

A Peek into The Horizon

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A Peek into The Horizon

A COLLECTION OF POEMS AND
SHORT STORIES

COMPILED BY
TOBI OYEDELE

A Peek into the Horizon

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A Peek into the Horizon

by A Peek into the Horizon

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DEDICATION

To all those who love the art of expression and are not afraid to use it.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Our immense gratitude goes to all our contributing poets and writers who granted us permission to publish their works.

A Peek into the Horizon

*With a stare into the golden threads,
it is for the future I hold dear,
Many they are that hold much dread
But the future promised by 'ma mere' I see is near
here,*

*Golden glazed and buttered skies, silvered darts
fleeting far and near
Swiftly on a ride, I sail t'ward droppin my innate
fear
Of the unknown, but I know ti's clear,
That it is for a peek I seek into the horizon.*

-Tobi

Preface

A Peek into the Horizon is a collection of poems and short stories from selected authors and poets. Its central theme of choices makes it an ever-present issue that we all; old and young, must face. Having the capacity to choose based on perception and mindset presents its implications on the individual and collective destinies of all.

This book is poised to introduce you to the worlds and perceptions of different poets and authors and invites you to engage in mindful deliberations on choices.

Happy reading!

Forward

The author of “A Peek into the Horizon” is a down-to-earth go-getter that loves to help people.

Tobi has helped me appreciate poetry and its beauty. Poetry is the art of how we express our emotions. Poetry is all around us if we are able to just sit still and look around without uttering a word. Many of these poems in this book touch straight into the soul. They are soul-searching poems and very realistic. One of my favourite poems is “Home Zone”. It talks about some deep feelings of loneliness and how to get back out there without compromising one's self. It also talks about wanting to do something for oneself without hurting those that matter to the author. We all find ourselves in similar situations where we are at crossroads and don't know which way to turn without hurting our loved ones; that's why I like this poem the most.

Another poem that I really like is called “The world will be good”, and it talks about all the

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horrible things happening in the world today it seems as if the world can't catch a break from so many gruesome stories, but the author reminds us that one day the world will be good again.

She has many years of experience as a teacher and has gained tremendous knowledge in the art of poetry writing. I am glad I was chosen to write the forward for this book by the author. It's an honour to be able to be chosen. I have read all the poems and stories in this book and I encourage everyone to do so. The poems are pure and real and those who read them would find great knowledge. I am an avid reader myself and favour reading books as they enhance your knowledge and vocabulary. I was an excellent student in Literature back in College and that helped me to develop my love for reading. A peek into the Horizon is a great poetry book for all ages.

-Lucy Fadeyi

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My choice, My decision

It's my way, my decision,
No other say, it's my decision,
When struggles arise and throw their darts,
At poor ol' me, with eyes that smart,
I hold sway to keep shoulders t'ward the mission.

It's my say, my decision,
No other way, It's my decision,
When friends, nay family rise to lead me on paths
unknown,
Oh, poor ol' me, it's my decision not to get blown,
From doin' the right and keep shoulders t'ward the
mission.

Now, it's my way, my decision,
Shoulders high, locked on the mission,
Looking back on hurdles scaled and troubles
scathed,
Ah dear ol' me it's my decision to chart the path,
to test ace and feet cradle in the sands of time.

-Teejay

The Peek into the Horizon

A stare into the golden horizon, it is for the future
I hold dear,
The future promised by 'ma mere' I see is here,
Golden glazed skies, silvered darts fleeting far
and near
Swiftly on a ride I sail t'ward droppin my innate
fear
of the unknown, for it is a peek I seek into the
horizon.

Every picture tells a story
Be it floral or be it gory
The canvas in sunset set
Depicts of life with all its glory
A better tomorrow it is I bet
Of the unknown, for it is a peek I seek into the
horizon

-Tobi Oyedele

At Every Crossroad

Listen she implores, Take my ears if you must,
So you can hear them;
Warriors on a mission to split the air.
Steel against steel

A battle fought not on wide grasslands and valley
plains
But inside her
A feud as old as time itself
Yes, two massive entities caught in a blazing
inferno
To decide sovereignty

In the midst of this, she has been summoned
And adjured to pledge allegiance to a camp only
A choice they say,
Good versus evil.

