

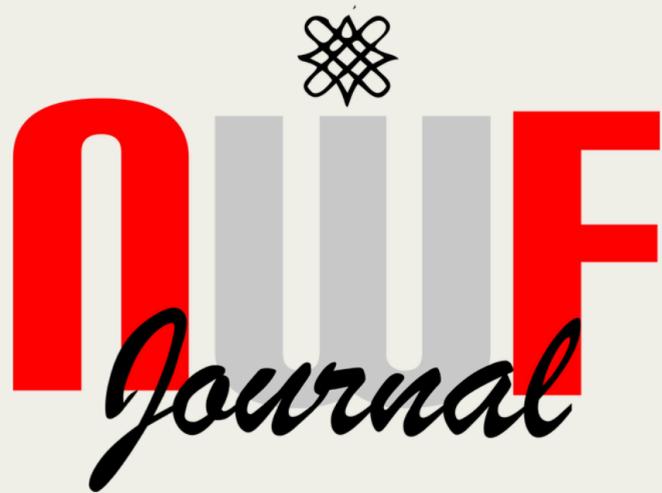
THE BOOK OF WILDERY, SPIRIT AND JAZZ

NORTHERN NARRATIVES INITIATIVE



NAFISA ISAH

CULTIVATING
CREATIVITY



NORTHERN NARRATIVES INITIATIVE

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DEDICATION

This book is for the one who now lives among the stars. In loving memory of my Auntie Zainab 'Abu' Hayi.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Nafisa Isah's "The Book of Wildery, Spirit and Jazz", is not just speculative fiction. It's a journey that readers need to savour slowly. This manuscript is one of a kind, taking you through realms of magic and time. It is a fictional land in itself, which uses the remarkable means of storytelling, to transport you from reality to a mythical realm. She blends creativity, imagination, and emotional depth in a way that captivates the reader from beginning to end, while still passing on the message of creating a more inclusive world.

Shining with clarity, coherence, and thematic strength, the dialogue flows naturally, allowing the central idea of identity and self-acceptance to resonate throughout. The writer employs imagery to create a vivid and memorable reading experience. Each part connects seamlessly, creating synergy in the narrative structure. This provides readers with a sense of wholeness and balance.

Nafisa's writing reflects a distinctive voice and stands as a beautiful contribution to contemporary African literature. It demonstrates not only her promise as a writer but also her potential to reach and inspire a wide audience. Her writing promises to not just create mythical realms on paper, but also to make reality a better place, through the strong message it possesses.

Mahmoodah Temitope Oyeleye
Award-winning Author Of Faded Blues

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THE SPIDER-SILK PAGES

It was a small book fair. Music played in the background, mingling with the voices of haggling buyers and ambitious sellers. Around her, people were searching for, selling, buying or reading books. Arya paused to regard the readers. She wondered how anyone could read with the noise. One of them, perhaps sensing her, looked up. Her eyes went over Arya's attire and Arya suddenly became aware of her appearance. Her curly hair, combed down to her shoulders, complemented her made-up face. She was dressed as a Yoruba Priestess. She wore red coral beads on her neck and wrists with a white iro and buba. She painted her lips black with charcoal and made a trail of dots with white chalk above her left eyebrow and below her right eye.

Arya winked and continued walking. She was going to murder Ayo, her friend, who told her about the book fair. The one that made it seem like it was a cultural circus, and she would miss the entire act if she didn't move fast or show up dressed in a costume. A small joke, but not a harmful one. In her haste, she had also forgotten her shoes. Her toes picked at grasses and tiny stones as she walked. She liked the feeling.

And as she acknowledged that feeling, she was aware of another. One that made her conscious of her environment and her senses. Something was calling her. It was more than her being a reader and being surrounded by books. It was more enchanting. She unconsciously scratched the three-leaf birthmark that was on her palm and as she scratched it, it became warmer, until it burned hot.

It had never been hot.

