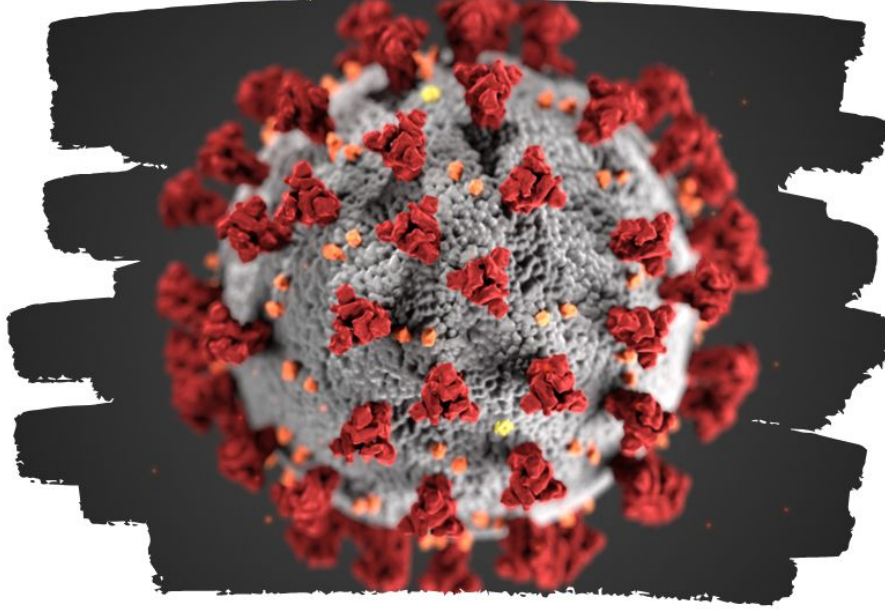


Change

Live, Love, Laugh, Learn, Liberty

WRITE UP CHALLENGE



THEME: COVID-19
SETTING: LOCKDOWN

June Entries

Submission Window Opened June 10th 2020 and closed June 19th 2020.

Theme: COVID-19

Setting: Lockdown

We had 69 valid entries.

Visit www.camaapearl.wordpress.com or [@camaa_pearl](https://twitter.com/camaa_pearl) for the top three finalists.

Click or scroll down to view short stories.

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roseline_mgbo

Starving vice

-

There was no where to go except back home. Schools were shut down because of the Corona Virus.

It's been hell watching my mum explain how her husband's love language is physical touch, and the fist pounds that bent her waist was an expression of love.

Maybe this was punishment for her silence.

Aunty Eloka, her only sister, just died of the coronavirus in Italy. She could not return earlier because the borders were closed.

Mother did not cry, there is a special kind of dryness that comes with loss.

I felt that way for my father, though, alive. He was a rich health worker yet he allowed bread and milk to disappear from our breakfast table. We were vulnerable to the whims of a starving man. My mother made his food, I made his bed. That night, the extent of his madness was not expected. He had the dignity of visiting only when mother was asleep.

She knew, but there are some truths you will rather not believe.

He dragged me to the living room and called my mother to watch, with each thrust, my mother's smile widened. It was hard to stay sane in a home like ours. -

" move from him." "Is your mother safe." " don't clean up "

I said nothing on the phone.

Hopefully, the domestic violence response team got here fast. They didn't. Premonition. " I am John from NCDC." He was fully geared. "We are looking for Ade" "Why" "He tested positive three days ago, we have been trying to find him."

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I looked disgustingly at father in his pool of blood for the last time before we went away with the NCDC. If I hadn't killed him, the coronavirus would have done it. vices like him do not get to breathe in oxygen. .

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oloyedetom

The aroma of burning steel and the wane smell of tomato sauce in a burnt Jollof rice, mildly strangles the air with increasing braveness.

The smoke meandered past the white coloured Italian dining table to my placid room. It gently pressed my nose with peppery palms. I sprung from the bed in a crustacean scurry, bolted and screeched at the kitchen. I wiped my eyes several times and begged to snap out of this devious hallucination.

The pot levitated on its own, pouring itself into another plate and there were these awkward movements of steps, sidling back and forth in the kitchen. Sliced pieces of plantain in their oval form, had surgical bath for a deeper and juicier melanin in the simmering tub of oil and chortled in the frying pan.

My eyes went wild. I could not scream. She was just buried yesterday after she gave up the ghost at the intensive care unit of the Isolation centre. My eyes inadvertently caught the bowl of chicken, rice and beans and other delicacies placed on the dining table. I propped myself against the wall and spoke to the apparitions about how I had tried to stop her from going to pick those gift items from her friend who just flew in from abroad, the designated hotspot of corona virus; and how she had dismissed my plea and had spent the weekend with her and then went under the weather with dry cough and fever after a week.

'She missed her kitchen.' Papa said; lowering his nose-mask.

'She probably came to scoop some food for her journey to the afterlife'. Adigun, her superstitious brother enthused.

'Sir, what would I do with the meals on the dining table? I stutteringly inquired.

A loud silence tore through the air.

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bunmiajao

Theme: Covid19

TALES BY MARCH/APRIL/MAY/JUNE "Stay home, Nigerians!" began towards my tail-end.

For all my pride about always finishing well, what does this say of me?" March lamented.

"At least you recorded some great days," April replied.

I saw no daylight throughout my sojourn. In fact,..."

"To be happy or not? That is the question."

May interrupted April.

"A lockdown that graduated into a curfew felt like playing pretend. Dare I be ungrateful, June?"

Afterall, Misery loves company, they say."

"Well," June replied, "I did rush in feeling excited.

For the human race, of course. Or who does not like freedom?"

Truthfully, I secretly rejoiced that compared to you, my friends, I had been dealt a better hand.

Now I take it all back.

Wrapped up in my petty struggles, I was ignorant of a fiercer reality.

I've been jolted awake by the marked increase in the death toll.

COVID'19 did not remain in 2019. Oh no!

It is not a little peskiness.

It is neither lockdown nor curfew. It is survival!

This Corona is no respecter of persons - carting away the poor without sparing the rich.

Young and old lives snuffed out without consideration for the height of their profiles.

Save us, oh God!

Oh, that July may have a better story to tell!

Oh, that the plague would give way to neither lockdown nor curfew nor lives cut short!

That is the echo of all our hearts. For this is beyond our smarts."

Challenge by [@camaa_pearl](#)

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[#COVID19](#)

[gigi_sapphire](#)

I have been giving the refrigerator malicious glances since morning and sighing every other moment. You see, Electricity has been so poor and getting Petrol for the generator has been war so everything we had in there had gone bad. I have two options; cook rice without stew or eat the bad stew and have a romantic evening with the Toilet.

We were doing fine at the beginning of the Lockdown. My mother, daring and strong as ever was making things happen, we had restocked on everything she felt we would need and cooked them to preserve them and we had gotten Petrol to last weeks, we even bought bread every few days! All that changed when she came back from one 'breadventure', .

"Onyi, get me my wrapper! guess what happened?" She shouted out as she thoroughly washed her hands and legs, she collected her wrapper from me to tie as she got rid of the clothes she wore out. She continued,

"Do you know they came to carry Mama Onome to an Isolation centre? They said she was coughing and sick, that she has Corona o!". My mother looked so shocked still and visibly drained. I was too. Mama Onome was the Bread Vendor my mom went to every time to buy Bread even in this lockdown. We were all at risk and for the first time, it dawned on us, especially my mother. So began our house imprisonment. It did not help that we woke up one day to see that someone had jumped into our compound to steal our Petrol!

I moved away from the fridge, opened our bucket of 'Garri' and put some in my mouth;

"The person that took this fuel must get Covid-19!".

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[@camaa_pearl](#) [#camaawriteupchallenge](#) [#camaawriteupchallengecovid19](#)

[agwuokeh](#)

2020 the year everyone was supposed to be happy atleast according to the visionaries they said they saw clear visions that liberated an entire generation, what a coincidence this was the year the university was supposed to give me some sort of liberation. This was my final year in the university I had it all planned out, projects, seminars, exams, getting my drivers license, finally living away from

home and serving some where far from where home rules can apply, I even managed to get an all expence paid trip to Spain God knows I was on a perfect path and nothing could ruin this for me, well guess what a pandemic has arrive (COVID-19), this could not happen, this should not happen, this is happening . The virus is spreading far and wide from the shores of Wuhan. This is my reality now, washing dishes, clothes and cleaning up after arrogant siblings who show no appreciation , the lock down couldn't even save me from going to the market. With the lock down implemented I can't believe I'm saying this but I guess Spain will have to wait , and if I have to graduate I will have to wait for another date. As hard as it is to believe this is not a sad story anyways, although this pandemic has turned this years dreams into a load of poppycock , a wise man once said "its good for misfortune to happen once a while" cause then how would I know there was more to life than throwing on a suit and tie, and saying I figured it out, important things like healing my soul and some quality family time.

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israel_eze_jacob_

PAIN; OUR ONLY REMINDER OF BEING ALIVE

The President's eyes looked dreadful and his jugular thumped whilst he reeled off the pandemic statistics; "13,464 as at the 9th of June...". He asserted on our television, which hung on the living room wall, that everyone must stay at home. On another section of the news, fear trickled down my spine as the newscaster reported; she said that citizens were living coffins as they move with the last strength in their famished bones. In the next moments, power supply was interrupted and I wriggled through the darkness to my room. I sat there, staring into the darkness as if a candle of hope would suddenly light up. This became routine as we were trapped indoors and our supplies dwindled.

My depressed eyes browsed the ceiling, my tummy cried and hunger pummeled me. I plotted my plight on the graph of time and I saw pain slopped out of my skin and into my mouth. Mama announced the emptiness of our foods store, arms 'tied' behind her back. she couldn't go down to her business since Papa lost his job to the lockdown.

Papa's words echoed in my subconscious, he had mentioned earlier that the virus emanated from 'Wuhan' and we were among the hungry crowd, with the 'sufficient' government palliatives ironically. As the Governor locked down the state, each second ticked with hard knocks against my stomach, the worms threatening to bring down my belly 'wall of Jericho'. "The policies have bad legs", I muttered to my poor self.

I stripped myself in helplessness for our house had become close to an oven while our bodies are baked. We were fast becoming the food we longed for. I sighed at the grief meandering my heart, I let out a cough after a sneeze and in that moment I understood that Pain was our only reminder of being alive.

By Israel Eze Jacob

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binttaajudeen

The last time we saw was the day I left for Lagos. You followed me to the park, whining about how you were certain you had failed the exams.

'Abeggi. Who you dey tease? You wey be 1st class student', I said as I rolled my eyes.

'Which rubbish 1st class? GP ti lazzdent, dear', you replied mischievously.

Sigh. 'I'll miss you, goat', I said, voice cracking.

'Ode, no mushy mushy. I'll miss you too baby girl', you comforted, as you pulled me into a hug. 'Now go'.

I remember reminiscing our conversation in the bus, smiling sheepishly. How could one person bring me so much happiness?

Two weeks after I left, the first case of COVID-19 was recorded in Lagos. You almost blew up my WhatsApp with messages of all necessary safety precautions.

'Okay, Mother Hen', I teased.

Not long after, the first case in IB was recorded. I called and mockingly said, 'I heard Mz Rona is in town. Do well not to allow her visit'. Hissing, you said 'Geddifok. I know well enough not to get the virus'.

We laughed, then set about a new discussion.

Today, I got a call from your cousin, Timothy.

'Bimpe is dead', he said and dropped the call.

I sat on the ground, numbness & puzzlement flanked me in my disbelief. You tested positive days ago, but you said everything was under control.

'Calm down bro, I reached out to NCDC because I was coughing incessantly, having chest pains.

Now I don test positive, wetin con happen? You no go call me again?', you joked on the call.

So how could you be dead? 'Dead' and 'Bimpe' don't fit in a sentence.

When the numbness faded, I walked to my cupboard and took out the gown I was wearing the day I traveled down to Lagos. Sniffing it and catching whiffs of your perfume whose smell I always complained was too overpowering, rendered faint by laundry, all I could think of was 'I should have held her for longer three months ago'. Perhaps your scent also wouldn't have been snatched from me untimely.

