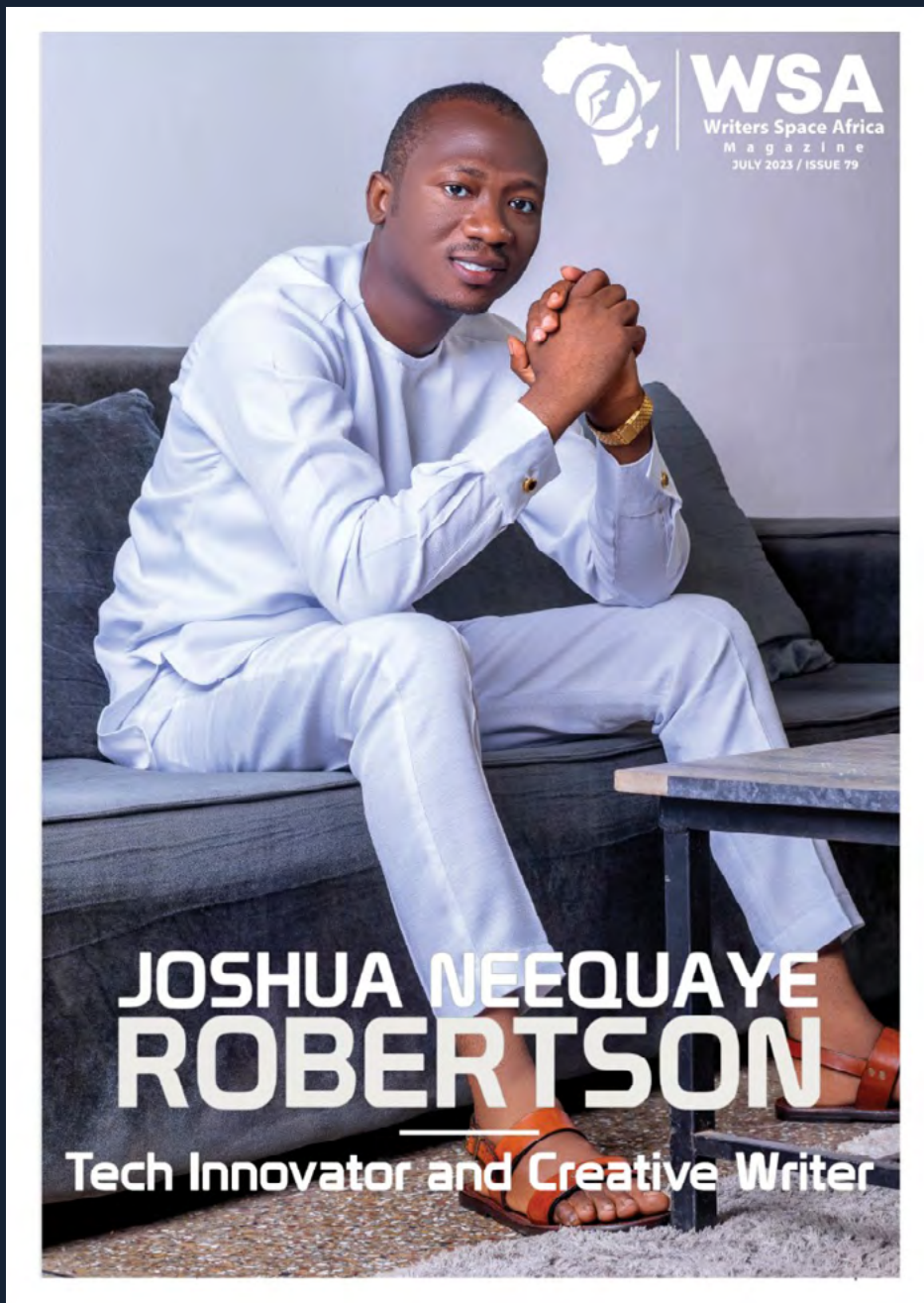
WSA-G
Writers Space Africa Group



African Writers
Conference
CHIEF 2023

WSA Magazine REVIEW

July 2023 Edition



ROBOTS ON STEROIDS

A Children's Literature by Refilwe Nsibande, South Africa
 Reviewer: *Blessing Emmanuel Amatemeso, Nigeria*



Robots on Steroids is a captivating and thought-provoking story of multiple awakenings. It skillfully weaves together themes of human relationships, personal and career growth and the peril of technological obsession.

The writer vividly portrays the protagonists awakening to the beauty of life and the reality of his neglected humanness. The metaphor of the cactus adds depth to the narrative indicating that resilience has a limit and even a desert plant can suffer from drought.

