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## **DEDICATION**

***Many thanks to the most high God, for with him all things are possible. This book is dedicated to the late Mercy Asare Doste. Who died on 4th March 2023. And also to all friends and family.***

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# 1

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## SECRET OF PAGE

It was a cool night. The sweet pitchy voices of the birds sung a saccharine song in their undefined language which they only could interpret. The nippy winds blew so gently that not even the brownish leaves fell off. Yet still, few curious leaves were already finding their means to reach the ground.

Cassy and her father sat on the doorstep leading to their backyard, casting long shadows on the ground like statues. They lived in one of the hill cities of the country, a city blessed with the presence of the iconic Mount Afadja, also known as Afadjato to the Ewe people of Ghana and Togo. The summit is located in the Volta

Region, near the border with Togo, close to the villages of Liati Wote and Gbledi Gbogame in the Afadjato South District and Hohoe Municipality, respectively. A night like this in Hohoe was a great one.

This majestic mountain graced the Volta Region, and created a magical backdrop for their evening.

To combat boredom, Cassy and her father started singing a rhythmic kindergarten song that brought them immense joy. Cassy, at seventeen, possessed a self-assuredness that set her apart from her peers. Her life revolved around her ambitious goal of becoming a renowned doctor, one whose legacy would endure long after her time on Earth. Her aspirations were as vast as the ocean itself.

Filled with curiosity, Cassy probed her father about the secrets of life. She wanted to unravel the enigmatic pages of existence and understand its mysteries. Her father, with a hint of hesitation, responded, "Life's pages are filled with mazes, mayhem, and three stages that we struggle to navigate. They are pages of wonder and must be solved."

Intrigued, Cassy inquired further, "Daddy, what are these stages of life you mentioned?" Her father explained, "The primary stages of life are childhood, adulthood, and ultimately, death. But the real challenge lies in reaching our goals, desires, and ambitions amidst these stages." Cassy assured her father of her determination to go the extra mile to achieve success and conquer the mazes and mysteries of life.

Then, in a somber moment, her father remarked, "Cassy, you are the spitting image of your mother in terms of behavior." His voice wavered, choked with tears, as he recalled the tragic loss of Cassy's twin brother and his wife in a fateful accident.

The accident occurred when they lived in Kumasi, they planned a Christmas visit to Lake Bosomtwe, a natural wonder in Ghana. Their car careened off a treacherous mountain road, and Mrs. Cecilia and Cassy's twin brother perished in the fall. Despite months of searching, their bodies were never found. Cassy was only five years old at the time, and it was the thorny trees that saved her and her father's

life. The thorny trees hung the car in the air unless they all had perished. It was then that Cassy acquired her nickname, "Cassy." Meaning, Thorny trees.

Cassy's father, thrust into the dual roles of mother and father, chose not to remarry. Despite well-meaning friends' advice to place Cassy with a foster mother, he remained steadfast in his commitment to raise her. Daddy at some point gave in to other women, but they all could not stay. There was this one Lady Linda, everybody thought she was the best replacement for the Late Mrs. Cecilia. She had the best chemistry and everyone around felt that intimacy. They almost arranged the wedding ceremony when one night, Lady Linda fled without a particular reason. She looked down and hunted. Till now everybody believes that it was her, Late Cecilia's ghost. As if a ghost hunted them away.

Lately, Daddy added "Cassy" to her official name, becoming Nana Adwoa Cassy.

Ivan, another teenager from their neighboring towns, Bowiri possessed kindness, consideration, intelligence, and a playful sense

of humor. One night, after vacation, he sat by his window, gazing at the moon and contemplating life's mysteries. When he spoke to his mother, he exhibited a newfound maturity, asking about the meaning of life. His mother responded with wisdom, comparing life to pages filled with hidden mysteries and emphasizing the importance of determination and perseverance.

Ivan, brimming with confidence, declared his commitment to succeed and marked it on his wall as a reminder. That night, as he prepared to sleep, he whispered to himself about the importance of determination and perseverance in life.

The following day, Ivan eagerly anticipated a visit from his friend Danny. They had plans for mischief, including playing cards, to kickstart their vacation. Ivan knew he had to complete his chores before being allowed to spend time with Danny. He diligently finished his tasks and welcomed Danny, and the two friends enjoyed their card game, with Ivan reveling in his victory.



Meanwhile, Cassy had her own plans for the vacation. She embarked on a journey to visit her friend Sarah in Bowiri, a town not far from Hohoe. The trip felt like an adventure, and when she arrived, Sarah greeted her with an enthusiastic hug. They spent their time laughing, chatting, and making unforgettable memories. Cassy even had the pleasure of meeting Sarah's jovial younger brother and her entire family.

As the day passed quickly, Cassy reluctantly prepared to return to Hohoe. She cherished the time spent with Sarah and her family but couldn't help but feel a twinge of homesickness. Sarah accompanied her to the bus station, and they bid each other farewell.

Concerned about returning home late, Danny decided to leave Ivan's house, and Ivan walked with him. On their way, they passed by the bus station, where they encountered an obese lady waiting for a taxi. In a thoughtless moment, the boys mocked her, making hurtful comments and laughing. The two boys mocked this lady without her notice. They created funny

comments about this obese woman and laughed at their own thoughts.

However, their amusement turned to shock when the lady suddenly appeared distressed, her heart raced and created a mighty pulse. Her actions showed a discomfort in breathing. Her flaming eyes now loathed the environment and sank back deep into the eye sockets.

She began to exhibit symptoms of a cardiac arrest, struggling to breathe and losing consciousness. Cassy, who was present at the scene, recognized the severity of the situation. She swiftly stepped in and performed cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) on the woman, taking the initiative to save her life.

The ambulance arrived, and the paramedics were astonished to see a teenager who had just administered life-saving CPR. The crowd applauded Cassy for her bravery and quick thinking. Ivan, who witnessed the entire incident, admired Cassy's extraordinary qualities and decided to strike up a conversation with her. He took Cassy's contact information, forging a connection that would lead to a remarkable friendship.

In this neighborhood of Hohoe, the lives of Cassy, Ivan, and their friends intertwined in unexpected ways, revealing the depth of their character, the internal conflicts and the bonds of friendship that would shape their futures.

# 2

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## PRE - TASTE OF LEGENDARY STATUS

Cassy had just returned from a long and eventful day, feeling both elated and exhausted. Her visit to her friend Sarah's house had been a wonderful experience, and she couldn't help but appreciate the warm welcome she had received from Sarah's family. But what made her day truly remarkable was the fact that she had saved a life, an act of heroism that filled her with pride and a sense of accomplishment.

As she entered her home, she called out to her father, eager to share the details of her day. Her father, perceptive as ever, could immediately tell from her expression that she had a great time and encouraged her to talk more about Sarah.

With a touch of hesitation, Cassy began describing Sarah, her roommate, as a kind-hearted and well-behaved person. She assured her father that Sarah was a sweet and genuine friend. Her father, anxious to know more about his daughter's new friend, inquired further, hoping that Sarah is as wonderful as Cassy described.

Cassy continued, sharing her admiration for Sarah's family, who had treated her like one of their own. She particularly liked Sarah's younger brother for his noble and jovial nature. It was evident that Cassy had formed a deep connection with Sarah's family.

Meanwhile, Ivan, in a reflective mood, was contemplating his own actions that day. He couldn't help but feel remorse for mocking and laughing at an overweight woman, an act he recognized as a form of discrimination. He regretted his behavior and vowed never to repeat it. However, Cassy's heroic act had lifted his spirits. He admired her beauty, intelligence, and the compassionate way she had saved a woman's life. Ivan desperately wanted to call her to express his feelings and admirations but

realized he had misplaced her number, leaving him frustrated with himself.

Just as he was pondering his misfortune, his phone rang, and it was Danny on the other end. Danny, in his usual playful manner, asked Ivan if he had called Cassy yet, heaping compliments on Cassy as if she was present and listening. Ivan, still upset about losing her number, replied with a heavy heart, "I lost the number. I should have kept it safe, and I blame myself for what happened. Good night, Danny," before ending the call.

The morning, the sun's golden rays began to shine, illumination eating the sky and signaling the start of another week. For Daddy, a schoolteacher at Hohoe A.M.E Zion School, Monday marked the beginning of the workweek. He had relocated to Hohoe after a tragic accident in Bosomtwe, and Cassy's presence had made their weekends enjoyable. With Cassy on vacation, she helped her father with household chores. On this particular Monday, Daddy was running late for work due to staying up late chatting with Cassy.

Despite his struggles to get to the school, Daddy finally arrived and headed straight to his classroom. The students who knew Cassy began to whisper among themselves, impressed by her academic achievements and her recent heroic act.

During the lunch break, Daddy joined his colleagues in the staff common room to engage in their favorite pastime—discussing sports and enjoying their rapport. They wished they could do this all day, but duty called. The midday news on television unexpectedly featured a video of a teenage girl performing CPR to save a woman's life.

Daddy was astonished when he realized that the teenager in the video was none other than Cassy. She had kept this heroic act a secret from him. The teachers congratulated Daddy on having such a remarkable daughter, and he couldn't help but beam with pride. However, he also expressed sadness that Cassy's mother wasn't there to witness her daughter's achievements.

Daddy decided to celebrate Cassy's actions by going to the pub with his colleagues for a well-deserved beer. Meanwhile, Cassy had been growing curious about her father's prolonged absence. She found it unusual for him to be away for so long. When he finally returned home, he showered her with praise and urged her to turn on the television. "Turn on the television, World Saviour II"

Filled with a mix of joy and curiosity, Cassy walked to the living room and switched on the TV. To her amazement, she saw a video of herself, her heroic act broadcast for the world to see. It was the day's news. They say negativity sells but positivity sells much more. There was a reporter right at the incident, who had a light encounter with Cassy. Cassy watching her rolling tongue grasping words on screen felt really good. She never thought this would be breaking news; perhaps it was just a first aid. But for a common Ghanaian having a successful CPR was a trip to the moon. Thus only a few of the population know about first aid. The few were paramedics and other health officials. Overwhelmed with emotion, she burst into tears of joy, and her father hugged her



tightly, encouraging her to continue her selfless actions.

