

WE CRISPIT MAGAZINE

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DERAILED

*I JUST
KILLED
A MAN*

COVER STORY

MR. KILLER

: LIFE AND EXPERIENCE

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WE CRISPIT ISSN

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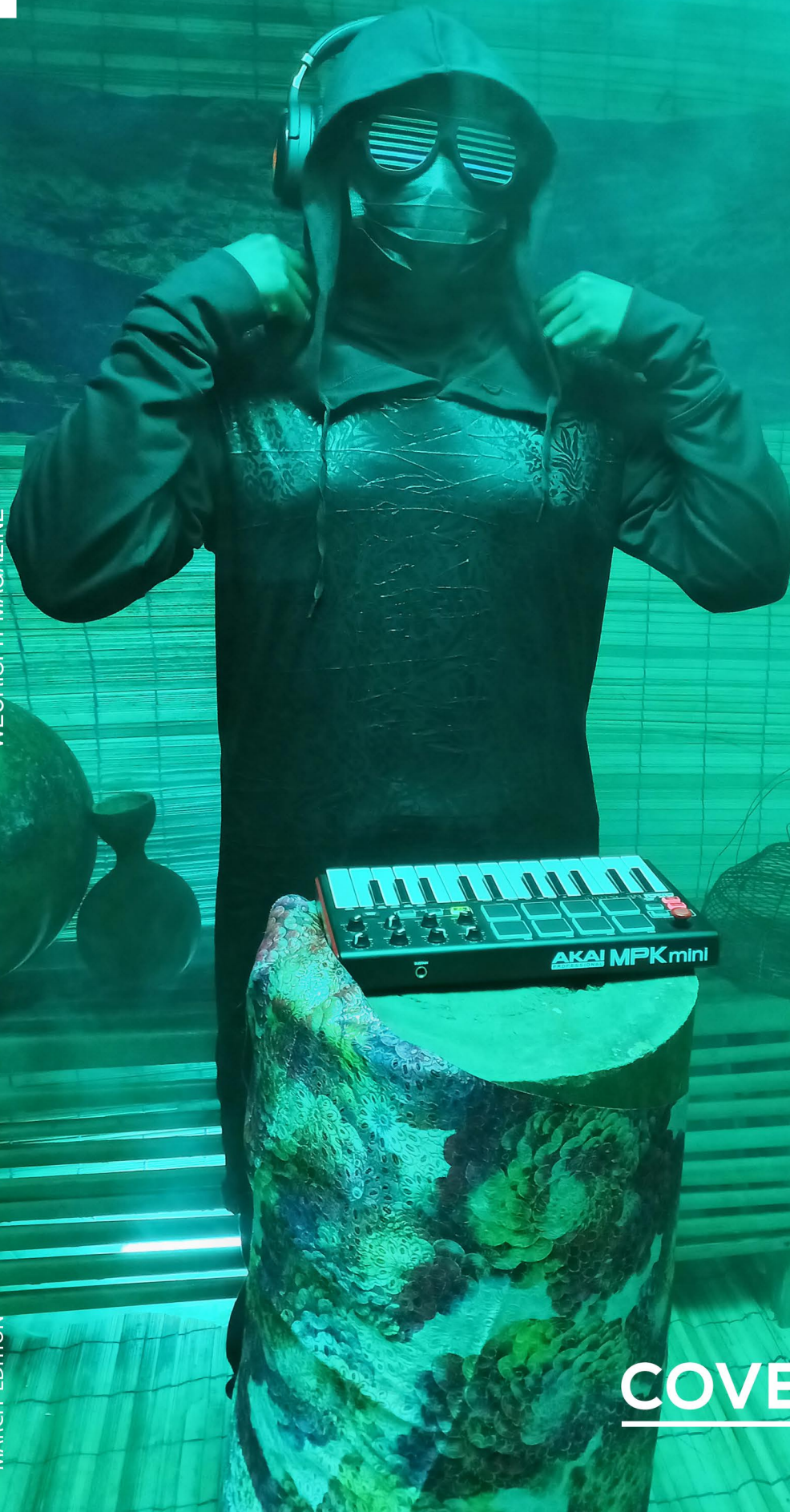
They say tough times breed tough people and what doesn't kill only but make you stronger, but what is being failed to mention to, is that only those who survive these tough times or what doesn't kill them that make them a tougher breed of persons or a stronger version of themselves. This only but makes you wonder; how many times have we been led astray by "half-ass" information, or how many times we have been derailed off track by concepts that we do not truly or fully understand or have a grasp of. In the world today, emphasis and focus are only and sadly made on the survivors of the world of today, not much attention or thought is given to those who did or do not survive or even reasons as to why they failed and did not survive. The need to cherish and glorify only the victors or victorious has overshadowed and clouded our judgment as to what is right or what is the right thing to be done, this need has carefully knowingly, or unknowingly influenced the way or what we regard as success or what we judge as successful. This has also made us or corrupted us to believe that learning only occurs in scenarios that resulted to success, we do not focus on the losses or believe that we can entirely learn from a losing position; those who have cracked this code in life however, are resonating at higher levels than the rest of the world.

