Mid-age is all so predictable and tedious I thought with my eyes closed rolling in the warm duvet of our double bed .The early morning sun of late spring struggled to penetrate the dark blinds of our room. I had struggled all winter with the habit of waking early at the prompting of Brian Tracy. These Mornings I did not care for success, the will to accomplish anything but sleep. I had not written a single story since January. It was not as if the promtings or ideas did not come, it was not as if the dream had died, but for almost three years I had given my self the goal of writing a book like most resolutions made at the start of every year by a plethora of people aiming to change their lives, the resolve died the very next day changing places with the hangover that accompanies the new year mornings.

My queen of queens roamed the room in search of one thing or the other, I could not tell if she was making up or still dressing up, I could only guess by her movements. I knew with marriage there was a risk of not being able to indulge in my promethean enterprise. I was a Ferrari before marriage, the drive, ideas and the writings came with all the beautiful things that marriage bought it made me an over loaded old Toyota hatchback with a broken fuel pump. The writtings now happened ocassionaly and when Remi was born my engine died.

I counted the seconds and minutes waiting till Toyin would pray over me and leave the house with a loud bang from the door that would shake the whole apartment , then the stillness would creep in again where my thoughts would grow loud and suddenly loose strength to a puerile phantasm of me in my juvenile past where my freedoms were defined by my sheltering parents and my only worries were school grades. These days there was plenty to worry about, even when certain that about next months income I worried about what my 50ies would be like. I worried about Cancer that I did not have, I worried about dementia the consumer of minds, I have been sleepless over Parkinson disease murderer of nerves and postrate dieases the killer of the pistol.

Two hours later I jump out of bed to the rage of my phone alarm. It was the third time it had come on. This meant I was well on the path to being late a boulevard I knew too well. I dragged my reluctant body to the shower , waking up to the warmth offered by the hot water and the buzz of the electric tooth brush that help procrastinate my visit to the dentist to have my wisdom tooth removed. I dreaded the dentist, he is the god that kills pain with pain. I hoped my electric tooth brush would keep my hidden tooth clean.

After the the shower I put got dressed and went to my son, Remi’s room .He layed there horizontally across the bed with his head to the rails. The night before he started out his journey to slumber land vertically in his Mickey house pygamas. He layed there now horizontally across his bed with his leg sticking out of the railings looking like an adorable little cupid. He was startled as I opened the door getting up in a half dazed state sounding like the late evening breeze as he whispered “daddie” gently .

He had the nose of his mother almost round and stubby like that of a teddy .He had my thick west African lips that looked like flat duck beaks, it ran in the family. My father, mother, brother and sister had it. If he did not have those lips his paternity would have been in doubt. He got up stretching his hands towards me so I could lift him. I just stood there staring at my own very likeness.

I enjoyedmy son and my time with him, I enjoyed throwing him in the air and catching him, I enjoyed taking him to the playground watching him struggle with the playground rides refusing to ask for help till he was worn out trying then he would gaze at me then turn and point to the top of the slide that he cannot reach while shooting out short busts of sobs. They joy he bought cost me precious writing and work time which I felt would help me get higher on the cooprate ladear to the place of cooprate domination. My childhood at home in Nigeria was spent with Grand parents or at home with domestic servants.I rarly spent time with my father and I do not remember him ever changing dippers, after all he was the king of his own home and he contracted the cleaning aspects of father hood to the domestic servents. Here in Denmark I could not measure to his greatness, the price was too much it cost too much in Kroners to measure up to.

“Good Morning Bola” I said, waiting for him reply in his all too familier drag of words.

“Gooo mooring Daddi”

“Did you sleep well?” I asked

“yah!” he nodded

“Are you ready for a shower?”

he paused! looking away , I repeated the question

he then nodded “yah”

I undressed him and took him to the bath room to give him a shower.

Like most days it was a battle, war he could not win but nevertheless waged every other day, maybe hoping I would one day relent and there were many days I did consider letting him be but, I thought to my self that it might not be best for him . after we both were fully dressed, I cycled with him to his daycare.

