

Dan Afrifa

# KUMASI

Stephen A. Adei

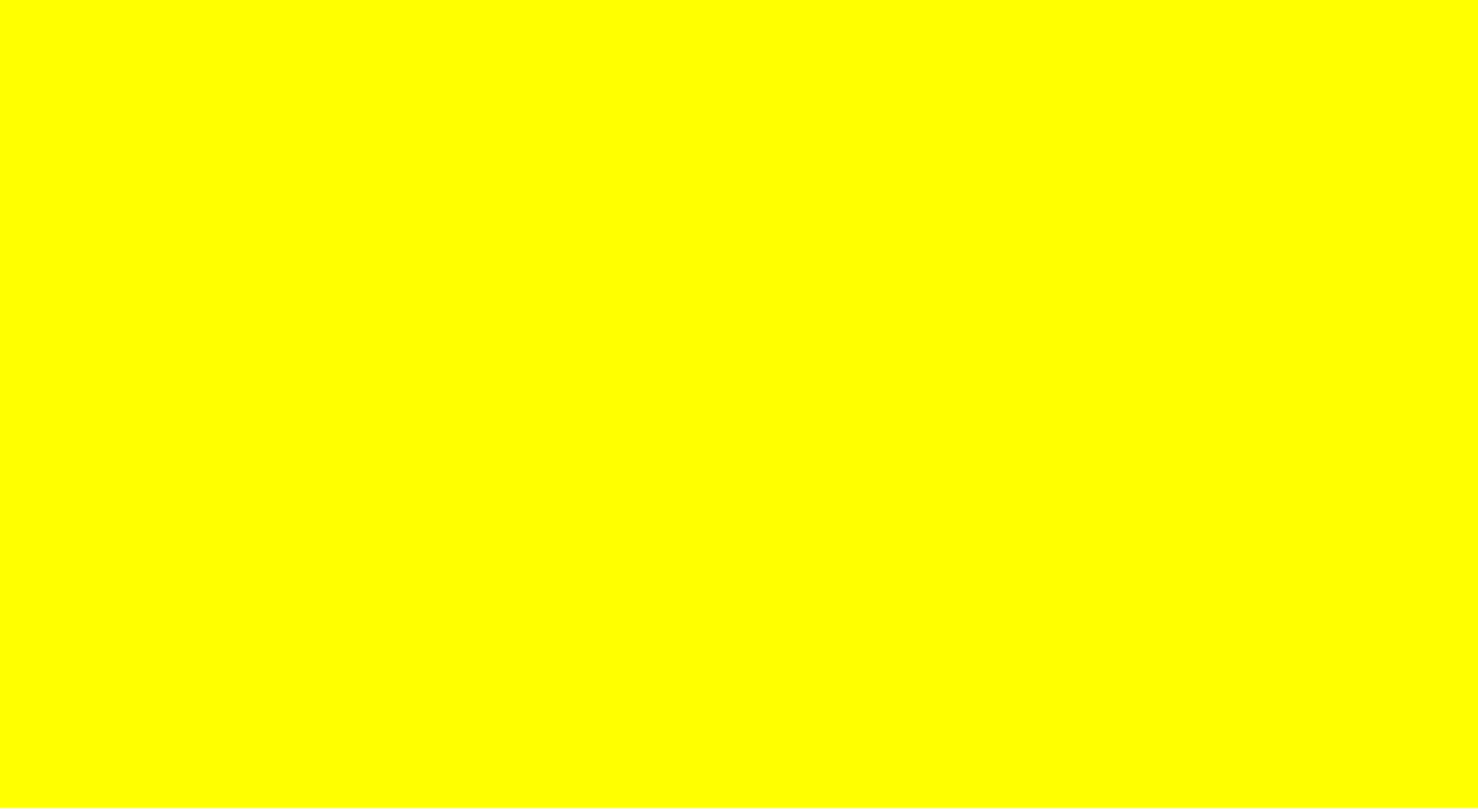
*To Grace.*

*You may not run the world, but we're sure glad you're in it.*

# Introduction

The booklet consists of seven stories. Each story covers a theme. These themes explore specific elements which make up the protagonist's life. The stories give a lyrical interpretation of these obscure themes.