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iredotunprecious

[@camaa_pearl](#) "Have you decided" ?

Shola asked from the other side of the line. That induced my descension down the stairs of a murky memory lane.

Born to a set of obnoxious parents who only wanted a male child, my existence was neglected at age two when they welcomed their dream boy. My life became full of chores, coupled with beatings and insults from my parents. Nevertheless, I never complained, hoping one day I'll earn their love. At sixteen, my academic prowess paved way for my admission into the university. I was young and new to freedom. I took a few wrong steps which left me as an HIV/AIDS patient. On hearing the news, my mum declared my life was ruined and my father refused to foot my hospital bills.

Traumatized and broken, I ran to Shola who helped me get back on my feet.

I continued with the quest to gain my parent's acceptance, so I graduated top of my class. When I secured an internship in a big-shot company, I earned my parents support for a while. The company sponsored me for a conference in the United-Kingdom. On my return to Nigeria, the lock-down began so I self-isolated and my test results came back Covid-19 positive.

That's when my parent's little approval of my achievements vanished. "You'll surely die this time." they told me.

It's a month after and they were wrong, I'm now negative.

Weeks in the Isolation center's intensive care unit with no check-up from them has however made me conclude they would never love and accept me.

It no longer mattered, I'm never going back to them. I'm a survivor and now, I'll enjoy my victory!

"You're always welcome here, you deserve a fresh start"

Shola's voice intruded my thoughts. "Yes, I'll see you tomorrow"

I replied.

[@camaa_pearl](#)

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[#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGECOVID19](#)

[awe_aladire](#)

Dear world,

An invisible enemy has emerged. A RESPECTER of no colour, no tribe, no race. ORIGINALLY from China's brilliant heavenly land, BUT NOW KNOWS EVERY LAND.

Travelling in secrecy with the bearer, breaking nations bit by bit. No power seem to cure.

Oh! Right in time, everyone drowning in THE ocean. A noble call now every's chorused song. Hope!

An inhalation to many, but its refusal to decline is what bothers all.

As tears turn red, ye! Causing an unquantifiable havoc. Our eyes kept above the wave, but some insist it's a fallacy; unknowingly, as you can force a horse to a river, you cannot force it to drink water.

O' now to many, an enemy has rang lessons beyond realism and idealism. To prepare for the worst and hope for the best.

STAYING at home now HAS become a siege. A touch on the screen; all you see are rants about covid-19 amidst brutal killings. "Tired are we" scattered in the nooks and crannies of the nation. We hurt, we know, No food, we know, Freedom days go by.

A plead is all we ask to stop this outrageous war as it secretly creeps in without precautionary measures.

Hopelessness is not a lifetime. The cold embrace of this forlorn hopelessness, a life sentence it's not.

All hopes may seem lost, with future uncertain. Harken to my plea; your nose mask, deploy always, your hands, wash with soap, physical distance maintain, yet crowded places avoid. For together we shall defeat this invincible enemy and regain our sabotaged freedom.

Stay at home, Stay alive! AS WE SAY "Enough is enough" to burial without respect.

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my.fro.journey

I'm stranded on an island with a stranger!! I and Eric met at a friends wedding a month ago. On our first date, I playfully joked about going to the Maldives Island for our fourth date. And here we are on day 29 of what was supposed to be a 7-day vacation, the only couple left. On our 6th day, the US announced the level-four travel advisory. And all flights were cancelled and that's how we ended up in lockdown together. Amidst all this, I missed my period which prompted me to get this test card showing two pink bands. My next thought is to get rid of the baby and I tell Eric just that. It turns into a big argument which ends with him sleeping in the living room. Its midnight when Eric nudges me awake. I look puzzled until I hear voices speaking in Dhivehi which meant they were local inhabitants of the island. They are apparently looting the hotel thinking it is empty. Eric tells me to hide under the bed and wait for him. He wants to alert the resort caretaker who doesn't stay close. Minutes later I hear a loud bang from downstairs, people shouting in dhivehi, then silence. I rush downstairs to find Eric lying on the ground and bleeding from his head. The locals had apparently taken off after the scuffle with Eric. Teary- eyed, I immediately call the local hospital; then I tried to curb the bleeding. He seemed to be half conscious, stricken I whispered "Pls don't leave me, I love you!". He squeezes my hand in response. The ambulance arrived and the doctor said to me " Thankfully your husband didn't lose alot of blood, he will survive ". I didnt even correct her, I just smiled.

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estabee__

CORONA DILEMMA.

I hated the smell of Nigerian hospitals, it reeked of chloroquine and corruption. The rickety fan installed in the waiting room didn't provide enough ventilation, there was no air conditioning. As always someone must have diverted the hospital funds for their private enjoyment.

The ambiance was not welcoming, suspicious eyes filled the room as some stared surreptitiously at each other. Most of us seated had COVID-19 passes, it's the only way one could purposefully move around during the lockdown. rich people were there - people who would normally jet off to the UK at the slightest headache, no one could run away this time, our poorly funded, run-down and unequipped hospitals/labs were staring at us right in the face.

You people should space yourselves well abeg, social distancing please instructed the waiting room attendant whose revulsion was obvious to everyone. He was right, even though he had an uncouth way of saying it. Social distancing is important given that there are asymptomatic patients - people who didn't even know they were carriers of the virus. There was no such thing as being too careful.

They said Frances had been coughing continuously. "I can't breathe properly when I sleep nene' she had said to my wife on the phone. Nene's sister had smoked like a chimney, her lungs were not at its best. I could feel fear in her voice, my buttocks started to hurt from sitting on the metallic chair, three hours had gone by. "I dey go house, 4:00 pm don reach" shouted the waiting room attendant to his fellow agbero in a lab coat whose shift was next.

Anxiously awaiting my turn, I start to wonder, what if I'm positive? what if I've given nene corona? what about my Kids? how do I tell nene I've been sleeping with her sister.

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tetrium8

CONFESSIONS OF A COVIDIOT.

I woke up to my apartment looking tidy and clean with the whole place smelling deliciously of meat sauce and white rice. Looking at him there, in the kitchen oblivious of my presence, that little intact piece of my heart completely shattered when I realized that I had just taken another life along with mine. "Here lies the first human who died of stupidity" would probably be what would be

inscribed on my tombstone, because it wasn't the virus that killed me, I killed me, my stupid dumb self.

I never truly believed that the virus was as deadly as they portrayed, at least not in Nigeria.

I

was fully convinced that our government was running us on a scam, until I got infected and even then I was still playing at being a modern day doubting Thomas till I became a textbook definition of Corona Virus; coughing, sneezing, having breathing difficulties, my temperature fluctuating faster than the moods of a teenager; clogged nasal passages, fatigue, excruciating chest pains, all these finally woke my sleeping brain cells up, or so I thought.

Being a Nigerian, there's one ultimate rule that everyone knows, one fact that we all have learned to accept; the government cares for no one but itself. Our containment plan was

laughable; isolation centers, terrible and I knew that. I knew that giving myself up, was me literally signing my death sentence, the health care system would probably finish me off before the virus itself, and thus, another stupid decision was made, I decided to stay home. And now, looking at him after letting himself into my apartment with the key I gave him, despite the lockdown, ignorant of the human killer I was hosting, I wished I hadn't been so stupid.

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tanrose247champion

HEAVENS GATE "Godwin! Get up! Get up! Get up!

I heard angels whispering to my ears. It started getting cold like My whole body was about to freeze.

"I will get up!

I screamed up from my nightmare and found my dad and my annoying twin sister laughing. She was holding a bottle of cold water from the fridge. "Sorry to wake you up that way, Godwin. Please get up and get dressed. You are going to the bank for me today. I saw a crowd while driving pass there yesterday morning. You know it's not advisable for us old ones to get missed up in such crowd this period." I looked at the clock by my bed, it was 5am. Dragged myself from the bed, get dressed and left the house for the bank. Before leaving the house, dad, mum, and my twin sister forced me to put on my face mask. I did. Some distance away from the house, I took it off. Breathing with it inconvenienced me.

I got to Heavens Gate bank by 6am and met a crowd there. They started attending to us by 10am. Getting into the banking hall was a thug of war as I had to push through a crowd of people. No one cared about social distancing as getting enough money to last one for the lockdown was key.

Two weeks later, I started feeling feverish so i got to a pharmacy to get malaria drugs. At the gate, the security guard asked me to put my face mask on. I brought it out of my pocket and put it on. He pointed a thermometer gun at my forehead. "Am sorry sir. You can't go in. Your temperature is 38 degrees Celsius. Above the normal temperature of 36.5 to 37 degrees Celsius." [@camaa_pearl](#)

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alyssumoti

It is never a pretty scene when a daughter argues with her mother. But I'm that exemplary child who always plays it cool, handling Mama's allegations with a measured tone, plastic smile and superior logic.

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"Kemi, I'll not allow you to break the government's directive. I have no money for bail or police wahala, you hear?"

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"Mama, I'm only going to a friend's place for a small get-together. Not like I'm robbing a bank," I reply.

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"Why can't you sit your butt in your house? Oh, I know why: you want to start messing around with those naughty boys down the street again," she says with a voice heavy with derision.

God knows I've had enough of this. As an only child, I've had to stay indoors with my widowed mother while the government tries to contain a disease outbreak that necessitated the lockdown of the entire country. No school, no church, no movement, no nothing.

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"Mama, all I've done in the last three months is sit my butt in this goddamn house and listen to your bickerings. I'm going to a friend's birthday ceremony, not a wild party in a night club!" I scream at her for the first time ever and storm out.

A week later, I'm at a hospital's emergency room, visibly agitated.

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"When did your mother start experiencing this fever and difficulty in breathing?" the doctor asks.

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"The fever started three days ago, but we thought it was malaria until she said she couldn't breathe well this morning," I respond.

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"Has either of you travelled or been in a crowded place lately?"

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"None of us has travelled, but I went for a birthday party last week."

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The doctor stops writing straightaway and reconfirms that he's still wearing his face mask.

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"I'm referring both of you immediately."

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chiugo_presh

So a foreigner came into our lands, scared us all and locked us up, but forgot to lock our stomachs. They told everyone to stay home to stay safe.

We got hungry and ate ourselves still from the East to the West, the Niger Area kept digging burial grounds everyday. The northern part is not left out nor the south. Death increased all over the world, we all panicked and it became a pandemic. My village took her own share from the covid'19 lockdown. We were given one market to buy from, some bushy field at the town's outskirts. After hearing the hungry wails of my children, I ventured to our one market with my last earnings. On reaching the market, our elects and the rich with their fleet of uniformed armed men were made to buy first. We were left to buy their leftovers, and our facial masks covered our frustration. What our elects remained, the thieves stole. What the thieves remained, the angry street mobs smashed to

pieces. I was Left with nothing to go home with, as the price of things skyrocketed. I bought a tuber of yam and hurried home to my hungry kids in hope that the Corona Virus will stop spreading and the lock down lifted.

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they_jhay

It's been over a month since the lockdown has been placed. I've sulked in weariness,frustration and anger. At this point in my life,I was helpless and wondered when the brighter days will come. The unprecedented coronavirus pandemic has been a rough-hard situation that has pushed the world to an edge. The inconvenience of having to stick with your nose mask and be extremely conscious of your surroundings along with the curfew has put me under strained pressure.

I accidentally went out on a sunny afternoon without my nose mask and I was apprehended by two police officers and I was thoroughly questioned but after a navy period of delay and been berated they let me go. I've also been anticipating going to my aunt's place but I couldn't because of the inter-state lockdown and even when i was hoping it would be lifted soon,it wasn't and i just couldn't cry. The frustration of been stuck at home doing the same thing over and over again as each day pass by has left me desperately anxious and it's been exhausting mentally. I even have conversations with myself in my head,perhaps I thought i needed a better will to stay sane. I've never imagined the world receiving a big blow that will drive most human activity to an abrupt stop for a long time. Well of course it has given a great chance for positivity,change,self-development and progress. Though it's still scary how millions of people are dying and it's really hard to resist the tears as they come intermittently.