When a person wins or when success is achieved, people are keen to take notes on the successful paths followed or formulas that lead to the success story or achievement, most times no emphasis are made to know about the trials of those who have come out victoriously, it's all about the win-win. You might say that, that is how a winner's mentality should be and a winner is supposed to be focused only on victory and should not be concerned about losing, but I am afraid that being true is not entirely true. You see, when a person loses or fails, the same enthusiasm that is being harnessed to learn a successful person's trade, should be applied as well to learn why a person failed. The paths, procedure and steps that the person took that led to failure can also be used as a guide line to achieve success; this will help us to avoid making the same mistakes our predecessors did. A study is not complete until one has learnt both the positive and negative parts of a subject—else you'd be a glass that is but half full.

This simple concept of truly understanding and taking to study the positive and negative sides of a subject or all its sides, before embarking or taking an action regarding to that said subject is very important and it applies to mostly if not all, spheres of life. We have seen governments collapsed because a concept that they do not truly understand was adopted and taken into play, for instance democracy; not all nations can truly function by democracy. We have seen people fail and crumble because they adopt a certain mentor's way of life without truly taking time to learn their woes as well. The most common of them is people adapting to quotes about life without truly harnessing all the knowledge that is about that quote, this only but makes people prone to failure because they are being left bare to challenges without coverage— therefore producing less successful persons or stories.

As we go into this edition, I wish to let us know that being in control of situation is always a big flex as compared to always winging and "half-assing" life, preparedness and study is always a bonus to help us from being derailed or knocked off track. Peace.

APERASUGHTER



COVER STORY

MR KLEB

TELL US ABOUT YOURSELF.

I'm Mr Kleb, a music producer, music director and a sound engineer and a Grammy nominated producer.

TELL US ABOUT YOUR MUSIC JOURNEY.

I was born a musician. Officially I started music production 15 years away.

WHO OR WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO DO MUSIC?

I grew up listening to Yanni the jazz master, Timberland and the likes of them and the reason for that was as at that time, our Nigerian music producers weren't onto of their game. At a very tender age, I became a music director in my church. I listened to these international guys, used the church keyboard to score the songs. As at that age, I could literally combine my own songs.

IT IS GATHERED THAT YOU STARTED YOUR CAREER IN JOS, WHY MOVED TO LAGOS?

Honestly Lagos just happened. I needed to expand my knowledge on music and secondly all the big shots in the industry are there, not necessarily the market.

WHAT WILL YOU DESCRIBE AS YOUR MAJOR CHALLENGE DURING THE PERIOD YOU MOVED TO LAGOS?

One of the challenges was meeting people who truly believed in me. I went to Lagos with no knowledge of where I was going to stay. I knew no one. No connection was coming at the time. It was the street and the hustle. I thank God for where I am today.

HOW DID YOU COME IN CONTACT WITH BURNA BOY?

My first meeting with him was when I was an in-house producer though we didn't work together. After staying in Lagos for 4 years, I met general pipe the champion singer, through him I started meeting other people. I was called up for an audition and that was how I started working with Burna Boy.

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO WORK WITH BURNA BOY?

I feel blessed.

HOW DID YOU FEEL ABOUT BEING NOMINATED FOR THE GRAMMY AWARD?

We were happy about it because the whole spirit thing was there. We expected it but not as fast as it came.

YOU MADE A SONG WITH MAMA HASFATU TITLED "TAKAMA", WHAT WAS THE INSPIRATION?

The inspiration came from my surrounding and my experiences. I approached mama because she is a happy and perfect person to do the song with and she was really happy about it.

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COVER STORY

GOVER

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COVER STORY

ALOT OF PEOPLE ARE OF THE OPINION THAT "TAKAMA" ISN'T COMPLETE, WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT IT?