In the weeks that followed, Cassy started to embrace her newfound fame. She became more confident and began to enjoy the attention and recognition she received. However, with this newfound pride came a decline in her dedication to learning.

One fateful Sunday, as Cassy and her father sat comfortably in their living room, watching a movie, they were interrupted by a knock at the door. The sound of the knocking was so forceful that it seemed as if a giant stood on the other side. Daddy asked Cassy to answer the door, and with some nervousness, she did so.

To her surprise, a group of people led by the obese lady whose life she had saved stood at the doorstep. The woman showered Cassy with gratitude and rewarded her with \$100, equivalent to 1,220 Ghanaian Cedi. Cassy was overwhelmed with happiness, and Daddy thanked the woman while encouraging Cassy to continue her selfless acts.

As Cassy's popularity soared, bloggers and journalists began clamoring for interviews. Cassy, now a public figure, hoped that her newfound fame would endure. It seemed that her dreams and goals were rapidly becoming a reality, and her future looked brighter than ever before.

# 3

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## PRIDE CONTROL

Ivan, a dedicated indoor writer, found solace in the comfort of a wooden chair tucked away in the corner of his living room. The room itself was a marvel of modern design, adorned with a vibrant blend of colors that brought life to every nook and cranny. Branded, meticulously designed curtains draped gracefully over the windows, their primary purpose to thwart the relentless sun, casting elegant shadows within.

As Ivan enjoyed in the tranquil ambiance, he decided to embark on a private recitation of his newly penned poem:

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## **“Cry For the Moon”**

Late hours of night,  
Gazing at the dim artistic sky,  
Embrace sadness by my side,  
On that same night, Old Pa inspired  
me,  
But that night, Old Pa gave up the  
ghost,  
Laid to rest, ignoring my calls,  
Choosing eternal silence.

On that night, Old Pa inspired,  
"A beauty we never deny,  
Brightens as time goes by,  
A symbol of mystery,  
A sign of victory,  
A golden light in the night,  
So nice to see the moon.

That bright after the noon,  
Learns to bright just for its umbra,  
Mimicking the sun, now brighter than  
stars,  
Wasn't it born in shadow, how could it

be visible,  
Struggling to find means to be visible,  
Now, with its glories, it shines afar,  
Can't POSSIBILITY be born from  
IMPOSSIBILITY?"

Overall, "Cry For the Moon" explores the themes of loss, inspiration, transformation, and the potential for beauty and growth in challenging circumstances. It uses the metaphor of the moon's journey to convey these ideas, inviting every soul to reflect on the meaning of adversity and the possibilities it might conceal.

Ivan's shyness typically kept his writings hidden from friends and the public eye. His isolation allowed him to express himself freely and enrolled more emotions when writing.

Also at the other side, Cassy's father, a proud teacher at Hohoe A.M.E Zion School, was already away at work, leaving Cassy alone at home. The sun cast playful, curving shadows through the trees, and the midday heat shimmered on the roads. To Cassy's surprise, Sarah paid her a courteous visit, knocking gently on the door.

Cassy, curious about the polite knock, swung the door open, revealing Sarah's friendly face. Overjoyed to see her friend, Cassy welcomed Sarah warmly. As they chatted, the realization that their vacation was nearly over cast a shadow on their spirits. They were reluctant to return to school, but there was excitement in the air.

In recognition of Cassy's heroic act, saving an obese lady's life, she received a shopping voucher as a reward. Cassy and Sarah decided to use it to purchase provisions. Sarah admired Cassy for her kindness and encouraged her to continue striving for success. Cassy valued Sarah's unwavering support.

Cassy inquired about Ivan, but Sarah, who rarely ventured outdoors, couldn't provide any information about him. Cassy was disappointed, but she understood. Sarah was such a kitchen mouse and there is no way the city homeless cat, Ivan will encounter her.

The peaceful atmosphere was disrupted as schools closed for the day, and children filled

the neighborhood streets with the joyful chaos of games like street soccer and hide and seek. Cassy introduced Sarah to her father, who, after a brief but interrogative chat, Daddy threw questions left, right and center, Sarah seemed to really answer them all smoothly. Now Daddy believed Sarah was just as Cassy said, he retired to his room for a well-deserved nap after a taxing day at work.

Curious about Cassy's family situation, Sarah gently asked about her mother. Cassy revealed the tragic loss of her mother in an accident when she was just five years old. Sarah offered her condolences and encouragement.

A turning point came when a prominent Ghanaian media, Media General scheduled an interview with Cassy. This interview would be broadcast not only on television but across all of Media General's media outlets and many more that could be listed. Cassy was well-prepared with guidance from her father. The interview made a global impact because Media General itself was globally known, with viewers astonished by Cassy's profound words: "Inbuilt treasure clothed in a trash body, try to showcase

your treasure to everybody, and when you gain prosperity, it will change your trash body. So you won't be trash to anybody. Always prepare to show your treasure when given the chance."

Cassy always sang these lines of Charles Godfm.

Cassy's dreams took a tangible form when she was about to be awarded a golden medal. What was once a distant fantasy became a reality. One Saturday afternoon, while playing the game of mancala in front of their house, Cassy and her father witnessed a convoy of cars approaching. The head of the education ministry and a representative from Harvard University's Faculty of Health and Allied Sciences had recognized Cassy's potential and offered her a full scholarship to Harvard University. What marvels the world most, recently people have been dragged to death by cardiac arrest. The population said pollution is the pivot cause. And for CPR is the Messiah. The Harvard University's Faculty of Health and Allied Sciences was preaching awareness and teaching Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation. They knew Cassy could be a whole aspiration to inspire. So



they are offering her a fully covered scholarship.

Cassy's journey from a local champion to a global heroine had begun, and the media captured the momentous occasion. Cassy couldn't contain her happiness, and her voice resonated with joy as she said, "It is a dream come true."

# 4

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## BACK TO SCHOOL

As the time to return to school approached, Daddy shared valuable advice with Cassy, urging her to immerse herself in her studies. The night was short, and morning arrived quickly. Sarah joined Cassy, and together they prepared for school, their bags filled with provisions from their shopping voucher. It was a bittersweet moment as they embarked on their new academic year, leaving behind the warmth of home.

For Daddy, it was a painful goodbye, watching his beloved daughter leave once more. Despite his hidden sorrow, he wore a fake smile and bid the two friends a heartfelt "goodbye." The bus hurriedly turned small and smaller and disappeared out of sight.

The school's entrance had recently received a fresh coat of paint, giving it a gleaming appearance that made it seem like a newly constructed building. However, this entrance had a rich history, dating back to its establishment in the late 90s, making it nearly eighty years old. As two young girls approached the school, they were taken aback by its transformed look and appreciated the efforts of the school's leaders in creating such an inviting atmosphere.

As the girls settled into their new school routine, they realized they were now far from home, and their focus shifted entirely to their academic pursuits. It was the beginning of their second year in senior high school, and Cassy had an ambitious goal: she aspired to earn a scholarship from Harvard University, contingent on successfully completing her three-year journey at the senior high school.

While Cassy took the lead, Sarah dutifully carried their luggage through the school's newly asphalted streets lined with graceful coconut trees. Their fame preceded them, as other students recognized Cassy from her television

appearances during the vacation. They greeted her with admiration and joy for her accomplishments. Sarah, however, grew weary from the effort of lugging their belongings, and Cassy kindly stepped in to help. “A more kind Cassy will always help”, Cassy rhymes the words with her inner voice.

Upon reaching their dormitory, they were met with a disheartening sight: spider webs adorned the corners, and the room appeared uninhabitable. Determined to make it more habitable, the roommates joined forces to tidy up the space, transforming it into a more inviting environment. Cassy, however, was urged to rest and enjoy the refreshing mountain breezes that wafted through the window.

Later, the students were summoned for an assembly meeting led by Madam Esther, the senior head of domestics, responsible for overseeing boarding house affairs. Madam Esther, a stylish woman in her fifties with midnight-black hair flowing over her shoulders, delivered a motivational speech, emphasizing the school's rules and the importance of diligent studying. She extended a warm welcome on

behalf of the school staff, wishing the students good luck in their new semester.

Seeking solitude, Cassy took a stroll in the school gardens, where she unexpectedly encountered Khalif, a boy she disliked due to his reputation for harassing girls. Khalif attempted to flirt with Cassy, but her boredom led her to swiftly depart from the garden.

As bedtime approached, Cassy's roommates engaged in lively conversation, sharing stories of their vacations. For Cassy, the break had been transformative, revealing her dreams and connecting her with the right people to support her aspirations. Her roommates eagerly pressed her for details about her heroic act of saving an obese lady's life, and Cassy obliged with a vivid account. The moonlight streaming through the window illuminated their faces, creating a warm and magical atmosphere.

The first week of school exceeded Cassy's expectations, as she found herself becoming a local celebrity. On a sunny Friday afternoon, students eagerly anticipated the final period of the day, hoping for some rest and socializing as

the teachers convened for a meeting. Cassy chose to rest over socialization. The noise around made it impossible for a nap. Cassy felt that and awoke. The playing and shouting, she saw it all and it was disturbing. The class looked more of a local market. Everything seemed a little bit chaotic.

