

Gimba KAKANDA

Extract from a novel in progress

Chapter One

The Messenger

It begins one night in the rainy season of 1996. I wake to find the cold breeze in the room similar to the one blowing in the other world. The bamboo bed squeaks in pain. I grope my way to the window, adjusting my eyes to the light of the moon, which casts a rough shimmering square on the wall beside where I have lain. Outside our room's wooden shutters, there is a woman in white. As I strain to focus, she moves in my direction. I draw back and knock over the hurricane lantern. The smell of kerosene fills our little room.

'Who is that?' asks Grandpa. His voice comes from his room, two doors away.

I don't answer.

An insistent, swishing sound, like the hissing of many snakes, comes from outside. The air around our room grows even colder and I begin to go numb. I pat Datsu awake. He stretches, sits up and mutters rubbish. I cover his mouth. He bites my hand.

'What is it?' His voice is gruff.

'A woman... There's a woman on the water,' I point to the window.

Datsu stares from me to the window, and then snorts as he makes for the source of the yellow beam. I stand well behind, watching him look out to the river. He looks to the left and to the right and turns.

'There is nothing out there. You are seeing things.'

'I swear I saw a wo-woman,' I tell him. 'She wore white, she was moving like this...' I try to move my stiff body. 'She looked like... like a mammy-water.' Sensation rings expand around my head.

'Mami-what? You mean...?' His sentence breaks off into a yawn but, knowing him, he must have said "the Others," which he calls the Jinn. He hisses, stretching out on the bed.

Just then, the first wave hits our house. On my toes, stooped, I move to the window. The house is only a few meters from the riverbank; it is a mud-built bungalow with thatch roofing that no longer keeps the rain away from our bed. The homestead nestles on the slope of the extended bank, where lush fields of rice sway in the mid-season paddy. I rise to peep, and my one-eyed gaze catches the woman in white on a receding crest, going away. She waves. The water slams into the house again. I leave the room.

Grandpa comes out of his room, his frail torso moving with ease. He pats my head with his wire-thin hands before dashing to the backyard. The Great River has submerged his rice paddies already.

The moon is very bright this night. As if indifferent to our loss. At intervals, it slides behind clouds to emerge with even brighter beam. There is a person seated on a chair on the surface of

the moon. I used to think that it was God Himself. I look on, straining my eyes. For the first time, the figure forms itself into the shape of an ape, a monkey stretching up as if surrendering to a captor. I am lost in this discovery when Grandpa's friends approach, catching us in the cumulative beam of their torches.

'Inna lillahi wa inna ilaihi raji'un!' It is Afa.

Grandpa grunts his acknowledgment, "And to Allah we shall return."

Others soon arrive, alone, and in twos and groups, some flashing torches before them even though the moon is more than enough.

Someone asks Grandpa how it happened and he shrugs, his hands clasped behind him like an offender faking contrition before the judge. They call him Alhaji Rukoci even though his hair is not as white as Afa's. It must be because of my father, who has also visited Makkah. It is only when the same inquiring voice says 'may this be a sacrifice for greater things' that Grandpa utters a word, 'Amin.'

Datsu joins us, scratching his head like one who has slept off while on guard. More men arrive; a few in shorts, some in wrappers. But for two in loose singlets, all wear nothing to cover their torsos, baring hairy chests and the musculature Datsu has always talked about. He wants to be like that, which is why he works hard on the farm.

The men turn to watch the now innocent river, wavelets caught in the illumination of the moon and their torches. The call to prayer comes in the middle of all of the grunting and muttering. I look around, wondering at the stealth with which the Muezzin has left. He was here a minute ago.

In the cold, a rooster crows, contesting the Muezzin's voice, ringing out a wail as we file towards the mosque.

It is a Saturday. No one goes fishing as no one wants to be turned in to a monkey, like the fishermen in the Qur'an. The radio has just announced the cause of the rise in the river. The news pours from Afa's radio. He carries it about like a pouch of gold.

'I'm always with my radio,' he says. 'I'm always on BCC!'

I have never seen him silent. I and others call him Radio Man behind his back. We listen from beneath a shade of knit raffia strands a few yards from where the elders sit. I expect he would, again, begin pontificating about the attempted coup, the clash of two tribes in Rwanda, the war in Liberia, odd happenings in the whiteman's land, all the frequent broadcasts of British Broadcasting Corporation whose initials he keeps referring to as "BCC". He never stops talking about those.