**Bokor bokor wu be dru**



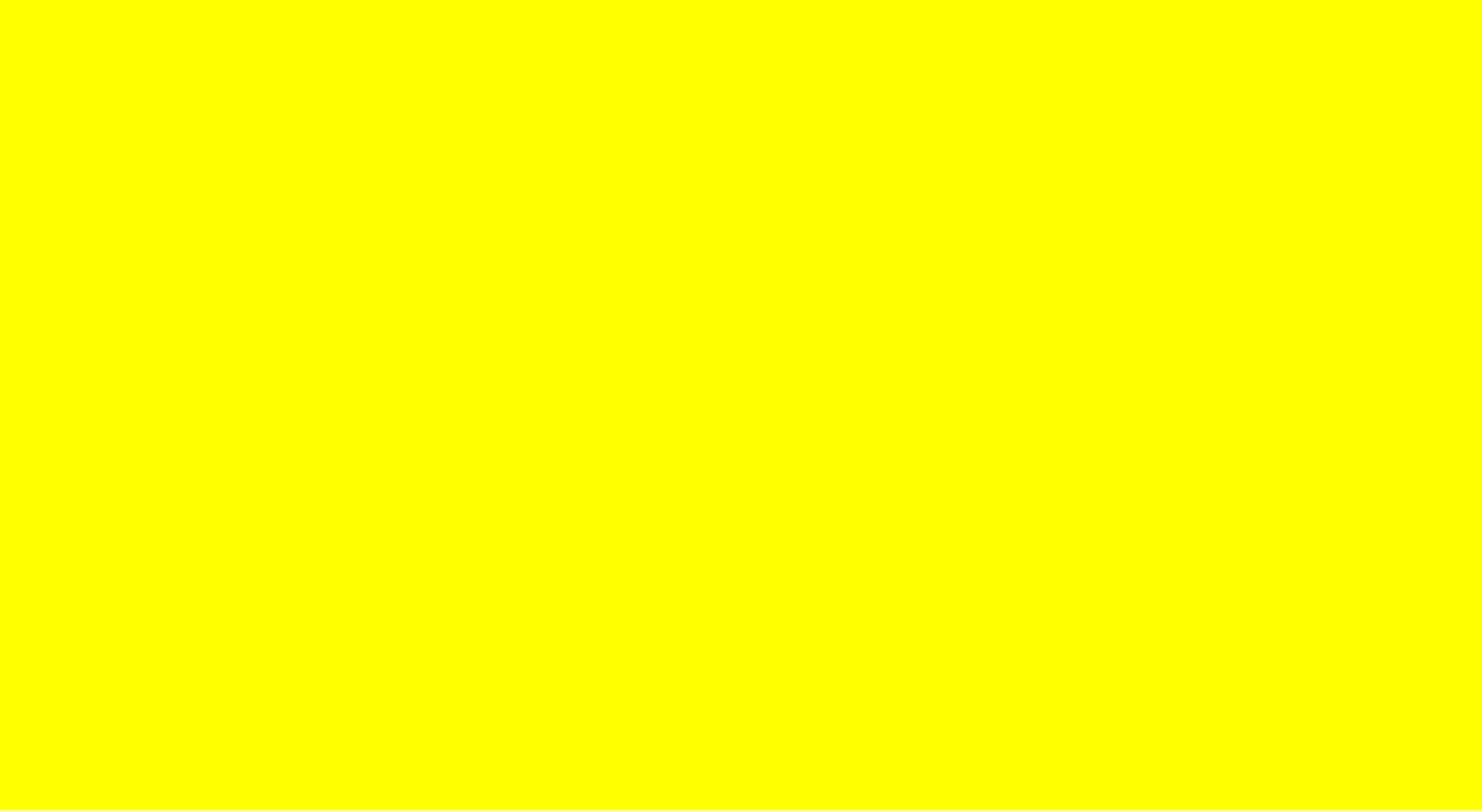
# Happy Day

Savor the moments. They shall be the last

I want to grant you the most joyful day of your life. Your smile, that's what makes all this worth it.