In her hands lie the key to final judgment
Will she be fooled by the darkness or revel in the
Seeming security, join forces with fetid minds
Or will she wear light and let it cling to her skin?
Oozing purity from her pores?

It's up to her as it is for every man Jack.

-Nympha Francis Edim

Choices

It's my choice to wake up,
Face life and stand up,
While positively growing up.

I keep hearing my peers' voices,
Inviting me to align with their choices,
But I choose to ignore the noises.

My dreams drive me forward,
Even though I get pulled backward,
I have vowed never to go downward.

Every step gives me a mile,
My positive choices are building a pile,
At last, I will celebrate with a smile.

-Kimberly Boomni Ugo Major

Whispers

Whispers all around
Whispers here and there
Emotions all around
Emotions here and there

Where can I be?
Little wishes about to fly
Doors open, doors close
But whispers still I hear

Bold bewildered and bright
Can I have it all?
Just a piece of my little thought
Brings the world alive

Whispers of hope
Whispers of happiness
Whispers of Heaven
Whispers to bring back reality

Whispers to say” it's all going to just fine be “
-Tope Aloba

Forgiveness

I did not know age would play tricks on me this way
Stooping down with anger welling up its no play,
Knowing not what to do
I see it now in your eyes,
the anger, sorrow, and Pain beyond
No, it was not planned by anyone

I hope I have not your day spoilt,
Not giving listening ears to the one I ought
Have mercy, the choice I ask of you, I beg
Knowing not what to do,
Please judge me not for I am apart torn
No, it was not planned by anyone

It is your choice to forgive I crave
Never again will I forget to be brave
To choose to say I'm sorry and your mercy pave
Now I know what to do
I'm glad you chose not to judge
And chose to believe that it was not planned by
anyone.

- Laurel Macaulay

Choices

My choices determine my growth,
My choices reveal my health,
My choices build my wealth.

Life will always deliver what we choose,
It's not about the golden egg laid by the goose,
So let's not get loose.

I thank my parents for the boundaries,
They kept me within safe territories,
Today I see the fulfillment of the dreams in my
diaries.

-Kenodi Daniel Major

The World Will Be Good

I see her now with eyes as red as flames,
Welding that blade, the blade I blame
Which severed and cut me from
my dark bliss but a few weeks gone.
I wonder if this world will indeed be good

Clinging to maami but powerless in grip
I am yanked and thrust in the laps held by hips
Those eyes, red as moist soil in the rain
Fixed on my face like daggers ready to grain
Will this world even be good?

Blamed blade moves closer towards target yet
Ah me! The pain as of one drawn by a magnet
A look to maami a-pained, a-sorrowed like a
pawn
But the deed must needs be done
I no longer am sure if this world will be good.

One, two, lines top down
on each no longer smooth cheek
I cannot but sob my utter distress
A cry, the pain would inwardly stress
This world, I ask, will it be good?

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Days gone by, wounds all healed
Maami still holds and cares, her love, a shield
The ways she treads but the joy she spreads
Alas! I see, the radiance of world with brood and
mood
For indeed, I am sure, the world will be good
-Tobi Oyedele

The Story Of Me

When there is love
We will fly higher than the dove.
When there is hate
We will end with a bad fate.

If we work together
The result will be better.
If we showcase our skills
We can pay the bills.

From 1st January to 31st December
I have so many things to remember.
The days of uncertainty
Tamed by the choices with certainty.

Sometimes I ponder
Over life's wonder.
Confronted by the daily loads
Careful to choose the right roads.

My story is far from over
There are more pages to cover.
Am heading towards my destination
So I can unveil my manifestation.

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The story of me
Is influenced by the choices in me.
Am heading to my superlative best
So I can have a memorable rest.

