The sounds of joy were thick in the air, from the clanging of empty metal tins to the chant of “*them don bring light*”.

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“*New*” resonates with something novel; never seen before or experienced. It is an aspiration of and for something better. With this reasoning, whilst something may be considered old and perhaps even in existence for many years, it would be considered new to someone else who has not had the pleasure of its experience.

It is for this reason that if I had the powers to create something new, it would be constant electricity supply to the Mando community of Kaduna state where I reside. The idea that power supply can be constant or almost constant even is foreign to me; to us.

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It is 7:56pm, Thursday 20th June, 2024. Fireworks are being shot into the sky. Children are chanting “*them don bring light*” and screaming their lungs out. Mothers are dancing off tune in reckless abandon while the men shake and congratulate themselves. *Boda Wasiu*, our resident DJ is jamming “*Jazzy’s song*”, one of Ayra Star’s latest song through the speaker. The *senior men* are lighting up their cigarette sticks. The *big girls* are jubilating in their unclad state and no one cares. No one is judging tonight. And there’s me; sitting in front of my mother’s kiosk reveling in the beautiful chaos. Our celebration binds us all together. There is light!

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For the first time since the 3rd of January 2024, *Assalamalekun* area of Mando, Kaduna had its power supply restored. Can you imagine what it has been like six months without light? I will tell you.

*Mummy Twins*, the biggest fish seller of the neighbourhood, whose husband is the infamous neighbourhood drunk, had to close down her business. Power supply is a crucial part of her business. She resorted to hawking bread and five out of six children had to drop out of school.

It was not all bad. A blessing it was for the phone accessory kiosk turned charge-your-phone-with-generator-shop in the neighbourhood. The greedy lots were charging N200 per one hour to charge phones.

In my home, I dreaded the pain and torture of the mosquitoes without the solace of fan at night.

Even my steeze was not spared. Imagine not wearing ironed uniforms to school for 6 months. It is probably why I was not chosen as the JSS 1 representative of the Student Council. No one can tell me otherwise.

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It is Friday, the 21st of June. I am back from school and to my surprise, there is no light. *Talmabout*, “they are back to rationing it. Today is not our turn”. One would have thought they would pay penance and give us at least three days of uninterrupted power supply. But alas! (Now inserts “What is it, haven’t you done enough?’’ meme).

So yes, if I could, I would generate power grids to give power supply to impoverished communities. This would be our “new’’.

Oluwanifemi Samuel

Redemption Academy Schools

Basic 7 (JSS1)