'I'm always on BCC and I didn't hear a pss,' clipping his fingers to quantify the smallness of pss, 'on the release of the waters of Kainji Dam!'

Radio Man, a tall, stooping man with protruding cheekbones and white patch on the end of his beard, always carries the black World Receiver with him. He is a curious person. Even on the other six days it is not forbidden to fish, he is the only one whose canoe never goes beyond the

point in the river where the women go to fetch water. Datsu said the Radio Man was haunted by a jinni, a female jinni that fell in love with him.

'But, he's the imam, why didn't he burn them with prayers?' I asked Datsu that day.

'If not for his prayers, he would've been long dead.'

I was confused. 'So, even with prayers, he's still afraid of ji-?'

'Stop! Don't talk about ji-them, the Others, like that. They're listening. They are everywhere.'

Then he told his story, which changed slightly with every narration, about a prayerful hunter who did not take precaution and how a lion ate him. The last time it was a wolf, before then an elephant. He told these stories like one who could recite the Fatiha without putting the verses out of order.

I watch Radio Man punch the air and begin to contest the news. He says it is Colonel Paul that is responsible for the flood, and then someone corrects that it is the people in Abuja that own the dams in faraway Kainji and Jebba. Radio Man is fond of General Abacha, another contesteer says, and then charges that it is the reason he doesn't attack the Head of State.

The sun is now beginning to find its way through the eaves.

'Shift,' I say to Datsu, and he too asks the boys beside him to move over to the other end of the seat—the trunk of mango tree felled days ago. The boys are attending to what the elders are saying. We recognise the speakers by their voices; we know Radio Man has the coarse voice, and Grandpa the voice of a woman, like someone who cannot make a decision. The Muezzin interjects in Hausa at intervals. He has lived in Zaria so long he speaks Kakanda like the Tiv settlers.

'Abacha is responsible! What's the flood got to do with with Colonel Paul?' someone says of the military administrator. It invites a yell, and then the enquirer accuses Radio Man of dislike for Colonel Paul because he is Christian. The session turns into a shouting match, and when they become calm, I hear Grandpa asking the accuser to apologise. 'It's alright,' Radio Man again says, and then, 'How can the stranger even do justice to this state?'

The same voice that has said sorry earlier, a guttural voice, the voice of someone who likes talking, asks how it would be if it were the Igala or Igbira in charge. The boy sitting next to Datsu giggles, and before I can ask for reason, the elders burst into laughter. Grandpa says, 'This is not a laughing matter.'

I stand to leave.

'Where are you going?' A boy who is forever arguing with Datsu over who is the older between them says.

'He's going back to the room to read,' answers Datsu.

'Shut up, kiddo. I'm asking your elder.'

Datsu pounces on him with an exaggerated sense of hurt and I know the only end to that is when one wrestles the other down, which is always Datsu, and able to get the losing to admit to being the younger. My father has said that I was eleven. And Grandpa said that Datsu was born

at the end of the dry season that succeeded my birth. I was born in the rainy season. But Datsu has terrorised the other boys, boasting that he was fourteen and I was only ten days older.

Radio Man's voice gets to me in the room. I lay on my stomach on the prickly bed—a raffia mat on bamboo slats tied together to make a frame like a wide casket— reading from Intensive English which is what I will study in my first year at secondary school. It is like Macmillan, only that this one has fewer pictures. The holiday will end in a week, and my father has sent for me to return to the city on the Sunday after the next.

When I can't follow the book any longer, I stand to go see the water level from the knoll on the southern end of the farmstead. The grey sheet extends motionlessly towards the east, to Lokoja, the state capital, where it meets the browner waters from Benue. The river has ebbed and green spikes of the partly submerged rice peek out in curls on the surface like doped fish.

The families here on the banks of the Great River come from different villages to farm on the large acres of marshland they call "Federa". It belongs to nobody, they say. Only Grandpa never let his wife come, perhaps because Grandma, who was his first wife, died in a boat accident. I was in Primary 5 when it happened. Datsu is the only son of Grandpa's wife, Ya-Mina.

Our supplies of food come from Radio Man's wife every day. She cooks well, but doesn't know how to prepare smoked fish as well as Datsu's mum back in Budan. Hers are too salty or too peppery or spoiled by a little too much of both seasonings. Our village, Budan, is far up, along the origin of the river, which Datsu has said was in heaven, but my brother, who feigned illness to escape spending the holiday in Budan this year, said it was in a country called Guinea and when I checked an atlas I only saw a dot, thicker than the thread marked R. Niger.

