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Miss West

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Sane had a rare candour, which he earned from some strange theoretical assumptions about the superiority of western empires. He had met Miss West - a fair-skinned youngster who, though, lanky and mature in facial expression, was widely spoken of as the next heir to the queen of the Cave lands beyond the Mediterranean sea. Her flawless style and vocal bearing gave a picture of one refined and composed. She wore a smile that peeped through a set of the white saw-like tooth, appearing every inch colourful.

Miss West seemed like a royal idol recreated in the age-old classical traditions of the Greeks. Her aura shaded Sane's inward sense of comportment to discern and to seek with curiosity, any false concern on the economy of Medas. Her motivation, she would reiterate, drew on from a selfless historical practice by her ancestors for third world countries. Amazed by her measure of confidence, he did not hesitate to prove his loyalty, which he voiced out like a toddler in love with the cheerful face of a baby doll. She must have emerged from a country of great renown.

Without wavering, he started an simple envisaging of himself as a probable host for his royal guest, idealising their youthful zest for life, fun and pleasure, which overtook them like a malignant ailment. At first, he felt the scenario culminating in a maze of unsavoury passions; the sort that is typical in summer's temperate periods; when couples of all possible markings would render a few livid lines from Shakespeare's famous poems; this time between a Caucasian and a black leader of Medasian descent. Her kindness seemed the most, immersed in true humanitarianism. He, however, spoke about the implications of such rare generosity, feeling that there was always a hidden motive behind every goodwill yet unknown. If he probed her mission to the black continent carefully, her response might leave an evasive note of shock - the outcomes, which may be treachery and falsehood.

There were diplomatic night cafes, quixotic lounges, and lavish parties preceding her rhetoric of love, hope and charity for the black continent. These accompanied her audible presentation from the podium within earshot in the English accent. "In the spirit of diplomacy, the queen affirms her support for Medas's development by the Famous Bilateral

Exchange Agreement for businesses in millions of dollars with superior interests in oil, gas and mineral resources explored for the Cave lands and the rest of us....”

Each moment saw Sane giving his formal approval as she read. Perhaps, her persuasive speech and adeptness had struck him as she held on to savouring every state of affairs. Her mellowed voice and almost urgent-looking eyes, as they stared softly at the black faces in the audience, bolstering up her confidence and zeal in articulating the content of the queen’s letter, each paragraph lending a great deal of conviction in Sane’s mind that the West, contrary to popular media and anti-colonial writings, meant well for the development Medas. He knew how ‘indebted’ the Cave land was to Medas; his friendly neighbours would always remind him of this and in other occasions in the past; these experiences earned him a bit of fame and improved his almost dwindling self-worth. “Isn’t that wonderful?” He thought inwardly, as if to turn this thought into grotesque-looking ogre, whose intent must be, to forestall the ulterior motives of the queen. A daring voice within him would quietly speak. “Do not trust the West”. He tried almost hard to steady himself and hold his strain of thought but could hardly do much. He once again regained his focus, this time with a serious intent at interpreting the content of speech before him. Just then, a second inner voice was beginning to appeal, this time very clearly, as he scanned and skimmed through the heading, words, sentences and paragraphs. He could now hear the voice speaking out to him, this time very loudly. “Miss West is doom you seek!” He was so engrossed that he paid little interest to those words. Come what may, he would call them up from his subconscious at his disposal. One of the attendees in the audience, who was a neighbour of fine breeding and pleasing charisma, Bongo, approached him excitedly, requesting to meet Miss West, whom he revered with undeniable poise.

“Hey man, greetings!

“Greetings” replied Sane.

“You yourself are lucky to have Miss West as a special guest of honour”

“Sure. She is just on an official visit to Medas from the queen of the Cave lands”

“You are absolutely right!”

“Well, it will be my pleasure to meet this special guest of yours, perhaps to have possible diplomatic talks on our country’s critical developmental needs. Any reaction to her visiting Medas?”

“Of course. I see her visit to Medas as a welcome development coupled with several mixed feelings, as I am very unsure of any meaningful impact her presence would make for this country. In the past as with the present, it has often been all talks and jamboree, with nothing tangibly achieved until now,” Sane replied.