The desire to dip it in water overcame her. She scurried through the sea of people, towards the stack of books. Her hands sifted subconsciously through the masses of books for a release, or relief—anything. There was a sharp zing when she touched a particular book. The sensation went through her body causing goosebumps to rise. She felt intense heat and her urge for water amplified.

The book, as if sensing this desire, opened itself. The page had tiny circles that looked like raindrops. The circles danced. It was a curious thing that nothing was written, but Arya felt she could read it. She did not understand how. And she had no time to think of that, because rain instantly started falling on her. A downpour only for her.

“Off off off!” It stopped raining, and now, she was no longer hot but was dripping wet. Her hair was pressed down. Abruptly, the book flipped to another page. She didn't mean to read it. She had no idea that she was reading it. What she saw as brush strokes created a blast of wind that dried her and left her hair puffed and blown out. Her makeup had caked beyond control.

She immediately shut the book. She looked around. No one seemed to notice her. They were all oblivious, and they were neither wet, nor did they look blown out. She took the book with her to the check-out stand.

“Your Witch Costume is mad!” This was how the bookseller greeted her. Arya ignored the comment and showed him the book.

"You want the journal?" he asked

"Is this a Journal?" She asked in return.

"Ahan! You want other colours? We have pink, purple, and black?" The books the seller pointed at were actual journals and they looked nothing like the one Arya was holding. The seller said all of this while actively staring at Arya's hair. Arya had more pressing issues. How was she going to learn about the book if she was the only one seeing and experiencing these mysterious things?

"It is four-two."

Arya did not want to spend 4200 Naira. She didn't have it.

"Did I say four-two? Ta! I meant one-two."

Of course, she got the book. It wanted her and she wanted it in return. That night, when Arya returned to her room, she discovered that the book refused to be read with artificial lights. She found this out after the power went off. The back-up generator broke down, her phone's battery had died and her torchlight had mysteriously gone missing. All she had to illuminate the place was the finger-sized candlestick she had kept from her 19th birthday, which was a few days ago.

The book's cover felt, looked and smelled like a tree's bark. It was rough to the touch, with details that no human hand could conjure. When she opened it, the pages stretched and caught onto each other. They only completely detached when she had fully opened the book. The pages were silver and made up of tiny fragile strings that reflected the golden light from the candle. Arya's hand went over the soft surface, the three-leaf scar on her palm pulsed. The electric feeling travelled around her body, making her feel both light and grounded at the same time.

Arya pulled her hand back when she saw the pages come alive with writing. Words and symbols appeared as if woven by a spider. There just wasn't any spider she could visibly see.

“I am the seeker of tales, the weaver of tales, the one sown into tales. In a land farthest away and yet ever close. I will tell you the story of Asitna.”

“Asitna” Arya muttered the word. Thunder rumbled outside, causing her to jump. The flame from the candle danced around. When Arya looked into it, she thought she saw the image of a tree. But it happened so fast that she was soon assured that she had imagined it. Instead, the golden light from the flames brightened. Arya's heart pounded wildly. The webs danced around in a manner that hypnotised her. And suddenly, the world vanished into the golden light.

In this light, another world emerged. Arya felt odd in more than one way, as if she was flying, gliding, swimming, and being rooted, all at the same time. She was in a place surrounded by large green trees. She was on the ground, sitting where the sun did not reach. She was also in the thicket of leaves, then she was above it all, overlooking a sea of green trees. She blinked, and suddenly, it was nighttime. The moon was out but it didn't shine, while elements around her glowed in bioluminescence.

She was back on the ground, seated in a cross-legged position, looking at a giant arachnid perched on a cobweb. Arya was scared, not because of the spider, but because of the knowledge that she wasn't afraid. She felt warm, starting from her palm, travelling to her heart. Arya was once again engulfed in the golden light. The light blinded her for a moment. When it died down and she opened her eyes, she was back in her room, perched over the book, her eyes on the word “Asitna.”