I really don't know what they mean by the song is not complete. We have songs that are just one verse. A lot of people wanted to jump on it but then I only wanted mama to express herself. Notwithstanding, we still have the remix of the song coming soon.

WHAT WAS THE MOTIVATION BEHIND THE 'GOFUND' FOR MAMA HAMSATU?

There was nothing as GoFund for mama, reason being that I didn't want mama to appear pitiful, but then again they saw her and what she was going through, loved and appreciated her, they then started asking for her account number and that was how it all started.

HOW DO FEEL ABOUT THE SUCCESS OF THE SONG?

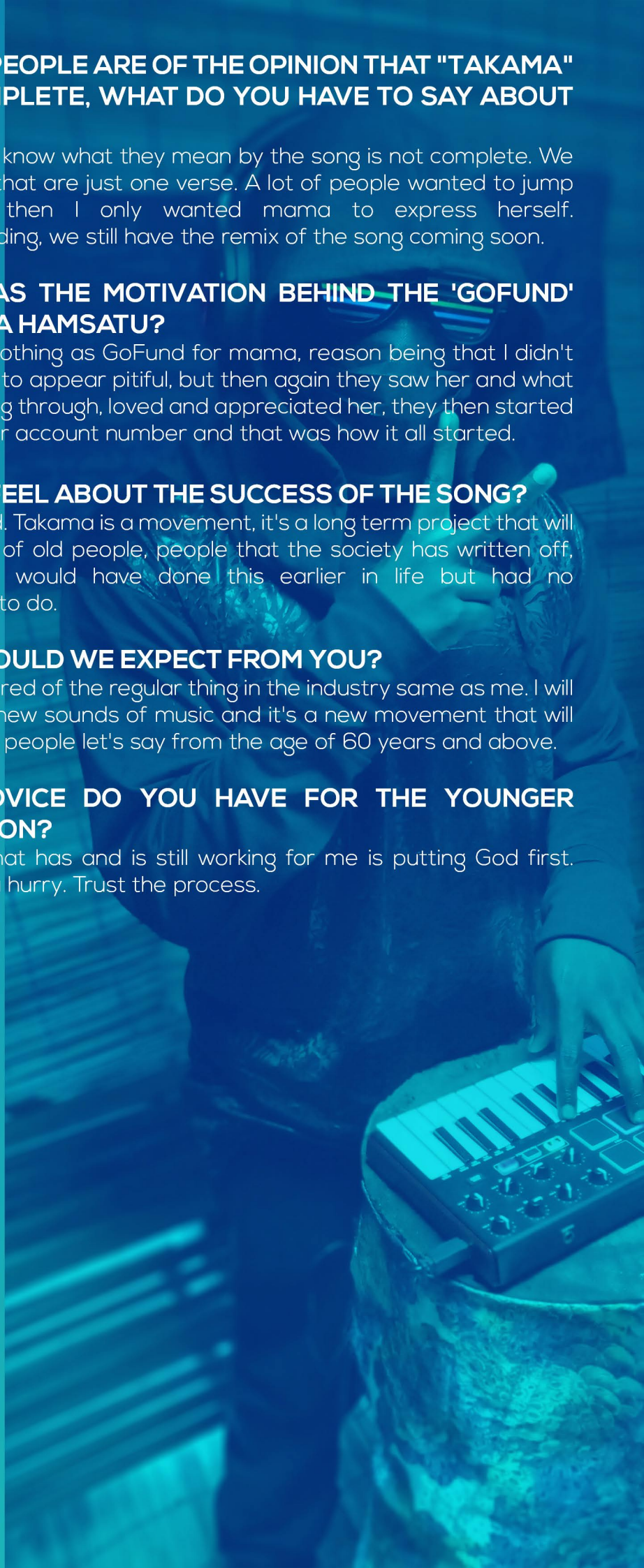
I feel blessed. Takama is a movement, it's a long term project that will involve a lot of old people, people that the society has written off, people that would have done this earlier in life but had no opportunity to do.

WHAT SHOULD WE EXPECT FROM YOU?

People are tired of the regular thing in the industry same as me. I will be creating new sounds of music and it's a new movement that will involve older people let's say from the age of 60 years and above.

WHAT ADVICE DO YOU HAVE FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION?

One thing that has and is still working for me is putting God first. Don't be in a hurry. Trust the process.