Cassy stood up, walking out of the messy environment. She was ready to descend the stairs although she was tired. She will check one or two classes. Hoping to find one more good for a nap. The doorway corridor was guarded by fancy designed short rods. Cassy was moving slow and steady. Somebody from behind pushed her harder. They say it was a mistake. But I will say, it was the worst mistake. Cassy hit the guarding rods and rolled over, she tried to grip the rods but it was in vain. Cassy was coming down like a returning stone to the center of the earth. Everything ended really soon. A squashing sound and Cassy's head opened as a cracked egg. Sarah tensed with shock and pains hurriedly descended the stairs. How will Daddy take it? So Cassy's dream was nothing but a fading tone which was heard from the distant hill. Her aspiration was now standing

by the graveyard. The situation was tense and everyone was in shock. Cassy's dreams stand on the grave. Sarah couldn't take it more, her heart raced with a mighty pulse and tears moved freely. She was shaking as if there was no joint left in her body but managed to hold Cassy tightly. Cassy felt it and opened her eyes, it was nothing but a dream. She was sweating like a sea mammal. Sarah never bothered to ask so Cassy said nothing.

The meeting room, adorned with a screen on the wall, hosted Mr. Kwakye, the somewhat lanky and bald headteacher. He announced plans for the school's eighty-third speech and prize giving day.

The head teacher revealed the theme for the anniversary celebration: "Preparing Fertile Grounds for Maximum Impact on Our Dreams." He also announced that Cassy would be honored during the event. The staff agreed on scheduling the festivities for the sixth week of the semester.

On the first Sunday of the month, parents and guardians were allowed to visit their children in

the boarding house. Cassy eagerly awaited her father's arrival, hoping to impress him. Khalif joined them unexpectedly, and he informed them of the upcoming speech and prize giving day in Cassy's honour. Overwhelmed with joy, Cassy shed tears of excitement upon hearing the news.

When her father arrived, he was initially perplexed by Cassy's tears, but Sarah explained the reason, and he was overjoyed. He brought provisions, money, and food for the girls, and they enjoyed a heartfelt conversation.

Cassy learned that the obese lady she had saved worked for the United States embassy and was paid in dollars, explaining her generous gift of a hundred dollars. This revelation left Sarah utterly astonished.

As the day drew to a close, Cassy's father gave her a tight hug and bid them farewell. It was a memorable visit, and as he exited through the school entrance, he left behind a profoundly grateful and inspired daughter.



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## WARM WELCOME

Cassy, as was her customary routine, found solace in the school's lush garden, enjoying the embrace of nature. On this particular day, a magnificent bird captured her attention. Its feathers displayed a vivid palette of blues, adorned with delicate streaks of green and sparkling traces of gold that danced in the warm sunlight. Graceful and elongated wings allowed it to navigate the skies with effortless elegance, while its slender, pointed beak was a testament to its proficiency in capturing insects and small prey.

As Cassy marveled at this wandering bird perched gracefully on a tree branch, her friend Sarah joined her, and together they revealed themselves in the garden's refreshing and

purified atmosphere. Their conversation drifted toward the upcoming eighty-third anniversary celebration. However, as lunchtime drew near, Cassy's distraction became apparent. Sarah, concerned, inquired about her unusual silence, to which Cassy could only mutter the name "Ivan." It seemed that Cassy was still preoccupied with this mysterious stranger who had taken her number at Bowiri station.

Amidst the bustling dining hall, Cassy's introspection continued, leaving her with diminished enthusiasm for her studies and an air of pride. Sarah, noting this change in her friend's demeanor, offered a heartfelt rebuke. She implored Cassy to redouble her efforts in pursuit of her dream of becoming a doctor, emphasizing that the journey to her aspirations had only just begun. In response, Cassy, with a hint of arrogance, rejected Sarah's counsel and wove a narrative to justify her recent behavior.

The dining hall prefect, a man with a round face marred by pimples, towering stature, and a substantial belly, took the stage through the hall's fixed speakers. He announced that Cassy was urgently needed in the head teacher's office

after lunch. Cassy complied with the prefect's directive and made her way to the head teacher's office.

In the head teacher's welcoming office, Mr. Kwakye greeted Cassy with a warm smile and offered her a seat. He proceeded to provide her with guidance on delivering a speech and encouraged her to maintain her exemplary behavior. Initially taken aback, Cassy regarded this information as a clue for crafting the best possible speech.

The day of the eighty-third anniversary drew near, and Cassy's anticipation grew. Madam Esther delighted in gifting Cassy a new uniform for the occasion. This attire featured vibrant red and white stripes, crafted from soft cotton, with a silky collar and the school badge elegantly embroidered on the upper left chest. Cassy found it hard to believe that her scholarship to Harvard University would soon be finalized. She couldn't help but envision herself studying in the United States at the prestigious institution.

The morning of the anniversary dawned with perfect weather—bright sunshine, gentle breezes, and a symphony of birdsong. The garden sparkled with dew-kissed leaves as everyone bustled about preparing for the grand event. Cassy, donning her new uniform, meticulously pressed it with an iron. She radiated joy, her wide smile revealing charming dimples. Today was the day her Harvard scholarship would be sealed. Cassy and Sarah humbly made their way to the auditorium, eager for the festivities to commence.

Inside the auditorium, Madam Esther assumed the role of master of ceremonies, and Cassy was assigned to join the staff at the high table. Nervously, she sat among the esteemed educators. Cassy's father, Mr. Frank, entered the auditorium and noticed Sarah sitting alone. He inquired about Cassy's whereabouts, and Sarah confidently pointed to her friend. Mr Frank followed the direction of her hand and waved to Cassy.

The ceremony commenced with the head teacher delivering a speech centered on the theme, "Preparing Fertile Grounds for

Maximum Impact on Our Dreams." He had a knack for weaving fictional tales into his speeches and shared a story about a writer named Emily. Emily had grappled with a social media addiction that stifled her creativity. Only when she decided to break free from this habit did her creative spark return, enabling her to pursue her writing dreams wholeheartedly.

Representatives from Harvard University and the Ministry of Education soon graced the stage to finalize endorsements and documentations. Cassy's status as a potential Harvard student was affirmed. She was also honoured as the best student of the year. It was a momentous occasion that Cassy would forever cherish.

Reflecting on the day's events, Cassy could not help but exclaim to herself, "For whatever reason, today is one of the best and happiest days of my life."

# 6

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## HUGE REGRET

It grows from the north, then stretches to cover the plains of the savannah. It's already hinting at the south, with great discomfort. The ever-walking man says, "It's too dusty." The ever-caring parents say, "I buy a dozen lotions to keep the skin moist." The ever-exposed nostrils say, "I catch catarrh like a breeze." The ever-wondering farmer says, "The vegetation is brown." The ever-boating sailor says, "The river is drying up." The ever-burning sun seems to be embracing our planet. Harmattan is nothing but episodes of discomfort.

In this discomfoting season, Mr. Frank was engaged in a heating rapport debate. Teacher Lade teaches general mathematics. Most people wonder why and how a victim of Amblyopia

could teach all techniques that makes mathematics a really easy subject. Maybe his eyes made mathematics too lazy to be difficult. Teachers had debates but not a heated one like this. Nobody could tell where the hurting words were bubbling from. Mr. Frank and Teacher Lade were busily concentrated in the heat of Formal education is the key to success. Mr. Frank with vigorous energy kept highlighting points for the motion.

“Formal education is the backbone of society. Without it, you're nothing but a mindless drone wandering aimlessly with its eyes looking else where. Teacher Lade probably thinks he can just YouTube his way to success, but let me tell you, it takes dedication, discipline, and a formal education to make it in this world. I wonder why such aimless people are employed as teachers.” Mr. Frank said in a carefree way and kept pricking up his ears. He knew how offensive his words were.

Teacher Lade snapped Mr. Frank with unusual ferocity. He bounced back saying, “That's a load of elitist nonsense! Formal education is just a factory for producing sheep-like followers. It

stifles creativity, autonomy, and individuality. I didn't need some stuffy professor to tell me how to think or what to do. I learned more from real-world experiences and online resources than any classroom could ever provide. My secret for being the best mathematics teacher for years. I'm not as rigid as you are. Curriculums made you all robots.”

Mr. Frank rebuttals felt so pined to the heart. “Oh please, Teacher Lade, you think you're some kind of self-taught genius? You're not Steve Jobs or Mark Zuckerberg. Formal education provides pity and sympathy for unfortunates like you to get paid every month”, he proclaimed softly in a sympathetic manner and mockery.

Teacher Lade began the tit for tat way for solving things. With conscious words like swords and tone like arrows he said, “But what can be worthy of your life? You are wifeless, I wonder how you pour away your liquid fire.....or you have been stopping by anywhere anyhow. You're left in a bottomless pit, with your so called daughter of dreams. You're living in a dungeon, your daughter will



succeed...we shall see her tears”. Rage spreads toxic fumes on every scene. Things got more tensed, just after Mr. Frank authored boldly, “What’s dearest than the gems of my dreams, my daughter, Nana Adwoa Cassy will be studying in Harvard University. I’m telling you, train your kits not to be lazy and useless as your eyes”. He landing a blasting fist on Teacher Lade’s face. In essence, rage spells calamity.

Cassy's journey can be likened to the transformation of raw gold buried deep within the earth. At first, no one could have foreseen the beauty and value hidden beneath the surface. Similarly, Cassy emerged from an obscure background, but with the right nurturing environment, she began to shine brilliantly, setting herself apart from her peers.

Much like the process of refining gold with hydrochloric and nitric acids to reveal its lustrous beauty, Cassy's personal growth and development had polished her into someone distinct and luminous. However, just as gold can tarnish when exposed to certain elements, Cassy's ego and prideful nature posed a potential threat to her newfound brilliance.

As her semester neared its end, Cassy had experienced what she considered the best time of her life. Her dream of becoming a doctor seemed within reach, thanks to a scholarship to study at Harvard University. This scholarship felt like a ticket to her dreamland. However, before the promotion to the next part of her high school journey, there were exams to conquer. The looming examinations were like a guest waiting to say "hello."