Something told Arya that she had just seen a glimpse of a new world. A place that couldn't be situated anywhere on earth. The writings on the spider-silk pages changed.

“Curious one, I have tales from the wildery, I have tales of the spirit, I have tales of the magic you call ‘Jazz’. Embark on this journey and you will never again be the same”.

Arya looked at the three-leaf scar on her palm. She was hunched over a book with spider-silk pages. She remembered her encounter at the fair. She was already changed, she just needed to go further. What stopped her progress was that the candle burnt out, plunging Arya into darkness once again with her curiosity flared up.

NAFOREI: TREES OF LAND

In the world of Asitna lies the kingdom of Naforei, a name derived from children's banter that translates to 'Trees of Land'. Naforei has more water than trees, though. It's an enchanting place wherein the citizens move by canoes. Here, water beings made from water, and water beings that dwell in water commute together. The water beings could be counted, though, with their sparse population.

This land isn't entirely filled with water. It just has a waterway that flows through the city, allowing the water beings to move easily, and its citizens to liaise for trade. Men and women in their canoes and rafts selling all kinds of items; black stone coils for fire, glass and wooden accessories for singles that could help you find your love match and couples to declare their found love, outfits for every occasion, leaf creatures to help with household work, and fire seeds to feed the leaf creatures. All these in exchange for glass cowries—their currency.

Overlooking the kingdom, carved from the tallest mountain, stands the royal palace. A fortress that speaks of might unmatched. Its architectural details were moulded with utmost precision in a show of elegance. The palace base was made in such a way that a river flows through it in a labyrinth of beautiful patterns, before depositing into a waterfall behind the mountain. It is said that the cloud made from the waterfall makes those with bad intentions who come near it vanish forever. King Nixade had a flair for architecture and art. Something he inherited from his father, Mawunavi, and a passion he passed down to the villagers who were ever willing to please him.

King Nixade loved to watch the morning sun through the wide balcony of his reception hall. He observed it as it painted the clouds, announcing its arrival, watching as its hues changed from pink, to scarlet and finally orange. And when the sun was finally up, he would sigh in satisfaction.

This morning, after a satisfactory sigh, he turned to address his guests. The four Heads of Houses were dressed in simple attire paired with expensive Gildas that spoke of their title. The King's mind went to the witches of the West, whose Gildas were called sashes and belts. Although in the West, women wore sashes while men wore belts. Here, it was reversed. The Gildas were all hand-woven into intricate, colourful patterns. The women wore them on their waist while the men wore them diagonally across their upper bodies.

There were five persons seated before the King, the Queen had made her grand entrance. She was dressed in a white spider-silk gown that trailed behind her. Her Gilda was woven with glass cowries that sparkled, accentuating her slim waist. She wore a Gele, a traditional headgear, which reflected the light. As if that wasn't enough to blind the eye, it also had glass cowries sewn into it. Behind the Queen, stood her handmaidens.

“Be well, Our King Nixade, Be well, Our Queen Laili,” The Heads greeted in unison. The King and Queen acknowledged them.

“Let's begin.” The King said, sitting on his wooden stool that rested on an elevated surface. The Queen sat opposite him, in between the Heads.

“Destiny beckons us, and I want to accept this invitation. But my wife doesn't agree with me”. He sighs.

“Today she sits across from me to show her stance. You are wise and you are learned, and it would only make sense to present this to you”. He gestured towards the Heads, as he spoke.

“Di Nosa has, for many moons, studied the stars. As Head of the scholars and astronomers, it is not unusual for her to be aware of the meaning of the slightest shift in the world above. I wouldn't trouble her by requesting that she repeat what she told me.” He shook his head slightly. “What's of interest is that the Universe would be opening its door for us.”

The King paused to let the information sink in. Everyone except the Queen and Di Nosa kept an inquisitive look. Both of them looked on indifferently. “The Stars would align, and soon, we would be able to travel through realms.”

