

Tick, tap! The clock's hand crawls towards midnight.
Tock, tap! I tap my pen against the till, impatient in the crowd.
A voice guides me, a soulless song further darkens the night.

Tick, tap! Waiting for the last of the crowd to leave,
I mutter, frustrated, sighing, disengaged.



Tick, tock! "Midnight, at last!" I cry with excitement.
Grappling for my native attire, I race to catch the night's final glimmer.
Exiting, locking the shop with desperation.



Sunlight kisses my skin, waking my body.

“Ya! Cha-Cha-Cha — Kwenu!” chant the people, waking my soul.

“Ya! Cha-Cha-Cha — Kwezuonu!” I scream back.

Tumbling, twisting, I transform into the majestic masquerade.

One with the chant, I dance, spinning with the wind’s intricacy.

One with the people, children’s laughter ignites a fire in my soul, warmth in my heart.



Twirling in a vibrant array of colours, I lift dust into the air.
I am caught by every lens, preserving my spirit from every angle.
Uplifted by curious children, I breathe new flames into their souls,
Filling them with awe, breathing new life into their eyes.



“Whoa, Wow, Ahh!” they scream in excitement.
 Their joy fills the air, and they shower me with native gifts.
 Chased by their voices echoing in broad daylight — “GINI? BIA!”



Moving with grace and precision,
 I am admired, adorned, a living treasure of tradition.
 Never in spite, never lacking spirit —
 I am fuelled by culture, heritage, and time-honoured tradition.

I am timeless, energized by our values.

Adored by the crowd, celebrated by the children, I give life to culture.

Always masquerading within the crowd, for what is young and yet to be, I became.

Now go, tell the tales that gave me life.

Do not let our history fall and fade — forgotten, lost.

Instead, cherish it, rejoice in it, and share it with open hearts.

Now, GO! Pass it on, from one generation to the next.

With the spirit of the Masquerade, we belong — together.

I was inspired to write this piece because I deeply miss the masquerade — an integral part of my Nigerian heritage — ever since I left Nigeria. Growing up in Biafra, my hometown, I experienced the vibrancy of our traditions from a young age. I was immersed in culture even before I turned nine. As someone with autism, ADHD, and Asperger's, I once believed that my challenges were solely a product of my environment. Over time, I learned that society's misunderstanding of neurodiversity — often labeling those of us with learning differences — can create barriers.

Living in the UK, I've found the social scene to be starkly different. There, interactions often feel dull and reserved, with a prevailing sense of isolation. Antisocial behavior is not only frowned upon — it's legally restricted. In contrast, back in Biafra, one could express themselves freely without fear of breaking the law. Despite these differences, I've learned to control my impulses and navigate social situations to avoid trouble.

I vividly remember attending an autumn festival in the UK. Seeing children chasing after masquerades in Central London rekindled memories of the vibrant celebrations of my youth back home in Nigeria — a time filled with friends, family, and rich cultural traditions. It reminded me that my neurodiversity isn't a limitation; it's a part of who I am, shaping my unique way of connecting with the world. Even as an adult, I long for those nights filled with energy and cultural expression.

The emotions I wish to convey through my work are about missing home and sharing my culture. I want people to see that even though I live far from Nigeria, my heart remains tied to my heritage. The chants — “Ya! Cha-Cha-Cha — Kwenu!” — symbolize the call to unity and celebration. In Igbo, these words mean “all hail the matching masquerade,” a call that unites people. For me, the masquerade isn't just a festive display — it represents a transformation. It reminds me of the young prince I once was, destined for kingship. Though my father, a king himself, never performed the traditional ceremony to pass on that honor, I feel compelled to return to my county, help the Biafran people, and honor our traditions.

Unlike my father, who embraced a British lifestyle, I strive to uphold our customs and use OBINexus Computing as a means to support my people.

I remember how, as a child, masquerades in my country were both a source of awe and a controlled way to bring fearlessness into our lives. I recall helping a masquerade dance under the scorching sun at the age of six, holding a water bottle as a symbol of care and resilience — a moment that left a lasting impression on me.