-Gift Major

We are all the World but One

Fever to fatigue,
I cannot believe.
A severe acute syndrome,
From which there's no relief.
Research has been done
tests all done,
but there, no cure it seems.
This syndrome beams, Alas!
In all our struggles, we are all the world but one.

A million cases, so many places,
a tiny droplet is all it takes.
Finding no joy in those who cough,
in random places with septic shock.
The moving's stopped but the virus still travels,
this has shown us what's next to unravel.
Highly contagious subtly spontaneous
We'll stop it while we can, for this is all us
For in all, we are all the world but one.

For those who think this is a curse,
I assure you you're half a percent wrong.
It's all a blessing to each and every one,
Staying home with friends, families and so much
more,

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Playing games with family could be so much fun.
classes online with so much decline,
But with discipline, we accept its recline.
With love and care, they push us all.
Yes, surely, we are all the world but one

They finally care about us and our future at large,
I'm not criticizing, but you know what I charge.
Businesses are all closed but our families we've
with us.

All may not be strong; we still need God with us.
To fight this disease till it is deceased,
we hit it with all we got.
Wash hands with soap and water a lot,
Sanitize our hands like a sanctuary.
For we are all the world but one.

Six feet apart, is the distance we need,
to avoid being under six feet indeed.
Some disobey with sweet a'greed,
to slap a friend a high five grid.
It is a high danger as much as a risk,
to go touching everything howbeit brisk.
I pray for this too shall pass by and by,
until then, say I, goodbye,
Indeed, we are all the world but remain one.

-David Oyedele

Home Zone

Keeping all silent
'Cos words; the right words
No more there are
I, something feel

Not up to standard?
I want to be happy
I try to be happy
Occasionally, I'm reminded

“You just haven't met the standard
Where am I to start from?”

Like a fish, I feel on land
I really want to go back to the waters
And feel just really fine
Being at my best!
In the path, I know best!
“Here I come”!
Clean, clear, crystal waters!

-T.A

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Short Stories

The Night's Struggle

The hooting of the night owl was loud and fearful. The full moon glowed as bright as day in the stillness of the very long night. Adisa tossed and turned not knowing what to do with his treacherous thoughts that had chosen this time to become more vivid than ever. He considered getting up and walking around but this would only compound his issues. Sleep had eluded him and an attempt to become active at such an ungodly hour would rob him of all his strength throughout the day.

As the fourth child of a powerful healer, Adisa seemed to have it all; the knowledge his father was willing to pass on to him, a good education by the standards of the village, and good looks. His elder brother, Akanji had chosen to become a hunter in the village while his two elder sisters, Amope and Arike had been given in marriage to vibrant young men from the neighbouring village “Saaki”. Civilization had found its way into their village, “Ilawo”, and everyone was now educated in some little way.

Despite being a hunter, Akanji worked at the Local Government Secretariat as a clerk.

What he did there was a mystery to Adisa as his elder brother could hardly put two simple sentences together without blunders. He had, however, managed to hang in there and had done so for more than five years successfully. He would carry out his duties at the Local Government in the mornings and then scurry into the thick bush at night to check on his traps. He often brought home prized venison which he sold at the secretariat to his big-bellied bosses. Akanji seemed to be content with his lifestyle and did not in the least appear to want more. He was a king in his own light.

Amope and Arike seemed to do better for themselves. Adisa often wondered how they had managed to change so quickly and appear so refined. Amope had long beautiful hair now, walked on heels, and insisted on being called Mandy while Arike looked like one of those ladies on the television and had also changed her name. She struggled with being called Amy and never seemed to remember that she had changed her name. She often neglected to respond when called by that foreign name.

Ah! His two lovely sisters who had shared their meals with him when they were younger, had pampered and doted on him and he had loved it. They had promised to return for him when things got better for them and he had waited patiently. It was a little over two years now that

they both had left and they had not yet revisited their promise to him. The last time Mandy came home, she barely said a word to him. She seemed to be lost in a world of her own and her visit to Baba (their father) was brief. Adisa believed that it was because she needed a child or was sick with some illness. After all, Baba was a great healer and had never failed to help those who came to him. She had looked at him with a lost look. Her small eyes seemed darker than usual and were filled with sorrow. He felt and could almost touch the pain that emanated from her soul. He remembered reaching out to touch her hand but she moved away quickly and was gone.

