

Brimming On The Brinks Of Blues

BLOOMING ON THE BRINKS OF BLUES

This instance yesterday, I had begun traversing the day. My guide was strategic, I had digit appointments on the metropolis Island. One of the terminal sun shines of the rainy season, shot brilliant twinkles on every bounds of my automobile windshield, as I crowd on the Third Mainland Bridge.

Fela Kuti was hitting again on my arousal with his "International felon" thief" number; and the digit cardinal and note kilometre measure of my automobile suited the beats quite utterly. It was always a feeling listening to him. His words galvanized my consciences. His delivery was smooth, even though it was slightly made raspy by the imperfect sounds of my automobile speakers. Replacing these speakers had been an component on my plate for some months. They cried under the penalisation of overuse, Just same my automobile tyres, shock absorbers, and even bedroom mattress backwards at home.

One farewell out of fivesome apiece week, commonly had me waking with a back-ache. The effect of sleeping on an ignorantly purchased, sub-standard Mouka mattress, was just as exciting as having to rest cragfast in the Ikorodu Road reciprocation with not such choices of effort out.

Optimism climbed my hunch apiece instance I remembered that by stylish the terminal anaemic of December, which was exclusive digit months away, I would be at the Murtala Muhammed Airport, for an onward journey to Canada's Toronto. I had been offered a space for the 2009 academic year, in digit of its universities to pursue a post-graduate diploma in Journalism.

In that time, I would not hit to discompose about a three-year old, nagging automobile that in the past months had incurred such bills that mitt my purse and self lean — emotionally lean that is. I mean, I had never been a slim person, not since 2007, when I started gift in to the beckoning calls of the Mr. Biggs' doughnut and consequently started a progression to the filler of a hips 44. They would hit been too tasty to miss if Toronto eat bars did not hit with variantly flavoured doughnuts.

So I munched on one, and descended the bridge, en-route The Stock Exchange House in Marina were I had my prototypal errand to separate for Mummy. She had become in exactitude of the word, in loco parentis, since the respectively dated demises of my parents.

With Mummy, there had been no reluctance to support my sisters and I; she had been prizewinning someone to my mother through her tumultuous eld of widowhood, never had i known added someone so true. In the consequence of of my mother's death, she ease kept the friendship alive, stepping in as mother to my sisters and i.

That was ground it was no discompose risking the thug littered streets of the metropolis Island; mingling with scores of pick-pockets on Tinubu and Kakawa Streets and mounting the stairs of the Stock-Exchange building, were the lifts remained epileptically functional.

I completed my playing at the financial house in inferior than cardinal minutes and walked backwards to my car. I had early found a parking space in the lateral walk on Campbell street. The space ought to be part of a pedestrian path. However, in the day-time, It was used by the association of the Atlantic boys, as a parking aggregation for cars. who could challenge them? In Lagos, they were the lords of bedlam streets same these. True. The digit who navigated my packing for a gift of digit cardinal naira was dressed in a sooted t-shirt and grappling cap with the grappling of the present metropolis State governor. He looked same digit of the touts used in the recent election. In his athletic six-footed frame, scarred grappling and brutal mien, this agbero haw hit made up an intrinsic part of the judgement party's, campaign arsenal.

Before effort in the car, I took a moment to pass1 the murky liquid on my shoes, with a piece of rag i kept in my boot for such purposes. Despite the employed presence of the state's street cleaners, the roads looked more grimy than the terminal instance I walked them months before. Even the the thugs around seemed to hit darkened in complexion. I was sure the open bathrooms had become permanently maladaptive or that light-skinned men strength hit been ostracised from this dreggy fold.

It was not a busy distance to travel from Marina to Victoria Island were I went to keep an interview appointment with added financial company. It was in need of a free-lance illustrator who would manage its open relations unit.

It was an unsufferable conversation with three members of the direction unit, apparently skilled in slave-labour. The interview ended with their request that I returned the incoming week, to resume employed for a derisory remuneration of fivesome cardinal Naira, per by-weekly press releases. I liked to dash the hopes of unreasonable people and I was sure

they were feat to engage in a futile wait for my return.

I had been healthy to cope for nearly a assemblage with an irregularly paying composition job, clothe-making and interior designing, it was so no task up a hill, tarrying digit more months for the river High Commission to issue me a Study Permit. Only digit period before, I had dispatched the stipulated requirements to the embassy. My maternal uncle had offered to be my sponsor for the program. I knew that the derived details of his plump bank accounts, which I had equally dispatched the embassy, would give me a high quantity of existence acknowledged the permit I earnestly awaited.

A few eld ago, these same bank details had ensured a nation visa for digit of my digit sisters, and she had since rounded up her masters degree Business Administration . It was the same which had helped my relation Somebi, when he got a study permit to do a post-graduate degree in Human Resource Management, at the Manchester State University.

Creative composition was my calling – substantially that was beside clothe designing; and I was sure an internationally priced, added certificate in Journalism would way-pave me into that field of career I longed to work in.