As the sun loses the challenge, dimming to herald another night, dread of the white-clad woman overcomes me. I lock the window with a spoke broken off the wheel of Grandpa's long abandoned Roadmaster bicycle that has indeed mastered the roads of his youth. No sooner has the silence settled about us, sleep taking over Datsu, than I hear the swishing, hissing sound asking that I open the window. My teeth chatter. I'm tucked between Datsu and the cold wall, staring at the window. My first step out of the room sinks my feet into water. It is the mermaid's will.

Grandpa asks us to get our things into the canoe for a sail back to Budan. Our house and farm have been claimed by the river. On the way, I tell Grandpa of the woman in white. He stops paddling at once, and so I turn back to catch his countenance. It's grave. He is aft, has left Datsu to guide the canoe up front. I'm quiet, sitting in the middle. I stop playing with the lilies, hyacinths and the flotsam that float past. At intervals I bail out water coming in through the leaks with a broken calabash.

'Alhaji,' Datsu calls to Grandpa, 'Salman is just lying.'

Grandpa's breathing quickens, becoming louder. I look back again, and catch him attempting to paddle. Our canoe seems to have frozen in place. The wrinkling on his face frightens me. I become still, trying hard not to reveal any emotion, dreading another coming of the woman.

'Wh-who is she?' I ask.

Datsu calls to Grandpa again, only this time there is fear in his voice too and the fear scares me even more, for Datsu is not vulnerable to fear. 'I – I think something...something is holding the canoe underneath.'

Grandpa nods and pushes his paddle beneath the canoe. There is a mild quake, yet our canoe stays. Grandpa, holding on to the tail of the canoe, gets into the water, first moving his legs to unhook the canoe, and then, when that fails, descends into the water with a swimmer's grace. After a long stay underneath, the water around the canoe becomes troubled. The canoe trembles.

Datsu begins to wail to attract anyone, even though no canoe is in sight. My memory plays the Shahada, which I have no voice to recite. The ripples become crimson. Grandpa's body, mangled, breaks the surface in the maws of a monster. Hippopotamus.

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A selection of letters from the writer's yet-to-be-published epistolary work on life and politics.

A Letter to My Unborn Daughter

Sweetheart,

This letter is a betrayal of my previous convictions, and an apology for actually allowing a society of chauvinists to train my mind into agreeing that the womenfolk are indeed inferior, merely created from our ribs to be chained to marital slavery. This diseased mind-set was the reason I addressed a letter to your brother about two years ago without even a reference to you, or even expressing a concern over your wellbeing in the pre-mortality world. I felt sorry for you afterwards, Sweetheart. Recent experiences have shown me the complexes of this ancient crime against 'womankind'—a crime perpetrated by a species of insecure men for whom the freedom of the woman is seen as the collapse of decency. The woman, in their inverted wisdom, is a metaphor of gullibility—a moron who cannot think or survive in the absence of the almighty man; an imbecile whose knowledge of the right and the wrong must be upheld up by the ever "holy" male; a pet that must, as needs be, be treated as an accessory.

My heart is heavy, Sweetheart, as I brush away my shame to write this. I had unfairly antagonised feminists whose misery I now understand. I had dismissed their Gender Equality campaigns as attention-seeking circus done either for publicity or to enjoy a piece of the White man's dollars. The misery and frustration of woman can be understood when we study the history of their subjugations, the cultural and religious conspiracies perfected to make the position of the woman as subordinate a design of God. Give religion to an idiot, and you have created a monster. The sheer inability to check the border between devotion to God and obsession with insanity is the root of our present societal chaos. The borderline between adherence to religion and fanaticism is thin, people don't seem to know it when they cross it. But a fanatic is an intellectual fraud who highlights aspects of religion that celebrates the man, while he finds bliss in disregarding portions that emphasise the rights of the woman.

This letter is actually written from a will to give you the hint of latest happenings here. Ahmed Yarima, that man who ought to be in jail for establishing a political space that serves as

greenhouse for this new breed of extremists, has again attempted to play on our intelligence and anger when he rallied his fellows together to agree that an underage girl is a constitutional adult simply because she's married. They tried to cite the Prophet as role model, defending that present context shouldn't invalidate the practice. Do you know what that means, Sweetheart? The challenges of 21st Century are issues that require painstaking application of wisdom, and not these outright insensitivities of the literalists. My provocation is an expression of many disgusts over this perpetration of an old conspiracy by a cult that still sees an empowered or independent woman as a puncture to their inflated egos! This deliberate destruction of the woman remains why every poverty-stricken idiot quotes Allah and the Prophet to marry more than one woman, even when their income is not enough to feed a camel. Has any lawmaker ever moved a motion to stop low-income earners from this going against Allah, which is what they do by going into polygamy with empty pockets? I can't let these conspiracies and hypocrisies be dressed in the garments of religion. I can't watch a little girl not only denied privileges but constitutionally dehumanised.