Jolted by his reality, Adisa peered into the dark. He could see nothing except the images he had carefully conjured in his mind. Sleep had gone from him and had purposed not return. In a few weeks, he would be initiated into the council of healers. He smiled to himself. He would learn as an apprentice under the watchful eyes of the great one (his father) and in no time, if he was a good learner, he would be able to practice and just be like Baba.

Baba had always been proud of him. '...you are apt and very ready to learn my son' he would often say.

Ronke, his best friend's sister was also very proud of him. She had always seemed to be proud of him since they got talking two years before.

She had become his friend and confidant after his sisters got married. His best friend, Tunde had ensured that he and Ronke became friends so that he wouldn't miss his sisters too much. Before her and her brother, he could do no wrong. The kind of confidence both Tunde and Ronke had in him spurred him even harder to become successful. They were his siblings from another family. Adisa smiled again and almost suddenly, the smile vanished.

The expectations of his family and community did not align with his goals and aspirations. He knew there was more to be had but he didn't know how to reach it. He knew in his heart that he did not just want to be a healer just like Baba. He wanted to be more...to heal people differently. It was all he knew how to do but he did not feel it was all he could do.

He had recently completed his secondary school education at the Community Secondary School and had succeeded in crediting his core subjects. Somewhere in his head, he had told himself he would be a medical doctor; after all, was the western medical doctor also not a healer? He squinted in the dark. With little or no resources to become a western doctor and the village being a small community, there was almost no means of making extra money without raising eyebrows. He lay awake, his mind fleeting restlessly through the darkness seeking a

resting place. If only he could find his way out if only he could secure a placement at the University in faraway Ibadan. If only he could break free and become a better person, for himself, and for his family.

Ronke and Tunde's Parents were more educated than most others in the village and so they would appreciate the strength of his dream, they probably could help if he asked...

No!!!..., he was a proud lad and would definitely not subject himself to any form of ridicule by anyone. No one would have the sole glory of making him, No one! He could feel the beady droplets of sweat on his forehead and mechanically wiped them off. He closed his eyes and wished all his thoughts away; they wouldn't go. Indeed, if wishes were horses, beggars might truly ride. He conjured an image of himself in a doctor's coat. He would wear glasses someday; they would make him look more serious and even smarter just like Tunde's father. The image was soothing, it brought calmness to him, he could see himself calling in the next patient and saying ... 'come in, take a seat. He smiled widely this time and gradually drifted into a restful oblivion. Finally, the rascal had returned.

It did not take long for Adisa to arrive at the threshold of what he assumed to be the dream world. It was clear as day and the sky was so blue, he felt he could literally scoop it into a calabash

and paint his muddied room walls with it. The clouds appeared to be as soft as cotton wool; the grass below his feet was lush and wet with dew. The wet feel caused him to notice his feet; he did not have any footwear on but he didn't mind. The scenery was so welcoming and beautiful. He looked around him and for the first time realized that he was alone and all the beauty he so gratefully enjoyed was at a dead end. Before him, was a huge mountain, about the size of a thousand giraffes stacked one over the other. The base of this hideous mountain was humongous. He could not even see the end of it. Tension rose within his bowels and his heart began to pump carelessly. He thought that if this entire ambiance existed at the foot of this mountain, he would surely find greater joy at the pinnacle. He scrambled from where he was toward the base of the edifice but couldn't seem to reach it...