“Travel through realms?” The Head of the House that specialized in medicine asked.

“Yes, Di Erba” The king responded. “What that means is that we get to explore the world beyond this one.”

“You make it sound simple, Your Majesty.” Queen Laili countered.

“I would be lying to you if I said it would be simple. If it were so, we would have transmigrated many years ago.”

“So why now?”

“How many times have you heard of the Earth Year Solstice, Di Erba?” Di Nosa asked. Di Erba remained quiet.

“Exactly, it is a rare phenomenon. Very rare that it has happened just once before, with the appearance of the Black Moon. It is when the Black Moon aligns with the major stars in the sky, to form a nine-point constellation.” Di Nosa went ahead to draw in the air. A semicircle joined at the base by a rectangle. “During this period, a portal would open that would allow us to pass through realms.”

“It is an interesting matter. Travelling across realms, it is an interesting matter.” The Head of the warrior house spoke for the first time.

“You Warriors!” The Queen's voice was measured. “First sign of danger and you jump right into it. Do you not worry about what would come in if this door is to be opened?” She stared disappointedly at the Head while she spoke. “Why does it matter for us to travel across realms? The kingdom is strong and it's thriving. What happens beyond it shouldn't be our concern.” She concluded her speech without raising her voice, reining in all of her anger.

“You forget, My Queen, that this Kingdom is strong and unmatched because we dared to do the impossible. You can testify to the perilous journey we faced just to get Ire, goodness from the Eternal Flame.” The King said.

“You forget, My King, that then there was nothing to lose. There wasn't a kingdom to protect.” She retorted.

“And what protection are we rendering if we remain in the dark? What kind of leaders would we be, if we'd only dance and celebrate the alignment of the stars, while letting its true significance pass us by?” The king clucked his tongue with interest. He was visibly enjoying the banter.

“We are leaders who put their people first. What else do we need?” The Queen replied calmly, maintaining her cool nonetheless.

“That's what I want to find out.” The King said calmly. He looked at his guests. “You are not here to give me a yes or no answer. What I want is for you to imagine that we are going for a Yes. What conversations should we be having now?”

“If I may, My King, I'd say we do not have enough time until the next Black Moon period.” The King nodded.

“Who would be going then?” Di Erba asked.

“I know the best warriors. Fine warriors.

“Everyone would be given a chance. Not just fine warriors, Ka Zoria. We need fine individuals with the desired characteristics. Adaptability, curiosity, survival skills and most importantly, level-headedness.” Di Nosa said.

“How would they be going?”

“Through a portal, just like a door.”

“Yes, but how would it be accessed? The portal, or door, wouldn't just appear in a random place, would it?”

“I've studied that, Ka Imnet.” Di Nosa acknowledged the Head of the Agricultural house. “The door would open where the stars match the element. Can you think of a place that has that description?”

“The heart of the sea.” Ka Imnet and Ka Zoria said in unison.

“Exactly!”

“We've been speaking of going. How about returning?” The Queen said. Heads darted between Di Nosa and King Nixade.

“We cannot control the alignment, but we would learn to manipulate the portal.”

“What if we aren't able to manipulate it? Would the delegates, our people, be lost forever?”

“That's why warriors are the best for this situation. They would lay their lives for a royal cause.”

“What ca-”

Suddenly, sand gathered in the centre of the group, growing and growing until it formed a termite mound. Drumbeats that sounded like thunder reverberated around the room, accompanied by a rattling sound and a lion's roar. What broke out of the mound was a being covered in raffia and beads, taller than a tree. Its large head was covered in palm fronds that formed a mane like that of a lion. In the same vein, its wooden eyes resembled those of a lion. The masquerade had one human hand and a longer fur-covered one that ended in a paw, with sharp claws. The human hand was set in a pointing position.

