**AFRICAN STORIES**

**ARTBEAT AFRIKA. DEADLINE JULY 30TH**

-Contemporary African Writers.

-1000 to 5000 words.

MS Word format.

-Up to five stories.

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This is my first article. It has no name, no storyline but it is a story began. I have just finished reading a few articles, stories actually from an anthology produced in 2013 I presume and those are really brilliant stories. I had ideas but those seemed to surpass mine. They are nothing predictable and they hold yo to the end and it has the evidence of an African writer what with the names and the local languages. I am now challenged to think harder about my story. I have always been praised for having a creative mind, let us see how good and how far it will take me. The challenge begins.

The following are some of the ideas I have:

A girl, Natwe, lives with her grandmother. Her mother died, killed herself but Natwe knows she died giving birth to her. She had ran away from her otherwise ‘abusive’ husband and her mother, Natwe’s grandmother had chased her in the nights, claiming it was a disgrace. She gave birth and was chased. Her grandmother, very important in the society, respected by all but Natwe does not understand why. She is just 12 years old. In the dawn of her 13th birthday, her grandmother takes her out to the forest where she was forebade to go. She has grown to only obey her grandmother, nevr question. She took her to a hut. Three other girls sit there, scared and cold, tries to ask what is happening. One is taken, she hears a scream. Natwe is frightened. She peeps through the walls, blood dripping, and a man plling her, says something about new wife. Two other men are waiting. In her dreams her mama had told her to go to the city, she did not know how or where but that was her strength and inspiration. She fought through with her mothers strength, ran through the forest until she collapsed, she was near a river and a road that were honking. She wakes up in a hospital bed, a woman had brought her there. Maybe this was the beginning of her new life in the city. Guided by her mother.

Her mother had read books about the city. About how girls went to school so they went to have jobs and come home with food like papa would, but mama did not want that and when he broght her the books, she had quarreled the whole night about it. He later died in an accident to the city. Her mother burned the books and circumcised her and gave her a way to be married. Natwe lived her mother’s dreams.

Idea two:

A young boy working hard to impress the woman of his dreams. He was 19 years and she was 15. He saw perfection in her and she saw a future with him.

**QUESTION: FREEDOM CREATES PROSPERITY. IT UNLEASHES HUMAN TALENT, INVENTION AND INNOVATION, CREATING WEALTH WHERE NONE EXISTED BEFORE. DISCUSS**

Deadline JUNE 5TH

-MS Word format.

-Not above 1500 words.

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-Name, GSM line, Postal Address, year of study, department, name of institution

Freedom and corruption.

‘Mama. Mama! Open the door, mama. ’

‘My daughter what is it? Why are you not in your house at this hour?’

‘Mama open. I’m pregnant.’

‘I will not open. Go back to your husband and give him the good news, Natanwe.’

‘Mama he beats me. He is not a good husband mama I have tried everything.’

‘I did not raise you like that my child. You are his wife. You listen to everything and do as he says. What will the people say when they find you here in the morning? I will not let them think I did not raise you well.’

‘Mama…mama…’

A wail pierces the door. Her water is breaking and the baby is coming. She cannot handle the pain. Her mother opens the door, out of pity for her daughter or because she had no other choice, we do not know. She was a trained midwife. She was many things and the villagers respected her. She always held a position of reverence and was always in fear of losing it. The villagers’ adoration was what she entirely thrived on. She brings her into the inner room, fetches hot water and a few clean cloths and draws back the curtains.

A few moments later, a baby cries and a mother weeps tears of joy. It is a moment filled with love, joy, hope and happiness. It is a girl, all that Natanwe had wanted. A girl to live the life she never lived. A girl to go where she never went. She holds her in her arms tightly as though she would be snatched the next minute. And she was, Natanwe’s mother took the baby and looked at her daughter with no emotion that could be traced.

‘Natanwe you must leave. You must leave before dawn.’

‘Mama, why? I am still in pain.’

‘Leave now. You will not embarrass me like this.’

‘Mama what do you think Papa will say when he sees you doing this?’

‘Leave your Papa out of this. His spirit rests, do not wake it.’

The wind blew angrily, wailing as if in war with the dead. It was pouring and the thunder deafening. The walk through the forest to get to the other side was long. The side where there was a tarmac road that goes to the city. That was her only hope, but she had no strength. With tears in her eyes and grief in her heart, she whispered something with her last breath and fell down in a stump.

The rain died down, the thunder cooled down and the wind reduced to a slight cry, as if mourning the immediate loss. She lay there, lifeless. In the far horizon, with its golden streaks, the sun welcomed a new dawn…

The car appeared from the distance, leaving behind a trail of dust. Slowly, it neared the village. It was midday, the sun was scorching and everyone was busy preparing meals. The village of Tambisu was a quiet village. Everyone lived their lives without change, no one bothered or cared about what happened to the outside world, No one but Bwana Kindio.

Start.