To we all that are still in existence,alive and breathing, I remain poised and hopeful of our survival because every dark cloud has its silver lining

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marinys_cakes

We agreed to meet up at Ivy Hotel, since it's our first meetup away from the virtual world. I've had thoughts of us spending time together and she's never stopped telling me how she couldn't wait to get lost in my arms. "Nedu, hope I have nothing to be scared of? I've heard stories of how young girls met their waterloo. The other day at the Facebook Hangout, a girl was gang raped by a bunch of good for nothing hoodlums who posed as friends." "Babe, you worry too much. Haven't I proven to be more than a gentleman since we started dating?" Friday came for us to meet at our designated location. That morning I called Foma to remind her. We've had this coming since we started dating. I pulled over at the parking lot of the hotel at about 5:47pm. Not quite long after, her Uber driver stopped at the gate. She stepped out of the car looking like a million dollars, even the queen of England had nothing on her.

She had this smile that sent signals down my spine. The kind that made earth stop spinning. I could hear wedding bells in my head.

We walked into the reception where we were given the key to Room 37. It felt kind of off she requested for that particular room, but I couldn't care less about a particular room in a whole hotel building. We'll be consummating our love and that's all that mattered.

We walked into the room just in time for the Seven O'clock News and the President was live, addressing the citizens for the first time since the pandemic. He announced that there'll be a two-week long lockdown.

Foma turned to me, eyes bloodshot red, with a gun and says "you're number 37". Bang!

[#CAMAWRITEUPCHALLENGE](#)

[#CAMAWRITEUPCHALLENGECOVID19](#)

[miiimiiii__](#)

Ms. Stephanie Okoli , you tested positive for Covid-19" ,said the doctor who administered my test yesterday. I adjusted my face mask and sat down trying to figure out who i could have contacted it from. A fortnight ago, I had been so excited about my birthday because I'd get to see my friends. Being in lockdown with my parents had been so boring. On my birthday, Mariam was the first to arrive at my home. Her family has been on lockdown ever since the first corona case in nigeria. Christian arrived next. He is my prime suspect. Since the lockdown relaxation, he has been literally everywhere and doesn't observe social distancing. As we were goofing around, the next person arrived. I ran to open the door thinking it was Afoma only to find out it was the cake delivery guy. She finally arrived half an hour later, even though she said she had been on her way hours ago, typical. She is after Christian on my list of suspects because she complained about my food not having taste. Isn't loss of taste a symptom of covid-19? Just as we were about to cut the cake, Chisom finally arrived. He is part of the people who don't believe covid-19 is in Nigeria. We had the most contact because he stayed behind to clean up with me. So, I could have contacted it from any of my friends because my parents tested negative and I haven't been out for months now. My phone chimed. A text from mom to meet them in the car. As I passed the corona virus ICU on my way out I saw a familiar face that I couldn't place. At home on my bed, it finally hit me the familiar face was the CAKE DELIVERY GUY!!! [#camaawriteupchallenge](#)
[#camaawriteupchallengecovid19](#)

[damilola_makinde](#)

Lockdown; The Misses

She didn't know if she should feel glad or sad. She ground her teeth subconsciously as she arrived home, still reminiscing on the reassuring words of Yetunde.

Just as she approached the door of the house, the door knob turned before she could reach for it. She felt her heart fail some seconds with hot urine simultaneously wetting her panties. Hell's heat coursed through her body as he gripped her.

He pulled her in, and slammed the door with the heel of his right foot. He pinned her to the back of the three seater, and yanked up her uniform's skirt, not even minding the schoolbag strapped to her back.

As he manned himself through her, with heaves and moans, she just lay there, still, like dressed chicken. He was hardly home by noon. Oh well, there he was. The tears that slowly streamed from her eyes, drew thin wet patterns as they ran down her cheeks; while his body reeked ale, and steamed sweat. She was slightly suffocating.

As she silently wept, a wry smile managed to crawl up her face just as he climaxed.

Maybe it was the consolation that the birth control pills from Yetunde, her class mate, might save her from yet another conception and forced abortion, for this man.

It's been one month now since that day, the day the lockdown was announced. Ronke misses school. That was her only place of escape from him. She has also missed her period again. "Ronke!" His stony voice called from inside, making the broom drop from her hands, out of palpitation. She had been lost in rumination as she swept the porch. 'Ronke!' Her Uncle's voice bellowed again.

She can survive the pandemic, but this... [#camaawriteupchallenge](#) [#camaawriteupchallengecovid19](#) [@camaa_pearl](#)

sunshine_moh3

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CHANGE

I stood at the balcony when the strange people entered our home. They were all covered up, so I couldn't tell if they were men or women. Maria told us that we weren't allowed to come downstairs, for a while, so our fridge was stocked with snacks and cereals. we weren't allowed to see mother either except Maria. We could only hear her coughing and no matter what, we couldn't open the door. She locked it from the outside on mother's instructions. We sat in our room for two days dying out of curiosity just what might have happened and with the strange people we did not know enter our home, I couldn't take it anymore, I wanted to know. I told Anna to stay inside with Rufus our dog as I tied all the sheets i could find together and to the bed. As quietly as I could, I lowered myself down. I was so scared I was going to hurt myself, so my eyes remained closed till I felt the concrete on my feet. I knew that if I was to go through the front door, Maria might see me and she'll be upset so i stealthily went to every window till I could see the strange people. They were standing beside my mother. Her skin, her face looked so pale, her eyes red and she kept on coughing. I was amazed she could still stand. She kept looking at the paper She held. She then followed them to van and stepped in. Maria stood quietly at the door and watched them drive away with mother. I went back to my

room and acted like I knew nothing, waiting for Maria to explain why mother left and why we see no one on the streets anymore.

theshade_osh

My name is Omowale Briggs and today, like every other day since I got back from school in March, I scurried out of bed to our balcony to enjoy the scenery of dawn.

As I looked, I could make out the silhouettes of Baba Lamidi and his sons observing fajr in their compound, the women and young girls filling their containers with water, and Mama Emeka getting ready to fry àkàrà from her detached one-room apartment.

Since the lockdown began, this was the only time there was some form of activity in our community, and I had made sure not to miss it.

The pandemic had disrupted the lives of us all and replaced care-free, lively activities with facemasks, social distancing, and restrictions but somehow, I had managed to stay joy-full and calm while everyone else was either nagging or freaking out about the situation.

As the sun was rising, I went in to brush my mouth and plugged in my headphones and put Cobham's "We go win" on repeat while thinking about how I could help spread hope and joy in the midst of the chaos. I was a fashion designer, you see and the facemasks I made, I gave out for free. But with the increase in numbers of confirmed cases, I felt I could do more.

After thinking for a while, I decided to explore a new idea. To each pack of masks, I would add a note carrying the WHO's guidelines on staying safe and a smiling emoji.

Hours later when the dispatch rider arrived, I gave him a wide smile and repeated the words of Cobhams to him..."Oga, no worry. You see this Corona, we go win am!" [#camaawriteupchallenge](#)
[#camaawriteupchallengecovid19](#)

ameerahquraish

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DAYS LIKE YESTERDAY

It has been two weeks since the lockdown started. At first, I thought it was more of a joke, "They can't keep everyone locked in, it's ridiculous!" I said to my friends on the phone. But they weren't going to take any risk. They refused to come over for our usual drinks we would have every weekend. My wife was still at Benin visiting her sister. I called her everyday asking when she would come back home but when she told me all flights to Abuja were cancelled, the joke was on me. My office notified me about not coming to work until further notice and day by day i watched as the affected increased. I wondered who are those affected by the virus. "Maybe the government was adding numbers. It's a joke" I thought to myself.

One Saturday, my wife called me and told me that she was at the isolation centre in Benin, and I was speechless.

I thought maybe it was a late April fools prank or something but it wasn't. I called her everyday till she no longer picked my calls and I feared for the worst. I wasn't sure if she was dead or alive. I tried calling her sister's number that I had but it never went through. So, i did all that I could do, sit at home and pray. I prayed for weeks and one day, she picked. I almost cried from tears of joy until I heard from the background, "Baby, who are you calling? Put your phone down and come back to bed." Before I could ask her who that was, she cut the call. But it all made sense now, she never had the virus and neither was she in Benin, she was with her lover.

tz_mayorh

Theme: Covid 19

Setting: Lockdown This is not the first time a great pandemic like this is causing havoc everywhere but COVID- 19 is really a big storm globally.

People facing different Trauma and are being helpless, Aggression everywhere... African parents mostly suffers from poverty instead of the so-called Corona virus. The less- privileged staying indoor, but no food to sustain them.The poor may likely die of "Corona ulcer" instead of this virus.. Some people Live on daily bread, but because they are being pinned at home with no palliatives to help, depression sets in and eventually poison themselves.

Even some families are facing a lot of challenges physical, psychologically, Emotionally due to this pandemic. Also some people suffers from insurance and anxiety because they fail to plan, It's not actually everybody working on the street is poor, but people who doesn't have savings,or better still investment. Some people who doesn't save for the raining day is really suffering this time, like people do say "If you fail to plan, then you are planning to fail". This Lockdown has both negative and positive impact on people and nation as a whole.It actually depends on which side you want to be, there are a lot of online businesses people are engaged in which they are really earning from, though this period is really a thorn on the flesh... Nigeria, like most other developing countries, finds herself in perilous times faced with a twin-threat; the health crisis emanating from the COVID-19, and an economic crisis with an already rapidly contracting fiscal space amidst a global recession.

Commendable efforts to contain the virus at home are certainly underway and intensions behind policy decisions are well reasoned and used elsewhere.

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#) [#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

adedapoosho

Mama's instructions were crystal clear.

I was to open the door ONLY when I heard 2 rapid knocks, a pause and 2 knocks again.

It was another night and my parents were on the move again. Whatever they did throughout the night, I didn't know and surely Taiwo and Kehinde, my little twin siblings did not care - all that mattered to them was the food that came in the mornings.

The virus that broke out last month was spreading faster than the government and health professionals predicted, forcing artisans like my Dada into compulsory retirement, no thanks to the lockdown. Even Mama could not travel to purchase foodstuffs to resell in the market. The overnight jobs I knew nothing about was our only source of livelihood now.

At about 2am, I heard the knocks. I sprung up to reach the door. Mama and Dada hurriedly rushed in to their room. She barely looked at me as she said, "Go to sleep, we will see in the morning". Morning came soon enough and I went to the room to greet. Instead, the startling sight of Dada curled up in bed shivering greeted me. "Stay there, Bisi." Mama said just as she saw me poke my head through the door.

She had probably seen me staring at Dada because she quickly added, "It's just a little fever, he will be fine. But, I want you to take Taiwo and Kehinde to Aunty Funke's place. She would take care of you." I didn't understand why we suddenly had to vacate our house, but when Aunty Funke hugged us tightly and prayed: "Lord, as we go out to look for what to eat, may we not meet what will eat us.", it all made sense.

