

Whitehouse

~~~ Oluchi Rosemary Ekenobi

It started up with the ads I saw on the net, the poets brandishing efforts for us to have our PVCs. Amina has already registered online and scheduled to come and pick it up. If only every other thing good pertaining to this country was quickened this way, my father—a very deep rooted Muslim spiced up with philosophy and psychology kept bragging of the result of the election being held. Not only was he confident about this, he said "these election is to justify all righteousness, the person who they want has been chosen".

I would find my legs at our center table every evening listening to him say this to his friends. One would ask where the certainty of this news and the tendency of its reality. Alhaji Azeez who happened to be my father was once the prime minister of kanya country, do permit me to say that he has and know his way in and out of politics. I believe that's where he got the courage from. For years the people of Kambo and outskirts in kanya has been wrapped in between wet clothes, they never saw the forefront of the executive office. Power has been benched to some nincompoops who out rightly would dish out their birthright for just a porridge of yam. Each tenure left them with yet another hope that got crushed alongside.

The segregation meted out on the people of Kambo left them with exasperations which crept in even to the offspring yet to be born. Mida was the first to file out in the streets of Kambo one fateful morning screaming louder than the speaker.

" We no go gree!"

" We no go gree!"

Followed by Silas who was yet to nurse the pain of his burnt house which was the last inheritance left to him by his late parents who got wasted by the buckets of bullets. It was rumoured that it was more of an assassination and less of a natural death, whichever way, man must die. What's started with just two persons suddenly turned to a congregation whom are ready to receive from their "clergyman" the inevitable.

Ndua!! Called out mida.... Hor.... Ndua strained his neck to answer the familiar voice.

"Come make we go break down that INEC office ame den release our own PVC". Ndua reluctantly muttered words beneath his breath before giving him an unexpected response.

"So I would come home with amputated leg this time?"

Please, go—I'd come later.... Maybe when I must have recovered from the beatings those black men with devil's spirit leashed on me. And if this is how cowards are regarded, do keep my seat at the front so I'll be seen clearly. Remember to save up the teargas for your cooking, since the cost for a kilogram is now for just the elites, he said unapologetically while making his way straight to his destination.

Mide, Silas and other group of boys continue with screaming on top of their voices with placards spilling out the agitations of the Kambo municipal. One would ask the reason for all these protest. Months before now, the youths of Kambo having frustrated by the last government, whole hearted sprouted wings to cast their votes, this time hopefully it would fall in the favor of one of their good contesting member in the party, hence people of Kambo residing at other parts of the world seeked their routes home to vote.

Unfortunately, most youths of Kambo were deprived the right of getting their registered cards; meanwhile the region of kanya, especially the northern and western districts had theirs distributed to individuals with no stress. This monstrous act of disenfranchisement propelled the cries and wailing of some masses, especially the youths. And it's just three days to the election. Just as Ndua had prophesied, the INEC office was covered with police men with bayonets awaiting their prey. This time an underdeveloped message was sent

"Do go home, each colony would have their cards dispatched to their offices for easy pick-up"

"This we've been fed for the past three months, "

Oga we don bellefull.... A voice spoke out with no inspired fear. Giggles enveloped the air, with some heads nodding in agreement to what the gentleman said.

But the officer was already making his way back inside, like a messenger sent to disseminate information to some bunch of itinerant lunatics.

His last step up, came this fierce, sound at the back of his newly scrapped bald hair, emitting light to the four corners of the earth, this brisk solid came so fast and unexpected resisting gravitational force. Broke out the anticipated third world war, between the police men and the furious youths who came prepared, loaded with their set of weapon of destruction. Scrambles every nook and cranny. Blood oozing from different heads, legs and hands. Every effort to scare off the people with tears gas was furtive, they all came all armoured, it's either get your card or be killed. The stampedes could cause an earthquake or volcano. Most of them amidst this tussle maneuvered into the office, just to see the compartment containing thousands of cards yet to be given out. They all rushed to get as many as their little hands and clothes could contain it was at this point an open fire was raised.

Stray bullet landed on an 18-year-old boy, who was bent searching for his own card. Everyone ran for their dear lives. At ten o'clock that night the news was announced, surprisingly from a different axis, the 18 years old boy that was murdered wasn't mentioned. Thank goodness for the clips gotten by some persons within the confinement of the office which was uploaded on social media that left tongues wagging....

*~~~Oluchi Rosemary Ekenobi is a young Nigerian writer. She is so passionate about writing.*