

Aduke's Vows

It's 6:00 in the morning in Eko city, I snuggle lazily in my blanket and as though I don't have a meeting by 8:30 am I want to get a little more sleep but the woman in the next compound will not allow me to. She calls out; "Isearel! Saheed! hurry up before I slap you" this has always been her mantra every school morning. I have never met her nor do I know what she looks like but I know all her children's names and the food they eat before going to school.

Mama Saheed as I mentally call her comes off as a fierce woman who will do everything to see her children progress. She would wake up early to bathe her kids and prepare both their breakfast and launch and will still have the energy to threaten them so as to dress up and eat quickly. And here I am snuggling in bed without any human responsibility.

I stand up from my bed to start my day and I remember a terrible experience I had the previous day. These terrible-looking boys are with tattered clothes and untidy hair. They are stationed in bus stops shouting "Abuja Abuja onisha onisha!!" They seem to be doing decent work but are terrible perverts. Because how can I flag down a bus going to Obalende and you choose to believe I am heading towards Aba?! They did not only surround me but attempted to snatch my handbag while foundling with the side of my Brest. I shouted at them and they seemed to find my objection insulting, the audacity! I fought my way out of their midst to join the next bus going my way. virtually every woman I know has attested to experiencing this more than once.

I have always known that family is the smallest and the most important unit in society however, I never realized how strong the influence of a family is until I became an adult in another society I did not grow up in. These boys are young adults and some are likely teenagers... I wonder how they become so morally disoriented that they would loudly say "see your yansh" to any lady. This is not the case where a woman is scantily dressed but a woman "decently" dressed to go for a professional meeting. Just how did they become this terrible?! Family! It struck me.

Now let me break it down; a child is born into a mother's arms and is being nurtured in every possible way. I have come to realize that not all families imbibe the nurture system, they simply just keep the child alive. This child grows up to be what he sees around him (could be a smoker, teacher, aggressor, etc). Sometimes, some of these children mix with other people with questionable characters without knowing themselves first, of course, they lose themselves in the process, and there lies the rebirth of a "Society troubler". He impregnates a girl from a similar background and they birth a child in the same circumstance; history repeats itself.

This time I'm already applying my sunscreen planning ways to avoid these boys.

What can really be done so that these people won't be burdens to "normal" people in society? could it be Free education? Community service? Effective child support system? All these have been tried. My conclusion is that there would always be some of these people in our society. However, there should still be community outreach, free primary education, and donations. A child could be saved from a dysfunctional society probably through scholarship or mentoring.

I Aduke I promise to fulfill my own part in making a good family and instilling profitable morals to my children and children's children.