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estherachanya

Present day Water! Please Matilda croaked . Please water she said louder.) That got the attention of the nurse standing 3 feet away. This was the norm for those infected with the virus , they were constantly weak and dehydrated. The nurse was middle aged lady with a kind smile and a charming personality. The nurse said a quick ok and left the room and returned in less than a minute with a bottle of water. Handing it over to Matilda after been unscrewed, Matilda gulped the water hurriedly. Whoa slow down dear, sorry Matilda said,it's just that I was so thirsty. The Nurse put the leftover water on a stand beside Matilda's bed . As she was about to leave Matilda asked will I ever get better , of course dear came the reply, they both knew it was a lost cause though for the virus had no cure. 2 weeks earlier Matilda , Matilda , coming Mom. Am on my way to work. Make sure you don't leave the house for any reason and don't open the door for anyone . You know the country is on a Lockdown now because of the deadly virus that is present. Alright Mom, I won't. After shutting the door behind her mom. If only she knew , Matilda thought. Time to get ready. Picking up her phone . She called Sarah . They met at a T Junction close to Matilda's house. I have a bad feeling about this party, can we stay home today Sarah whispered. No Matilda fervently replied , she was the leader of the duo. We will be sure to come back before our parents get back. It was at that party she came in contact with an infected person and she herself became infected. [@camaa_pearl](#)

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blizz_fabz

The sound of my name awakened me from my deep sleep. As I laid on the cold floor of my little room with my pillow smuggled to my chest, heavy with tears as I realized I had cried myself to sleep

again, this attitude of mine had become a daily routine for me as I have subconsciously become comfortable being locked up in my room lonely and all by myself. It's the only place I found comfort for the past few months. It still feels like yesterday when my parents tested positive to the COVID 19 two days after they came back from their business trip in Houston Texas, USA. They were quickly rushed to one of the isolation centers in Lagos. All efforts by the doctors to save their lives proved vain as they died four days after. My brother on hearing the news of my parent's passing suddenly slumped to the ground unconscious. He was rushed to the nearest hospital where he was confirmed dead due to Cardiac arrest. My life had become a nightmare I couldn't wake up to as I grew into depression, days, weeks, months, I've locked myself up in my room during this period of lockdown doing nothing than just staring at the ceiling and wishing for all this to be over. I was in pain and felt hopeless. I had lost the most precious treasures in my life all because of COVID 19, but I knew in spite of all this, I didn't lose myself. I was determined to achieve my dream of becoming one of the Best Doctors in my country, so I could save lives be it sickness or disease and give other children out there a hope of a better tomorrow.

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belussconi

WHAT COULD GO WRONG " 2 weeks to go, what could go WRONG!" Amina let out.

It's been a year since she last saw her boyfriend, who went abroad to finish his master's degree. The months of video calls, voice calls, chats, etc were about to come to an end as he was scheduled to return in 2 weeks time. " so, how do you plan to welcome him?" Sade asked.

Even though she had no answer to that, she was certain she would be present at the airport.

"Bollywood style?, with dance and all" Amina chuckled " Are you that bold?" Sade added " honestly, I don't know sef, ok maybe I am not but for him, I will be oo". " well like you said ' 2 weeks to go, what can go wrong' ". Sade concluded.

A week gone and Amina was in dreamland, knowing he had bought his ticket and days was the only obstruction left. She just wanted his hands around her again. " what's this new disease, I am hearing came from Wuhan, China? " Sade spoke " I think they said it's a virus, he told me about it in our last call, he said it has gotten to Europe, he should do and come back, that's what I told him". A day to his arrival, and Amina had the one thing she least expected to hear, the phone fell through her hands and onto the floor. Sade rushed to her quickly trying to figure out what news she had heard. Amina was silent for the next ten minutes as she stirred into thin air. She finally spoke telling Sade his not coming back anytime soon, all international flights have been canceled, and the UK is embarking on a nationwide lockdown to avoid the spread of the disease you spoke about, COVID 19.

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visionary.me

Day 99

This was the new "normal", They all said. Before today, I had been the routine girl. Wake up, go to work, come home, go to bed. It was easy. I liked it. I just never knew how much I liked it. It started as a whisper. Something deadly was making its way slowly. But there was nothing to worry about, they told us. And we listened. The whisper became a noise and the noise spread like wildfire. At first we chose not to pay attention. It was serious. The doctors and the government would handle it. They wouldn't let innocents die. We clung onto hope not fear. It started with the cautionary advice. Wash your hands, wear masks and gloves, maintain social distancing, stay safe. But there was still death. Then a new rule. Stay indoors. So we did. Day in and day out. I lived alone. Going to work was practically the only human interaction I ever got. It was easy at first. We slept and woke when we wanted and lived with care free abandon in our homes. But then it got harder. I missed the simple pleasures, riding a bike, going to the movies, having to get ready for a date. Everything had changed. This was our new normal. If we didn't like it, we would die. And from one day, turned two and fifty and finally ninety nine. I assumed I would lose my sanity. This disease, the corona virus, as they called it, had stolen my unappreciated life. And so today, I opened my doors with no gloves and no face mask, no precaution. I needed to breathe in the outside air even if it was for a moment. I would regret this. I knew it. But I chose to do it anyway.

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edreezz

Reposted from [@camaa_pearl](#)

I used to think staying at home, choosing to be an introvert, turning down offers to get a drink, go to the cinema or even just an ice-cream date was such a deal and I enjoyed it then until this lockdown started. My name is Tahsia and it started thus.. Knowing the kind of parents I have, I hoped the lockdown wasn't going to be as bad as it looked or so I thought until that fateful day. The usual chores were done; and breakfast served, afterwards everyone takes a little nap usually but this did not happen, instead, my dad started coughing and a few moments later, he complained about difficulty in breathing. My mum became so scared, everyone got pretty worked up and we sought to find a way to solve the issue. Our fear of calling the regulatory authorities on the COVID-19 gave away and we were forced to call them. The response we got was that we should stay put for a while and that help was coming on the way. What did not occur to us was the fact that our dad gave us the number of the appropriate quarters to call. A few minutes later, we heard a buzz on the door and my sister went ahead to open the door. Alas, what she saw was my Dad's best friend with his nose mask and hand sanitizer, just then, my dad stood up and started laughing, it was a prank, everyone laughed except my mum, she was so furious. My dad's best friend and my dad were laughing so hard that it

made my mum smile. Thus ending the anger she had prior. A yard party was suggested and we all had a nice time. I guess the lockdown isn't as bad as it looks fortunately.

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yenie_pee

Day 14 of the lockdown & look who boredom has caught up with?

Covid 19 which I fondly call 'Rona baby' doesn't seem to be leaving anytime soon so I need to create my own sunshine.

I inputted my location on Tinder app " Sheik Mohammed Bi Avenue, Dubai" to search for hot guys.

Drum rolls!!! Malcolm- Black American, tall, dark & handsome, with well built triceps & biceps.

I finally met Malcolm, he gave me a warm hug.

As he turned to give me a glass of red wine, I had already taken off my trench coat and was left with just my lingerie as I reached for the couch.

"You're pretty much sexy you know" he said, "thanks, "it's pretty much hot in here" I replied as I sat, amidst giving him a stern look.

We conversed the whole time about random stuff & I was having the time of my life as I sipped my wine simultaneously. 'Thank you very much for today', I clamoured as I bidded to take my leave. It's 10:30pm GMT+4 and I gotta be home. For a second, he turned to a roaring lion looking for who to devour as my Bible says.

I panted as I reach for the door but he dragged & pushed me back to the couch, ripped me off my clothes and asked, " Will you give in or I should take It?" It was really hard imploring my defence mechanisms, Malcolm is really built remember? He dragged me back, this time with a greater force and made his way into me for about 6 minutes. "I'm sorry, you're just so sexy" picked up his boxers and headed for the loo. I layed there numb as i never envisaged this day, it's my biggest fear, I'm Erotophobic.

Months after, I'm in a dark room reminiscing about random stuff and this incident suddenly becomes fresh like a watered plant.

Was I raped? Does the raped ever forgets??? [#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

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[@camaa_pearl](#)

she_is_aje

Mama's Akara

10 times 40...

Oooh! Why is it so hard to calculate something this simple? It's been difficult concentrating in class today. 10 times 14 is what again? I meant 40. God!

I am constantly distracted by how I'll sell the pieces of Akara Mama would bring to me this afternoon, after school. I'll shuttle between the food shed and the school gate. Sales boom between those two spots. But 40 pieces was more than the usual 20 I usually sold after school.

If I can sell all the Akara, join mama at the market to sell oranges in the evening, and do the same tomorrow, maybe we could... "Yeeehhhhh!!!!" The joyful noise of my classmates stole me from my thoughts. "What's happening?" I asked Tunji, "Aunty said there's a lockdown because of a spreading sickness." Tunji answered, grinning.

The closing bell rang & everyone dashed out with so much excitement to their homes. No one seemed ready to loiter.

I sat frozen, trying to process the whole thing. I didn't even get a chance to sell one of Mama's Akara. Mama hadn't even arrived.

I heard teachers saying, no movement, no school, no market, everyone has to stay home.

Home?

Dread tugged at my spines. If I can't sell Mama's Akara after school, if mama can't carry people's luggage at the market, ah!

Mama, myself and Junior are... No. I hope the lockdown is not true and the teachers likely read fake WhatsApp messages.

I packed my bag, and as I walked home, I prayed it was all false. I entered the compound and my worst fear materialized just before my eyes. Our belongings littered the ground, while Mama was on her knees begging Baba Landlord.

Well, we're here, somewhere in the open air of Oshodi, on lockdown too.

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[@camaa_pearl](#)

[el.gabrii](#)

Visiting and seeing Chucks' mother must have been my worst moment in recent times. The sorrow and palpable grief expressed all over her shattered my mind completely.

Sometimes in January, Chucks had left home for Abuja in search of greener pastures, a journey we now cannot guarantee his return from, as he struggles for his dear life on a ventilator in an isolation center in Asokoro, Abuja.

Consequent on the COVID-19 outbreak and subsequent lockdown, I had traveled home to Enugu to stay with my family. I thought Chucks had done the same, but was surprised when I called and he confided that he won't be traveling home as he was yet to even settle down in Abuja and hence, would not risk the job opportunity he was working towards. At 31 and being the first of 5 children to his widowed mother, he was determined to work hard and cater for his family.

The last time we spoke, he sounded distressed and expressed his fears of being exposed to the deadly COVID-19 since a couple of persons in the compound he was squatting took ill after breaching the lockdown protocols. He recounted how he started coughing 3 days earlier and had felt progressively weak with a fever the next day. I felt his anxiety, and encouraged him to stay calm, strong and immediately call the Nigeria Center for Disease Control (NCDC) emergency number. Poor Chucks wasn't reachable again after that day.

My heart is overwhelmed with sorrow and pain and right now, can only pray for a divine intervention on Chucks' life as his distraught mother just confirmed that he was eventually admitted by the NCDC and tested positive to the COVID-19. His bad prognosis became worse with his life now hanging by a thread.

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[@camaa_pearl](#)

miracle_izundu

THEME: Covid 19

SETTING: Lockdown

Being a teacher in a local area in Lagos, after I had taught my class pupils a radio programme titled CORONAVIRUS (this entails listening to a live radio program, after which the teacher discuss the topic of the discussion with the pupils), the very next week was declared lock down by the President of Nigeria. One can say that was such a bodement! As a bonafide citizen, I obeyed the law. Day's later, I was in my room filled with thoughts, as to what I'll eat. How I'll be able to pay my bills that kept piling up. Only for me to discover that I was beginning to feel dizzy, feverish and I was developing a severe headache. "Hope it is not what I am thinking", I prayed silently.

Quickly I dashed for my lesson note, after flipping various pages vigorously trembling, I stumbled into the page I wrote CORONAVIRUS, I read out the symptoms, visibly shaken. "Oh! God of my father! What will happen to me?" I asked a rhetorical question.

Later that day I managed to see the doctor at the hospital and I explained the condition of my health. He ran a series of tests as if he was performing an autopsy on me. He later announced to me that I have malaria. With joy I shouted "Thank you Jesus". PS: If you discover any symptoms of corona virus see your doctor or dial 080097000010

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[@camaa-pearl](#)

[tee_jhaay](#)

Reposted from [@camaa_pearl](#) Reposted from [@camaa_pearl](#) For many, this might be a first, for me, it has always been the norm as a freelancer. I cannot but wonder what will be left of my neighbor's conjugal bliss with the continued rise in cases and certainty of a further extension of the lockdown. My neighbors are both trailblazers in their career, with John being a Black Senior Developer at a Fortune 500 company; on the other hand, Sarah is the first-female Human Resource Manager in one of the big 4 Accounting firms. They moved into the apartment next-door exactly a week after their honeymoon. They seemed totally happy and fulfilled. A month later, the deadly COVID-19 hit the country, and a compulsory stay-at-home order kicked in. From that moment up until now, how I have lived and managed my sanity still appears surreal to me. Every day came with its own tug of war between this young couple. Heated arguments and incessant fights became the order of the day. You are probably wondering why I never tried to mediate; well, I did try, and I swore it was going to be my first and last attempt. Not only did John leave me with red-eye, I almost lost a tooth that day. The mere imagination of what Sarah passes through daily gives me chills. I considered seeking for help, but none seemed to be in sight. I cannot but wonder what always went wrong between these two, did Sarah not see the signs during courtship? Did she just shrug it off, hoping he was going to turn a new leaf? Or maybe their 9-5 jobs did not afford them the luxury of personal time to sync. Indeed, it is the beginning of the end for them.