A Soldier's Plight

The times have passed and we are soldiers no more on the battlefield, left alone to face our fears in a world that no longer appreciates everything we did for it.

Perhaps we won but at what cost? No one to quell the war brewed in our minds, to a dwindling sanity our new normal and personal defeat. The memories come back each day in blood, screams and flames. Each lifeless face, dismembered limbs so far, we've fallen from grace without a trace.

Children of the grim reaper—death on our morbid hearts lace.

The jury, judge and executioner each judgment passed at quick pace, the gun our Mace.

For amongst this world that is now our place.

Yet it wasn't our fault, this battle so why do we face the Karma?

Every single thing we did to protect the ones we love why do we now face trauma?

And the painful truth is now we are abandoned, trapped in a hell with no one to pull us out because in the eyes of everyone we have transcended humanity to something different, something too powerful to feel and emote –built not to understand the feels of depression and anxiety.

Creatures that leave for the thrill of the next trigger made for a specific goal and purpose like a remote.

What a lie. What a misconception.

For each therapy session is a chore that brings back the horrors. A reminisce of the terrors of the trigger-happy battlefield.

I think we died in that field and everyday is a constant reminder of what we would never have any more. Peace, happiness and tranquility. All replaced by anger, sadness and guilt.

But we were soldiers and this was our duty, should've been better if we died at our post.

For where ever we would've gone the worries are not for a ghost.

Alas, we are still here to dwell in agony for the sins of the rich and powerful birthed only from gluttony.

We have been left with a constant confusion in our head the scars left on us to show we have nothing left ahead.

Because now that it is all over no one can know our plight though, for the world has forgotten about us.

AHOM JUDE TORDUE

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CANDID PHILOSOPHIES

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BOFFINS CORNER

TWENTY AND REHAB

At sixteen, our sweet melodious sixteen!
 We giggled while googling hangout sites
 Held hands as though they were memory frames,
 Couldn't steal glances, we got lost in each other's world
 Our world! Our eternity! It was all ours,
 An unending paradise where no one dies,
 But as we grew older,
 We had waiters serve us dishes made out of odd recipes.

Seventeen was sweet but not ours,
 It was sweet like the pain of separation,
 Silent like the rage that kidnapped his tongue
 Toxic like his world which wasn't mine
 Chaotic like his mind making love to my thoughts
 Gentle like his actions igniting a war,
 We were uncertain like every line comparing him to what he calls
 a lie,
 At eighteen, our voices lost unison, his bass tune scribbled in eight
 lines.

I crawled into her arms
 Unlike you, Chloe offered them like alms
 Becoming my new wine
 Drunk and addicted, I always desired to dine
 Time passed along with you
 "We", "Our", still existed but not with you
 You called my temperaments toxic
 And my cravings, your pretentious thighs tagged chaotic.

At nineteen,
 I existed to dream of sixteen
 He lived like Eighteen never happened,
 I still had him dangle on my mind like a medal
 He counted me among his crazy exes,
 I loved him
 He still loved the lady, who wouldn't make him her God,
 I became his guardian angel but he called me a stalker.

At Twenty,
 I share my apartment with hurt, Scars and the other one
 Hurt prefers insomnia for supper
 Scars has its tongue wrapped over salty memories
 The other one brings me flowers
 He says we make a better pair being a single pair
 My psychologist named him hallucinations,
 At twenty, my new home is called a rehab.

Boffin.

THE LOST OF SHELTER

I hear a noise
Deep
Creating ringlets in my head as
The chirping noise of the crickets fast becomes the anthem.

I hear a noise
Footsteps
Of a thousand journeys never settled
But at the hems of the mouths of the wolves who lead us.
My people running into the forests
Their heart beats serving as drums to them
As they sway and dance to our arrival.

I hear a noise
The daunting speed of a tiger
Its paws trigger the soil of lost moisture
It weighs like a mountain
That mountain;
A Nigerian man, he faces.

I see lost settled in the heart of the country
Divided and broken like the feet of an underdog
The whole country paddling into the unknown, flocked to the shores
By the shepherds of terror
Who bore fangs like that of beast but
Unseen from the sheep clothing

I hear the creeping and whispering sounds of the people running
And hiding into the greensward with simmering hands and heart beats
echoing in the sky
Dives hiding in hives and
The moon tide rays creating our new shadows as
We take on a different road.