“Of all the things that rob you of your life, rage is chief. Rage drags rags after you.” The witnesses said remorsefully. Mr. Frank looked more gentle, kind, and calm. But because of rage, his dirty side was exposed. Other people accounted for the reason why Mr. Frank almost had a year's suspension.

When Teacher Lade and Mr. Frank were engaged in a heated debate, it led to the exchange of fists and bruises all over. Mr. Frank was the destroyer of the scene. He had long, thick, and weighty fingers with carefully trimmed fingernails. His palms were broad enough to cover thousands of faces. Teachers

around were trying to separate them. The chaotic sounds echoed outside the Staff room.

Master Worsonu, a man roughly 70, was still working despite being past the retirement age of 60. It was rumored that he had lied about his age to remain on the government's payroll. Master Worsonu, the head teacher of A.M.E Zion school, heard the chaos and rushed to the Staff room. Mr. Frank aimed a fist at Teacher Lade's face. Teacher Lade swerved, and the punch landed, extremely deforming Master Worsonu's face. The impact of the punch knocked him to the ground.

Immediately, Mr. Frank was tense about the situation and had a fair idea of the imminent punishment.

Sarah, a concerned friend, extended an invitation to study together at the library, but Cassy, now confident and perhaps a bit overconfident, declined, choosing to study alone. This decision worried Sarah, and she couldn't help but feel that Cassy had changed. Cassy had once been diligent in her studies as exams approached, but now she waited until the

last minute, a risky move that left her with little room for redemption.

When Sarah returned to talk to Cassy about her lack of studying, a heated exchange ensued. Cassy's response was defensive and laced with pride. Sarah felt pushed to her limits and contemplated responding with harsh words but chose to step away instead. Sarah ultimately decided to distance herself from Cassy, unfriending her as a result. It was as if Cassy, once rising from the muddled waters of obscurity, had given in to a newfound sense of arrogance.

According to the impartial law of the Education Ministry, Mr. Frank and Teacher Lade were supposed to be suspended indefinitely with no intention of being called back.

It was two weeks after the fight. Mr. Frank still had flashes of Master Worsonu's voice. When his fist mistakenly landed on the wrong target, Master Worsonu said with an assuring voice, "You two are suspended." Only God can change Master's mind was a new saying in the school.

Students missed their mathematics and social studies teachers. Working partners missed their mates. It was obvious Master Worsonu would report to the Ministry. It only meant that both teachers' certified certificates would be discarded. They would no longer be called professional teachers, but mere citizens with no qualifications.

One hard-to-imagine nightmare was that when your certificate is discarded, you cannot offer any degree program again in the country. Ghana had such strict laws. On this fateful day, their fate would be determined. Either they would continue to be professionals or face the worst.

Master Worsonu invited both teachers to his office. No one could afford to be late on judgment day. The office space was closed, filled with senses of rebuke and regret.

Master Worsonu advised his two staff members, "The reason we are here on earth is to always strive to fly flags of joy. Sailing up streams powered by the breeze of love, our course should be charted in the ink of compassion. We should fling roses wherever we pause. Heaven on earth and being at peace is what we desire. It

is sole cause? Our perception is like storms. It breaks around our heads. It's more dangerous than snakes. As you think, so you feel. Watch your mind. Rage sets sail, which will ruin and lag us far behind? I will emphasize, we should fling roses wherever we berth. For our destination is heaven on earth!"

Master Worsonu was known to be talkative, but not in this way. He highlighted the fact that rage is the raider of the treasure trove. He knew clearly that debates are mostly accompanied by harsh words, which depend on how you look at it. He cited examples that were clear and concise. He said, "Look at how big your nose is, Mr. Frank. It can serve as a warehouse". Everyone started laughing, although the words were harsh, but their perspectives were set to the opposite, making it sound like a comedy.

Master Worsonu did not report to the Ministry but punished them himself. They were given a 6-month suspension without salary. Their 6-month salary would be used to maintain the school. After the suspension, whenever they saw the maintenance, it would be a reminder to them.

With exams just around the corner, Cassy found herself ill-prepared, regretting her decision to isolate herself from her friend's advice. She realized the need to make the most of the little time left and packed her books, snacks, and water to study late into the night. However, the night proved unproductive, highlighting the stark differences in people's behaviors and lifestyles.

Morning came, and Cassy woke up to the cheerful chirping of birds, but she felt neither relaxed nor refreshed due to a restless night. She had no choice but to face the exams with the limited knowledge she had acquired.

Cassy's actions had led to the estrangement of her friend Sarah, and now, filled with regret, Cassy humbly approached Sarah, seeking forgiveness and the chance to rekindle their friendship. Sarah, still hurt, pointed out Cassy's shortcomings. Cassy learned a valuable lesson from this chapter of her life, realizing that her ego and pride had led her astray.

The examination results were disappointing for Cassy, disappointing not only herself but also her peers and teachers. She had overlooked the conditions of her scholarship, which required maintaining high academic performance. Her scholarship will maybe be downgraded to a half scholarship, covering only tuition. Cassy feared her father's reaction upon learning of her academic setbacks, and she vowed never to let ego and pride cloud her judgment again. The good side is she learned that too early. “The earlier the better”, said the wisemen.

In the wise words of the 6th-century Indian poet Bhāravi, Cassy had battled and overcome the enemies within herself—her own negative traits and arrogance. This experience had taught her a valuable lesson that conquering one's inner demons is akin to conquering the world.



# 7

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## CONSEQUENCES

The scene was set under a canopy of dark, brooding clouds that hung heavily over the school, casting a somber shadow upon its surroundings. The wind whispered mournfully through the trees, as if it carried a burden too weighty to bear. What was usually a bustling, lively school environment had transformed into an eerie quietness, as if the entire institution held its collective breath, preparing itself for something devastating.

The skies couldn't contain their sorrow any longer, and rain began to pour, as if nature itself wept for what was to come. Inside a room within the school, the atmosphere was thick with an unspoken sorrow. Loved ones gathered in groups, their faces engraved with worry and

fear. In one corner of the room, friends huddled together, their expressions heavy with sadness. One young girl gripped a handkerchief tightly, her tear-stained face a reflection of the inner anguish she felt. The others sat with vacant, distant eyes, seemingly lost in a sea of grief. Even the usually hilarious and mischievous ones sat quietly, sensing the weight of the impending news.

When the girls finally emerged from the hospital, their weary eyes met the anxious gazes of these loved ones. They took a deep breath, steeling themselves for the heart-wrenching task that lay ahead. With heavy hearts, they delivered the news that everyone had been dreading - their beloved schoolmate had been sent home, not to return. She was at rest now, in perfect peace. A heavy silence settled over the room as the weight of the girls' words sank in. Tears flowed freely, mingling with the collective sorrow that hung heavily in the air.

Just hours earlier, the young girl had complained of severe pelvic pain, and moments later, they noticed she was bleeding profusely. She had fainted and was rushed to the hospital

in a battle for her life, a battle she tragically lost. The cause of this chaos, they discovered, was an illegal abortion. She had been pregnant and had attempted to terminate the pregnancy herself. The identity of the person responsible for her pregnancy remained concealed, enveloped in secrecy.

Sarah, shed tears as she had never done before. She felt a connection to the situation, as if she had been in a similar position before. She cried out, her voice breaking with sorrow. Cassy, another friend, was deeply affected by this tragic incident, and the entire school was plunged into chaos as the news spread like wildfire. The focus of the day shifted entirely to the death of this innocent girl. Rumors swirled that the person responsible for her pregnancy had given her a drug to induce a miscarriage, adding another layer of complexity to the tragedy.

As they went outside the Headteacher's office, shame was smeared on their faces. Their heads were bowed down, and their eyes scanned the gravels like a sculptor looking for a cornerstone. Teacher Lade and Mr. Frank bid each other

farewell with a resolute hug. They made amends and let bygones be bygones. They felt they were in this punishment of a cut-off income stream together. They were supposed to find an alternative source of income before the six months were over. It was only then that they understood the youth on the streets flying banners of unemployment. First things first: they had experienced the harsh realities of difficulty and the challenges of unemployment.

After weeks, Sarah seemed to be carrying an even greater burden than the rest. She appeared hunted, her peace crushed, and it was evident to those around her. Cassy, sensing that Sarah was holding something back, used her persuasive skills to persuade the truth out of her. Sarah initially resisted but eventually revealed that she had been seeing Khalif for several months. On the night of the 83rd anniversary, they had attended a house party together and ended up spending the night there. Sarah had shared a room with Khalif, and recently, she had become concerned about missing her period, two months in a row. All signs seemed to point to the fact that Sarah might be pregnant, adding

another layer of complexity and worry to her life.

Cassy, however, reassured Sarah that there were many reasons other than pregnancy that could lead to a missed period, including stress, low body weight, obesity, polycystic ovary syndrome, use of birth control, chronic diseases, thyroid issues, and early perimenopause. She emphasized that a positive pregnancy test would be the only way to confirm her pregnancy, and until then, they should explore other possible explanations for her missed periods.

With a hopeful and panting voice, Mr. Frank counted, "Two... forty-eight, two... forty-nine, and two-fifty. Huh! We are done."

The two teachers wrote several applications to offices and private schools. They had gone for several interviews but yet were not offered a job. As they continued their quest for employment, they heard about loading trucks. Every truck was able to carry two hundred and fifty bags of rice. It was obvious not to think twice, despite the fact that, after loading a truck, you only received 15 Ghana Cedis as your

wage. The more trucks you loaded, the more earnings you made. They had only loaded two trucks that day. Their aim was to load hundreds, but their physical strength might not permit it. Just loading two trucks was like running miles to chase nothing. They were tired and left with no energy to continue. The only motivation that kept them holding on was their family.

