

# **A DAY SHORT OF A FORTNIGHT**

**BY OGIEVA ERHUN**

## **Day 1**

### **LOVE**

More than a feeling, more than a concept

It knows no bound, is everyone's perfect.

The willingness to serve in the absence of shame

Titillating every nerve, synapses becoming the same.

Understanding being its only synonym

Keeps you in sync no matter how things seem.

Sitting on the balcony, seven colours in the sky

All you need is each other for a long while.

Love is different, love is unexplainable

Love could smack you in the face, love could be unattainable.

Love with caution, love without it

Just love, you'll still get hurt without it.

## **Day 2**

### **DEATH**

Something was definitely up, I could feel it in my bones. All my mind told me was not to leave campus that day. Trust me to be adamant though, to me, intuition was something that my own thoughts influenced.

A black hoodie and blue ripped jeans was the last outfit I ever got to pick out. It was 2nd July 2021, Rex invited me out and I happily accepted. "Just type the name for bolt, e go show. If you reach just buzz me"

"no wahala, we go update"

I had already washed the dirt of my white sneakers the day before. I found that pretty convenient, so I convinced myself it was a good sign. I put them on , it was already 8:30pm but I had to find my way through town.

Mr Dave was my driver , 4 star rating, clean cut man. He was calling, I already spotted the car and did a little run over to it . I stepped in and shook his hand , he wasn't that old ,maybe 26 tops.

"Do you want to connect your Bluetooth?" Mr Dave asked quietly after we exchanged pleasantries. I agreed and put on some good music to pass the time, the traffic at that time was tight but not jamming. Mr Dave used that excuse to take a bend off Uwasota .

"Chairman, I nor know all this side o"

"we go burst come out yus now, na to cut all this go slow comot"

"no wahala sha" an impatient me said back.

Mere seconds after that , I had just a small part of my head outside the window; I remember feeling a little bit nervous ; it had been long since I'd been outside. The air against my face didn't hurt either. I didn't see the truck coming.

## **Day 3**

### **LIFE**

There's nothing shorter than life, we don't hope to die anytime soon but ever since we knew the meaning of death as kids, the fear of it has stopped us from doing so many things. Being alive, you notice the way dead people are slowly forgotten, each funeral teaches a lesson, each tragedy you survive makes you wiser. You start to value the little things, and personally I believe that's what life's about.

I believe it's about gratitude, you meet people who love you, be grateful. They might hurt you later on, but you had your time with them , be grateful for that! You see people with bigger struggles, empathize but be grateful.

With that much gratitude, you'll live forever for as long as you live.

## **Day 4**

### **GOD**

Growing up I had the most obvious christian background, my dad being clergy and my mother a devout believer.

I was different .

Everything around me seemed to have an explanation, if I didn't know it, I simply was able to accept that fact. Some of my friends I opened up to about my concepts weren't bold enough to even marinate on it.

"Guy, talk well o! Make God nor send thunder." particularly Dami always shot at me.

To me, God existed and didn't. He definitely wasn't everywhere at every time. Then my mum spoke about angels and that confirmed my theory, angels were made in their billions and all of them reported to God.

This will probably come across as blasphemy but to some extent, I still think this way. I still think God is a hundred percent man, a man who uncovered the secrets of the universe over time, he already learnt all the lessons we spend our entire existence trying to. Bear with me but I think if mankind is given enough time (which frankly is impossible, we'll be the end of ourselves anyway), we could uncover the secrets too.

No man has the discipline God has, the Bible exists to teach us how to be God to a substantial extent. We don't have the time. Do the best you can though, because I believe he really has mansions of gold, a big family of kind hearted people and a really long tabled feast.

I don't know about you, but I'd like to be seated there for eternity...

## **Day 5**

### **MURDER**

It was almost midnight, I definitely wasn't supposed to be out by this time but my confidence was unrivalled. Fear wouldn't obliterate the fact that I needed to get home that night . I simply scrolled through my playlist, looking for who I'd listen to for the walk home. I settled on made in Lagos, it was the 21st time I'd be listening to it.

I didn't expect anyone to be around so I turned up the volume and let wizkid do his magic. There was a short cut up front and I needed the fastest route out of this silence. I took the next turn, it was even more secluded. I could hear muffled screams, I simply concluded that it was part of the instrumental. But, I had listened to this album twenty times before, why weren't the screams there then? I continued walking, making my steps even more cautious. The screams drew closer, there it was, the source of it all.