Nigerians now taking shelter with the frosty leaves
Asleep against each other at a Misty end
Intensions gay,
Rolling through the streets like hay.

Yet I see little birds upholding the flag of victory in the sky
But how shall we look up in the sky when our eyes have become deem
Because of darkness
How shall we look up when our eyes have been corrupted to hate the
light?
How then shall we look up when we have become so insecure and
unsure?

The autumn has passed and we are at the height of a frail country
But the embers of our past still lie fresh like when summer is green
This is Nigeria.

Nongu iember Chloe

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EUPHORIA

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FEATURED POETRY

THOUGHTS OF A HOPEFUL MAN

Life has not been the same since the invasions
We live in a constant state of fear
Fear of been killed in our sleep
Or while at the market
Or even in church
Death at its cruelty
Death by either gun or machete
Or probably by some very nice looking daggers

But I am quite hopeful,
One day,
I will have a village again
One day,
We will sit in our "Ate"
Eating roasted corn
And remembering all the good that is destroyed
But we will be happy
At least,
We have a home

And my people can go hunting again
They can go fishing again
They will once more,
Be the great farmers
They have been known to be

But freedom is coming
Tomorrow,
Next week,
Next month
I cannot put a time to it
Freedom is not a gift
Freedom is our right
Freedom is our fight
Freedom soon will be ours
Ours alone
Alone to take.

© ADAGA TERFA

ON GRADUATING UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON WITH A DISTINCTION(REJOICE ABUTSA)



I have heard many times over, that adversity is the best teacher. Sometimes, it may be. But there are also experiences of adversity that fail to leave us with any immediate lessons. The idea that every challenge in life would teach us new things is an idea that I think is debatable due to circumstances. I believe it is the nature of life that some experiences leave us with nothing. However, I am fortunate that on the occasion that now privileges my writing, I can reflect on experiencing both the lessons and the lack of lessons in adversity that I have derived from earning a Master's in Arts degree at the University College London. In this experience, I see these two truths – the ability to be completely happy at a life changing experience, but also, the constant fluctuations of emotions that come when we arrive at some of our dreams.

In 2020, I contemplated sharing the highlight of my year after concluding the requirements of my master's program. The reason was simple. I knew the year 2020 to be hard – for me, for others, for the world. I found myself being offended when reading posts about resilience being promoted across social media, on product ads, in random encouragement texts, they were everywhere. To my mind, it was brutal to see the words resilience, as though those that did not survive the pandemic, or those of us that battled with our mental health during it all, lacked the resilience that accompanied a tough year. I struggled to admit any wins because I saw the population of the world shrink because of a pandemic that we neither saw coming – or one that we knew when it would be gone. It was hard!

I had won a fully funded scholarship, to study a course at a university. My closest friends would tell you the grueling process of coming to this achievement. I made plans for how my graduate education and my life afterwards should go. Then the pandemic happened and like the confusion it caused everything in many of our lives, , I did not know if my

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FEATURED ARTICLE

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afterwards should go. Then the pandemic happened and like the confusion it caused everything in many of our lives, I did not know if my plans had any purpose or if I could find the motivation to “pivot” a dream that required so much planning.

I worked so hard in school – organizing roundtables, bringing Nollywood films to the UCL, making short films, writing a tasking dissertation – in the space of one year! Yet, the success of all these activities did not matter because despite every optimism that I tried, the language and action of the pandemic failed to resonate with my dreams.

In between, I found that I'll be graduating from the University College London with a Distinction. I questioned all of it even after knowing how proud I should be of my hard work. Optimism failed me, several times. It took some consultations and the ability to let my fear out to my community before I felt any strength to celebrate the excellence of my grades at UCL. . It took reminding myself the importance of those whose contribution to my research cannot be disrespected to

celebrate this work. It took months of refusing to acknowledge that I earned this to be able to write this post.

These experiences in all their trickles reflect the type of adversity I started this article talking about. In writing this article, I am also assuring myself that I was more than deserving to walk the UCL stage, despite the many contradictory feelings of my experiences with structures and events that changed so much that I thought of life! Writing this post, in all its imperfections, is to acknowledge a community of mentors, family and friends that believed in me, when I had nothing to give.