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[dexter.alex.98](#)

I hated it. The damn virus had taken away my freedom. For an entire month, I was cooped up in my home with my parents. I came home from school hoping the pandemic would be over in a week or two, and I would be able to leave the house and head back to my life. But it never did. I couldn't see my friends, I was bored and broke. "Nkechi, stay home!" My mother would warn me. I never actually

said anything about leaving the house but my mother's knowing eyes could always read my mind. I had to leave though, for the biggest secret party in the state which my friend had gotten tickets. Just a few people, obviously free from the virus, partying. It was perfect.

I knew my mother would never let me go, so I left without telling her. Face-mask and sanitizer mixed along with the makeup in my purse, I and my friend hit the dance floor. We had a few drinks, and met a few people who were wealthy enough to afford the tickets. Corona be damned, I would have fun regardless of the lockdown.

I returned home the next afternoon with more money than my father had earned since the start of the pandemic, and I was met with a tirade of accusations from my mother. Half of which were true, but life was difficult for a young girl.

A week later, the first symptoms arrived. A slight fever with tiredness and nausea. My mother's hawk-like eyes caught whiff of my distress and got me to a hospital for testing. I felt as though my life was completely over. "Ma'am, I'm pleased to tell you, your daughter does not have the Corona virus. I'm also happy to say, she is pregnant." [@camaa_pearl](#)

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timixsanni

I thought about her all night and when I woke this morning, my body was hot. I also had a pounding headache threatening to split open my head. "You need to stop thinking about her" I told myself. "You are losing your sanity."

Later, as I snuggled beneath my blanket, alone in my room. I found myself staring at a picture on my phone. In the picture, she was standing beside me and we were both laughing.

Her name was Binta. I had met her at the NYSC camp. She was a beautiful lady, the kind that melted your heart with kindness. But the lockdown had made us lose contact. The day we took that picture was the day before the authorities asked us to go home and I did not ask for her number.

All I want is to see her, to hear her voice, to kindle any embers of what we might have felt. I couldn't help it. I was a lovestruck teenager once again.

I didn't know when I slept, but it was a coughing fit that woke me. When it finally went down after an hour or so. I was left wheezing in cold sweat with the reality dawning on me.

Isolation Centre.

I checked my phone and saw five missed calls. 'Nobody calls me in this lockdown' I thought as I dialed the number. "Hello, Muhammad" an excited voice said over the phone. "It's Binta, I got your number from a friend." I didn't reply. "Am I speaking with Muhammad Abubakar?" she said. "No" I said and heard her mutter, "sorry, wrong number" before the line went dead.

I laid back down on the bed, tears brimming in my eyes. It was better than telling her I was Muhammad and that I had the virus.

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

[#camaawriteupchallengecovid19](#)

theviolet_writer

Date: 4th September 2025. Dear diary, it is day nine hundred and seventy since Project: Isolation was launched. A freedom movement against a new era of humanoids. At first when the virus started, the memes, the protests, everything was all fun and games until a new discovery was made in the depths of the American Military. The US had been secretly tweaking viral samples from COVID-19 patients, storing them first then making bioengineered hybrid replications. It had all been an initial effort to create a vaccine turned to a means to gain global power.

The experiments were being carried on black people. The authorities claimed they were a stronger and more stable specimen. The sick headlines carried it all. They had been collecting us like rats and injecting us with the virus. We were all in isolation and things were going good; at least for the scientists but little did they know, their experiments weren't just successful. They were too successful. We had been gaining resistance to the virus, some more than others.

Then came the day we couldn't take it anymore. We were mostly cured but they still held us captive. It was war. We lost brothers and sisters in the chaos as well. The lucky ones who survived had divided, the dominant species then began to rule and enslave mankind. I am one of them, at least I used to be.

Project: Isolation was birthed by the rebels of the age. We stood in 12 countries with less than a thousand refugees, all fighting for humanity. But today, I write to whoever is reading this, I am alone. The camps were apprehended, people were killed. I come with one message to you in your present— stay in doors.

[#camaawriteupchallenge](#) [#camaawriteupchallengecovid19](#)

jojo_chisom

HEROINE

-

I don't want to be anything that requires building my life around emergencies.

She never stayed at home, except she came to kiss us good night or change clothes. I was happy the Coronavirus came. Maybe for once, they will let my surgeon be.

The lockdown made family time interesting. We bonded over everything until the call came that my mother was needed at the quarantine center. "It is just a supervisory role" mother said as we reluctantly let her go.

I wished my father was firmer. "You cannot quench a passion on fire" he often said.

Whenever she came back, she washed her body in the garage and had a change of clothes before we could hold her. She was always sleep-deprived.

Dr. Akan was pronounced dead on the news today. "His epitaph will read, here lies a man who fought the virus with virtue." The reporter said with indifference. He was just another casualty.

I worried about my mother. Why couldn't she be on lockdown too?

My dad has not spoken since yesterday. This would not be the first time my mother was spending a week straight in the hospital so why was he mad.

He held three of us together. Me, Idris, and mara, who was five and carefree. "I love you three so much" "And we are going to see your mother." We peeped at her from the class at the isolation center. We wept. Ventilator in the nose, cannula pressing through her flesh, and on her sickbed. she directed the nurses on what to do to people with extreme cases. My mother is a heroine but I don't want her to die fighting this battle.

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timiannlope

It rings louder now in my head, her laughter echoing through the silence the night we rehearsed our dance steps for her wedding and these are what I have left of her, memories.

Lade had travelled to the UK to get some things in preparation for her wedding and amidst the growing fear in the white man's land, Lade's laughter over the phone would always bring a certain kind of calmness and reassurance to me whenever I expressed concern over her vulnerability to the virus.

"We'll grow old together" she would always say just before hanging up.

She had arrived in Lagos and was set to return to Abuja but couldn't as the lockdown commenced just two days after. This was the beginning of the long wait; the arrival I would always look forward to never to find. We spoke for long hours and as the days went by, Lade seemed to get more anxious, her calls came in too frequently and whenever she spoke, I felt a little part of her in pain which was almost evident in her laughter until Friday when I called and her mum answered; "Tomi!" She yelled, "Lade is in the hospital, she had a terrible crisis last night but now we think it's the virus, we are not allowed to see her" she said amidst tears. I was about to speak when she continued, "the

officials are here, I'll call later." I called back severally but there was no answer, my heart beat had lost rhythm and suddenly I felt the virus inside of me, the invisible stranger making its way into my lungs but just then my phone rang, "Mama, how's she?" I screamed "She's gone!" her mum could barely speak.

The only thing I felt afterwards was the cold floor.

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jessabara

I was thrilled to return home, my school just closed for her first semester, only a few weeks and we'll be back at school to conclude the final session. Watching the news as i got home and learning about the epidemic in China was getting more serious, my heart broke for the people it affected. I thanked my stars I didn't live anywhere close to China and the mysterious epidemic would not get to my home, Nigeria.

Everyday I watched the news to know if the epidemic was getting better, right before my eyes, my worst fears came alive, I saw my home had now become a victim and the virus had grown into a pandemic, affecting different countries in the world. She had spread her tentacles around the world, claiming lives , putting people on artificial ventilation and keeping the rest locked in their houses, with fear of contracting the virus.

"Don't visit your friends and don't let anyone visit you, if you must leave home make sure to take your nose masks and hand sanitizers" my mum said every single day after the morning prayers, it was funny in the beginning but at some point it became painful to hear, I thought the pandemic would have ended by now but it hasn't.

I can't watch the news anymore, the virus is not going away, I wonder if this is the end of the world. Days have no dates, weekends and weekdays live as one, I cannot differentiate anymore. So much time has passed, this was supposed to be our year, the year we leave college and graduate into the real world with résumés and applications. I'm so scared, i hear people ask "will things ever be the same?" when we say "the same" what do we mean?. I thank God for life everyday, as long as we are alive there's hope, but my heart is in shambles for those at six feet under because no hope lives there or so I've been told.

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sarahayika

His world was crumbling like an egg shell, his head spinning as dizziness caved in with overwhelming thoughts. How do I source income while at home? How do I feed my family? Even his wives couldn't console him, his only source of income banned due to the compulsory lockdown. The little he had, he bought food supplies with. Days turned into weeks and weeks to months but still no

hope of returning to normalcy. Their food supply slowly running out, he watched painfully as his wives sold their belongings to support him. Unfortunately that wasn't enough. He watched his kids deteriorate, sunken eyed, ribcage protruding as the palliative promised, never got to the common man.

Suicide was constantly an option but the love he had for his family strengthened him. His greatest fear wasn't the virus but death from hunger. One morning he went to ask for supplies on credit but the seller caused a scene. Embarrassed, he sat by the side of the road crying like an abandoned child. He wondered if this was how his life would end. More sorrow as Aisha his youngest wife ran towards him, she fell to his feet wailing. Aisha's one year old had died of hunger. "Alhaji! Alhaji! Wake up! your food is ready" Alhaji Musa woke up and sat on his kingsized bed. Aisha was presenting a beautifully garnished meal on a tray. Her youngest child was sleeping on her back. Alas! It was only a dream. Alhaji Musa couldn't eat, he was disturbed as his eyes were open to the poverty the new virus had caused. He rushed to the ATM machine located near his house. With a nose mask and a pair of gloves he began to distribute 10,000 naira each to people who were in great need. He believed Allah had spoken to him.

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dearestkathe

My baby was due anytime. That alone made me anxious. Since the ban was placed on free movement, I had decided to stay home to protect myself and my child. I even missed my last antenatal appointment because I was too paranoid to go out.

I'd been doing alright until that evening when I couldn't breathe properly. Maybe I sneezed a couple of times too. My body felt like it was on fire and my throat was parched. I was certain I had the virus only I wasn't sure pain in the back and lower abdomen were supposed to be symptoms of COVID-19. What I felt didn't feel like labour pains. I knew since it wasn't my first.

I became really upset at the thought that somehow, I got the virus despite taking precautions but I knew what I must do. I mustered every strength in me to drive myself to the nearest isolation centre.

I couldn't risk seeking assistance and exposing another person to the virus I might be carrying.

When I got there, I was panting and could no longer feel the air reach my lungs. My back and lower abdomen felt like they were being crushed. I bent over in pain grasping anything that was near as I screamed, "I can't breathe!"

The nurse got to me and made me sit. That was when I saw the trail of liquid that followed me from the entrance.

"my baby is coming?", I muttered. Her nod was the last thing I saw before everything became black.

Two days after the test when I called my husband who was miles away because of the lockdown, I had no words. I just whispered, "I don't have the virus but our baby became an angel. I'm so sorry"

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peterayeni92

#CAMAWRITEUPCHALLENGE

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LUCKDOWN

The luminosity of the sun reveals an exquisite man - sitting on an ornate chair. "Your test is positive. We invite you to the isolation center," echoes from his phone. The young man bawls. His wife hears him wailing and runs from the kitchen. 'What is the problem Bode?' the wife questions. 'Don't come near me; leave immediately,' Bode whispers. Tears are rolling down his cheeks profusely. He looks: adrift, deranged, and without value. 'Honey!!! Why are you crying?' his wife asks patiently. 'My COVID-19 test result is positive. I am done for,' Bode retorts. 'Over my dead body. Not with the God I'm serving. It is a lie,' his wife assures him. However, her words sound like a mirage of promise; that refracts his hopes and makes him downcast. Wole's wife maintains her social distance - despite the God She serves. She seems perplexed. 'Call them, what medicines should I buy?' she demands and gazes at him in despair. 'There is

no need for self-medication. Let me call them to know when I would be moved out,' Wole replies with a glistening grimace. He dialed the NCDC emergency number and the Call Representative answers the call 'Hello!!! Mr. Bode, we know you are shocked,' the representative assumes. 'Sir, my name is Wole, not Bode,' Wole warns. 'Are you not living

at Ikeja?' the representative inquires. 'No Sir, I live at Victoria Island,' Wole insists carefully. 'Oh!!! I'm sorry, we mixed up the numbers. You are not positive. Enjoy the Lockdown Sir.' the representative concludes. 'Praise the Lord!!!!!!!' Wole's wife shouts.

korede_de

"Come and see this", mum said after we were left puzzled by her hysterical laughter moments before. My three siblings and I gathered around her and peered into her phone. Right there was a meme with a smiling face and a text which read: 'Covid-19 was born in China, grew up in Italy, schooled in USA and became a businessman in Nigeria'.