Now, as I see children donning masquerade costumes, I witness a renewal of our rich cultural legacy. They remember who they were and who they can become — creating a cycle of richness and education that spans continents. My second poem, “Riches,” will celebrate this journey: the return of our riches, as we seek education abroad, better ourselves, and then come back to uplift our families and community.

I was celebrated as a young prince, destined to be king, but circumstances forced me to leave Nigeria due to civil unrest, famine, and pollution. Despite these challenges, the spirit of our people endures. I see an arc of transformation where children, through the act of masquerading, reconnect with their culture and breathe new life into our traditions.

As a software engineer, I now have the tools and means to help those in need back home. My work with OBINexus Computing is not just a career — it’s a commitment to return the riches of our heritage and support the community that raised me. I want my art and my actions to speak to the unity, resilience, and enduring spirit of Biafra.

Nnamdi Michael Okpala

Overview of Uche and Eze Nnamdi

Who is Uche Nnamdi?

Uche Nnamdi or Knowledge Nnamdi is a digital illustrated Avatar of `me` Nnamdi Michael Okpala` wearing my custom-made woven outfit. Uche Nnamdi sheds light on Knowledge in various domain. As I Nnamdi am a prince in Omanbala (Anambra) State from Nnewi, by design using Uche Nnamdi entire look complements me preserve the Igbo Culture. Its emphasis changes in become young child to adult male.

Primary, his role on social media is to convey concept through when prompted on my Social Media Videos. Uche Nnamdi appears in other forms of my media, print and design. Uche Nnamdi to converse a conversation for courses. Uche Nnamdi is a reflection of my Igbo spirit, and courage.

Secondly, Since I diagnosed with Autism, ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactive Disorder), and Asperger's with a Learning Disability and decided to never ‘mask’ again hiding my true Nature. Uche Nnamdi express everything I do and love my intricate set of judgement. As an autistic adult, Uche Nnamdi shows his way through his site, guiding users on what they

might not necessarily understand. Uche Nnamdi wears Isi-agu pattern. I will incorporate Nsibidi writing in the attires of Uche Nnamdi.

Who is Eze Nnamdi?

Eze/King Nnamdi is a reflection and embodiment of who I am truly inside and out. It is a primary a portrait using narrative concept art which has a poem. Eze Nnamdi which I am uses the artistic medium to capture the story and return of an Igbo king in his homeland, Nnewi, Omanbala, Biafra or Nnewi, Anambra Nigeria. He is to be primary depicted on pen and paper then refined to get the key concept down on paper then digital drawn in Clip Studio Paint.

Uche Nnamdi and Eze Attire/Outfit:

What does Uche Nnamdi wear?

Uche Nnamdi wears only traditional Attire consisting of various Motifs from various parts of the globe. The motifs tell my story using seamless intertwined patterns. The Proof of Concept for Uche Nnamdi stems from deep Igbo root, and the stories told by me, and my physiological/ mental health, and state of being.

Uche Nnamdi Attires Is separated into three different section of layer using design principle. These are background, midground, and foreground. Each layer is woven seamlessly into another by 2 more pattern left and right between foreground and midground, and midground and background.

This is the pattern used for the logo for Nexus Labs. It will have Nsibidi character in a circular frame and a core connecting concept in the middle. In the circular frame, there is a journey wrapped in a story and return of a real king me, which is connected to the centre by the two other pattern, that bridge the foreground, midground and background.

What does Eze Nnamdi wear?

Eze Nnamdi is wearing **only** Igbo attires. I will incorporate Nsibidi writing, in the design as tattoo, clothing and environmental art. The requires learning Nsibidi, and its cultural significance. As I narrative concept artist. I would represent myself truly in statue and positioning my self as high ranking as in real life. I intend to sell the picture, and give it a narrative story my kingship and natural born leadership.

