

How President Buhari Turned me into a Nostradamus and Clairvoyant

By Mike Ozekhome.

Today, Nigeria is in a terrible quagmire; a deadly dilemma; a complete cul-de-sac. There is trouble; real trouble. In all aspects of life, Nigeria is sick. Very sick. Critically ill to say she is on an uneasy life-support machine is simply saying the obvious. Everywhere and everything are toxic. Even the air we breathe is toxic. It reeks of odious and smelly putrefaction from caked blood of innocent Nigerians split open by afternoon baking sun (apologies, Ayikwei Armah: "The beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born").

Our farmlands are death mines, laden with deadly booby-traps set up by rampaging Fulani herdsmen. They hug AK-47 riffles that spit fire on a daily basis against innocent farmers who have offered no provocation. The once-upon-a-time teeth-stained, kolanut-chewing, smiling and friendly herders moved harmlessly across the highways, footpaths and farm paths. We, as children growing up in the 60s and 70s, usually came out to sing with our near national anthem rendition, to herald them in. What has happened? I don't know. Or, do you? They have since turned into vicious, blood-sucking monsters that decimate our local population. Our song in those days was, "Malu koga, malu, koga, daba daba koga; ikpisa yeghe the akhia; edunu kpotha mho abo; ne the gbea kpu pku" (translated: "cows with hooves, cows with hooves; they are led by weak elderly men; men who carry sticks, with which they flog the cows kpu pku"). We would come out of our huts, hailing them, giving them water to conserve in their pitchers made of cow skin and tied to their shoulders. Those were the good beautiful old days. Not anymore.

Today, however, like in Wole Soyinka's metamorphosis of Brother Jero in "Jero's Metamorphosis" (1973), which followed "The trials of Brother Jero" (1963), these once innocent herders have metamorphosed into murderous and remorseless savages, killing, maiming, piling and raping farm owners and peaceful indigenous land owners right on their farms and in their homes, with gusto, éclat and a vainglorious sense of triumphalism.

In our homes and on the roads, Nigerians are no longer safe. In the markets, schools, workplaces, air, train, waterways and forests, death stares the average Nigerian on his wrinkled face. Nigeria has become a grisly killing ground. She has become the poverty capital of the world, snatching the diadem from India. There is searing agony, mass disenchantment and grave disillusionment. Hunger and abject penury live with us. Melancholy and gnashing of teeth overwhelm Nigerians. Hopelessness and haplessness sleep with us on the same wretched beds. Hot tears, sorrow, pains, pangs and blood remain gods and goddesses in whose pulpits Nigerians worship in their homes. Schools are hurriedly and prematurely shut down, not from fixed holidays; not from unanswered ASUU's 7 months' strike engineered by a clueless government; but to prevent students from being abducted and kidnapped by



rampaging armed bandits and kidnappers that operate as a state within a state. The government watches helplessly, wriggling its hands with shocking resignation to fate. Non-state actors now commonly challenge the sovereignty and suzerainty of Nigeria, planting their flags on Nigerian soils, collecting taxes, from, and giving citizens passes and identity cards. Armed bandits kidnap school children and instruct their parents to procure for them, large quantities of taro do, tatashe, tomatoes, maggi, onions, garri, beans, rice, palm oil, vegetable oil, salt and other condiments. They need the ingredients to feed their children and keep them alive for ransom to be paid for their release. This is glaring evidence of a failed state.

Fighting corruption, a mantra once hugged by this government, during political campaigns, has since graduated from a kindergarten school to a post graduate institution, strutting about unchallenged, like a proud peacock. Government appointees brazenly steal billions of dollars, with the EFCC and ICPC still busy pursuing ruling government's political opponents. They use the ugly and primitively stolen money to mop up scarce Dollars, leaving to the present horrific artificial shortage of dollars, a situation of one dollar exchanging for about N740. And still counting. Didn't this government meet the dollar at between M160 – N175 in 2015? Gosh! We are now No. 148 out of 180, and the second most corrupt Nation in West Africa. Courtesy, Transparency International's Anti-Corruption Perception Index). Inflation increases geometrically. Debts accumulate daily. We now borrow money to service debts, not payment of the real debt! Next generations have mountainous debts hanging on their necks. The present government has mortgaged our individual and collective future with reckless abandon.

Nigeria has never been so polarized and divided along primordial ethnic, religious and linguistic cleavages.

Nigerians from all works of life appear shell-shocked at a country they can no longer recognize within seven years of Buhari's disastrous government. Well, I am not one of them. I had seen this ugly situation coming. Like Nostradamus, the man who saw tomorrow; like the Oracle at Ile-Ife that gazes into the future and pronounces a future Ooni, I saw these perilous times coming. I had predicated all these in the very first 50 days of this government.

Buharists, Buharideens, his bootlickers, ego masseurs and obsequious fawning passengers in the corridors of power mocked me. They abused and bayed for my innocent and patriotic blood. But history and current happenings have now completely vindicated me. Oh, thou sweet history. Oh archivist google that never forgets.