We all laughed and I laughed the hardest. "Shebi I have been telling all of you that this thing is a scam. Politicians are just using it to make money. There is no COVID-19 anywhere in Nigeria!" "The fact that most 'Wolf!' cries are false alarms does not mean there are no wolves that attack sheep," said Wura, my elder sister who spoke sensibly most of the time. "And you, your manner of violation of the lockdown and most coronavirus prevention regulations is unwarranted. Mum, you have to persuade him to stop going out to play football every evening. He also seems to have a phobia for washing his hands." "What she is saying is true," my mum said, glaring at me. "Tolu, I want you to stop violating the lockdown. Don't infect us all with COVID-19."

We heard a knock on the door. I opened and in came two NCDC officials who were on a house-to-house COVID-19 testing exercise. They got samples from the five of us and left. I gave a lame excuse and left the house with them. I went to play football. *** Two days after their first visit, the NCDC officials came back but they were not alone. They came with a big ambulance and two other officials. They wasted no time. "Who among you is Tolu?" the sore-faced one asked. I stepped forward. "You are COVID-19 positive." #CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGECOVID19

[@camaa_pearl](#)

unorthodox__zusi

Dear Diary,

I had always condemned the actions of the "Sisters of the Desert" – the young girls foolhardy enough to enter the wilderness of the desert into Libya, and cross the Red Sea without waiting for a "Moses" to part it, just to get to Italy. They'd drink urine like distilled water to survive, all in a bid to get away from poverty. But as I paid my way back home to Lagos amidst the pending inter-state lockdown road blocks and Covid'19 fright, I realized that I wasn't so different from the Sisters of the Desert after all. We shared the same plight really– they wanted to get away from the "Egypt" of poverty and hardship in search of greener pasture and I needed to get away from the "Egypt" of my Uncle's house and return safely to my parents. My fellow "inter- state lockdown fugitives" also had their various reasons for breaking the law and deciding to travel during the lockdown. For most of them, it was the fact that they had run out of money and food and needed to return home and there was the young man anxious to be with his wife who was about to have their first baby. But as we sat there in the bus like illegal immigrants in our own country, with our noses trapped under face masks which made it feel like we were breathing in and out recycled carbon-dioxide but had to be worn nonetheless; to some of us, not just as a precaution against contracting the Covid'19 virus but as a means of protecting our faces from the acrobatics of flying saliva from the mouths of other passengers, I found the need to apologize. Dear sisters of the desert, I am you.

[@camaa_pearl](#)

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mojoyin_ceedjay

THEME:COVID-19

This is what a pandemic and lockdown does to you, you become lazy and bored. You take a walk to erstwhile busy streets but you see no one. No church blaring Hallelujahs, no muezzin calling Muslim faithfuls. Who would have thought that Ikeja would go to bed one day?

You walk past the lady selling second hand clothes on your street. There are rumors that recently imported thift items could have belonged to dead COVID-19 patients. So no one is buying from her.

Today, you wish to take another walk but your sister insists that you go with your nose mask. "The mask's band hurts and besides, I'm not going far away." You say. "Just take it. What if you have to speak to someone?" She maintains. Few yards later, you see a couple jogging and you smile. Their outfits are in no way appropriate for the session. The man reminds you of your father, your father who visits home thrice in a year and when told to rest, would say "I have work to do." Now that every business is closed, where is his beloved work?

You think of your mother, how you are afraid of moving too close to her because she works in a clinic and might have treated corona patients, how your brother runs to welcome her after work but she yells "Don't touch me! I might have the virus!" and she heads for the shower immediately.

You check WhatsApp and all you see is negativity. 'NCDC. TOTAL CONFIRMED. DISCHARGED. DEATHS.' You imagine what an isolation centre must look like: helpless patients, frowning doctors and drool.

Each day reminds you of Bird box, that movie where everyone had to stay home to avert evil. You wish these times too were scripted.

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[a.debola__](#)

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My family has always been one of those complicated families you see on those Tyler Perry's series. Mum might be a bit lost now but I love her, my brother; a dead weight, dragging down everyone he comes in contact with, I feel like there is hope for him though and my dad, the typical Netflix kind of deadbeat dad! Irresponsible, never satisfied and a drunk. We were never meant to stay even six feet close to each other for up to an hour, some of us might kill.

For a while though, silence enveloped the house, no fights for the very first time, in fact dad didn't come out of his room for more than two weeks. I thought he died, at least there was peace.

Until around 2:09am in the morning I heard noise, it came from Dad's room, "He was alive?" I bolted out.

"I can't breathe, I...rrrrr.....c....br...." Dad struggled to get words out of his mouth, at the time I got there, Mum was already by his side, she locked the door, as I reached for the knob, Donald held me back.

"Mum, I'm taking Diane to grandma's." Donald yelled. I was confused, before I could say anything, we were half way to Grandma's, I finally voiced out "Donald, speak!" After much hesitation, he spoke, "Dad's had the virus for a while Diane, he got it at the beer parlour, he has to remain in isolation for now."

I got cold, ice ran through my veins. I realized, Mum has the virus too, I hated dad more!

The Pastor said this was going to be "OUR MONTH OF RECONCILIATION" "We sure have a lot of reconciliation to do." I scoffed. Donald got the message and we both laughed until we were crying, thanks COVID.

[micah.chuks](#)

It was a normal 2019 Thursday in Wuhan, a China Sea food hub. The fishers sold; some cooked or fried their produce for the bargaining buyers to purchase, eat and send to loved ones. Friends held and hugged. No fears were, except for the intensifying global stifles.

A day before that 17th day of November, the cry of a spike-headed baby boy was heard from the Corona Virus family. COVID-19 was his name.

The family did have two children: SARS (2002-2004) and MERS (2012 -2020). Humans brutally murdered them after they took 774 and 886 lives respectively. True to their predictions of MER's death, COVID-19 was the family's revenge plan to erase humans. "At peace in our bat-given safety, these humans by their reckless activities on nature displaced us. Is our deed not a protective reaction upon our displacement?" they queried. "We, the almighty homo sapiens are in control and ready to fight anything," humans boasted.

Days later, humans hard-breathed, dead corpses rolled. The fast replicating COVID-19 bait, carefully placed around the Wuhan sea had been taken.

Weeks later, the world couldn't handle it. Borders, stadiums, religious centres, markets and schools became like cemeteries. Streets emptied while animals occupied them.

Kisses of friends and families were blown from afar. Economies crumbled, hearts broke, millions died, but hunger killed more.

The corona family rejoiced but a frustrating frown soon followed. Humans had gone to another space! They'd sent their schools, companies and kisses online.

While COVID-19 and clones were kept and washed off, humans produced physically and delivered to homes. It seemed they found a better way to live!" Months later, COVID-19 and its clones died for lack of human hosts.

The greatly terrified humans proved to be in charge after all but the Corona family's hideout is yet unknown.

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Freedom

It was almost 6pm. The time she dreaded most. The time her husband would call her, and ask in his normal gruff and aggressive manner, "What are we eating this night?". As the clock ticked closer, the

familiar feelings of fear and anxiety washed over her. He would come in his brusque manner, will away all the happiness in her, and ask her how she spent her day. When the Covid 19 lockdown first began, he stayed at home, trying to do some work, and mostly, she tried to stay off his path.

Try as she may, she couldn't. There was always a plate she didn't wash well, a meal that wasn't properly salted and a call she shouldn't have picked. In recent days, he had developed the habit of going out in the afternoon, taking a stroll to "clear his head". His absence even brought about bigger fear in her, as she didn't know who or what had offended him while he was out. She was his regular receptacle of violence, a willing object of transferred aggression.

Just yesterday, he had beaten her so badly, she could hardly stand. He was her biggest regret till date. In their five years of marriage, she had never experienced peace. They didn't even have children that could keep her occupied and keep her thoughts away from him. Her mother kept saying he would change, but this man didn't look like it.

Around 6:30, she got a call. "Hello ma, is this Mrs. Owolafe? I am sorry to inform you that your husband had been killed in a hit-and-run accident". She should not have been happy, but in her mind, she heaved a sigh of relief. Finally, her life was hers again. She quickly took the phone to inform his family.

jones_emmanuel_jones

#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGECOVID19

Title: DETACHED It was two days after we returned from isolation center where we had spent 14days, because a neighbor was tested positive of covid-19. I wished we never returned. There was no food at home. Dad and I lived alone. The lockdown had deprived him of his meagre job at the hotel. We had been managing the little savings he had but there was nothing left now. Always, tears saturated dad's eyes. And whenever he lamented of dying in lockdown, I sobbed. Dad gave me his card to withdraw the last 1,000 Naira in his account, so we could buy enough garri to sip till our dying day. "I wish we can travel to the village. But no way." He muttered.

I wore my nose-mask and left. The road was calm and quiet. My darted eyes met my secondary school friend, so I decided to startle her. How? Since she was just leaving the ATM; I tiptoed from behind, snatched her pause, and laughed. Behold it was a total stranger. Uhh! "Thief! Thief!..." She held my belt. Before I could explain, angry mob from nowhere beat me to half-dead. They punched me till their knuckles bled. I fainted.

My next scene was in a hospital. Someone had brought me, paid my bills, and gave me #100,000. Good heavens!

I spent three days of severe pain there, but the money made me smile about everything. I couldn't call Dad. But I knew he had been starving, coupled with the shock of my disappearance. He knew something bad had happened.

Back home, a knotted-rope hung from the ceiling fan, above a low-stool. My father knelt, saying his last prayers ---ready to hang himself. I barged in, his eyes met my smile. "it's not over yet, Dad." I said. We hugged.

#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGE

praiseempres

The room smelled of coffee, antibiotics and stale smoke of cigarette from former days clinging to the wall. I sat down opposite his bed, as I watched the man I have grown to love so much in the past 10 years die slowly. I was scared and nervous, and I kept on folding and refolding the napkin in my hands. It was becoming so hard to look at him. "I'm afraid I won't get to take you to Paris for the family vacation" He said smiling weakly, but his voice was heavy with pain, disappointment and apprehension. "No babe, Don't say that. You will be fine" I answered him standing up, getting close to the bed. "Stop". He said with pain in his voice as he coughed heavily. "Desmond needs you, please move back" He said with so much difficulty.

Although I knew he had slim chances of recovering from the virus, but hearing it from him, my heart sank deep into my chest. I was ill prepared for this and tears welled up in my eyes and poured down my cheeks. It's so painful that I couldn't hold him or touch him in the last moments of his life.

We had so many amazing moments together that will remain precious to me. I don't think he really knew the extremity of what is going on, I wake up each day praying he sees another day, and our son is locked up at the other side of the house, he can't even see his father.

I thought covid 19 was a story, until it came knocking at the door of my household, my once vibrant and awesome husband is down and I don't even know if I would make it out of the lockdown alive.