I could hardly wait to intend out of Nigeria for a while, to a land were the roads were wider and the reciprocation jams saner. Where homes were liberated from armed robbery and digit did not pay for power bills and ease rest in bouts of outage; where the fire assist promptly acted on a azygos crisis call without the excuse of existence out of liquid supply.

I desired to experience a grouping assorted from that in Nigeria, where the judgement class did not fed the dogs fruitful on the educational grouping of its land and then turned up their noses in disgust at the decadence, before sending their children to sterling edifice overseas.

My head filled these thoughts as i connected the Cater Bridge on my way homewards. That was when i heard my mobile sound indicate the receipt of a text. I succumbed to the indisciplined urge to feature it patch driving at a slow pace. Immediately I feature the message, my eyes looked out for the incoming acquirable exit backwards to the Island. I could not constituent a moment to collect my parcel from the fedex courier office at Ikoyi. After sextet weeks of processing my visa application, news had finally come from the river Embassy. I crowd on, trying to reason out the modus of telepathy. Just that morning, the fleeting thought had come in, that I would sooner center news from them.

I tore the impressible activity in feverish rushing as presently as I got backwards to the automobile from the airtight, courier office. Even in the chill of my car’s air conditioner, I ease change the hidrosis in my under-arms.

By the instance I wheeled my automobile out into the main road heading backwards home, I change sweat dripping from my plaited head, downbound the sides of my face. They seemed to also modify downbound my cheeks. It was strange that hidrosis dropped in the middle of my cheeks, from my forehead. It was unusual, I blankly noted, subconsciously tasting a modify close to my mouth. It had the salt of dissatisfaction and the indescribable colourlessness of pain. They were tears afterall. They gushed downbound in torrents same an avalanche, destroying the settlement of dreams and a chain of years-old, preparations.

I moped as I crowd home. Moped even when a Danfo utility pelted curses at my not indicating trafficator lights before making a turn. I ease moped when I discovered I had punctured a tyre from climbing on a nail but almost slapped the vulcanizer who repaired it, for erroneously gift me banknote naira inferior of my change.

I flopped heavily on my bed the moment I reached home, but not before looking again at the Deficiency Sheet that dealt the numbing blow.

The rude liberation of my covering and foreclosure to administrative appeal, written there, was irking, the hand that wrote my study on it, scrawly. It looked same that of a confused four year-old. I could look that migration officer had never sat exclusive the walls of a tertiary school.

What was more proof that I was a bona-fide student of the Sheridan Institute of Arts and Technology, than example copies of my admission honor and that of espousal which I had tendered on request to the embassy?

What was more cynical than incredulous my member in the questionnaire box which asked for a ticked ‘yes’;, if I was sincere about leaving Canada when my one-year program ended?

What was more insulting than a mortal calling me a liar; a white man for that matter, whose forefathers after telling mine stories of a coupler God who saw the equality of mankind, went aweigh to call them monkeys and natives patch concealing their artefacts and mineral resources?

Their response was breaking, but it led me to a serendipitous discovery; the river migration officers were not just intelligent people. A river migration official could garner imaginary holes in veritable documents, but found it impossible

seeing beyond his broken nose, when phoney ones stared boldly in his sarcastic eyes.

Two weeks ago, my neighbour relocated to metropolis with his brother's river passport.

That brother had ten eld earlier, mitt these shores with the passport of his look-alike friend. I imagined the river official must hit heaved a satisfied sigh when he finished looking through his documents, inattentive he was laying bare his ignorance. My secondary edifice classmate went to settle in that same land terminal year. He got mated to a Nigerian who had naturalised there. If the embassy's official had been sharp-eyed during the interview, he would hit picked that facial resemblance between the couple, glaringly spoke that they were same twins.

Dusk crawled in as I remained deep in broken sobs. Life had haply been the prizewinning of the world's possess jesters. It had its style; it worked with time, it's tools remained the dices of fate. It was prizewinning at mocking plans.

My dreams seemed to lie in a waste before my mind's eyes. The remnants of its broken chains dangled on the fastening of disappointment.

My house lease was due in a month's time, it was a little more than affordable- especially in this my peculiarly hamstrung times. I needed to urgently to seek more rewarding sources of livelihood. Was God a remotely familiar existence whose powerfulness was over estimated? I ease ached with this question in my hunch and tasted the tears in my representative as I drifted to sleep, closing puffy eyes that change peppery from hours of sorrowful weeping.

However, when this farewell woke me up and the weatherman on channels' Television predicted a sunshiny day, I change the beam also distribute through my gut. I knew it beamed through, to verify I was ease the same on whom was given gifts superior human limitations.

The skies in the distance held a brightness inimitable. That was when I saw it, the chains of my dreams extended out in a strong distinction across the distant blueness, they had become mended with resilience. The hills of my plans stood there too. It had a steps hinged on a soldered determination to move on and fortitude to focus on its top. That was when I change the lightness in my hunch and the song explosive out the chords of my throat.

I knew it then; a river Lincoln had forfeited its quantity of existence the citadel at whose feet a forthcoming icon developed her inimitable artistic mastery of world acclaim.