The promise of a happy life I cannot give to you. That of a happy day I can. For months you will await this day. For years you will reminisce about this day. Every photograph will tell our tale. You will be mine, if only for a brief moment.

After the last guests leave, I don't ever want to lay eyes on you again. Our paths must diverge, knowing that I made you truly happy, at least this one day.



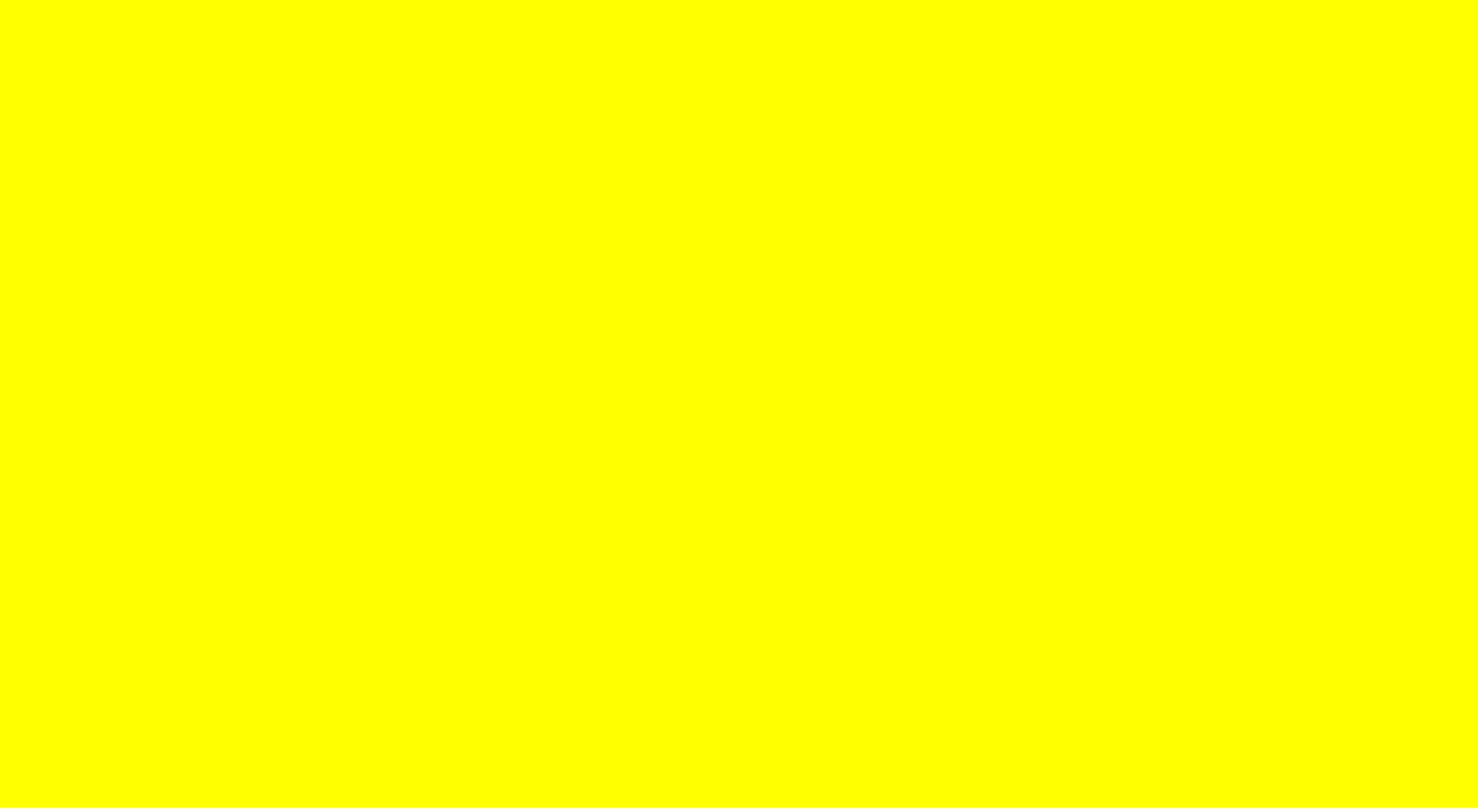
# DJ Jesus

Where my mother prays for the future, I only pray for the present. May the Lord grant me the strength to endure this service.