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[@camaa_pearl](#)

feydaraakinmade_

"There are only three days during this lockdown. Yesterday, today and tomorrow." My sister finally said without paying much attention to me, right after we had both tried, but failed, to guess what day it was. For her, it was online class this, skill development that. She was definitely the queen of productivity (quarantine edition), even with her terrible memory. But me, I was the other sister. The one who suffered from mental issues B.C. (Before Corona) , D.C. (During Corona) and most likely A.C (After Corona). So, all I really had was my bed. I had gadgets that my parents had bought me and teenage stuff that they had thought would make me 'less depressed', even though I was not. But, unfortunately, social media gave me anxiety and I really didn't have friends anyway. So, it was the SWEB (Sleep, Wake, Eat, Bathe sometimes) life all the way. I didn't like the aura around the room, so I decided to go to the sitting room to watch some TV. My parents were surprised to see me. They even let me handle the remote. 'Power!' I thought to myself. They still treated me like I was sick. As I was flipping through the channels, I stumbled on a station that was showing a documentary of a four year old covid-19 patient and how much he struggled to breathe. I bent over to watch more closely as his mother shed tears as she couldn't do anything to help him. It was a horrible sight. When the

documentary was over, I zoned out on the couch and thought about how precious life was. I knew that the next day, I was going to be a lot more grateful than I was that day for the breath of life.

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adesina_ajala

Tuwo and Miya Kubewa sizzled with vapour before him. He sweated as the mound of Tuwo lessened. Bishara interrupted and said, "Dariya, the doctors altered my antenatal schedule. My next visit is one week to my expected date of delivery." He responded as he swallowed a ball of Tuwa dripping with Miya Kubewa, "They're trying to keep safe due to Coronavirus."

The street has grown quieter and darker than when Dariya returned. He had stopped at Tabitha's place to gulp gin before he came home. The lockdown was recently relaxed during the day, but not at night. The government said it was a phased relaxation.

Dariya thought of meeting his friend next Sunday in church. He would need his car if Bishara falls into labour in the night. He ran into the muted street. Streetlights beamed orange glint. His wife's voice echoed in his head. The labour pangs. Soft whispers for help. "Do something, please." The echoes haunted him. He ran. A siren howled from a distance. It was a patrol van. He flagged it down and mumbled, "Finally, the Lord heard the cry of my wife." His voice broke as he begged. "Mmm-my wife. She's-s-s in la-b-b-bour." The policemen were kind this night. They injured a doctor last night. His colleagues have called for strike action.

They headed for his house. His mouth smelt of gin. An officer fumed, "Na ogogoro dey worry am, abeg." They burgled him out. He begged. The van zoomed off, blaring. Hot tears plunged down his cheeks. He bit his finger regrettably.

He mustered courage and opened the door. Bishara clasped a baby to her chest. The umbilical cord sloped into her private part. Blood trickled between her thighs. The baby grunted. Bishara muttered prayers between groans.

The muezzin's voice rose. Dawn finally emerged.

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godless_taurus

It had rained all day, so here I sat looking out the window at the gray world outside. It's 6:30pm and soon he'll be home. A fine man In suit, friendly smile on his face, brief case in hand and a heart filled with darkness. A perfect decoy for the neighbors who cared to look.

Two months gone and every single night, I wonder when next I'll hear his labored breathing behind me while he violates every part of me. My parents were long dead and so I had to grow up with my

uncle, all along it had been good maybe not perfect but yet I couldn't beg for more, at least until the virus. My cousins and Aunt were away in the east when the emergency lockdown was called following the pandemic, naturally I had come home to be safe since the University was shut down. One night, dark and cold, he had come to my room, running his hand across my body. I voiced my disgust still it didn't stop his thrusts, he held no knife except a threat to no longer fund my education. He was the benevolent uncle, I was just another kid, no one would believe my claims of molestation. So there I was an orphan with no choice.

I can hear the car horn, so I step away from the window and lie facing the wall. It's cold tonight, he'll be back as always to seek warmth in me. I won't cry anymore, I won't slit my wrist like I imagine everyday. Like always I will rise, wash myself and live till I can leave it all behind. Justice will be served and I can't do that silent and six feet under.

[#camaawriteupchallengecovid19](#) [#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

delight_asaphs

It was one of the coldest nights of my life. The sweet smell of evaporating dust was accompanied by whistling gusts of wind blowing through the windows into my bones. My murky room was lit only by intermittent flashes of lightning.

I lay shivering on the mattress. The fever had come again, fierce and intense. I burned up in the cold weather. My hands and feet were numb. I'd never felt this way before.

It was exactly 10:30 p.m when my phone's screen lit up. A message had come through. It was a COVID-19 alert from the WHO. I'd read a few lines and frozen when I saw the symptoms stated in the message. I felt those exact symptoms!

I sat upright on the bed, oblivious to my environment. I could not hear the thunder or the sound of raindrops trickling through my leaking roof. Several thoughts filled my mind. I remembered the pictures of infected people I'd seen earlier on the news... Moments breezed into minutes as I sat coughing, thinking of good days. I picked up a rough paper and pencil beside the pile of books on the floor, and wrote what would be found later, and read as my last words.

It's 4:05 a.m. The rain has stopped falling and the sun is getting ready for the day. My fever had kept me company throughout the night. I look outside the window and for once I see how incredibly beautiful the world looks.

It's 5:00 a.m now. My phone beeps and I see a message from NCDC: "If you have come in contact with a confirmed coronavirus case & experience fever, cough or difficulty breathing please call NCDC immediately at 080097000010 [#TakeResponsibility](#)"

I pick up my phone.

0-8-0-0-9-7-0-0-0-1-0

I lie down for a while.

[#CAMAAWRITEUPCHALLENGE](#)

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[@camaa_pearl](#)

dazzawii

The smell of wet sand mixed with the perfume of freshly watered grass filled the air that night and although the rain had long been gone yet the moist in the atmosphere could still be felt. The night was going to be long, Tamara could feel it and although the moon was at its peak there was a clouding darkness and deafening silence that filled the air. The government had announced a lockdown the previous week due to an increase in the rate of Covid-19 infection and it felt as though her life was experiencing the same thing. Instead of her usual positive affirmations, she found herself talking to herself questioning anything and everything. "You know the worst part about grief?" she said while twitching her braids and addressing an imaginary audience. "it's watching the whole world get on with their lives as if yours didn't just come to a halt." She wrapped her hands around her body trying to relish in the quiet of the moment but her hands failed to give her the comfort she needed. The house suddenly felt too big and too small so that it felt suffocating but there was a silver lining. She had a graduation to plan, a graduation to look forward to and although tradition was being traded for something different, she knew that having something happen in her life right now would wash away the fatigue she was feeling, that having some kind of activity happen for her right now would be therapeutic. She knew at that moment that although the night would be long, morning would eventually come and so she decided that she would fight for that morning, that she would wake up every day and fight sadness with all she's got.

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timmyabioye

'Arggh, not again!' John muttered as he - once more- proved his loyalty to his newly found companion. Yesterday morning, he had woken up to a terrible cold. With the flu came a catarrh. And with the catarrh; discomfort. Perhaps, his nostrils went in the way of Mother Nature and were being punished for their act of rebellion. By deploying absurd amounts of mucous, Mother nature caused John's nose to crave for the slightest feel of oxygen, gasping its way through the day. Unfortunately, his recent venture succeeded in attracting his fellow passengers' eyes to him. Even with his eyes fixed on the driver's seat, he could feel several eyeballs- as swords- piercing deep into his soul, perhaps searching for an answer- one he wasn't sure of. Although he cringed, he chose not to flinch. He didn't have COVID-19, or did he?

Today is day 29 of the lockdown; day 29 of an imposed hardship. For the last three years, he has depended on his 1000 naira daily profit from his 'okirika' business to survive the hustle and bustle of Lagos.

Sincerely, he and his 5-year old sister were contented with this until the news of the lockdown reached their ears. 'I no fit sell market again?' John asked the Police officer. 'You fit sell. But, you have to protect yourself. Go home.' The Police officer replied. 'I no get home. Me and Dorcas dey live for under bridge. If I no sell today, we no go fit chop this night'.

'Bashhhhhhhhhhh.....' The officer had hit him.

And, that was it.

For the next 29 days, he begged from home to home. 'Beggars don't choose', they say.

Now, today being day 29, the lockdown has been relaxed.

Now, he is headed for the market- reminiscing the good old days.

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pen_paperlove

"Idri..!" She was cut off by the thud of the large stone against her head. She stumbled forward a couple of steps, her mouth hanging open and an expression of innocent disbelief etched across her frozen features. Unthinking, he reached out a hand, desperate to extend it across the distance that separated them, to break her fall. She fell to the ground with a softer thud. Her eyes were open, unmoving, staring blankly into the reddish-brown earth. The sight of her tiny body sprawled out on the ground revived the terror in him that had fled as soon as the officer had released the stone. He looked up at the man standing a few feet away from his fallen sister. His eyes were cold and fixated on him like those of a hungry hawk anticipating its next kill.

Idris had never known fear like this. Baba had said not to hawk on the main roads, only on street corners. He'd said the government had ordered the big police and scary soldier-men to seize the wares and punish any offenders caught. It was the lockdown directive. Straight from the governor's office, he'd said. Idris hadn't understood any of those big English. He hadn't understood why he and Hauwa were being asked to stop their favorite noon-time activity—racing themselves within road traffic to determine who could get to a buyer first. When he'd asked for a better explanation, Baba had gone on speaking English. He'd talked about a sickness that was spreading fast and killing people. 'Kovik 19', he'd called it. Idris certainly hadn't understood. He cast his eyes back to his sister and the contents of her upturned tray scattered around her. Now he understood.

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ilynem

"I knew it!" He screamed. "You could have waited until after the whole pandemic uncertainty before bringing her here!"

I understood his frustration. I was supposed to spend one week but the lockdowns meant I would probably spend months. It has become hilarious how much my stepfather did not want me anywhere near him or his precious five-year-old daughter Simi.

Everyone knew how much he despised me. He only put up with my regular visits from grandma because of my mother.

"She is still my daughter!" I heard mother say but I doubted it. It never felt like it. I remembered how fast she moved on from father's death like it was a relief. I remembered when she tried to hold her laughter in when her new husband said my head looked like a pumpkin. I remembered how Simi's birth marked the end of my existence as I was shipped off to live with grandma. Even my regular visits seemed like a burden but grandma insisted on them. "You and I know that girl has a spiritual problem," My stepfather said. "She talks and laughs to herself in the middle of the night! Are you comfortable with her spending months around Simi?"

Simi was everything I was not. She had my mother's dark, full hair, her beautiful eyes and pointed nose. She was also really smart. I was the pumpkin head who failed regularly and still ate white sand at age twelve.

As I watched Simi sleep peacefully, I wondered if my mother would love me if she ceased to exist. I wondered if she would let me stay after the lockdowns if I became her only daughter.

I smiled as I imagined the look on my stepfather's face if that became a reality. Or WHEN it became a reality.

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tokebleedingpen

Titled: LETTER TO WHAT MAY BE In the lonely state we have all been put, I can't help but wonder what kind of pandemic disease could swim round the world in a very rapid way, funny how situation changes in the blink of an eye. I never thought anyone could talk me into staying home all day but corona virus really should be credited for accomplishing just that. Even though my legs are stiffened from staying indoors, it's not like I'm left with much choice to make other than sleeping, eating and bathing sometimes. There is this question I never stop asking my self; when is this going to end? Are we going to live like this forever or we're just waiting to hear Lord Jesus blow his trumpet? but it's not like I can get an answer even though I am desperate to get one. Why is the world ending in such provoking way? Regular sicknesses are pointed as the symptoms of the said disease and I only hear about six feet where death is concerned. It's hard to see the ocean of tears paving way through my face dancing down my cheeks to get my robe soaked as kindreds are forced to become strangers. In this painful situation, I can only think of doing what I know best so I picked up a paper and of course a pen to put down my harrowing experience during the 2020 covid 19 lockdown with the hope of passing it to my or other progenies if we all live to be called survivors. Tokebleedingpen ©

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the_mike_emmanuel

They are here for Evelyn. Uncle Ben offers them seats. They decline. They would rather stand, and besides they are not staying here all day. Their words. The man asks for Evelyn. I nod towards the archway leading to the guest room. The man says they would have to take her with them. The woman with a mole under her right eye steps towards the archway. She pauses when no one follows. Uncle Ben glares at me. I glance at John, as though deflecting the reprimand. Together, we step in behind the woman. The third health official, a fair svelte, tags along.