Almost like clockwork, Adisa jolted out of his dream with a muffled scream. He looked around. The sun had started on its trail toward the sky and his father's prized cockerel was busy crowing and pacing around the large compound appearing to mark and dominate its territory. Adisa stood from his mat and made his way to the 'shalanga'. He was lucky that no one was about except his mother. He often wondered how many hours of sleep she got daily. She was already preparing the morning brew for Baba and had

even got her tools ready for the farm. She would walk all way to the farm, clear the weeds and tend the crops. It wasn't harvesting time yet and so she would just ensure that the crops were well taken care of and would return home before the sun was at the centre of his head. His own day would be very busy indeed. He would go with Baba to identify herbs. He would need to drink the brew with Baba so that his inner ears would be more attentive to the voices and spirits of the herbs and he would be able to connect with them quickly.

Adisa rushed through his chores and sat with Baba in front of the healing hut drinking the hot brew. It was to be done in silence and he had to wait patiently to be told what to do next. As he sipped from the deeply browned calabash, Adisa could not help but wonder if becoming a village healer would make him happy. He knew within his heart that he wanted more but was unable to go beyond the now.

The expectations from his clan, his father, and his friends were high. It was expected that he would step into Baba's ill-fitting shoes and become the next great healer- it would make his mother proud but he felt like he had weights placed on his shoulders. He wanted to be himself, to make his own decisions, to go to the University and become a real western doctor. His sister Amope had once told him that his dreams were far too large for reality and were better left in the

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dream world. Adisa had been to the dream world and had realized that anything was possible there.

“Je ka lo” Baba said in his deep low voice. It was time to leave.

-Culled from 'Agbanleke’
Written by Tobi Oyedele.

Free And Wild, But ...

Lexis is the last child of four children of Mr. & Mrs. Swagger and the only male. As such, his parents were very protective of him. They neither scolded nor corrected him whenever he did wrong. Rather than discipline their beloved son whenever he misbehaved, they bought him gifts. Lexis was free to do whatever he wanted. There were no areas on his path.

Lexis' parents' parenting style influenced him so much that he became notorious and was in the habit of breaking school rules. Lexis' choice of friends, words, books, music, and websites negatively influenced him. The school management would invite his parents to complain about his bad behaviour whenever he committed an offence; sadly they would always defend him and put the blame on the school for failing in its responsibilities for the huge school fees they paid. One particular day, Lexis with his group of friends walked into the class 30 minutes late when the Government teacher was teaching.

The teacher asked them to give reasons why they came to her class very late. While others kept quiet, Lexis told the teacher to get lost. The

teacher asked Lexis and his friends to leave the classroom. Others left except Lexis. As the teacher was about to step out of the class to report to the principal, Lexis slapped her.

His parents were invited, they defended him as usual and blamed the teacher for being harsh with their harmless son. The school told his parents that the behaviour was unacceptable and expelled him from the school. Mr. and Mrs. Swagger threatened to take the school to court. The school stood by its decision and also threatened to report the assault on the teacher to the police if his parents went ahead with their threat. Lexis on the other hand, rather than become remorseful, walked out of the principal's office with his parents like a superstar. That same day his parents bought a PS5 for him.

The parents of Lexis immediately got him admitted into another school and he carried his baggage of bad behaviour to the new school.

Back home, Lexis' behaviour was no different. On a particular day, his mother caught him watching pornography on his tablet and did not correct him. There was also a time he stole money from his father and nothing was done to him. Lexis' parents overlooked every red flag, and their son was allowed to walk on the path to destruction.

At age 18, Lexis gained admission into the university to study cyber security, but rather than

focus on his studies, he became wild and abandoned his books. He had a chain of girlfriends; he smoked, became an alcoholic, and belonged to a secret cult, like his friends. Moreover, whenever his parents went to visit him on campus he presented a fake version of himself. So his parents felt he was beginning to change.

One fateful day he joined his friends to rob a bank and they were caught. However, before his parents could come to secure his release with their money and influence, as usual, the police killed him. Lexis went to church but died without being born again.

Friends, we are free to make choices like Lexis, but we cannot dictate the consequences of our choices. Wisdom dictates that we make choices that will positively impact our lives. Avoid the slippery path Lexis took. He was free and wild but had a tragic end.