Barely able to stand I clap along. Nauseous from last night's consumptions my claps land off beat. Where Jesus turned water into wine, I turn money into wine, which sporadically turns into vomit. It's a miracle that I'm up here this early.

Secretly every preacher is a DJ. Master of entertaining the same crowd with the same material for weeks on end. Still I harbour more admiration for these men of God, for entertaining the drunk and intoxicated is hardly a gift.

Asleep I sit through the remainder of the service. Mother looks at me. Judging. She knows my prayers have been heard, she'll need to stay in the spirit a little longer.





# My Story

He that misses, knows what he loves.

Loneliness is a wretched gift which mentally, against your will but with your own mind, isolates. Loneliness doesn't solely mean physical isolation.

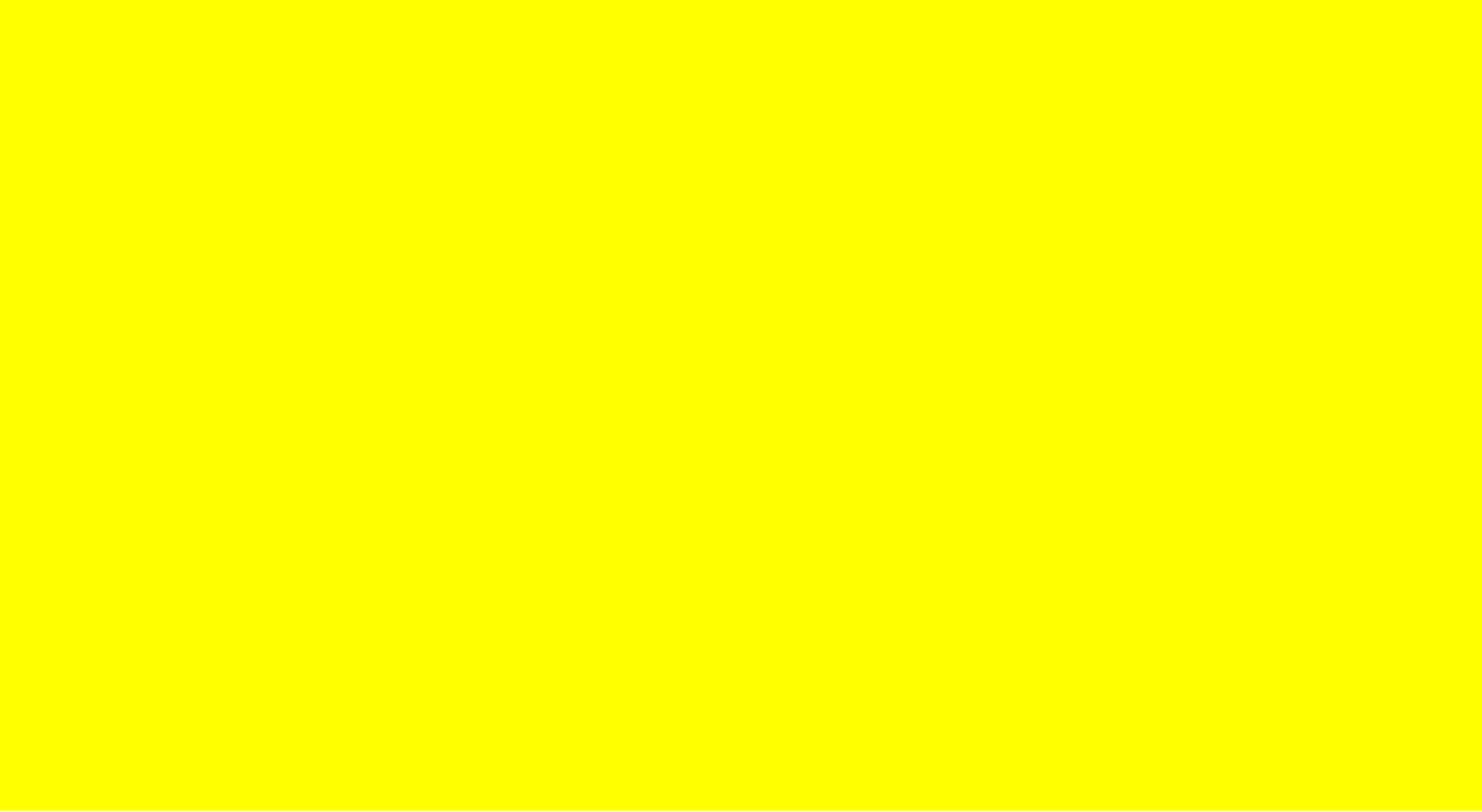
It's not the loneliness of a dog with no owner. Neither is it that of a widow, or an orphan. I'm talking about the loneliness of a generation. A loneliness that stems from continually being in contact with everyone. A loneliness that never allows you to be alone. A loneliness of never having to miss someone.