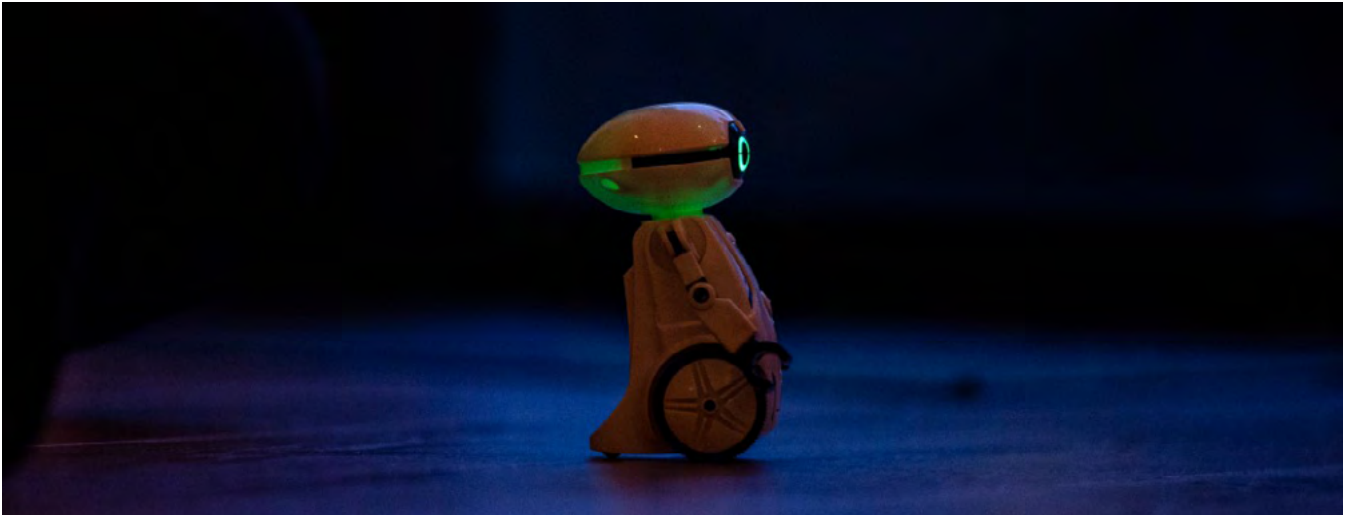
The writing style is descriptive and en-

gaging, capturing the protagonist's inner turmoil with precision. The story prompts readers to contemplate not just the implication of our technological advancement but the effects of obsession over anything to the detriment of one's health and relationships. The story reminds us to find a balance between our goals and nurturing our essential human qualities.

Many have come to this realisation, but for Ross, it seemed too late. I hope this story makes you pause, take a deep breath enjoy the beauty and warmth of the sun and the joys of human relationships.

LIFE OF SWEETEST TEASE

A Poem by Abdullatif Khalid, Uganda
 Reviewer: Mathew Daniel, Nigeria



It is impossible to deny the scintillating buffet of advantages AI offers the world, as seen in Abdullatif Khalid's poem 'Life of Sweetest Tease,' for each stanza and line is laced with condiments of AI's advantages.

But as with everything new to the world, or anything at all, the arrival of AI and its immense possibilities has opened the doors for a long-lasting debate across the globe, and it is not unusual to find, even amongst creative writers, the motion for and against it heavily contended. On the one hand, many have argued against the originality of AI-generated ideas, the lack of spirited generation of thoughts born bereft of lived experience, as Bernard Marr wrote, the "shift in human experience," resulting in the death of walking through the process of anything done at all. On the other hand, there is the double-edged economic impact it has, the advantage it offers to the capitalistic world, which dangerously puts the labour class at risk.

It's a different perspective in Abdullatif Khalid's poem. The poet wants 'the world' to "embrace" AI and the future it holds of a blissful

requiem for the death of labour. I cannot say it doesn't leave a puzzling mark on me as a reader.

However, the poet finds the idea an appealing one, for AI to take over the role of labour (after all, the advantages include; accurate execution of precise commands; the machine never tires out, and in the unlikely case that it does, has no feeling for any loss of physical strength; the machines will fight our wars without the gory loss of lives, etc.) which allows the common labourer more rest and by extension, the sweetest tease.

Without a doubt, the context of this poem does beg the question, what happens to the working class if machines take over labour in factories, and who does it benefit? The labourers or the owners of the technology?

Nonetheless, the poem is the poet's, and more than anything, the poet wants a life of rest for the human race where the burden of labour and all that requires expending physical energy is relinquished to the machines.

FORWARD AGENDA

A Short Story by Abdul Abíódún, Nigeria
 Reviewer: *Bohlokoa Lephoi, Lesotho*



It is a captivating and thought-provoking story! The writer skillfully weaved together elements of technology, culture, and personal perseverance to create a compelling narrative. The story effectively showcased the protagonist's determination, ingenuity, and courage while addressing important themes of diversity and inclusion.

The use of Yorùbá cultural references, such as the Benin Bronzes and Òrìsà, added depth and authenticity to the story. The incorporation of robotics and futuristic technology, along with the concept of neurodiversity, offered a refreshing perspective on how advancements in science can be inclusive and respectful of diverse minds.

The dialogue was engaging, and the interaction between Olánrewájú and Eromidọlá created tension and excitement throughout

the presentation scene. The moment when Olánrewájú revealed the color-changing feature of the Benin Robot was a brilliant twist that showcased her intelligence and strategic thinking.

The story beautifully conveyed the importance of maintaining cultural heritage and identity while embracing progress and innovation. The author's depiction of how technology and tradition can coexist harmoniously was a powerful message.

The story is a wonderful blend of futuristic technology, cultural appreciation, and individual empowerment. It encourages readers to embrace their unique strengths and see diversity as an asset rather than a limitation. Kudos to the writer for crafting such a compelling and thought-provoking narrative.

LET US
BE
YOUR
COMPANION...
LITERALLY!

#wsaalways
#advertisewithus

WWSA MAGAZINE

WWW.WRITERSSPACE.NET
WSA@WRITERSSPACE.NET