The Queen and the Heads shifted back out of respect and fear. Their legs trembled in submission. The masquerade danced to its ominous beats. It stopped abruptly and pointed at the maid who tended to the Queen. Thunder rumbled, followed by a roar. King Nixade understood the masquerade's language.

“The one who would decide on this matter is she.” The King said. His eyes followed the masquerade's pointed fingers and settled on the maid. The Masquerade disappeared the same way it had appeared, jumping back into the mound of dust. All eyes fell on the maiden. It felt like they were seeing her for the first time. A small figure with beady eyes with her Tati—*the three-leaf mark*—imprinted boldly on her forehead.

“You've heard us speak, what do you say?”

ARYA: THE TRUE FLAME

The lecturer spent an extra 15 minutes. It was an extra 15 minutes that seemed to just add to Arya's confusion. She didn't even bother keeping up. In her mind, she kept on chanting, "I will read about it. I will read about it." Conveniently, in the middle of the lectures, her mind went to the Book of Wildery, Spirit and Jazz. As she thought of it, her heart stiffened.

When the lecturer left, the class dispersed like flies. She was the last to go out. She followed the road where the sun was setting, though the path opposite, would have led her to the school gate. She realised that the university could stress her beyond what was possible, yet she still loved the environment. Most of all, she loved the trees. She loved their energy. She needed their energy.

She came upon a small forest, with trees that all looked the same and were planted in an order that didn't look like a forest. She removed her shoes, holding them in her hands as she entered. She delighted in the feeling of the wet soil on her feet. As she walked, she let her fingers trail over the rough tree barks. She heard it before she saw it; a narrow stream that had risen because of the rain. She didn't go close to it, but she didn't stray far from it either.

She dropped her bag and shoes, then plopped her feet into the wet, muddy ground. She brought out the book with the spider-silk pages. Her Tati warmed up, and her heart raced. She could hear it beating through her inner ears. Her stomach twisted as she opened the book. The words had not changed,

"Tell me your story, Arya."

Arya took a deep breath to still her racing heart. “The name I was given in the orphanage was Maryam. They did not know who my parents were or where I came from. I was never told directly but I learnt I was found by hunters in a forest. The hunters gave me to the travellers and the travellers took me to the orphanage. I spent my first five years there before Godiya Gajé adopted me. She changed my name to Arya.

I still remember what I thought of when I saw her. A tree with old, wrinkled skin. She smelled of plants and made me feel grounded. She was popular. She is still popular in Zaria. The kind of woman people feared and adored at the same time. She had no children, but she had a garden which she pampered as if it were her child. She was a herbalist who also specialised in the art of making turaren wuta. It means incense; scented perfume that increased the beauty of the face, that kept away evil spirits, that fuelled romantic love, and improved fertility. She made them all and she taught me too.” Arya sucked in a breath. Suddenly, she found it hard to breathe.

“If I could go back in time. I wouldn't be such a brat. She recognised that I was different, and embraced me still. But I...” Her voice broke.

“I wanted to be normal. I wanted to fit in, but I couldn't. I hated myself for not being able to fit in. I hated her for being her. I hated my life. I was just so angry.” She held her chest as the tears fell. “Then, she died. It didn't matter that she left everything to me. It is the fact that she is gone. Just like that!” Her eyes appeared forlorn.

“Something no herb mixture, no scented perfume can bring back. And I see her everywhere but I cannot reach her. I feel her everywhere. Maybe if this were Asitna she would have turned into a tree. And I am so ashamed of that anger, and that hatred I used to feel.”

Arya's eyes were blinded by tears. She didn't notice that the words on the spider-silk pages changed.

“The last story is about moving forward.”

A sharp pain went through her palm, and moved through her heart, towards her brain. It forced her eyes closed. And as she did so, she felt the environment shift around her. The rustle of leaves was replaced by echoes. The cold air turned warm, and then she opened her eyes. Staring back at her through an obscure mirror was a petite woman with beady eyes, and caramel skin that reflected the golden flames of the torches hanging from the wall. The most pronounced feature was the three-leaf mark that was set on her forehead—the Tati.