I remember as a bachelor I saw parents cycling with their kids I thought it was madness my African mind could not comprehend how the danes had come up with the idea of placing a baby sit behind on the bicycle.i feared for the children. What if parent and child both fell off the bicycle,, what if and what if I would say in my mind coming up with a million reasons why this was a bad idea, unknown to me that this would be my destiny years later,

After I had dropped of Remi I cycled as if I was been chased by a wild tiger all the way to the train station and still missed my train. To while away time I bought out my bible and opened it randomly. And found my self reading proverbs 6.

I heard the train from a distance as I got to verse 25

“Desire not her beauty in thine heart, neither let her take thee with her eye lids.”

Was God trying to make me feel bad?

Could he really read my mind?

I had asked myself several time what would it be like to be with a Dane or a pole or a Thai or any other woman that passed by from any other Nationality. The thoughts came as a bachelor but I would shoo them away with a fanatic belief with wanting my wife to be my first and a fear that sex meant commitment. I feared my first bite of a woman would lead me back begging for more, especially since I was in a long distance commitment. This would be hard to deal with I loved my girlfriend and was too scared to discover I could love any other person better. What pertrified me most was breaking up with her.I was sure she would die, but would she? I lived alone and would have gotten away with it ,if my encounters were as senseless Jude Law in Alfie, but I feared many irrational and rational things would happen.

These days Lust nagged me when ever I met with him in the gym, library, at work, at the library, on the train and being married did not help. I had known one woman and I wanted to know many more.

I looked up at the train arriving , by then a crowd had built up on the platform. I got on the train looking for a place in the quiet zone, a place reserved for those that wanted peace and quiet. Once or twice I found my self talking in the quiet compartment only to be reminded by one of the elderlys that the room was not

For noise makers like my self .

There was no space in the quiet compartment today so I got a seat in the regular compartments. My compartment had 4 rows of seat on each side ,4 rows to the left and 4 rows to the right. 2 rows faced each other while with a seat behind each side. I sat on one of the seats facing the other and by my side sat a man in dark grey jacket. His head was oval and he had a full mostahe that was curled at the edge. His skin was rough, and firm except on his forehead where had wrinkles that looked like tree rings. He remained of hearbert maculy, a Nigerian journalist in colonial Nigeria and father of Nigerian nationalism. I attempted guessing his age based on the number of wringles he had. Sitting opposite me was a girl whose age I could not quite place. She wore a low cut blouse and a short black skirt with stocks. The moment I saw her I could not take my eyes off her chest. I wished her two peaks would spill over, but no matter how I wished it her full burst were contained within her blouse and her pink bra underneath revealing enough cleavage to keep me distracted. Her hair was light brown and she had a double chin. Her nose was cute and pointed and she just stared on through the window oblivious to her surrounding. Sitting the White Herbert maculy by my side was a thin but frail and pale girl with yellow skin. I could not quite decern if which Asian country she was from but my best guess was china. She had very thick black hair , a faint but almost invincible mostache and a very round head as round as a basket ball.

# The Danish man sitting next to me was reading the free popular Danish metro express newspaper. The newspaper had the headline “ Asylansøgere smugles hertil med busser fra Tyskland“ which translated to “Asylum seekers are smuggled here by bus from Germany”. He looked up from his news paper and caught me looking over his shoulders. He then looked up and folded the newspaper muttering something I did not quite catch. The train suddenly halted after we had just left the last stop “Flintholm “. The train driver said over the train PA system “We are waiting for a green signal to continue our jorney.

# There was a chorus of “For satan !!!” up in the air from the train hoard. Then the consistent arm swinging and smart phone tapping as we swung into the late part of the morning. I bought about a read little book from my bag titled “how to be Danish” and started to read the chapter titled “Being Danish: The immigrant’s dilemma”.

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# The

# from the paper

Describe sleep wake play, morning, fear of Danish teach English

The train(the train will stop in the midsle between stations, there will be a break down and story conflick atarts)

Considerations

4 people on the train

arab

me

Asian(chinese)

Dane

Dane reading newspaper with head line asslyum seekers take train to Denmark

Then asks me a question

Dialogue an argument abou t immigration