At the entrance, the woman asks if Evelyn ate recently. Some spoonful of rice, John says. Who fed her? John nods at me. I blurt, I wore gloves. And self isolated. I raise gloved fingers in defense.

The svelte approaches Evelyn. She asks me to join her. We steady Evelyn towards the living room. The man rises from his seat. The svelte says, she's between mild and extreme. The man – did they self...? The svelte – yes, the girl did. She smiles at me. The man turns to Uncle Ben. They will take Evelyn in their vehicle, he says.

Outside the apartment, they guide Evelyn to the stairs. As they turn, the svelte mouths, you will be fine. I smile. I know what she means. She isn't talking about the stress of caring for Evelyn. She is talking about the effects of having a COVID-positive mother. The man steps away from Uncle Ben. He says, Mr. Benedict, your daughter is beautiful o. Uncle Ben says, thank you o. I am too spent to be nauseated. Besides, the svelte is right. I will (not) be fine. This is who I am now.

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[@camaa_pearl](#)

sobookedsobusy

"We are gathered here today to discuss Joe's constant stay in the studio apartment" I said.

•

Electric Cooker sparked lightly, "Amaka's disappearance too. It's been a while I've been turned on."

•

• "I can't relate", Ceiling Fan whirred, earning series of sparks from Electric Cooker. •

•

"Order!" I said firmly. "TV said he has information on why Joe has been home for days without leaving."

•

"I heard he lost his job" Tap leaked some drops of water in sorrow.

How's he going to make money to maintain us, The Items wondered fearfully.

•
•

"Easy guys", TV chimed in. He was the most knowledgeable of us all. If The Items were going to listen to anyone, it was going to be him. •

•

"I received news that there's a virus in town".

•

• "A zombie apocalypse?" The latest Marvel Comic said excitedly.

•

• "Covid-19, fool" TV said, "Joe is indoors protecting himself. I think it's called...Social Distancing. Anyways, tonight he'll turn on CNN and I'll give y'all more info."

•
•

The Items sighed in relief but there was one more mystery to be solved. •

•

"It's been 3 months since we last saw Amaka" Calendar said turning its pages to March. •

•

"About that," I ventured carefully, "Nowadays before Joe falls asleep he turns over to my left side, Amaka's side, then I feel liquid". •

•

"Liquid?" Two unwashed shot glasses giggled. •

•

"Not those disgusting body fluids they leave after you-know-what. It's sort of a continuous stream from his eyes that's salty, then he whispers something about missing her..". •

•

"Hmmm...Those are called tears...Seems like they broke up". A battered romance novel on the shelf said.

•
•

"Great. We are all doomed. Who's going to clean up Joe's mess now that he's Social distancing here?" The broom behind the door groaned.

•
•

"And who's going to turn me on?" The electric cooker cried.

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[#camaawriteupchallenge](#)

md_creative1

SHUTDOWN "Mummy am tired!" Bolanle frowned her face. "I can understand your pain, my daughter. But we have to obey the government's order." "But mummy..." "There is garri in the kitchen, why don't

you go and soak it for us instead. Us complaining will not change anything you know" Bolanle's mother sighed "I just pray we don't grow cassava on our heads, we have been consuming way too much garri." "Well, you can choose between growing cassava on your head and growing coronavirus in your body. Either ways, it will still be of detrimental to you." "You're right, my husband. Just look at prof. Pablo's family, his wife, daughter and two sons are all in isolation centers. No more shakara for madam Pablo again! But I pray they recover soon though, I miss her trouble." "Mummy, if this lockdown finish we go cook all the food wey dey hungry us ahbi?" "No worry yourself, my daughter. I go enter market buy plenty vegetables, stockfish, ponmo, crayfish and arrange confam pounded yam for us. You go..."

Bang... Bang... A loud sound came from their outdoor kitchen. Bolanle and her parents stood and ran outside to see what's wrong. Bolanle's father almost fell to the ground when he stepped on the trash can by the doorstep– Bolanle had forgotten to do away with the trash can after sweeping the seating room. They ran into the kitchen and were shocked by the scenery of the burgled environment. "Oh my God! Daddy, our bag of garri is missing!" Bolanle startled.

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temiloluwa_motajo

Dear Spiny Ball,

I know you are aware I am writing this letter, or maybe not. I hear you have been travelling round the globe, spreading your spines to both old and young. I have just one request. Please, do not prick me or my mum or my grandma with your spines. You've taken my dad already and you didn't even let me say goodbye. You will be destroyed soon, I know so. Oh! before I drop the pen, can you please reduce the number of lives you are eating? I am tired of sitting at home. I want to go back to school. I await your response soon. Not your friend, Dannie.

Your eyes are already drunk with tears as you finish reading the letter your fifteen year old son wrote to the corona virus. You find your eyes going back to that line again. The one that says the virus already took your husband, Matt. Matt was far away in the United Kingdom, busy restoring lives back to the hands of dying people. It's been a long time you felt the soft tufts of his black hair, or inhaled the scent of his body. You only made do with video calls and voice calls, your little boy waving to his father till the system went off. Matt wanted to come and see your eyes lock with his again, and go on long walks with Dannie by his side. But the virus had other plans and lockdown became the word on everyone's lips. You knew Matt was at the fore front of the global crisis. You knew death was only few inches away from him, but you didn't expect him to be pricked this early. Now you will give everything in this world, just to see Matt's smile again.

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chibundujoyce

MY COVID-19 TALE

The lock down was abrupt. The president had announced it's commencement in the news yesterday and by 8am today everyone was on the run. Security personnels flooded the whole place. My Aunty and I had gone out as early as 6:30am to garner as much food as our money could afford. The prices of everything had doubled and some tripled, what we got was only going to suffice for a few days and we would be left at the mercy of fate.

The state government had not paid aunty for four months now and our little tailoring shop would also be on lock due to the pandemic.

As if that wasn't enough, uncle Bayo, Aunty yemi's husband who has been bedridden for two years now developed a terrible cough which escalated by the next day. He was burning up and wasn't breathing with ease. By evening, uncle was stooling and vomiting.

He was bedridden I said to myself, so it can't be Covid-19 right? He hasn't been anywhere lately so there was no contact with the outside. Maybe he had contact with us who had contact with the outside. His immune system wasn't strong enough. Was he going to die? Is everyone in this house going to die? We need a miracle now or become slaves of hunger and Covid-19. Is there really a way out?

Thanks for this opportunity [@camaa_pearl](#)

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elias_nasa

Helplessness clutches at my heart, as the voice of a thousand swine, it screams in my head. A call beckoning unto insanity.

Most times, I grasp my head, and with eyes shut to visions my heart can't bear, I try to muffle the noise or make to scream but my voice let out hush sounds.

A few times I had let my petitions ring, with tears beseeching the great guy that transcends the law. I have hurled these words, weaving them intricately into the mass that separates our worlds

Nothing must go wrong with him

He is my world. A chance at

peace. A mend to my brokenness;

My blessing

Each plea clothed as broken whispers, tells the story of a discordant heart. I have cried an ocean!
Other times, I wallow in thoughts and find myself astride mutters: If only I can hold, maybe wrap my arms around him, share the same air, curl around his torso, and just breathe.

This doing nothing tears at me! Brick after brick, it pulls down walls of possibility and makes a mockery of the hope I try to hold on to.

Yet, as the script that instructs our lungs to take in air. Written on our walls, engrafted into law, the rule remains:

To save him, stay away

So each day, I grasp at every bit of hope, the smile that spreads across your face during our FaceTime feeds the ember of my hope, but this too as ice left under the sun, never last. As soon as the embers lick at my doubt, bouts of cough that had you bowed over rip me apart. And when with shaking fingers you click on the disconnect key, I go through this cycle again.

Truth is I will choose this again than lose you

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[@camaa_pearl](#)

rukky_eraks

The staff meeting is about to commence in the kitchen and everyone is present, except for Pete. The issue to be discussed is critical and the air is thick with tension, heat and smoke from the recently extinguished stove.

Ever since the outbreak of the coronavirus, and the subsequent nationwide lockdown, things have gotten more tedious for the staff. The house is full once again, and their needs must be catered to. So today the servants meet to talk about their most recent predicament.

Ralph declares the meeting open. His thin voice cuts through the noise and silences everyone. Susan -their leader- speaks next. She talks weakly because she is sore and exhausted from blending so many things together. "Thank you all, for coming. We all know why we're here, so let's get down to it." She quickly spots Jacob in the group. "Jacob, what have you gathered from our employers?" He stands to answer her, his lanky body towering over everyone. "I heard them saying that Mr Steve has contacted the virus." The others start to mummur. "It seems that everyone will be evacuated this evening." "Are we also in danger?" Silas asks from the corner, where he and his family sit. He looks very frightened. "No," Susan chuckles. "The disease only affects the humans, so we are safe. Everyone, go back now to your activities, we will keep you posted." Of course during the lockdown, it is not expected that anyone will go to another's house to use their kitchen equipments. So Susan (the blender), Jacob (the mop), Silas (the bucket), Ralph (the kettle), and all the dishes could rest assured that they would have the house to themselves for a while.

But as they disperse, Susan begins to wonder: are they really safe?

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dessijessu


Everything tasted horrible to me that morning. I just wanted to get the babies out!.Seven years had been a long time. I can't believe a few weeks ago, I was teasing Bolaji while he pondered on what facemask to carry along with him from his collection of twelve.I felt the man was way too extra for buying another sit in the bus just to keep a little distance between Him and the harmless looking teenager in his Jalabiya who was busy on his Phone. I couldn't wait for Him to get home the following month to be part of our kids' church dedication.I had our Anko sewn already. I love Bolaji but his excessive nagging as to why I didn't have a facemask since this Covid wahala started was getting out of hand.If only I knew that would be the last time I would see my dear Bolaji, I wouldn't have argued that morning. I carelessly got into the overloaded cab, sitting next to a man who kept sneezing profusely. But did Zainab care?, no she didn't. She just wanted to get to the Hospital,to get to Bolaji. That stupid driver who couldn't buy a facemask of two hundred naira to save my Husband's life. No, he had to play smart ;and the twins?, still born; my precious boys, gone. As I lay in regret in the isolation room I share with Mrs Nwali, who sang Nara horribly and loudly always like it was all she knew, I thought to myself, I should have been Bolaji or the Twins, dead. Dead due to stubbornness, but rather, I live with what I called a myth, which is now my painful reality, but much worse with the thought: who do I mourn?Bolaji?The twins?Or me, this dying Covid-19 Patient?
WHO DO I MOURN?

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i_am__ayenajei

Dear Ngozi, Are you infected by the pandemic too? The security guards here in the asylum were talking about a Coronal that had put the world on hold. One of them said, we were the plague, the virus was a cover. Let me tell you story. One day during TV time, we watched TV. An animal was sick in a group, a baby monkey. Instead of looking for a cure, the leader took it, snatched and killed it. The animal man said it was in order to prevent breakout. But Tayo, friend, he said that's what's happening in the world now. We have become virus. The next day on TV, plenty fire, plenty white and black people, angry people. They write in big black, RACISM. Are we running a race? A race to be killing ourselves? Itohan cried herself to sleep last night. They said her sister had died, that she was killed in God's house. Wasn't pastor around? What of police? Papa use to say they were good people. Why didn't they save the girl Ngo? Itohan doesn't talk to us again. Me and Tayo. Sad. We give her our biscuits, the one she loves, but she just sit still like those Ash stone men. Her uniform is stained. Dr. Mary came today. White room. She ask me how I felt, I told her I was sad. That I didn't like the way Itohan was. That I thought we was all going to die. She said there is lockdown, I ask her where the padlock was and she laughed. Silly AB! she said, as always. I miss you Ngo, pwease, don't let this

virus kill you. Pwease come after you remove the lock, with it's key . Rememba, everything tastes better, when we eat it together. LUV. Yours,Every-time, Abdul.
THE IMBECILE'S LETTER

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