Teacher Lade was married with three children. The oldest was a boy, and the rest were girls. His last-born was the same age as Cassy. Mr. Frank, even without seeing her, knew a lot about her. He was informed several times during friendly conversations with her father. Teacher Lade always called her "baby girl." The truth was that she always acted like one. She fit a perfect description of a little baby still enjoying her bottle. All she had to do was sleep, wake up, crave happiness, and this cycle would repeat.

Last-borns are special, like diamonds. But when the last-born is also the first-born, they are hailed like gold. Cassy was no exception. Her father had only her, and he was ready to fight for her sake. Just as they were talking, a call

came through, and it was Cassy. She had called her father for financial provisions. Daddy never told her about his current situation. Daddy had already loaded two trucks, making him 30 Ghana Cedis. He sent his day's income to Nana Adwoa Cassy and hoped to load hundreds more.

As they continued to struggle with these revelations, an unexpected turn of events shook Cassy's world. While absentmindedly flipping through her books, a breaking news alert grabbed her attention. The urgent tone of the reporter's voice filled the classroom as they announced a shocking piece of information that would send shockwaves throughout the campus.

Cassy's heart raced as she realized the gravity of what she was hearing. The news disclosed that her scholarship, which had been a lifeline for her education, was now in jeopardy. Her dropping academic performance had put her scholarship under review, and the possibility of it being reduced to a half-scholarship loomed. Confusion and disbelief overwhelmed Cassy as she struggled to process this sudden change of fortune. Questions swirled in her mind, and self-doubt crept in.

"Why is this happening to me?  
Why did I lose focus?  
What will my future look like without this  
scholarship?"

As the news continued to unfold, Cassy came to a sobering realization. Her own pride and ego had played a significant role in her academic decline, and she deeply regretted not heeding the advice of her friend Sarah. Little did Cassy know that this was just the beginning of her journey, and the path ahead would challenge her in ways she could never have anticipated.

With the impending end of the school year, Cassy couldn't help but wonder how her father would react to the news. Her performance had faltered just when she was entrusted with the responsibility to turn her dreams into reality. Meanwhile, Sarah remained mired in a pool of grief and dilemma, her heart heavy with the weight of their shared secrets about her losing periods. This chapter of their lives had become an uphill battle against seemingly unconquerable odds, and even their own angels seemed to have joined forces with their demons. They were weakened, but perhaps there was



still a glimmer of hope, a revelation with the potential to unlock a future they had never dared to imagine, if only intervention would come their way, preventing a worst-case scenario from becoming their reality.

But will it ?.

## 8

# UNEXPECTED JOY

A new happiness unfolds. A nighttime turns to day with the shiny bright hope sky. All Sarah could afford was joy at last. The wrecked imagination of how her future would be when she gets pregnant, now shifts North to south.

Sarah is just a mile away from the school clinic, and upon all the assessments and diagnosis she was not pregnant. All that had happened about her losing period was caused by the loss of weight. She was medicated and put on a diet.

Sarah shared the stressed relief message with Cassy. Cassy was overwhelmed with mixed feelings, happy about the good news and scared of what Daddy will do after hearing her flaws in academics. Days galloped into weeks, weeks vanished into months, and time to end the semester came near.

As to when all the girls were packing out the corpse belongings, a diary fell. They hardly

noticed and picked it up. The atmosphere grew humid as they read the revelation message which sadly ran through the lines of this diary. The message was thought-provoking and really hard to consume. The diary vividly discovered the ungodly actions of Khalif. Everyone knew Khalif to be bad, but not to this extent. The situation reached the leadership of the school, and Khalif was withdrawn and was sent to the law court to be dealt with. At least this poetic justice brought a tender smile on most of the pupils' faces. Khalif is accountable for the death of the innocent girl.

This semester has been a wonder. It all started well but ended somehow sad. In whatever words, this semester had really made Cassy overcome her inner beasts and gain self-control and peace. For Sarah, this semester could have changed her life for the worst but that never happened. Which made her happy at last. Upon all the controversial and challenging days of the semester, all is done, and they headed back home.

Cassy's return home was met with a mix of emotions. While she uttered, "It feels good to be

home," through her gap teeth, a sense of fear and anxiety loomed over her. The source of her anxiety was the impending revelation of her academic setbacks to her father, a moment she could not avoid and had to face with apparent nervousness.

In her hand, she clutched a report accompanied by a note addressed to her father. The note directly disclosed the stark reality that her once-promising Harvard scholarship had been reduced to a partial one. The prestigious institution would now only cover her tuition fees, leaving the burden of accommodation squarely on her shoulders.

The delivery of this news proved to be an awkward encounter. Daddy, attempting to muster a smile to offer encouragement, found his efforts thwarted by the weight of the situation. His artificial smile accompanied by squinted eyes and clenched teeth, betrayed the pain he felt. Despite his internal struggle, Daddy couldn't hold back his rebuke, and Cassy, unable to bear the harsh words, found herself shedding tears akin to a thunderstorm.

On the first Saturday after Cassy's return from school, she witnessed an unusual scene. Her father, notorious for sleeping in on Saturdays, was surprisingly up and about. An eerie silence enveloped their surroundings, as if the world had come to a standstill. Cassy's imagination ran wild, wondering if aliens had discovered the Voyager Golden Record and invaded Earth.

Little did she know, that her father's career had taken a drastic turn. Mr. Frank once a dedicated educator, now worked as a loads man, striving to secure the first truck of the day alongside Teacher Lade. Their goal was to become the highest earners of the day.

Cassy's curiosity about the strange occurrences was overshadowed by her guilt. She felt her poor performance might have disappointed her father, leaving him sad and angry. As he departed with a hearty goodbye, Cassy's anxiety lingered.

Later that day, her father returned home and seized the opportunity to explain everything. Cassy's emotions swirled as she grasped the weight of her father's struggles. One truth, however, remained unwavering: Daddy would

stop at nothing to ensure Cassy's well-being and secure her a brighter future.

The subsequent days were marked by a profound sense of regret, as Cassy reflected on her past moments of pride. A wish to turn back time lingered in her thoughts, but the unchangeable nature of the past reminded her that what had happened had indeed happened.

Yet, in the midst of perpetual darkness, regrets, and sadness, a glimmer of hope emerged unexpectedly. Cassy found herself psychologically tormented, her father's praises now replaced by stern reproach. Laughter, once a regular companion during father-daughter interactions, became scarce in their conversations.

However, just as despair seemed to entrench itself, a surprising turn of events unfolded. During a heartfelt conversation in their yard, Daddy and Cassy were interrupted by the arrival of Miss Camila. This woman, employed at the United States embassy, held a pivotal role in Cassy's early Harvard journey, as Cassy had once saved her by Cardiopulmonary

resuscitation (CPR). With a reassuring declaration, Miss Camila announced, "I'm here to help. I inquired about Cassy and I know what is happening".

The impact of Miss Camila's words was profound. Cassy's heart leaped at the unexpected offer—Miss Camila was willing to take her to the United States and handle all her accommodations. Daddy, released from his previous burdens, expressed gratitude.

Adding to the fascination, Cassy learned that she would continue her high school education in the United States. All arrangements were swiftly made, and the day of Cassy's departure approached.

All the paperwork was not a headache. Miss Camila had it all done, within a twinkle. Flight booked and time scheduled. Every night was the same but tonight was different.

Tomorrow sends her away and a celebration she holds. That night, Sarah came to sleepover. Daddy, Cassy and Sarah had a life long conversation. They ate at the table together looking more like the "Last Supper". Cassy was

going away not on a cross but an airplane, not arriving in a tomb but in the United States also not coming back after three days but staying there much longer. Cassy looked more of a Messiah in a lesser way, perhaps she was also going to save life. For the best reason, everyone must be saved by Jesus. The mountain breeze was so nice to endure. It lulls even the wandering owl and the busy night howlers. Also the night raiders were comforted in a deep sleep. Thus the mountain breeze sang the best lullaby for a good night sleep. Yet still Cassy was not sleeping, you ever had that feeling of waiting for the next day, that is the only time you will discover it takes a day to cover a minute and an hour was a mighty thing to be waiting for. The night was really long. Cassy woke up a thousand times just to realise that it was not even 2 o'clock.

Everything felt different and every little sound was an alarm. Cassy wondered if Daddy and Sarah had the same nights.

Gracefully the ever waited day came but Cassy was sleeping. She could not watch. They prepared, took their luggages, It took hours before reaching the Kotoka International Airport. Miss Camila made everything as



planned, it was Cassy's first time seeing an airplane so close, better to say sitting in. Her life had become an odyssey, filled with twists and turns that defied prediction. The whereabouts of hope remained mysterious, popping up unexpectedly for Cassy.

Amidst the uncertainties, Cassy's goals remained a constant presence, akin to a loyal companion. Her vision, it seemed, was rapidly aligning with her reality. The unexpected turn of events brought about an unforeseen resurrection of joy for both Cassy and Daddy. Daddy saw the aeroplane take off. Miss Camila, Sarah and Daddy waved to the air until the airplane vanished into a dot. It was joyful but not expected.

It was her first time, she never felt anything abnormal. Cassy was stole from the real time happenings, all she realised was that she could see the clouds so near. Cassy memorised the imperishable memories she had back home. Times with Daddy were heartfelt, times with Sarah were sweet and lovable, times with colleagues and peers were cherished as crystals. It was the first time Cassy felt alone. She was

left alone with her dreams, which she had the chance of making it real.

A successful day spent. Miss Camila stayed in Accra, Daddy to Hohoe and Sarah straight to Bowiri. Mr Frank sat on their comfortable sofa. There was another sofa at the far left. This center table had on it an electric plastic flower, it split painted the room with funny colours. Daddy was enjoying his favourite TV show, when he whistled lazily, his muscular jaw felt relaxed than ever. “Bring me water, Cassy”.