She touched the mark on her forehead and the reflection copied. Her mind went back to the masquerade; the figure was as tall as a tree, with palm fronds that looked like a lion's mane. What got to Arya was the fact that she could see it clearly, like a memory.

The King's words echoed in her mind. She could see his golden eyes. The Heads of the houses and the Queen were no longer characters, but actual people.

“The one who would decide on this topic. You've heard us speak, what do you say?”

And she knew what she was doing in the base of the palace. Yes! She had come to the base of the palace to see the stories of the past. She paused, taking a sharp breath, trying to savour the whole picture. Carved into the marble walls were stories. The first story she saw began with trees. Followed by the sun and a smaller sun—a drop of it, the Eternal Flame that changed the world of Asitna.

Arya was amazed by how the stories branched out. And she knew these stories like she had been told about them a million times, under the moonlight or before she slept. She recognised the story of the Etnafian tribe with golden blood who lived in the jungle, forced to travel to the Lion Kingdom. The Lion Kingdom where King Nixade is from. The Lion Kingdom that began because a woman was determined to give birth to her son. Her eyes settled on Naforei's history.

“After we got the Eternal Flame, 500 black moons ago.” Arya turned to the strange yet familiar voice. The woman wore a gele that reflected the light effortlessly. She had big eyes and beautiful features. “Nixade wanted a new world. One that wasn't Etnafian or Lion. A new order. Those who came to the kingdom were marked with the three-leaf symbol. A representation of the Eternal Flame. Now, the people here are called Flames. Later generations didn't have to be marked, they were born with it. What do you think of that, Arya?” Queen Laili asked.

“You...you know me? Like me?” Arya blinked many times through the maid's eyes.

“Of course! Do you believe it's a pure coincidence that Nida found you?” Queen Laili tilted her head, causing the light in the room to shift. Arya's eyes caught a small spider hanging on a web, precariously close to the Queen's ear. She wanted to swat it away but something told her not to.

“The book?” She asked.

“She appeared in your world as a book. She is a spider beast, gifted to me by the Spider queen-” In a graceful motion, Queen Laili swiped a finger through the web and held the dangling spider up in front of Arya. “Spiders are the best storytellers, with webs that can pass through realms.”

“Oh!” That was all Arya said.

“What are you thinking of?” The Queen placed her other hand underneath the spider. When it landed on her palm, she pecked it.

“Everything and nothing.” She looked at the wall of stories again, specifically at the reflection of her as the maid.

“But you believe?” The Queen asked the question as if she did not mean it to be a question.

“I’d be crazy not to and I’d be crazy if I did.” Arya moved her eyes from the tati on the maid's forehead to her empty palm. She pursed her lips as she thought.

The Queen raised an eyebrow. She was amused.

“Why am I here? Why did I find the book? From what I know, because of the decision to travel across realms, there are individuals with three-leaf marks that exist on Earth, apart from me.”

The Queen looked at the wall, specifically the story of Etnaf. “In the jungle, all the identification we needed was blood.” She turned her ear to display a golden stud earring. “Forged from our blood. My father was the Keeper and when he was killed by Ramangas, I became Keeper. My role was to protect the culture. The decision to travel has not yet been made. You are a reality if it does.” Her words struck a chord in Arya's heart.

Tell me, Arya, are you happy in your world? Not knowing where you come from, who you truly are, who identifies with you?” Her eyes reflected the golden light from the flames giving her an intense look.

“Imagine others growing up the way you did. Worse! If they have no one like Godiya Gajé to take them in. No one should grow up like that and this power lies in your hands.”

“My hands?”

“Your hands.”

“If I decide to say no to the quest, I wouldn't be born.”