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FEATURED ARTICLE

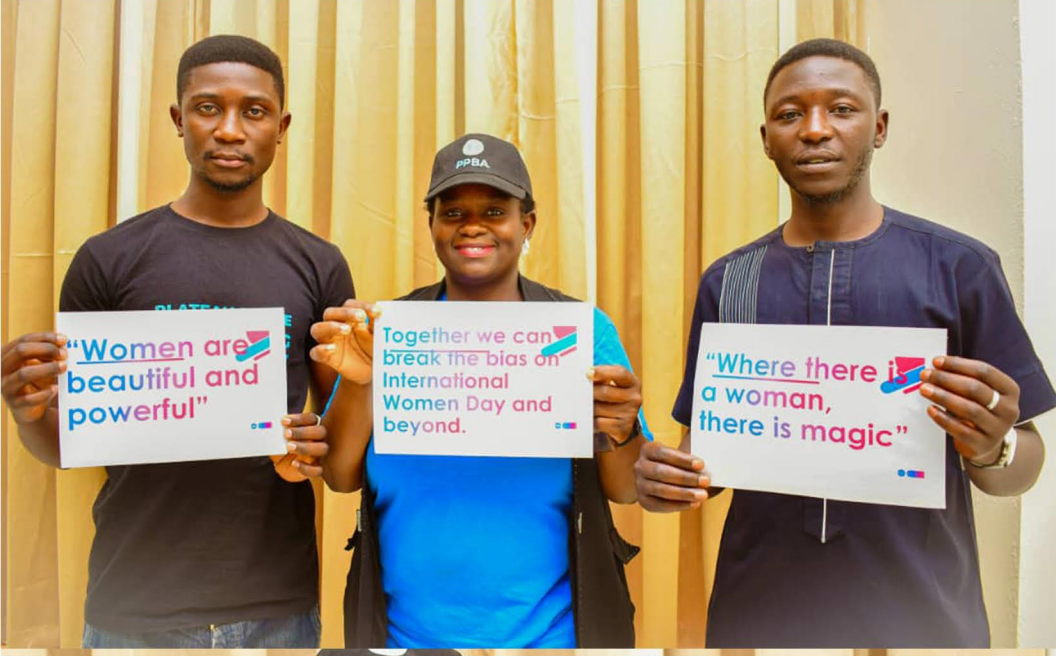
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11 PICTURE SPEAKS

PPBA celebrates International Women's day





PICTURE SPEAKS

SEX EDUCATION 13

THIS IS WHAT 'FOREPLAY' ACTUALLY MEANS

Because Most Men Have No Idea Foreplay is more than kissing her lips for five minutes before slipping your hand beneath her skirt.

Foreplay is more than telling her how horny you are and asking her to join you in the bedroom.

She wants the foreplay to start from the second she wakes up in the morning, when you send her a text telling her how badly you want her, how you can't wait until you see her again. She wants you to make her feel wanted. She wants you to do a double take when you first walk into the room, because one glance isn't enough to take in her beauty. She wants you to squeeze her hand and hold her waist and slap her butt, because she gets pleasure from those little things, they matter more to her than how well you touch her in between her legs. She wants you to massage her. Rest your hands on her skin, push her bra straps down the side of her arms, and rub your fingers against her bones. She wants you to make her feel relaxed, safe, stress-free. She wants you to cook her dinner or take her out on the town or do anything at all to prove that you care. That you're willing to put in effort to make her happy. That you aren't just using her for her body. She wants you to take things slow. Give her tender kisses first before adding tongue. Run your hands through her hair before reaching beneath her shirt. Touch her on her cheeks, her waist, and her stomach before moving between her thighs. Take your time. Stop rushing through everything. Enjoy the curves of her body. And remember to kiss her on more than just her lips. Kiss her collarbone. Her neck. Her breasts. Her stomach. Kiss her thighs. Kiss her forehead and the small of her back. Kiss her everywhere there's beauty.





And, when all of her clothes are off and you're finally ready for sex, make sure that she's wet enough before climbing on top of her. Use your hands, your mouth, toys, or your tongue to make sure that she's prepared. That she's as turned on as you are. Because she deserves to enjoy sex as much as you do. She shouldn't have to flinch from pain or count the minutes until it's over. She shouldn't be dreading sex. She shouldn't feel like it's a chore. That's why you have to remember that foreplay is more than a minute of sweet talk before tearing her clothes off, it's more than shoving your tongue down her throat. So slow things down. Give her the treatment she deserves. Because the better the sex is for her, the more often she's going to be in the mood for you

SEX EDUCATION

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15 PICTURE SPEAKS

VICE PRESIDENT YEMI OSINBAJO SAN DELIVERS THE KEYNOTE ADDRESS AT THE CODA HIGH LEVEL DIALOGUE WEST AFRICA; RISING TO THE CHALLENGE OF CONSOLIDATING DEMOCRATIC GOVERNANCE AT THE OBASANJO PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY IN ABEOKUTA, OGUN STATE. 28TH MARCH, 2022.