Mrs. Cecilia and his son were taken away, now it was Cassy. It seems everything which makes him happy will die or leave to a place far away from home. He felt the absence of Cassy and the joy she brought to him. Mr. Frank felt bored more than ever and could not imagine any more days without her beloved daughter, Cassy. All these revelations and information felt hard to consume. Definitely, he will be seeing Cassy again. But the side of the story that hurt most was he never knew when.

Cassy was welcomed with the best weather. One which was similar to Ghana's. It was

summer. Sun glasses and lotions everywhere blending with bikinis and the joyous voices of people enjoying the sun. As she came out of the plane, everything felt different. Cassy was met with a group of four people. They were Miss Camila's family. Cassy joined them in a finest vehicle and they went home. First week in California felt amazing. She was thinking about home though but not like she used to. At first, the first thing to welcome her in bed was not breakfast but the thought of "far from home" then again the painful thing to lull her to bed was not good night kisses but "no way home". But for now, she only has it flashing along. Cassy was really adaptive and was beginning to like her new environment.

This day at Venice Beach is an experience as much as it is a beach. If you enjoy a lively, energetic, and that atmosphere, you will likely love it. If you prefer a quieter, more relaxed beach day, you might want to consider other options in Los Angeles County. The bustling atmosphere may not be suitable for those looking for a relaxing, peaceful beach experience. Several courts are available for volleyball. Expect a vibrant, sometimes chaotic

mix of people, from bodybuilders and street performers to artists, musicians, and tourists. It's a very beach for a real beach time. The Camila's and Cassy had a good time at Venice Beach. Cassy had a well deserving first summer. But still she was not letting go of her dreams not this time. She was more focused than ever and eager to win.

On the other side of the world, Sarah missed Cassy though but it was worse when she got back to school. Destiny was really impartial to divide the best friends. It felt like hell when an ant missed its colony. It is left alone in the wild, to face giant and mighty, struggling to survive and striving because of food. Sarah felt nothing different. She regretted not prioritizing other relationships when Cassy was around. She is supposed to start everything all over again, building bonds and having friends. For whatever reason, she was never going to have a friend like Cassy. The hilarious part was that Sarah was now working as the information center, satisfying pupils' quests about how Cassy made it in California and other updates on her. Sarah and Cassy kept in contact and remained best friends forever.

Niche, formerly known as College Prowler is an American company that runs a ranking of high schools. Niche ranked Harvard-Westlake the best private high school in Los Angeles, the 2nd best private high school in California. Harvard-Westlake is really prestigious. The Motto, Possunt Quia Posse Videntur (They can because they think they can). Added inspiration to drive our goals. The Motto made a declaration that we can only if we are thinking we could. Everything happens with a state of mind. It also highlighted the "If you can dream it, you can do it." quote of Walt Disney. Cassy was awarded an admission there. After Cassy read about this school. She was really surprised and amazed. She was escaping rapidly into elitism. Her first day was different from what she thought. The pupils in grade 11 were welcoming. She easily fitted them. They moved along and she had companions for whatever she found challenging.

The pupils were equally smart and brilliant like Cassy which created a war field for the best. Cassy always excelled in the theory but the practicals, she fumbled.

Everything felt as a dream which she had not yet awakened. She would rather be in her dreamland to enjoy the unexpected joy at dawn.

## 9

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## 10 YEARS LATER

Ivan, in his growing state, emerged an infectious energy that transformed his facial expression into a vibrant canvas of rich expressions. The outline of his face now displayed a compelling mix of ambition, hope, and an undeniable zest for life. His gaze, a fusion of curiosity and eagerness for new experiences, shone brightly through wide, bright eyes that sparkled with vitality. A genuine and contagious smile adorned Ivan's face, illuminating the room and offering a glimpse into his carefree nature.

Within the creative enclave of the office space, Ivan found himself seated in a chair engaged in conversation with Alex Clinton. The stylish curtain, partially drawn to welcome the embrace of natural light, cast a warm glow on the scene. Enormous stacks of magazines adorned the desk beside computers, creating an atmosphere of productivity and inspiration. The room, adorned

with carefully crafted artworks, issued a beautiful ambiance.

Ivan, eager to share his journey, began recounting his past to Alex Clinton. A decade earlier, in his motherland, he had nurtured his writing talents quietly, revealing them only to himself. Shyness and fear held him back from showcasing his brainstorming writings. A turning point came when he participated in a poetry contest and emerged victorious. The New Yorker recognized his talent, publishing his works and leaving readers hungry for more. This marked the genesis of Turn Yard magazine, Ivan's brainchild, now a rapidly growing publication and production worldwide.

Recently, Ivan made a big hit in the writing world. With lyrically good and a rhythmic poem. It was heard being sung by children all around.



# “SCENES UNDER THE SUN”

Life in the Jungle,  
It is not time to Mingle.  
Far views are Together,  
That is just your angle.  
Expertise start to Fumble,  
Nothing United all, needs to Struggle.

Jungle full of Troubles,  
Ants wise up and always stay Humble.  
Ants save and don't need to Gamble.  
Mighty with pride will finds Troubles  
and Struggles in the Jungle.

"Scenes Under the Sun" uses the jungle as a metaphor for human life, illustrating how humility, unity, and wisdom contribute to success. The poem contrasts the deceptive unity of a distant view ("Far views are Together") with the harsh reality of individual struggle ("Nothing United, all need to Struggle"). Even expertise can falter ("Expertise start to

Fumble") in the face of adversity. The ants, however, serve as a model for success. Their humility ("always stay Humble") and wisdom ("Ants wise up") lead to security and avoid needless risk ("Ants save and don't need to Gamble"). In contrast, those who are "Mighty with pride" encounter difficulties and struggles. Therefore, the poem suggests that true success, even in a challenging environment, comes not from pride or the illusion of effortless unity, but from the practical wisdom, humility, and potentially collaborative spirit (as modeled by the ants) to navigate life's inherent struggles.

Also, Ivan won the hearts of many. Perhaps in a lifetime, everybody will experience the worst-best love story. The story you cannot live without, although it is extremely toxic. The story you call memories but are always presenting itself as a present. You say, "I hate the way your voice sounds," but smile after hearing it. Thus, his poem "Love Story" was cheered worldwide because it resonates with every love-wounded heart.

## **“LOVE STORY”**

Whenever affection germinates...

For our love's affirmation,

breezes start to blow.

Wherever the summer illuminates...

For our joyous smile compilation,

connections start to woe.

Whatever beauty which resonates...

For our happy sensation,

is not but now memories to show.

Whichever is to keep love were my mandates...

For our love yet sparkles none for redemption,

maybe on Shakespeare's tragedy our love flow

Whoever sees the skies blank these dates...

For our stars are on mission,

to find the omitted “Queen of Glow”.

In Ivan's touching poem, he masterfully weaves a tapestry of emotions, exploring the complexities of love, loss, and longing. Through his words, Ivan takes the world on a journey of nostalgia, heartache, and the enduring power of love.

Ivan's poem begins by describing the blossoming of affection, accompanied by the gentle breezes of love's affirmation. He writes, "Whenever affection germinates... For our love's affirmation, breezes start to blow." This line sets the tone for the rest of the poem, which is characterized by a sense of wonder, beauty, and ultimately, melancholy.

As Ivan continues to reflect on love, he notes the pain of lost connections, even in the midst of happy memories. He observes, "Wherever the summer illuminates... For our joyous smile compilation, connections start to woe." This line highlights the bittersweet nature of nostalgia, where fond memories are often tinged with sadness.

Ivan's poem also touches on the fleeting nature of beauty and happiness. He notes, "Whatever beauty which resonates... For our happy sensation, is not but now memories to show." This line serves as a touching reminder that everything in life is temporary, and that even

the most beautiful moments are eventually reduced to memories.

Despite the loss of love, Ivan remains committed to preserving its memory. He writes, "Whichever is to keep love were my mandates... For our love yet sparkles none for redemption, maybe on Shakespeare's tragedy our love flow." This line suggests that Ivan's love story is one of fate and inevitability, a theme that is reinforced by the reference to Shakespeare's tragedy.

In the final line of the poem, Ivan looks to the stars, hoping to reunite with the lost love, symbolized by the "Queen of Glow." He writes, "Whoever sees the skies blank these dates... For our stars are on mission, to find the omitted 'Queen of Glow.'" The image of blank skies serves as a powerful metaphor for the sense of emptiness and longing that often accompanies lost love.

Through his poem, Ivan offers a powerful exploration of the human experience, one that is characterized by love, loss, and longing. His words serve as a touching reminder of the enduring power of love, even in the face of adversity.

Nobody really knew Ivan's bittersweet love story. Because he mostly writes from

experience. Some people argued that it was retentive flashbacks, while others said it was foreplay envisioned.

As Ivan narrated his story, his voice resonated with a slight whistle through the narrow gaps in his teeth. Alex Clinton, engrossed in the fascinating and astonishing tale, marveled at Ivan's journey. In the realm of African literature, Ivan had earned recognition as one of the prolific writers, a significant accomplishment for a young man.

Ivan's poem, a heartfelt tribute to womanhood, reverberated through the literary world like a shockwave. With profound appreciation, he portrayed women as goddesses, celebrating their extraordinary ability to create and nurture life. This masterpiece, penned for his mother and womanhood at large, resonated deeply with audiences. Its powerful message was widely quoted and recited, touching the hearts of mothers and women everywhere.

## **“A Story to Tell”**

I have a story to tell  
One of date, long for still  
One of calamity, mortality for sure  
One of hope, love as pearls

I have a story to tell  
You gave me life.  
A day can't bypass without me thinking of you.  
I could have spent my life without you.  
But I choose to spend with you in me, me in  
you  
I hardly remember the taste of your bosoms,  
that build my humor and made me.  
From your umbra, I was sheltered.  
At your love soaked backbone  
I rest my weary head.