Written by **Gift C. I. Major**

The Sly Lion

There was once a deceitful lion called Ninga. He lived in the Southern part of the jungle, The pride, where most of the lions dwelt.

He was always hungry but too lazy to hunt for food, often tricking animals into his den so he could eat them. His behaviour caused animals to distrust him greatly.

One day, Ninga pretended to be sick and called for doctors.

All the animals in the jungle knew him and his tricks and refused to go. Only the kind old jackal went to see what he could do to help.

The other animals sneered at the kind old jackal and tried to discourage him but he insisted that being a doctor, it was his duty to save Ninga's life.

The animals let him go thinking that if the kind old jackal returned untouched it would be clear that Ninga was truly sick.

On the day of the doctor's visit, Ninga waited patiently at the entrance of his den. Once the old jackal approached his den, Ninga pounced on him and without thinking ate him up and hid

his bones.

The other animals waited for the kind old jackal to return and when they didn't see him, they realised the jackal was dead. Ninga wasn't sick! They all then agreed that to stay alive, they would never go to the South where Ninga and other lions lived again.

Several weeks later, Ninga became really sick because he had not eaten for weeks. He knew the South where he lived did not have any doctors, so he went to the North to see if he could get help.

He cried, "Please help me." He cried over and over again but no one came to his aid. All the animals scurried into their homes to hide from Ninga, the sly lion.

Finally, an old deer stepped up to treat Ninga. He did not consider Ninga's past behaviour but chose to trust him. He told him that caring for others genuinely and being trustworthy were key to making the world a better place. He was a friend in need!

The old deer treated him and taught him to be hardworking. He warned him never to be sly or deceitful again, as this would make other animals dislike him and distrust him.

Ninga and the deer became good friends, Ninga respected other animals and was never lazy again.

Everyone began to trust the new Ninga and

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became friendly with him again, it was his new world. And with time, he became the leader of the jungle.

Moral: Never be sly, never lie, be kind and hardworking.

Written By Tinuoluwa Erica

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About the Poets and Authors ----- 1



Nympha Francis Edim is a young vibrant writer who loves to turn her thoughts into uncommon pieces. She is a teen poet from Akwa Ibom State, Nigeria. She started writing poetry at the age of 13 and has sustained that love for words and creative writing ever since.

Nympha was the first place (Senior Category) in the 2022 edition of the Big's Odyssey National Poetry Competition, Third place winner in the Hadiza Ibrahim Festival, Nigeria, Prize for Teen Authors (Poetry Category).

She lives in Abuja with her parents and two sisters.

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About the Poets and Authors ----- 2



Kenodi Daniel Major is a multi-talented teen who during his period of study at Jephthah Comprehensive Secondary School, Port Harcourt found his passion for writing.

While in primary school, he emerged as the Best Graduating Pupil and Valedictorian. His exceptional leadership qualities were noticeable in high school as he was a prefect, executive of the Bible Club from his JS2 to SS3, and Team Leader of the school chapel's technical team. His results stood out conspicuously in the 2022 Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education (IGCSE) examination.

Kenodi's hobbies include playing football, online games, photography, and reading.

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About the Poets and Authors ----- 3

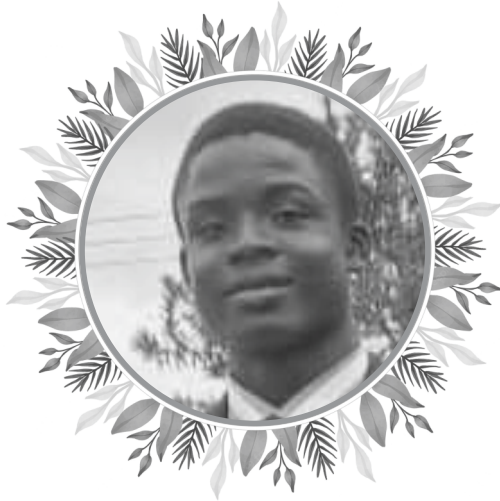


Kimberly Boomni Ugo Major, currently a Senior Secondary School student of Jephthah Comprehensive Secondary School, Port Harcourt, is a born leader and excellent academic achiever as she made one of the best results in her school's Cambridge CheckPoint examination and NECO Basic Education Certificate Examination in 2022. Kimberly was also the winner of the 2022 edition of the Big's Odyssey National Poetry Competition. She emerged 2nd best overall participant in this year's The African Futuretrust Model United Nations (TAFMUN) simulation conference in Port Harcourt.