“You sound less confident about the queen’s letter and what the subject matter represents?”

“Well, perhaps. Certainly, this issue perplexes me. I feel it is worth revisiting in the future. Anyway, you seem to have a good Medasian accent. Which of the countries in the sub region do you come from?”

“Nuran! The Republic of Nuran. But I am representing Northern Quahab....”

“Oh! The oil-rich country plunged into war and exploitation by foreign-backed warlords.

“You are not economical with the truth”.

“The same countries running the world’s economies dictate to others how to govern themselves while racism, violent gun crimes and ceaseless homicidal murders hold sway in their societies. Gun crimes alone has accounted for the deaths of youths in schools and colleges this year. The overlords still send emissaries to our continent with devious loan contracts in various forms of aids, to impoverish the masses. They either make economic sanctions as penalties for peaceful resistance or create internal wars, conflicts and strife among peoples of the same clime. You remember Lypia, Tiran, Siraq, Fyria? Situations like theirs, are the reason why our continent, in particular, is retarded in development with such hash tags as the third world! asshole! shithole! black hole!” Sane added.

“That is ridiculous, very ridiculous”

“Yes, it is”

“With defiant obstinacy!”

“Who else do we have here? Is she a colleague or a friend? What’s here name?”

“Miriam. Yes, she came with me from a neighbouring country”

“And which country does she represent?”

“Western Tana! The bride of Medas”

“Oh, Tana! The home to precious gold and solid mineral deposits; the most populous black nation in Medas. Heard corruption is at its lowest ebb, following the emergence of a very strict and uncompromising political leader. Well then, do you seem interested in meeting with Miss West?”

“No thanks. I change my mind. Not anymore again! I must admit that your words have inspired me”

Few weeks later, Miss West would ask Sane for a walk around of the largest black house factories of gold, solid minerals, oil, gas and ivory extractions. She wondered why nature could be so cruel as to deposit all the rich natural resources in the world in Medas compared to the Cave lands. If nature were a man, she thought, she would give up her wealth, body and soul to procure these resources for the Cave lands in plenteous proportions. Taken aback by all her eyes could glimpse, she broke the ice. “I love your country, Mr. Sane, and I am sincerely willing to make it work if you oblige. The queen in her powers has sent a formal memo containing the multimillion-contract deal to his Excellency. It contains details of agreement and signatures of your country’s previous regimes, renewable after every decade. She has requested your signature to enable a continued economic and political patronage from the Cave land. Moreover, she is willing to make investments in all the critical sectors of the country, if you willingly assent to her noble request. For a start, you should name your prize. Any amount. My country can afford it”.

“What sort of prize do you mean? I hope it is not what I am thinking. I have none of any sort, ma’am. On the other hand, are you implying a bribe? You cannot bribe me!”

“You sure know what I am talking about. Do not tell me you know not how to play the game of ‘chess’, right? Stop acting the dunce or novice. I will offer 70-30 percent in your favour. All you need do is to sell half of your country’s resources, especially the gold, natural gas, ivories by signing these documents forthwith. This done, the queen will immediately fleece your overseas accounts with foreign currencies. Your generations yet unborn shall be free of impoverishment, and you shall be wealthier than Gates, Buffet, Bezos and Jack Ma”

“Such insolence! At whose expense?” Sane retorted.

“At nobody’s expense. You sure want to get rich like Dangote, the richest man in your country. I mean, you will have your prize sent to you with the queen’s Royal Jet. We are looking at millions of dollars, pounds, euro, yen... That is something no one can easily resist. You would easily let go of your country’s local currency, Zen. Based on the current exchange rates, three hundred and seventy Zen is equivalent to one British pound in the international market. And if she is pleased, she might as well ensure that one pound sterling equals to fifty Zen.”

“Are these for the well-being or betrayal of my people? Enough of your cajoling!”

“What’s the matter with you? I thought we had a deal as contained in the FAMOUS contract deal from her majesty the queen.”