And when we are trying to highlight where commonsense ought to be applied in engaging the socio-politics of religion in modern Nigeria, some self-appointed litigators of God declared us as "liberals" or even "apostates"? One even warned that my geography and name are proofs of my infidelity. They argued that you must bear Arabic names and even be from the core north, perhaps Dan Fodio's lineage, to pass for their own Muslim. These litigators were possibly going from house to house, market to market, as destitute "Almajirai" conveniently abandoned by their parents to begging in the name of Qur'anic education when some of us were in decent classrooms studying the ideal Islamic literatures under scholars of piety and repute. These litigators can't tell cultural Arabism apart from Islam, yet where they counter that commonsense must never be applied in interpreting Islam, they refuse to ride on camels for pilgrimage to the holy land. Like the Prophet did. You see, Sweetheart? Fanaticism is a disability in thinking. There is nothing sacred about Arabic language or names or culture outside the context of religion, but they don't know this. And Islamic texts are preserved in their original Arabic forms to avoid distortions. I approve that, Sweetheart. You may learn Arabic to perfect your faith, so that you won't end up like the clowns who initiate an aggression when they see, say, a Christian cuddling a Bible written in Arabic. You see, these litigators are so pious they can mistake porn magazines written in Arabic for Islamic literatures!

Our people's cultural and religious ignorance is that complicated. To understand them, you must study the history of their evolution either from Darwin's contested apes perspective or from the Adam of the Qur'an and the Bible on to the invasions and missions of Arabs and Europeans who exploited our primitivity and introduced dazzling concepts of monotheism in which the inferiority complex-stricken Blackman becomes an example of spiritual confusion. Sweetheart, this holier-than-thou gra-gra over imported ideologies is one reason I wish we had a leader like old Turkey's Mustafa Ataturk—to restore our lost self-esteem. Our esteem has been grounded in the mud by the slaveries and racisms we've been subjected to and which we still come across overseas today, which seem not to upset us enough to return home and demand for an ideal Black Africa of our father's dreams. The frightful danger with pseudo-religious politicians here is their acute understanding of our gullibility, their understanding of our submission to their frauds when couched in the name of God. They sponsor sectarian crises in the name of God, they waste our resources on sponsorship of pilgrims to holy lands just to render our budgets unanalysable. Could you believe that they invested billions of taxpayers' money in feeding destitute subjects this Ramadan, when that money could have built an industry to engage the hopeless people? Theirs are not the ways of Allah.

But don't be afraid of showing up whenever Mum and I are ready to have you. Come, just come and be our delight. I promise to train you into that woman the society cannot but idolise, that woman of whom the chauvinists shiver... I hate the fact that Muslim women are under-represented in the Labour Market. A society whose women are powerless has done a disservice to Islam because it's the same women, and not men, that shape the earliest education of every child. A woman deserves her freedom to rightly decide who her man is, and also be as empowered as her male counterpart. Don't be afraid of any man, just be sure you mark the

identity of whoever harasses you on your way to Junior Secondary School. I'll definitely take care of his funeral. May God save us from us!

Dad.

A Letter to that Nigerian-Palestinian

Dear Friend,

Before you accuse me of finding nothing worth praising about you and yours, let me quickly empathise with you, and of course myself, over the killings in Gaza. You, as a humanist, one whose empathy has no border, are a citizen of the world, one of the reasons the earth is still habitable by the sane. It would be morally irresponsible for anyone to frown at your frantic advocacy which seeks an end to the killings in Gaza, only that common sense demands a man whose house is on fire to rush for the extinguisher for his own dwelling first, before attending to a similar fire elsewhere.

London stands up for Gaza, because London is not bereaved. New York stands up for Gaza because New York isn't being threatened by hurricane-somebody now. Palestine would not stand up for Chibok because they also have a strip of misery in which they are just as worthless: Gaza. And the young Malala Yousafzai who came and roused the conscience of her fathers in Nigeria, was not here on the Chibok Girls embarrassment as a Pakistani. She visited as a Birmingham, England-based NGO owner, to stand with the girls of Nigeria in whose education Malala Fund has invested thousands of dollars. She has, as the news says, even "offered to partner with the UN efforts to mitigate the impacts of the abduction and help the girls (whose welfare is a responsibility of her NGO) return to school."