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PICTURE SPEAKS

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STORIES UNTOOLD

I JUST KILLED A MAN

Becky, as she was fondly called by her friends, had been acting weird in school of late. She easily started to dissociate herself from her friends and she always wanted to be alone.

"She is becoming too proud of herself." Petra once remarked. "Becky is avoiding walking with us because she feels prettier and more intelligent." Sandra had smirked as they discussed Becky's sudden change and withdrawal.

At home, Becky kept trying to talk to her mom. She tried all She could to make her understand why she now stayed late at school and why she was always reluctant to go into her room at night. Becky wanted earnestly to share her shortcomings, but her mom was always too busy!

"I don't have much time to talk" Her mom would always retort.

Becky sat with her mom in the kitchen, her busy zone, maybe fate will smile on her and she'll get her mom's attention, but each time she tried to speak

"His food should be ready already" was what Becky's mom would say.

Since the day this man walked into their home, Becky's mom had pleaded with her to call him "papa". She said "having a father figure while growing up will do you a lot of good."

Becky's Dad was 5years gone and she had hoped that this new "papa" would fill the void in her heart and not create a crater.

Becky had returned back from school one fateful day. He was always at home; Becky's new "papa", Reasons why? Becky and her mom never bothered to ask. He started with fingering Becky and said it was nothing. "I'm trying all I can to be the best father to you. Don't make it hard than it already is" from that fateful day onward, his "trying to be the best father" onslaught began.

She grew older and it got wilder, he expanded his horizon. A man who sleeps with a mother and her daughter; it disgusted Becky to the bone and since her mom was always too busy to listen, she decided to kill him!

Well, Becky was a coward. Her decision was just a mere thought and she had to endure his continual coming for 3 years until she grew 14 years old and also a spine; that needed spine.

She tried over and over again to get her mom's attention. She tried to make her understand, but her mom was just too busy. Becky felt her mom didn't care and would never listen. Not even now that she has to be there for his son, Becky's step-brother like everyone calls him.

She resigned to fate and only hoped they would see the signs and understand why she always sighs and understand why she shudders at the tiniest slam of the door, but Becky was wrong.

Her mom noticed though, but felt she was possessed by a demon.

"He came again last night" Becky summoned the courage to speak, but her mom didn't even listen or maybe she heard, but just felt to play the deaf one and ignore.

"He always has sex with me" Becky pressed further to explain not minding if her mom feigned deaf. But her mom turned and said Becky was crazy and her father wouldn't do such a thing to her.

"He's not my father!" Becky exclaimed!
"You were never around during the day and he always had his way" she tried to explain, but her mom turned away with his food in her hands and his son strapped to her back like a faithful wife that she is.

From that moment that Becky's mom walked out of the kitchen, Becky made up her mind to kill a man. Maybe the blindfold will fall from her mom's eyes and she will see more clearly after it's done and the drapes of disbelief fall from encounter with reality.

Two nights later, he came again... He said he was trying to help Becky's mom forget her late husband, but her mom had let her love for him go overboard and since she had no one, he enjoyed every struggle she put in to make the relationship work. Becky's mom was always dog tired at night and slept like a log of wood, but thank God for her baby whose cry now kept her awake some other nights.

As he spoke heaving heavily on Becky, for the first time, Becky felt much strength than she ever had.

She spat into his face and he made to slap her.

Becky was tired of his continual coming. She had kept a knife to end the mess. Too late her mom believed only when she heard his loud cry for help and everyone saw his unclad lifeless body on Becky's bed, in her room.

Becky cried bitterly as she held tightly to the knife, "I hope you now understand why I did what I did."

"True I'm now in an asylum. The trauma of being a murderer and a defiled teenager broke me into pieces. I always wish you had listened and believe my seeming lie." Becky said, dropping a tear as she held on to the window of brass in her asylum...as she spoke into yet another night, sending a message to a mother she hoped had listened. But this time she will, because she lays still in hades.

FIKAYOMI AARON

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STORIES UNWITTOLED

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