

EXPERIENCES.

Given life.

And since even I myself am the subject of this great life; I am of no immunity at all from such marvellous works this same good life would execute; I also had been given it that treatment.

Such a subjectivity started the very same day this good life decided about me from the depths of my own mother's womb; and since then a destiny was set up for me. Such is a destiny I could have never escaped at all; no matter how hard I could have tried if ever I did; destiny no one could have diverted no matter how hard they may have tried.

In it such an initial destiny lay everything about me and my life with relations to things to be done and ignore; people to entertain and reject; and things to wish for and dream about.

Every day of my coming destiny was going to be fulfilled accordingly, whether I liked it or not.

This good life was going to run its course no matter who said or did what!

Eventually out of my maternal jail cell I broke free; this good life had decided the time had come for me to be given freedom from those maternal shackles that from time to time had me bound within the depths of my mother's womb;

I was free at last; and maybe happiness was with me as I broke free from there; or ultimate condemnation of this good life issued from my inexperienced little physical frame through encrypted audible statements of my succulent lips.

But no matter what the case; the truth stood predominant that I have eventually acquired that liberty from the dungeon of my mother's womb; this good life had decided that dispensation.

By then every eye was capable of seeing that former bandit ; tease; toss and cuddle it about without any knowledge of the very same bandit's thoughts; if ever it was able to think on its own.

Nobody knew anything about such a former bandit's feelings at all; whether it felt comfortable with the new state of affairs or not; they rather just guessed about and assumed everything is all right.

Another bandit had been freed from the shackles of maternal dungeon and therefore another new experience given by life. The course of life and time does not have any respect for anyone; good or bad; weak or powerful; rich or poor ;it would rather just run in accordance with its appropriate and regular intervals and cycles; no matter who likes or disapprove of it.

And there I was now; after having broken free for some time in this good life from the shackles of maternal dungeon; physical progression acquired here and there as part of another fulfilment of another duty on my physical frame by that course of time and life; maybe everyone was happy with that physical progression of this same former inmate; or just condemning this good life for having cast something of this nature to be a burden unto them.

But what is it that they could have done even if they felt burdened by the existence of the very same former bandit amongst them?

Nothing at all; now that this good life had decided time has come for the

emancipation of this inmate from the shackles of maternal dungeon.

And there they were the visuals of new surroundings brought to the attention of the very same former bandit; maybe such new sights inspired terror and amazement within the heart and mind of the very same free being; thus inspiring it to wonder why this good life had decided to free it from its maternal dungeon if terror and frustrations were spared for it in its new life.

But what is it that could have been done of this little physical frame when this good life had decided to cast it into existence?

There was no way that this already given life could have been successfully returned!

Eventually; school time and age came creeping into my life; objective physical progression and growth was evident ;and as such; my parents felt indebted to groom me up like any other child since even I myself was one part of that fresh; succulent and

inexperienced beings ;and as I can properly memorise of those days by now life seemed a simple reality involving no obstacles at all ;neither hardships nor troubles; no; rather just complete simplicity.

Here; every adult was seen as; in our eyes as little innocent beings ;a trusted and respectful being to be treated and considered as such; and every household viewed as a safe haven for everyone irrespective of their domestic affiliation and social status.

Just a life of simplicity in the eyes of young innocent beings.

Eternal life.

Similarly; such contemporary adults would treat every young child as if they were their genetic parent where they can even execute corporal punishment to every youngster found offending anywhere in the streets; and for that matter they were highly revered

and feared; they really seemed to be our masters and us their subjects ;at least in our eyes.

And to them we would submit ourselves and heed their recommendations.

And adolescent stage also arrived in the face of those school times ;it seemed like another new life had been given; with new experiences to encounter even though it was an extension of things that had been and a transition into things that should be; in this new but same old life.

Things of respect for our parents as young little children alongside the fulfilment of our responsibilities in the form of school-going among others; the course of destiny was running its part and we the people as subjects of it had no remaining choice aside of adaptation and compliance.

This is the kind of life stage that saw us ;as a group of young adolescent boys; trudging local villages and communities prowling for sexy and admirable girls; kind of stage that saw us making arguments about nice things to possess and dream of; and the stage that had us fantasising of adulthood and the benefits that comes with it in the form of marriage ;family and of course;well paying professional career.