You see, it's not the way you internationalise your empathies that disturbs me, it's this seeming pretence that all is well in your backyard while you weep over the blazing fire in faraway Gaza. If you, and others like you, had been half as passionate and emotional in your reaction to local tragedies as you are over the killings in Palestine, the troubles in northeast Nigeria wouldn't have escalated to its present extent. The Palestinians, and their global solidarity soldiers, have gone berserk over the burning of 16-year-old Mohammed Abu Khudair, their citizen, and you, amnesiac activist of a burning nation, have also been losing sleep over Khudair, ignoring the tens of Khudairs who die in your backyard every day!

It's not the internationalisation of your empathies that disturbs me, it's your lack of wisdom to understand that Khudair has his fighters — and he's fully named, his age too revealed — while all the killed and abducted Dantalas and Asma'us and Johns and Naomis of Yobe and Borno are seen as mere statistics, unworthy of collective advocacy by you.

Ours is not a criticism of the northern establishment, but that of its hypocritical allegiance to "brotherhood of faith", which is what you say in your solidarity with the Palestinians, ignoring that we're just as bereaved here, and unknowing that Palestine is also a home for non-Muslims. But, wait, what sort of a human being is responsive to the tragedies that fall upon just the people of his faith?

Ours is a criticism of the collective, not of a specific group. This is a reminder that we have not done enough, not a declaration that we have not done anything at all. It's a criticism of me and you who, safe from the bullets of Boko Haram, have not done anything comparable to the emotions shown in the sensitivity of our countrymen to the happenings in Gaza. Are you, my

dear global citizen, trying to say that we, especially resident northerners, need CNN and Aljazeera to remind us that there are carnages going on in our backyard before we acknowledge them?

Haven't we all lost friends and friends of friends and relatives and relatives of relatives in this madness? What media is more effective than being actually bereaved? The most effective media is our emotions, and on this I dare say that we haven't shown and done enough. My participation in #BringBackOurGirls shows me the hypocrisy of our Muslim brothers and sisters who, dismissing our hash tag as a gimmick, are now loud champions of #FreePalestine. See, we are as bereaved as the people of Palestine and it's quite ironic that, instead of gathering our lot to empathise with ourselves first and demand solutions and justice, we pretend as though all's well in our house. Why are the people of Palestine not empathising with the people of Borno if our "brotherhood of faith" is actually reciprocal? Why? I repeat: why aren't the people of Palestine extending their "brotherhood of faith" to us in the hours of our bereavements? The Palestinians have never stopped fighting. They have their men up and running against oppression. Who's up fighting for us, especially for Chibok and the larger northeast? Why leaving these campaigns against Boko Haram's terrors to just the members of Civilian JTF and #BringBackOurGirls campaigners?

You've even said that no atrocity is more than that going on in Gaza, and I ask: is there an experience worse than having minors abducted, savagely raped and impregnated by terrorists? Saying that no atrocity is as bad as that in Gaza means that the sanctity of a Palestinian's life is higher than that of a Nigerian's. And that, fellow countryman, is an unfortunate and disturbing utterance.

Similarly, you have to be really careful in your advocacy. At least get relevant history books to properly understand the religious and political complexity of the territorial conflicts that have turned Gaza into a prison-mortuary. Your alignment with the Palestinians, your brothers-in-faith, may lead you into something called antisemitism. And you also need to understand that it's the peak of such misguided hatred that resulted into the formation of a racist ideology that once sought to promote the "Aryan" German race as the best of humans. Nazism, consequently, championed the killings of the innocent Jews, who were considered threats to proposed German nationalism.

In your analyses of the happenings in Gaza, you have, quite sadly, pandered to a way of the Hitler-led Aryan racists who considered the Jewish race abolishable pests.

Do have restraint in understanding that the happenings in Israel is not a crime perpetrated, and supported, by the whole of Jews. It's a crime perpetrated by a monstrous ideology championed by a people of Jewish identity, just the way Nazism was not supported by the whole of Germans, but by a small but powerful National Socialist party clique. If you're to adopt this form of flawed thinking in portraying ethnic or religious groups, obviously the whole of Muslims should be similarly persecuted for the crimes of Al-Qaeda, Al-Shabbab, the Taliban and even Boko Haram who all pretend to be advocates of rights for the Muslim!