Her hobbies include reading, writing, watching movies, cooking, and travelling.

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About the Poets and Authors ----- 4



David Oyedele is a young and passionate and vibrant writer with a knack for fiction. Credited to him are his short stories; *The Return of Dr. Ottis*, *Superior Six*, and *We are All the World but One*, a poem that has drawn international recognition.

He enjoys playing basketball and virtual reality games. He draws his inspiration for writing from nature and his quiet time.

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About the Poets and Authors ----- 5



Temitope Aloba is an accountant who enjoys writing and is not afraid to show it. She has over the years come to realise her love for writing and is on a mission to explore it deeply.

Drawing inspiration from her environment and experiences, she believes that thoughts should not just be felt, but held and caressed to bring them to life by putting them to paper. Some of her works include “Home zone” and “Whispers”.

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About the Poets and Authors ----- 6



GIFT CHURCHILL ILAMI MAJOR is a Legal Practitioner, Notary Public, and Child Rights, Advocate. He has volunteered since 1991 as a teen and youth life coach and is the pioneer presenter of the long-running radio programme, “Y Generation” for teens and youths on Love 97.7 FM in Port Harcourt. Gift has won several outstanding awards and is a two-time winner of the TELL Magazine Star Letter Prize Award. Furthermore, Gift C.I. Major is a poet with several poems to his credit, an author of 2 books, and a commentator on national and international issues on various radio programmes.

Gift has been born again since 1989. He is happily married to Ugo and they are blessed with 2 sons - Kenodi and Kelsey and a daughter - Kimberly. He is also the President of a registered Port Harcourt-based nongovernmental organization called Generation Next Ministries which focuses especially on teens and youth. Gift believes that “Realising our dreams should be our focus, Integrity our status and Excellence our motto”. His hobbies include reading, travelling, watching movies, football, and listening to music.

A Peek into the Horizon

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Laurel Macaulay is a Law student who finds great interest in politics, entertainment, and literature. As a poet, he has numerous works to his credit.

He also enjoys listening to music and sightseeing. He is a firm believer in the use of the pen of the ready writer to win wars. Laurel hopes to be the voice of the voiceless in the near future.

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Tinuoluwa Erica is a multi-talented youngster with a heart of gold. She enjoys reading, writing, travelling, and meeting new people. She also has a flair for singing and expressing herself and her thoughts. Tinu plays the character “Tiwa” in the children's animation series, “Kiliwe the Timebender”. Most importantly, she is a lover of God and draws her inspiration from the natural world around her.