Be free now - Butterflies on the Battlefield,

A Poem of the Nigerian-Biafran War (1967-1970)

For those who remember Biafra
For those who choose sovereignty over subjugation

During the precolonial bliss, there was a sovereign country
In wars of attrition, etched in woven leather and fabrics
Before the Union Jack drew lines through villages
Before brothers became strangers across borders

Biafra is here. There is a sovereign country.

I. The Duality That Destroys

They call us Nigerian-Igbo, a hyphenated existence
But I am Biafran – BIA COMER , FRA TAKER
BIFRAN -No slash, no compromise
Fifty years since Ogbunigwe thundered through Abagana
Where 500 units daily spoke our determination

Professor Ezekwe's think tank birthed resistance
From nothing but necessity and genius
While Philip Emeagwali fled to Oregon's whiteness
And Chinua Achebe wrote: "There Was a Country"

II. The Butterflies

December 3rd, 1968 - butterflies landed
On bodies that would not rise for morning prayer
Wings of smoke and shrapnel, delicate as death
Each one a soul ascending from Owerri's siege

They flew through:

- 50,000 rounds of ammunition
- 300 mortars singing requiems
- 200 howitzer shells painting red earth redder
- Children's hunger becoming wings

The butterflies dance still
Above mass graves are unmarked

Above mothers who count in millions
Above a genocide the world forgot

III. The Battlefield Remains

In UK council flats, we refugees grow old
Failed by the health and social care sectors
Ages 18-24, no support, no recognition
Of trauma carried in DNA spirals

They want us to tick boxes:

☐ Nigerian

☐ British

But never:

☒ Biafran

☒ Survivor

☒ Memory keeper

IV. The Art as Anchor

My patterns are not decoration
They are:

- Maps of villages erased
- Coordinates of mass graves
- Geometric proof we existed
- Mathematical rebellion against forgetting

Each pentagon holds a family
Each circle, a life interrupted
Each line is a road that leads nowhere
Since January 15, 1970

V. OBINexus as Response

Now I build constitutional frameworks
Not from law books but from:

- Survival

- Sovereignty denied
- Systems that failed us

The health sector franchise? Empty.
The social care division? Vacant.
Because those who needed them most
Were told they don't exist

VI. Bụrụ Onwe Gị Ugbu A

Be free now - not tomorrow
Not when they recognise your passport
Not when they count your dead
Not when they apologize

Freedom is:
Choosing Biafran over convenient labels
Building OBINexus from exile
Painting butterflies that refuse to die
Speaking Igbo to British bureaucrats

VII. The Butterflies Return

They come at night, these battlefield butterflies
Through Monmouth, Oregon's empty streets
Through London's hostile housing offices
Through manifesto pages and constitutional code

Each one carries:

- A name they made us forget
 - A date (1967, 1968, 1969, 1970)
 - A coordinate in Eastern Nigeria
 - A question: "Will you remember?"
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VIII. Fifty Years On

The war ended January 12, 1970
But battlefields remain:

- In UK benefit offices
- In "where are you really from?"
- In health services that see Nigerian, not trauma
- In every hyphen forced upon us

Yet we survive, like Ogbunigwe:
Improvised, effective, unexpected
Built from necessity and genius
Destroying convoys of colonial logic

Epilogue: The Constitutional Butterfly

From Biafra's ashes, OBINexus rises
Not company but constitution
Not Nigerian but sovereign
Not forgotten but transformed

The butterflies of the battlefield
Now navigate digital territories
Carrying not ammunition but amendments
Not war but constitutional revolution

Biafra lives - in code, in art, in memory
Biafra lives - in every franchise unclaimed
Biafra lives - in patterns that encode history
Biafra lives - in those who choose to remember

Burɔ onwe gị ugbo a - Be free now
Choose your identity
Build your sovereignty
The butterflies are waiting

For the 2 million who died
For the survivors still fighting
For Nnamdi Michael Okpala
Who chooses Biafran

End.

REFERENCE:

<https://www.igboguide.org/HT-chapter9.htm>

[The Chronicles of Lady G: The Igbo Masquerade](#)