A man twice my size was engrossed in defiling who seemed like a helpless teenager. The confidence I had immediately wavered, I mean he would obviously have the upper hand. All I had was the element of surprise and I had no choice but to use it. He turned frantically, observing his environment so he wouldn't get caught off guard.

I hid, took off my sneakers and picked up quite the weighty piece of rock. Slowly but surely I approached the scene. Rock in my hand, Her muffled screams added to my agitation. I jumped him and without hesitation, whipped the rock against the side of his head.

His hand slumped off her mouth, so did his body. I threw the bloody rock away and carefully kicked the body, I had to make sure he was dead. No response, his eyes were open but his pupils were white, his phallus still erect but surely his was lifeless. I knelt to check on a weeping teenager, She was shaking but she didn't look helpless. My respect for her grew. I looked upon both of them and thought to myself;

even this doesn't justify killing him?

## **Day 6**

### **DROUGHT**

"In the old days, things were run by principalities whose strengths were revered," Ikem's grandmother started her bedtime story.

"Some could even turn into animals, and as long as we kept them happy, they kept the village flourishing. Rainfall, protection, fertility; you name it. They loved us so much so that some of them came to live amongst us, they were eight in total." Ikem leaned in, her grandma smelled like peace.

"You'd often see eight crows gathered on the branches of the big iroko at the village entrance. From time to time people with special request would leave their offerings at the foot of the tree, and If they found it worthy, you'd be blessed with even more than you asked. All went wrong when one day, one of them was killed by a villager, just an ignorant boy. He was 6 years old, yes Ikem, he was about your age. Things went downhill from there, my dear." "Is that why there's no water in the village?" Little Ikem shot at her grandmother. "Maybe. The seven remaining crows left that day, never to return. People still put offerings at the foot of the tree in hopes that they would forgive the village. In the hopes that our streams would have life once again and our women would stop dying from childbirth." She looked upon Ikem, her eyes already wet with tears. She remembered her daughter.

## **Day 7**

### **DEPRESSION**

A concept both ubiquitous and rare. It's being taken for granted, people without it wear it like a gold medal. "If not for my depression ....." is the only thing I hear, I scroll through social media and I'm on half

the feed of youths. I recognize how deep the problem could eat, I believe its people that give depression power, that feed it and eventually just give in to it.

I think differently and I'm not scared to admit it , I even enjoy the fact. Depression comes with demons , voices that try to frustrate you from the inside, that actively try to keep you down. Why not make friends with said demons? It's definitely easier said than done. But what can they tell you that hasn't already happened under the sun? I've seen tragedy , I've been pushed to the brink of suicide and you know what?, I made friends by questioning the voices. My younger ones would catch me talking to myself, only I knew I wasn't, only I know I don't.

The demons are still there, they're my most pessimistic friends and I've come to terms with that. They suggest unthinkable evil, and it's scary to know that I'm capable of such. Dark humor helps with all of it, removing the power from such a serious predicament. The bleakness of life can't catch me only because I know it's after me.

## Day 8

### TRUST

"Then shall come daytime when all men shall deem me reliable"

~ William, 1176, age 12.

Henry VIII had just decreed war upon France , the entire castle was in shambles due to the struggle for power. The monarch in then England called a meeting, they were losing and needed something to get the upper hand.

"If I might?, his eminence." Michael, the kings personal knight asked; his helmet against his chest.

"England is in turmoil, any supplication therefore will be accepted" Henry VIII prompted, holding a calm exterior. "I bid we spy upon the French!" Michael continued as the crowd grew quiet.

"I bid we spy upon the French, that a youngling be put amongst them lest anyone be wiser. He in all

corniness and silent doing shall bring us the upper hand against France"

"How do you this youngling will deliver us?" The king asked, looking Michael right beneath his eyebrows.

"His eyes ,my liege. Never have I seen a lad so pressed to make a man of himself" A simple nod from Henry VIII and Michael's plan became the only one.

Michael had done so much to deserve such respect; he'd put in the effort, he was never caught lying, he'd even die first before stealing bread from the needy. Henry VIII wasn't blind, he'd seen all of this and indeed trusted Michael.