I have a story to tell  
Clean waters mirrors the skies,  
Sparkling crystals are clear,  
the Sun's golden rays shimmers,  
the Greens are vibrant,  
Your firm form and flesh skin surpasses all.  
In my Dream,  
my nightmare turn sweet as chocolate  
with a flashy reflection of your warm  
welcoming face.

I have a story to tell  
Methink blank, whenever I compose lyrics to  
just justify your beauty.

I proclaim your beauty that fades in and fades out.

Till then my lover, stay with me in me

... “As I reflect on my mother's profound impact on my life, I am compelled to express my deepest gratitude and admiration for her. In my poem, I attempt to capture the essence of motherhood and the transformative power it holds.

My mother's love has been a constant source of comfort and strength, shaping me into the person I am today. Her selflessness and devotion have instilled in me a sense of security and belonging. I am forever grateful for the sacrifices she has made, and I strive to honor her legacy by embracing the values she has taught me.

The memories of my childhood are filled with moments of tenderness and joy, from the warmth of her touch to the soothing sound of her voice. Her presence has been a guiding force in my life, and I often find myself seeking her wisdom and counsel.

As I navigate the complexities of life, I am reminded of the lessons she has imparted. Her unwavering support and encouragement have empowered me to pursue my dreams and



overcome challenges. I am deeply indebted to her for the gift of life and the unconditional love she has showered upon me.

In my poem, I use imagery and metaphor to convey the beauty and significance of motherhood. I compare her skin to "clean waters" and "sparkling crystals," symbolizing the purity and radiance that emanate from her. These images serve as a testament to the profound impact she has had on my life.

Through my poem, I hope to celebrate the beauty and significance of motherhood, while also acknowledging the profound influence my mother has had on my life. Her love and devotion have shaped me in ways I am still discovering, and I am forever grateful for her presence in my life.

The conversation transitioned to the upcoming interview the Turn Yard Magazine has with Miss Nana Adwoa Cassy. Ivan vividly recalled their last meeting, a time when Cassy, now a successful surgeon and genetic engineer, performed a life-saving CPR on an obese lady. The two successful young adults were set to reunite in the interview at the State of California, an interview orchestrated by Alex Clinton, the editor of Turn Yard magazines. Ivan will be the interviewer interviewing Cassy.

Ivan expressed his gratitude for Alex's efforts, acknowledging the upcoming interview as a significant event that garnered attention across town and headline news. The anticipation lingered—would this reunion be a mere interview meeting of once nearly became friends, or perhaps the prelude to something even more momentous

# 10

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## THE MEETING

Cassy, having evolved into a compassionate, determined, and resilient individual through the years, found herself hurtling down the charming Pacific Coast Highway in California. Her eyes, focused on the road ahead, conveyed a sense of urgency as she tightly gripped the steering wheel, propelled by the impending interview with Turn Yard. The vast expanse of the ocean stretched out to her right, its rhythmic waves creating a mesmerizing backdrop. With each passing second, Cassy pushed the accelerator to its limits, acutely aware of the precious time slipping away.

Arriving at the interview location, a mix of relief and anticipation pounded in Cassy's heart. Swiftly making her way inside, she was greeted by a room adorned with meticulously staged

equipment. The Turn Yard had ensured that everything was in place for a crucial conversation with Turn Yard and Cassy. The setting was meticulously designed, with expertly arranged lighting casting a warm and inviting glow over the entire space. Multiple strategically positioned cameras promised a professional production, setting the stage for a meaningful and engaging dialogue. Cassy recognized that her perfectly timed arrival marked the threshold of an important conversation, a step away from making a significant impact.

Post-interview, as Ivan assumed control and facilitated the discussion, he could not help but reminisce about their first encounter on the day Cassy heroically saved an obese lady. Cassy hardly remembered, perhaps many people were there. The memory led to shared dinners and the exchange of contact information. In the subsequent days, their conversations extended into the night, each conversation ending with the melodious flow of the other's voice, a precursor to the deepening connection between them.

Cassy was a board member of the Viral disease department, World Health Organization. Cassy was a cytologist. The work of Cassy was found in various settings; she had worked with several research laboratories, hospitals, and diagnostic centers. Her findings contribute significantly to the understanding of fundamental biological processes and how to implement it for disease diagnosis and treatment. She was also a genetic engineer, who works to alter the genetic code of organisms to achieve specific, predetermined outcomes. She was a good surgeon with no failed surgery.

Cassy studied several courses at Harvard University, some she had completed and some she was yet to. Cassy had won the best student's award severely. The Harvard University idea to use Cassy as a pivot character in preaching awareness and teaching CPR felt successful. She was really leaving in her dream self.

Nana Adwoa Cassy truly understood the importance of giving back to her nation and loved ones. To this end, she established a magnificent foundation. The foundation's mission was simple: to assist Black people, particularly Ghanaians, with difficult health

problems. Cassy facilitated funding for health services and performed free surgeries.

Just a year after launching this life-saving initiative, Cassy had performed sixty free surgeries and established healthcare services for thousands. Her selfless work earned her national recognition, and she became a celebrated heroine in Ghana and Africa at large.

Cassy also initiated the construction of a hospital in Hohoe. Although the building was still underway, several non-governmental organizations had already donated essential medical equipment. Upon completion, the hospital will feature an ultramodern heart and lung department.

Cassy's unwavering dedication to her country's health has been truly selfless. Many regard her as a true patriotic nationalist of our time. Despite not holding a government position, she took it upon herself to address Ghana's health challenges, striving to improve the nation's well-being. Cassy always said her utmost inspiration and motivation is from Nana Adwoa Konadu Dsane.

Everything felt really good. Nobody knew when and how Cassy and Ivan became so tight. I guess Ivan was a sharp shooter. Cassy and Ivan were now enjoying the lips and “ships” of life. Being friendship, partnership, companionship, relationship and all other “ships” to think of. All they hoped for was that their ships would perpetually float on the deep sea of love and happiness but not sink deep into the pain and sorrowful ocean.

With an award ceremony on the horizon, Ivan saw an opportunity to bring Cassy into his world. As plans unfolded, he envisioned a night filled with promise and new beginnings, marking the continuation of a connection that had grown beyond the bounds of a chance meeting and a life-saving act into something more profound and something ever worthy.

# 11

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## THE BEGINNING

There had been a blossoming love between Cassy and Ivan, a love that appeared destined for a "happy ever after." As they spent more time together, every moment on the clock seemed to be infused with joy. Their connection deepened, sparking intense feelings of companionship, love, and affection. It was exciting when Ivan shared the news of his nomination for the prestigious "Prolific Writer in Africa" award, a recognition that promises to be a monumental achievement.

As the anticipation builds, it is no surprise when Ivan is declared the winner. His literary prowess, evident in his evocative prose, thought-provoking poems, and captivating narratives, has positioned him as one of Africa's



most influential and best authors. Ivan's unique perspective on societal behavior and the world at large has connected with audiences, solidifying his status among the literary elite.

Ivan, however, is not solely focused on his literary success. He reflects on the joy and happiness that Cassy has brought into his life and decides that he wants her as his lifelong companion. The pivotal moment arrives when Ivan, overwhelmed with emotion, pens a heartfelt proposal poem for Cassy. In an angelic atmosphere on stage filled with happiness, Ivan called Cassy to mount the stage. Just after Ivan was awarded. He knelt down on a leg, filled with emotions and recited the verses that express his love and desire for her to be his wife.

“In the presence of an unblemished dear,  
Whose voice sweetens my ear,  
A humbled rose, untouched by peer,  
Skin nourished like lightened chocolate tea, my dear.  
In your presence, my heart unfolds,  
I cherish the thought of you and anytime by your side,

Will you join me, be my cherished companion?  
With every step, you light up the doom room,

Your beauty outshines the brightest sunshine,  
I hope you'll consider this heartfelt request,  
To be with me, my dear, so sweet and free we  
will be together forever.  
Let's Merry as we Marry.”

The poem, a beautiful declaration of love, speaks of Cassy's unmatched qualities—the unblemished dear, the voice that sweetens Ivan's ear, and the humbled rose untouched by peers. Ivan paints a vivid picture of Cassy's beauty, comparing her skin to lightened chocolate tea. He cherishes the thought of being by her side and extends a heartfelt request for her to join him as his cherished companion.

The climax of Ivan's emotional proposal leads to a resounding “Yes!” from Cassy.

The crowd was vibrating with joyous voices of surprise and happiness. The auditorium was like “wow!”. Ivan was dressed with tension free, he definitely knew Cassy would say yes. It was never easy proposing. He was just a mile away to make Cassy his wife. With plans for

marriage, building a family, and supporting each other, the would-be couple envisions a future as "happy ever after." To turn this fantasy into reality, they must return home to complete customary rites and officially announce their union to their families. And so, with hearts full of love and anticipation, they embark on the journey to Ghana to create a life together.

## URNS BACK HOME

In the vibrant metropolis of Los Angeles, the sun ascended in the sky, casting its golden rays upon the bustling city. Standing hand in hand at the entrance of the international terminal at LAX, Ivan and Cassy display a noticeable mix of excitement and nervousness. Their eyes, windows to the emotions swirling within, reflected the anticipation of a journey poised to alter the course of their lives.

The narrative of their love story had been captivating that anyone will envy, a tale sweeter than honey and bound tighter than diamonds. Now, on the edge of a monumental step, they were prepared to traverse continents and territories to reach the heart of their ancestral roots – the enchanting country of Ghana. Here,

the right center of the world. Against the backdrop of its rich landscapes, they would exchange vows, commencing a new chapter in their intertwined destinies.

As they settled into their airplane seats bound for Accra, the capital city of Ghana, Ivan and Cassy stole glances through the window, bidding a whispered farewell to the sprawling city of Los Angeles below. Ahead lay the promise of joy and happiness as they looked forward to their impending marriage and the eagerly awaited reunion with family and friends.

