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CATEGORY: CREATIVE WRITING

TITLE: OUR LITTLE FAULTS

"No be my pikin you go turn LAWMA, jobless human being," Mama Dan yelled from across the road, tying her wrapper tight against her chest and charging at me with aggression.

A wave of panic surged through me and I let go of Daniel's hand, stepping back a bit and successfully evading her slap. I watched for a moment as she dragged him across the road into the small container she used as a provision store, still yelling at me, "No go find work."

I shook my head, sighing heavily, then resumed shoveling. The gutter I was in was particularly heaped with trash, however, the trash bags I had set up alongside it had barely been used. Typical Nigerian behaviour!

From the corner of my eyes, I could see Daniel kneeling with a brick in each hand while his mother along with two other women hurled insults at me. She wanted a doctor, but I was shaping a "cleaner". If only she knew he'd be saving more lives than a doctor ever would.

One day, I'll create a utopia out of this town. But until then, I will continue to make up for our little faults.