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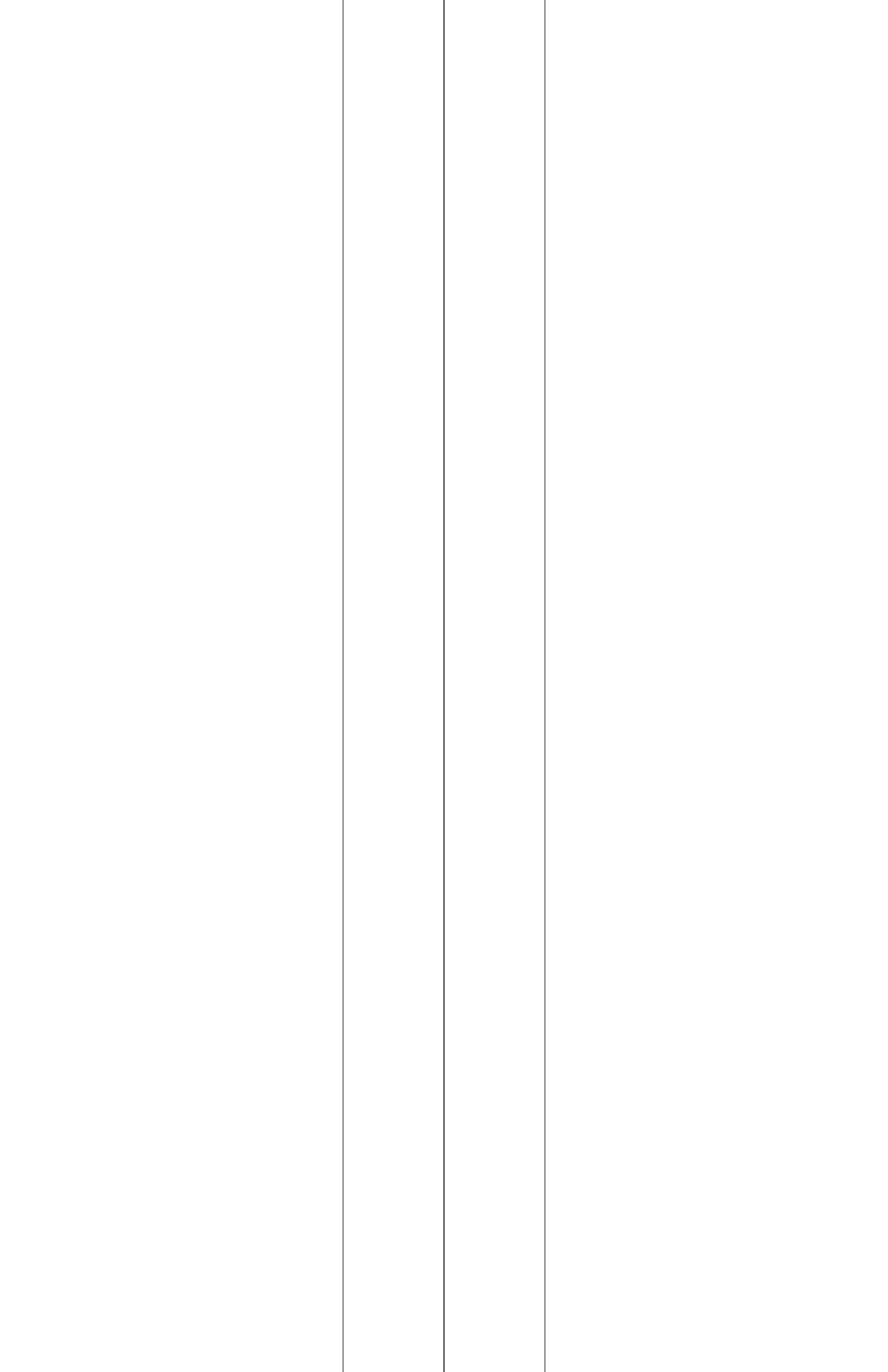


Tojuoluwa Joshua (also Teejay) finds great interest in creating things out of nothing. He has a knack for poetry and often draws insight from the world around him. Teejay believes in the simplicity of life and the little things that make us all tick. He loves to express himself through songs and poetry.

A Peek into the Horizon

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A Peek into The Horizon

A COLLECTION OF POEMS AND
SHORT STORIES



COMPILED BY
TOBI OYEDELE

A peek into the horizon is a collection of poems and short stories from different authors and poets all centered around the theme of Choices. We all, both old and young make choices that could make or mar our lives and our future. Being made choosing beings is enough reason to know that our capacity to choose is God-given and important to our destinies. This book explores the various ways we all perceive the element of choice and invites us into the wonderful world of choices.



Tobi is founder and lead trainer at the Big's Odyssey Consults; a social enterprise that offers Knowledge Enhancement Services and Solutions for young people and women. She takes great interest in equipping them with necessary soft skills that will help them achieve the lives and careers of their dreams. She is an ardent believer in the power of positive thinking and believes that if you can dream it, you can be it.



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