Covering a staggering distance of 11,904 kilometers from California to Ghana demanded a thirteen-hour journey, more than half a day suspended in the skies. Arriving late in Accra, they found themselves compelled to spend the night in a hotel. The anticipation of their future together filled the night with contemplation, the hours stretching like a meandering river.

As the morning sun illuminated Volta, they embarked on separate paths, Cassy heading to Hohoe and Ivan to Bowiri. Cassy, reuniting

with her old friend Sarah, discovered a transformed acquaintance. Sarah, now a teacher, possessed a seductive body shape, amplified by her midnight black hair. The two friends relished precious moments, creating a vast reservoir of shared enjoyment.

Sarah recounted Khalif's story. She said after the unsuccessful attempt to abort his baby, which caused a tragic death of that innocent girl. Khalif was judged by the court to be sentenced, five years imprisonment. It was uncovered that Khalif had also been a minor drug dealer in the school. Khalif now is not as good looking as he used to be. His face was now older than his age. He is now with no certified job. They say he learnt shoe making behind bars. Others say he was newly born and now preaching on the streets. His life had become a mess. Surely, one place you should avoid is the prisons.

Ivan always says that “the only happy place is the land of imaginations, buy a plot and build a reality”. Cassy never doubted. Cassy, driven by a sense of empowerment, revisited her alma mater, engaging with and inspiring the students.

Yet, amidst the great number of experiences in Ghana, the pinnacle of her joy rested in the forthcoming marriage. Following tradition, Ivan and his family sought Cassy's hand in marriage from her family, marking the commencement of a significant chapter in their lives.

In her days in Ghana, Cassy dedicated countless moments to sharing anecdotes about Ivan with her father. The name "Ivan" became a familiar echo in their conversations, as if the two had been intertwined for years. Meanwhile, in the household of Ivan, the mention of "Cassy" by Ivan became a frequent refrain, a melody that sang to Ivan's mother repeatedly throughout the day.

In the heartwarming rhythm of their shared experiences, Ivan and Cassy's journey unfolded in the embrace of their culture and the warmth of familiar faces, weaving together the threads of their love story into the vibrant fabric of their lives.

# 13

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## REVEAL

The highly anticipated day had finally arrived, marking the beginning of a new chapter where two lives would intertwine as one. Ivan, accompanied by his devoted mother, embarked on a journey to Cassy's residence in Hohoe. The relentless sun cast its fiery glow upon the asphalt roads, yet amidst the scorching heat, both Ivan and his mother remained steadfast in their shared mission and vision.

Upon reaching Cassy's house, a gentle knock echoed through the air, and Cassy warmly welcomed them inside. As they settled in, they awaited the presence of Daddy, who was occupied with various tasks. The air was filled with a sense of anticipation, and the atmosphere buzzed with a noticeable energy.



Mr. Frank eventually made his entrance, carrying a glass of water from the kitchen. However, as his eyes fell upon Miss Cecilia, Ivan's mother, the glass slipped from his grasp, creating a haunting echo. The shock and disbelief in Daddy's eyes were noticeable as he beheld the living presence of his wife after numerous years of separation by accident. Overwhelmed by a flood of memories, Daddy couldn't contain his emotions and cried out in joy, surprise and hugs.

To everyone was in confusion, except Miss Cecilia, the intense emotions of reunion and relief enveloped the room. Cassy, perceptive as ever, deduced the reason for the emotional upheaval and joined in the shared moment of joy. Meanwhile, Ivan, standing still and disoriented, struggled with the unfolding events. Little did he know that a revelation awaited him—his mother had never disclosed the fact that he had a twin sister, and Cassy was her. Ivan hardly digested the revelation. He was angry at Mommy for not telling her.

Disappointment and heartbreak covered themselves on Ivan's face as he realized he must sacrifice his mushrooming romantic feelings for Cassy and accept her as his sister. In a powerful revelation, Mum and Daddy unveiled the darkest reason behind their decision to avoid remarriage after the tragic accident—they had entered into a blood covenant, solemnly pledging that not even death could separate the bond between them. They say blood covenant means inviting demons to keep two people together forever. These demons can even kill anyone who tries to break the togetherness. It was really bad to be engaging in blood covenant. No wonder Lady Linda and all the women Mr. Frank met ran away. It was evident that demons were at work. And for real, not even the tragic accident at Bosomtwe could separate them.

The weight of this revelation was overwhelming, yet Ivan and Cassy found themselves compelled to navigate the complexities of their newfound relationship. The love story that initially promised happiness now took an unexpected turn, intertwining with

another tale filled with shocking and miraculous reveals.

One evening, when the stars sparkled much more than expected. The moon smiled brightness to make outdoor siting marvelous. The revealed twins, Cassy and Ivan sat outdoors looking and enjoying the artistic dim sky. It was the best of times, they talked and laughed to each other. Suddenly, everyone was quiet, the atmosphere filled with strong emotions, Ivan's head moved slowly to reach Cassy's lips. They nearly kissed but Cassy rushed away. It was really hard to accept the new revelations. Yet, they had no chance to change the uncovered reality.

Mum, with a sense of relief, style, newness, and hope, began to share the post-accident chapter of her life. Awakening in a small village along a river, she recounted the kindness of the people who aided her survival and advised her to flee, seeking solace from the pains of her deceased husband and daughter. Mrs. Cecilia at the other hand of the accident thought Mr. Frank and Nana Adwoa had died. Little did she know that

her family was alive, just as she was thought to be dead.

Reuniting Mum and Daddy seemed like a natural progression, given their shared history, but for Ivan and Cassy, the journey was fraught with challenges. Despite the difficulties, they were left with no alternative but to forge ahead and force their way through this unexpected chapter—a love story reshaped and intertwined with miraculous and shocking twin revelations.

# 14

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## FAMILY REDEMPTION

After a long and difficult journey that involved being apart from each other, the family of four now stands on the cliff of redemption. Cassy and Ivan, the two siblings, who were separated due to a series of unfortunate events and accidents, have undergone an amazing change. Forging a bond that surpasses any they had known before. Neglecting their previous romantic love, they have embraced love and solidified their connection as a family.

The ties that bind them have grown resilient, nurtured by a profound understanding and a newfound appreciation for one another. The parents, who saw the scary accidents that broke their family apart, have now experienced a deep reunion with their children. The family that was once separated has now come together and is happy in their home.

Cassy now revels in the joy of having a biological mother, and Ivan, likewise, relishes the newfound connection with a biological father. The atmosphere within their home is abundant with amusement and laughter, as the family continuously shares jokes, stories, and cherished memories. Their home, which used to be separated, now feels calm and everyone gets along well.

The redemption of the family has not only healed wounds but has brought them closer than ever before. Lessons in forgiveness, love, appreciation have made the journey of life feel markedly easier. As they collectively gaze toward the future, their eyes are filled with hope, knowing that, together, they possess the resilience to overcome any challenges that may lie ahead. Their shared experience of finding redemption has become a guiding light, leading them to a future full of promise and victories they achieve together.

## PERPETUAL SEPARATION

Everywhere was filled with joy. Everyone was happy. People were just filled with a sense of accomplishment and heroism. They had all heard that Cassy was building a hospital, but never dared to imagine it would be this impressive. The building itself was a site of healing. I wonder who would come here and leave unhealed. That person might be facing a deathbed. The building was a beautiful envelope that housed cutting-edge and ultra-modern health services. The hospital had departments for heart and lung care. Today marked its establishment. "Nana Adwoa Cassy, takes on a billion-dollar project" was the headline in all the broadcast news. Cassy named

the hospital after a remarkable man, whose life was a testament to never giving up and the power of love. Despite adversity, he always knew how to make her smile. Yes, Mr. Frank. The hospital was called "The Frank's Hospital". Cassy was now a living legend, willing to do whatever it took for her community.

A week after the establishment and institution of "The Franks Hospital", the Family prepares for a day out in the hill city, there is an atmosphere of joy and anticipation.

Ivan and Cassy were bustling around and gathering snacks, drinks and outdoor games to take along. As their Parents checked if all they needed to make the best out of the day was taken, the car was already packed with picnic necessities.

They set off for their adventure, Ivan drove the car whilst Cassy sat in the front seat. Mum and Daddy shared the back seat and relaxed. The drive was filled with laughter and chatter. Mum and Daddy shared their own childhood adventures and hilarious memories to create humor.



Ivan laughed out every pore on him. He unawaresly turned off the lane without noticing, for how sloppy and curvy the road was; it was prone to accidents. Just after Ivan was aware of the impeded danger, they were faced with a long vehicle. Ivan steered out wide and threw the car off lane. The car rowed downwards and turned head over heel many times as it banged into a thick thorny tree. The banging sound was evident of how severe things could be. All passengers wore their seat belts except Cassy. With the pressure of the car banging in the tree, Cassy flees through the windscreen. A thorny branch got stacked and pinned down to her heart as she sank in the pool of her own blood. Ivan with pains forced himself out of the car and saw his sister dying slowly in his own palms. At this point to be heard was to scream, he screamed and screamed till his voice faded but no help arrived in time. Cassy was separated eternally from her newfound family, she forced her breath to say, "...Tell Daddy, I— I ha— reached ...my final stag—" when she lied and died slowly. Mr. Frank was unconscious as Mrs. Cecilia. Ivan had never cried so hard like this before. He was in the midst of one dead body,

and two unconscious people who can die anytime from now.

It was a tragic turn. A heartbreaking situation and a devastating accident. The traumatic way Cassy died was an unimaginable pain for lovers. It was difficult to end by “sadness ever after” but for Cassy all is said and done. She had achieved her goal in becoming part of the health care archives worldwide. She started in dim light and brightened up to the world. Her living was a motivation to motivate, an inspiration to inspire and an elevation to elevate.

*The End*