Man it seemed like a moment in paradise;at least in our eyes as young little adolescent buddies.

But behind those rapturous adolescent attitudes and experiences lay certain

unanswered questions ; at least on my part without having to be representative of my adolescent friends of that time.

Something strange seemed to be happening in my life; and a certain novelty seemed to be brewing in me; I really had to adjust and make well informed consultations about it; and the more I tried to ignore that novelty was the more it haunted me deep inside.

The paradise that adolescent life used to provide seemed to be falling apart; at least on my part; and a strange state of affairs presented.

I wondered with great admiration at this new twist in my life much alike as I did about where to find the one to give me proper advise; with relations to what should be done and not.

As life realities were beginning to outsmart my initial childish and adolescent mentalities and expectations; I could then start realising that I was wrong in my beliefs all the time and completely lost; and as such; had to change my life and straightaway search for knowledge and realistic truth about life.

But who was going to provide for that knowledge and truth?

I wondered!

And there they were; those who claimed to be having knowledge and understanding about everything and anything; and of their mouths they widely opened as they spread and preached of their claims about; they were there to try and convince anyone into believing in them; steadfast in their claims they stood and for that matter no one; and man no body; could dare trying to reprove them; unless when in pursuit of condemnation and adversity.

Those were claims not to be taken at face value at all ;as I later found on in my researches in this good life; now that they had deep inherent and destructive secrets in them.

It was just a matter of possession of deep knowledge and understanding to be able to get to the bottom of that inherent secrecy. I later found in this good life!

But back then it was a serious challenge for me to actually understand anything about what was going on given my immaturity and inexperienced self about the realities of this good life; man; knowledge was not with me as yet and understanding out of my reach even though there was something inside that always kept me suspicious and doubtful of their claims;

and as the suspicion and doubt about them grew in me; so was the confusion ;now that I did not know where and who to turn to; man; I was just in the thick of things; a moment of personal crisis had come in my life; I did' not know who to blame or exonerate; and truly speaking ;I was emotionally broken and trodden down.

Another new life was coming; that's all I had to acknowledge!

New old life.

And given the crisis which this good life had eventually thrust me into; my friends started doubting there was something wrong with me; so were my close family members; I actually but helplessly observed the depreciation of close intimacy we all used to have as a single unit at home and good friends in the streets and at school.

I was really haunted; something was closing in on me!

But the amazing thing about this good life is that; even though one can ignore the direction of destiny set for them it will only be for a little while; and when the final

moment come creeping in no one will; man no body; succeed at all in diverting it.

They will never ever succeed at all; come what may!

And as I was wondering at what was taking place and what is ultimately going to happen; feeling emotionally spent and uncomfortable; thirsty for knowledge and understanding about this life in relations to things that should be done and not; having sleepless nights wondering who will come to my rescue; something kept boosting my hope that one day knowledge and understanding will come.

It was just a matter of when and how it will come ; and therefore; patience had to be maintained on my part no matter how tough the time and life; I had to acknowledge the state of affairs and await the arrival of the right time.

And as knowledge and understanding came creeping into my life; albeit slowly and with scarcity; through certain existing sources ; courage then came into my life that I must stand up; pick the pieces and be who I am supposed to be no matter what; and I can tell ;it was not easy; man ;it was tough ;really really tough.

But still I had no choice; this good life had to go on and compulsory responsibilities fulfilled no matter what!

Eventually; I decided that enough is enough; and bravery should be embraced and the opposite thrown away no matter what unknown consequences ; the final decision making moment had come in my life; and compliance was necessary.

But truly speaking; I was not the one who had personally instilled and let that bravery come on in me; even though I may hasten making statements that I took that final decision.

All these were rather the works of that strange but amazingly powerful novelty as it cut through my heart and mind; thus ensuring me mental restlessness and sleepless nights; prompting deep questions whose answers stood beyond my reach; thus compelling me in to pursuit of an appropriate consultant to help address my wretchedness.

And there I was eventually; having been captured by the powers of that magical and amazing novelty; and to the extremes of its ends I was cast thereby!



IT IS JUT A LIFE FULL OF EXPERIENCES!!