The time and space between meeting someone and meeting them again. In this time and space, we miss each other. Yet this time and space, is no longer deemed relevant.

I miss missing friends after a fun day. A fun day is prolonged on Imessage and shared in Facebook after which it's extended for another 24 hours on Snapchat. Ceaselessly and involuntary we are constantly confronted with images of ourselves and each other.

I miss to miss.

**Kumasi**



# Mumu

Living in detention. Sitting out a double sentence.

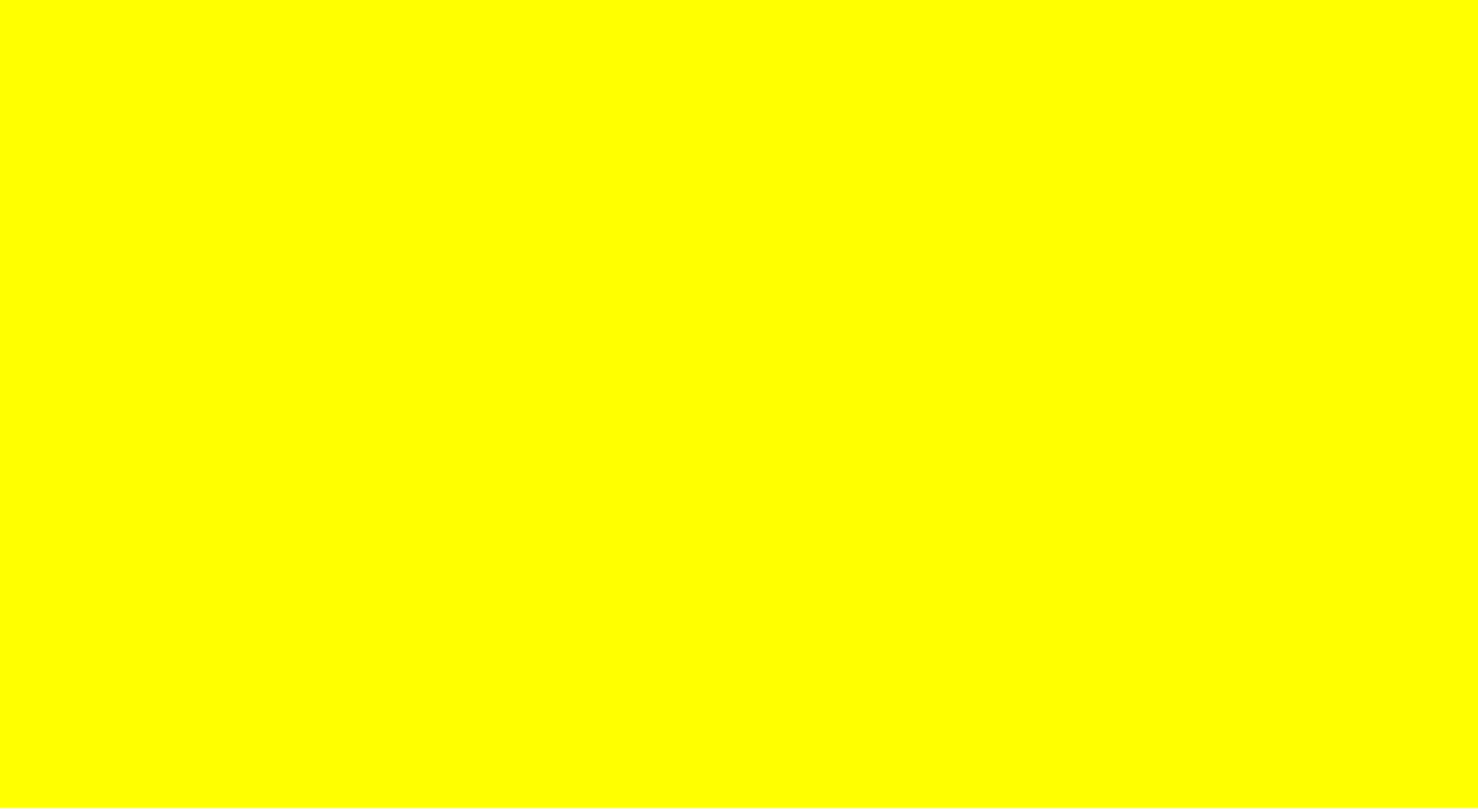
The kind of confinement which makes me a better writer than speaker. The type of imprisonment which prohibits me from telling my own stories. Delegating my task to the more eloquent speakers.