William was just 12 when he was brought to the castle and that was the beginning of victory for England.

## **Day 9**

### **FOOD**

Offspring of plants, offspring of animals

From them come our nutrients and minerals.

Feeding paupers, feeding generals

Neither long lasting nor ephemeral.

A scoop for who? A scoop for you

Something sumptuous, something new.

To please your mouth, your taste buds too

To lift your spirits when you're feeling blue.

A bunch of this, a sliver of that

To keep your glucose levels intact.

Good food to soothe your heart,

Not too much lipids, you might get fat.

It keeps sicknesses away

Gives energy to dance; energy to sway.

Better than people in many ways

It's there for you, eat everyday.

## Day 10

### STYLE

Style goes hand in hand with confidence, at least that's what Chike thinks. No one could dissuade him once he had picked out an outfit.

He'd always say; "don't wear clothes and leave the swag at home."

Son of a bitch never left the house without his confidence. He always finds a way to give colours the harmony they deserve. He's lanky like me, so forgive me if I steal some of his dress sense for myself. He always gets in trouble with the bigger boys in class, they'd surround him and just sound threatening.

He never minds them though, he just co-operates so his 'drip' doesn't get ruined. He has this easy going walking step to go with every look, talk about knowing yourself. I just think the boys are jealous ; Chike is neither as rich nor as handsome as they are.

I know so much about Chike because he's my good friend, kind of a brother to me. I honestly believe everyone can be Chike, don't leave your swag at home people .

Like yourself, like your style.

## Day 11

### AMBITION

By society's standard, all the reasons Dwight wanted to make money was wrong. Personally, he felt all the reasons for wanting wealth was justifiable. He was going to approach the higher ups; it was time to impeach Dave, two promotions his superior.

They were at least four vying for the position and he knew they all deserved it. The competition was tight but he couldn't take down Dave alone. He would handle Dave and then move unto his colleagues, he had it all planned out in his big mind. Reality could fuck things up but he was ready to die trying. He knew his CV was good enough to land him another reasonable job so -no risk no reward.

"So, turns out Dave cut us out of last year's commission. You look surprised!" Dwight said to Kevin, deceit in his heart but harmless grins on his face.

"I don't think Dave would do that to us. He bought us all christmas gifts, man!"



"Why do you think so?"

"He was just being nice Dwight, stop spreading rumors and get some work done." He left almost too quietly. Dwight had strategically left evidence of the commission dispensing report by Kevin's desk. He knew curiosity was bound to win over Kevin, they'd been friends for 6 years anyway, he knew him like the back of his hand. He did this to about four other close friends of his; soiling Dave's name and ruining his reputation alongside.

What his friends didn't know was that Dwight already applied for? Dave's job. He even gave out harmful info about the other four. 'Anything for the job', he'd always say to himself.

Yes, Dave was fired dishonourably . No, Dwight did not get the job but for sure, that was not going to stop him.

Nothing was.

## **Day 12**

### **JOB**

If your parents were born during or before Nigeria's independence, you'd definitely understand the pressure Macauley was under. He was barely 3 when his mom started calling him "my doctor." Talk about predestined destiny.

A job Macauley grew to have no love for but pushed through only because of his mother's faith in him. He knew jobs were just part of the system to enslave mankind. He knew the cabal created the concept to dissuade the public from their actual agenda; to create better equipped man power for their personal revenue.

He was born way too late, the system already had too deep roots. His mother was already caught up in it, but he had to repay her for all she did. Dr Macauley eventually got a job, just his knowledge wasn't enough.

## **Day 13**

## **FRIENDSHIP**

"Who would you say a friend is?" His court mandated therapist asked.

Simon believed he had more than one soul mate. Even if him and these people didn't speak to each other 10 years from now, they'd still be his soul mates. Never had he seen such understanding, speaking was almost useless sometimes. As situations played out ,they each knew how to act, they each knew what each other needed. The loyalty was there and it was never taken for granted.

He couldn't count the number of times he was down and they dropped to his level just to lift him alongside. He was naturally skeptical but these people, these friends just had to be an exception.

Simon was accepted.

Simon was appreciated. Simon was made confident, he felt he could do anything as long as they stood beside him.

"A friend is each and every last one of them." Simon simply said back, refusing to betray their trust.