“No deal, ma’am.... No deal can assuage the problems already caused by your forebears in the past”

“Your sudden of change of mind concerns me. Speaking of my forebears, why compare the twentieth century with twenty-first? That is quite retrogressive of you. I thought you knew better. Come on grow up! What do you really desire? Name them. Alternatively, do you desire it in kind like *kinky* sex? I can offer it in American, French, Spanish, Latino, or even the Medasian style. Ever heard of the famous adult TV movies? Any five star hotels would be fine. I can afford the cost. I have the keys to royal wealth. You know I came from the land flowing with abundant experience of Karma sutra – the most civilised sphere of the universe”

“Your claim to wealth is hilarious and ironical! How dare you speak of wealth when all you do is steal from Medas? I cannot betray my people! That will be criminal injustice! No civilised individual would think in your direction,” Sane declared.

“Such effrontery! You lack the least respect for me, a diplomat of high standing. You’ve totally changed; you aren’t the sweet boy I have often known” Miss West insisted.

“No ma’am, I didn’t change besides being a sweet boy. I only made a choice to listen to my heart. The problem with you white people is that you always think a black man can easily be bought over. In your ignorance, you share the belief that his problems have everything to do with money. Do you see the delusion? That is why; in the past, you had always gotten away with everything, including conniving with past governments of Medas to defraud its people. Now is the time to set the record straight. My heart is made up!”

“What heart are you referring?”

“The golden heart of reason, the voice of wisdom”

“I represent the best alternative anyone could offer. The voice of wealth...”

“Wealth? Lies and all lies... blatant and barefaced lie!”

“I am the perfect key to unlocking the doors your impoverish heart”

“I have no such impoverish heart. Mine’s fair; neither greedy nor selfish

“But I am offering a priceless fortune”

“I do not desire them. Away with them!” The voice within me is my conscience. Call it all you wish. Among the leaders of the past, nationalists, politicians and elites, this voice had been in constant conflicts for centuries old – the conflict to win the heart of Medas. My country has undoubtedly decided to ignore your vituperations. For all I care, there shall be no more devious diplomatic meetings, resources abuse, undue dialogues, the odd tales of her majesty and overdependence on your country’s trade deals. Now is the time to rewrite the narratives of the West,” Sane declared.

Miss West felt stuck for words. She knew she had lost out completely and needed a measure of courage to escape the awkward scene she had found herself. Standing abruptly, she shot a stabbing stare at Sane almost in a bid to strike him with her fist. She imagined herself pulling out a short gun to finish him off. Time was running out and her patience was equally waning. She grew anxious, hoping and desiring either a *deu ex machina* or the chief sinister of evil to rescue her or destroy Sane. “I wished he vanished into thin air,” She yelled. Then, in her mind’s eye, she pictured Sane’s body in a pool of his own blood, gasping painfully for breathe and pleading for help. She chuckled spitefully. “I could either slash his throat while I watch him bleed to death or level a rape allegation against him before the Medasish authorities. This will definitely ruin his reputation,” She thought. “But this is Medas,” her inner voice cautioned. It was obvious that she was oblivious of the parading constables and the laws of the land. The deal had stalled not because she had failed but because Sane had unwittingly aborted her plans. Her thought now was how shocking and displeasing the news would be to her majesty, the queen. Her other concern also was that Sane had succeeded in uncovering the queen’s hidden intentions towards Medas, risking a possible national revolution. She grew irate and tearful, throwing the last tantrum she could

muster up with her middle finger fixed upwards in a spiteful manner, “fuck you, fuck your country!”

A rustling whirlwind fell across the land, followed closely by a few patchy clouds, racing acrobatically in the sky. The wind, having intensified its presence on nearby trees, started to pick violently at Miss West as if she had committed a punishable crime. It tossed and assailed her bosom, exposing those perfect portions of her tender self. The sun seemed very scorching now as she trudged across the planes of Southern Savannah, cursing and vowing under her breathe, never to return to the continent of Medas. If she had won the deal, this would have given the Cave land greater advantage over other neo-colonial competitors and placing the country under the perceptual control of the queen.

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