At times, I fantasize about this other world. A world where my authority over the pen equals that of the tongue. A world in which I could become the lawyer I always envisioned myself to be. A world where I could become the politician I always wanted to be. A world where I could become the history teacher I never wanted to become.

Articulate with articulation. Mumbling and stuttering makes my conversation a pathetic orchestration. Unintelligible sounds, a frustrated face to go with it. Few still attempt to decode my messages.

At least in my cell I won't need to speak to anyone. Every curse is a blessing. Where voices eventually may wither away, my words will live on forever.

**Kumasi**



# Mungo

I have discovered more than Columbus and have traveled further than lunar landers. Where they received praise and adoration, all I got was nostalgia.

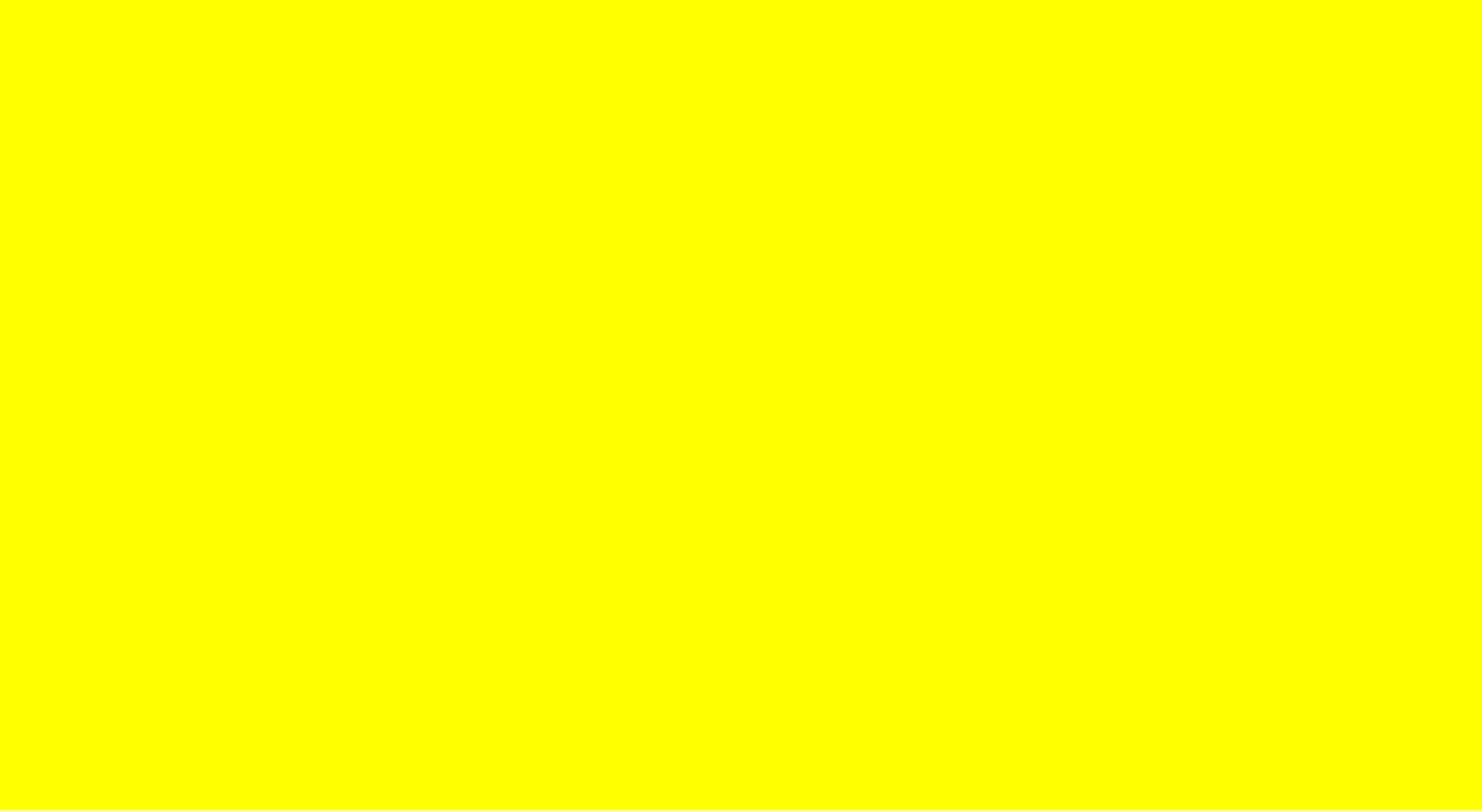
Knowing I won't come back the same as I'm leaving, I kiss my mother good bye. She means well. She doesn't know how the good spirits of 7:45 turn into shimmers of hope by 8:30.

Desperately I try to find my place among the ungodly, full well knowing that this is no place for a soul from the Bijlmer. It's like the blonde brutes taste my fear. Savages who would rather spend their weekends on the hockey fields. Judgement is God's alone, though I foresee little mercy for these heretics.

Every month I report my progress. Every pass mark brings me closer to redemption. The end is near. As I move back, I'm leaving comfortable lives and desperate housewives behind me.

I'm on my way home.