Hate the Israelis who, under Zionism, did to Palestinians what the Nazis did to the Jews, but do not go close to hating the whole of Jews. Saying I hate the Jews means I hate some significant figures that shaped me, mine and the larger world. Saying I hate the Jews means I hate Jesus, who in my theology is Isah (AS), needed to authenticate my belief; saying I hate the Jews means I hate Moses (AS), similarly needed; saying I hate the Jews is an ingratitude to Albert Einstein's contribution to science; saying I hate the Jews is an ingratitude to Sergey Brin, the founder of Google, whose invention has redeemed me in ways I'm incapable of repaying; saying I hate the Jews is also an ingratitude to Mark Zuckerberg whose innovation is the reason you and I are "friends" – even though we've never met – sharing thoughts on the ways of the world.

As long as you're on Facebook, and employ Google to aid your quests for knowledge, both creations of inventors of Jewish identity, declaring that you hate the Jews is a contradiction, a joke clearly on you. And, as Muslims, your faith is threatened the moment you withhold your love for Jesus and Moses.

Don't let a criminal be a representative of his race, religion and nationality. This approach, this dangerous stereotyping, has been the reason for these many conflicts we are still unable to resolve in this damned world. We must embrace our humanity, the only thing we all have in common, if we're indeed interested in resolving our racial, religious, political, regional, territorial and ethnic conflicts!

Unlike you, whenever I see a group of people, the first identity that strikes me is the human, not the religious, not the political, not the racial, and obviously not the ethnic. Aside from my immediate family, my next closest family are the righteous people, people always in pursuit of Justice without discrimination, and of their other identities I'm unmindful.

I've long overcome the naiveté of hating a people based on the crimes of a group of which they are non-compliant members, just the way I don't owe any non-Muslim and southerner apology for the atrocities of the Boko Haram. I only owe them explanation, defence, solidarity and empathy. My seeming silence over the killings in Gaza is simply because I've also been mourning, and also holed up in a mess of immeasurable depth. The Palestinians, I know, have global solidarity soldiers fighting for them. But, beyond hashtags, who are actually fighting for the redemptions of this place in which we don't need a visa to reside?

This week, at our Abuja's #BringBackOurGirls sit-in, as I listened to Dr. Oby Ezekwesili, a woman whose public service records never really attracted my curiosity, but I've come to like as a humanist and patriot of impressive resilience, lament on the fate and conditions of the abducted girls and the dysfunctionality of the system in charge of our safety, something within me collapsed. So I withdrew from the crowd, hoping that could stem it, but I still couldn't fight the tears. And that was how I left the sit-in, broken. This is because, in the cruel politics of migrations in this century, I have no home other than Nigeria, and the tragedy that befalls a fellow countryman, irrespective of his/her religious and ethnic and regional affiliations, is a shared grief.

I'm not inconsiderate to your reference to "brotherhood of faith" in standing for the people of Gaza, but I will never ever stand for them simply because we're of the same religion. My own version of that excuse of yours is: "faith in the universal brotherhood of Man." I only empathise with them because of a shared humanity. As for those who rightly explain that humanity has no border, which I also endorse, my belief in yours may only be confirmed if you also recognise the conditions of the Iraqi Christians who're now fleeing Mosul, for they have been told by the ISIS animals to convert to Islam or lose their lives. Many of you are in Abuja, but participating in #BringBackOurGirls is seen as a "waste of time", insulting those who defy the tasks of their 9-to-5 daily to be a part of the campaign, ignorant of the impending dangers, the danger of becoming refugees in your own city!

Yet, some of you have sought to typify my refusal to label corpses in order to know which deserves my empathy as simply a bid to earn a medal from the non-Muslims I've been struggling so hard, according to you, to impress; some of the same non-Muslims who, in a spark of mischief, have in their turn called me an "Islamic propagandist", whatever that is, for condemning the profiling of northerners in the East, for endorsing a Muslim as presidential candidate... But I'm indifferent to their malicious labeling just as I've been to yours because you're both incapable of denying me the rights to such expressions.

Humanity is still a joke because of this army of cerebrally malfunctioned brothers and sisters to whom we're seen as hypocrites merely trying to impress the non-members of our group, for exposing a form of oppressive hypocrisy. Well, my dear friend, I don't write to influence or change you; my writing is a sport that seeks to prove that I don't think the way you do, and that the way I think is independent of yours. I hope this would be taken in good faith. May God save us from us!