“You wouldn't be born on Earth. Your soul and your true body would be here. You will never feel like a stranger. You will get to learn herbology under Di Erba. You can talk to trees and no one would call you mad. Actually, here you would be called mad for not talking to trees. You do not have to be alone. If it is about the King, he is bound by the decision of Ese-mmari and she chose you.” Arya's heart began to beat wildly.

The Queen stretched her slim lips into a smile. “You and I both know there's more to this world than Earth can provide. Think about that.”

Queen Laili turned around and walked away. Her gown swished as she did. Arya saw the outline of her three-leaf birthmark on her palm. She could not argue. Rather, she did not want to argue. The Queen was right.

~

It was just like what she had read. The King sat on a wooden stool, on a raised platform. Queen Laili sat opposite him between the Heads. She could identify with all of them. Di Erba is in charge of the house of herbs and medicine, Ka Zoria, who trained the warriors, Ka Imnet, who tended to Agriculture and Di Nosa, the eldest, who studied the stars. And as Arya looked at them, she knew there was a position missing. A title that should be revered, but wasn't existent.

“Be well, my King, my Queen. The Great Houses. I say, when the door of the universe opens, let us go through it.”

Arya heard the rumble of thunder. She watched the King's eyes brighten and the Queen's eyes widen. For a moment, there was stunned silence. And in the midst of that silence, Arya was pulled back to her world. And she could go back to her world because of this decision.

She was back in the forest. The place was dark, casting shadows that seemed to whisper as the wind passed. She heard the stream and felt the slightest touch of a raindrop. She could smell the rain approaching. Arya moved to gather her belongings. She found her phone first, then tapped her way to locate her things. She didn't want to bring attention to herself by turning on her flashlight. Eventually, she had to turn it on, because she couldn't find the book with the spider-silk pages. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she knew she would not find it but she kept on looking. The increasing rain stopped her search.

When she reached home, she was soaked wet. The rain pounded on her roof and she was shivering. There wasn't light, and her phone had died. She was stripping off her wet clothes when a candlestick suddenly ignited. The flame was brilliant and bright. She bent to watch it move. In the golden flame, she saw King Nixade.

“Why did you agree to it, Arya?”

“Your kingdom is made of magic but those with magic are treated as outcasts. You call them the ‘No-names’ when they very much deserve a title. You know the Queen's maid has magic, and she wants to prove herself. She believes that if she proves herself that way, the ones with magic wouldn't be treated as outcasts. Is that possible?”

“What power does she have?”

“She can speak to insects.”

“Very well. Very well indeed. Arya.” He smiled. “You are a true flame.” The candlelight kept dancing, but it had lost its brilliance. The King was no longer there and she had lied to him.

The memory of the maid came to her. She stood before the council, being invisible. The masquerade bursts out of the mound. The warmth she felt as she urged it to point at her. She couldn't speak to insects. It was masquerades she could speak to. And for once, her power had served a purpose. For Arya, despite the escape and allure Asitna provided, it wasn't the answer. Asitna was in her and the thought that there were others like her gave her a new outlook,

Perhaps they are clueless. Perhaps they haven't heard the story of Asitna. Perhaps, they need me!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



NAFISA ISAH

Nafisa Isah, originally from Kogi State, has spent the majority of her life in Northern Nigeria, where she discovered her passion for writing during the lockdown period. At that time, she had already gained admission to study Economics at Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria. Her initial literary endeavor was a fantasy novel on Wattpad. Although her desire to write persisted, it was not until she won a short story contest hosted by the book club Paper Thoughts that she truly felt comfortable identifying herself as a writer. Through this club, she has explored various writing styles, including ghostwriting, scriptwriting, and flash fiction. Nafisa enjoys reading, with Sidney Sheldon being her favorite author, and also has a love for art and nature, creating jewelry and designing henna. Her stories often center around fantasies and magical realism, influenced by her preference for being a homebody, which led her to create worlds that suited her.

NORTHERN NARRATIVES INITIATIVE