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# Pussy

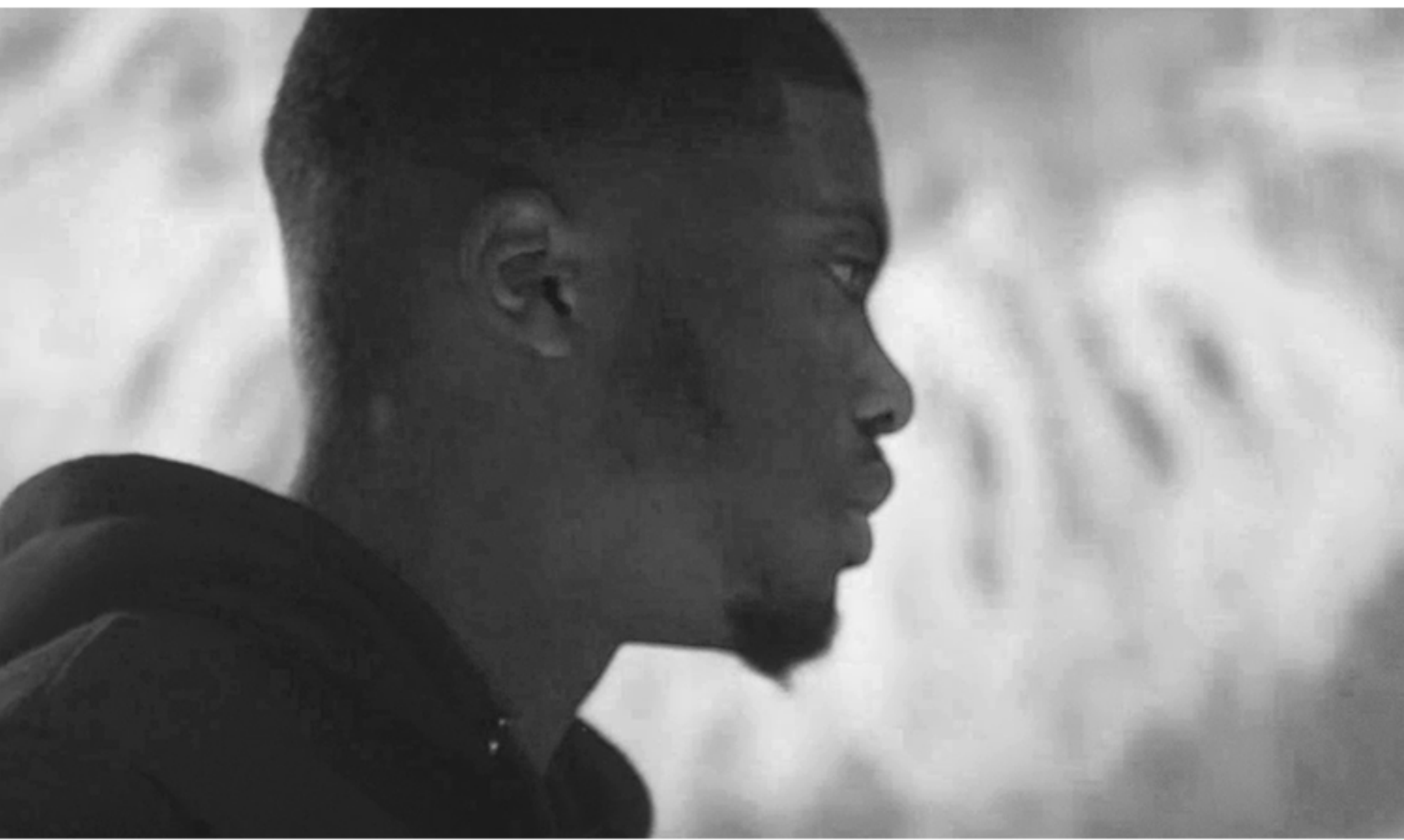
Living in a prison. Sitting out a double sentence.

I'll do it. The dumbest actions, the most dangerous stunts. On my worst behavior. Because not daring to is not an option

My penalty consists of not daring in a different sense. Not daring to tread where no one has trodden. Never leaving my mark. I'd rather follow someone, anyone, off a ledge than cross safely on my own.

Captivated by fear I'm only living out a fraction of my full potential. Life has so much to offer to those that do follow the desires of the heart. Where leaders may take a wrong turn, followers never take their own course.

I'll probably find the grave before I discover my path.





# CR7

Loss of face is retained in my memory.

Defeat is the result of the inadequacy of my ability to achieve a goal. Defeat is the Siamese twin of failure.

When one falls, one must rise. When one fails, one must rise too. Looking up, seeing victors run with what is rightfully yours. The corollary of defeat is nothing other than sorrow.

I love all, except those who take defeat too lightly. Those that see to it that the victors are properly congratulated. Jubilated. The cause of my loss will be my nemesis till my vengeance is complete. After which its relevance dies.

Failure is my second nature.

We're not done yet..

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