

MY YOUTHFUL MEMORIES

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WHEN THERE WAS A FRIEND TO CHEER AND UPLIFT; AND LIFE WAS REALLY WORTH IT.



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Lifeâs fan, lifeâs fanta, lifeâs fantastic!



I miss my friend Brian Muhimele (now final year Nursing) who tried all he could to make my life better and happy. Whenever I was sad or worried he could come and sing me a song. Most of the times he could sing these lines:

â give me another try, give me another chanceâ lâ

I donât know what type of song this is or was. He was and is Sena by tribe but used to sing these lines with the accent of a native Chichewa speaking tongue from around Ntchisi or Kasungu; that it sounded like this:

â gi-vi mi anaza thila-yi, gi-vi mi anaza tchan-si (a repetition of the above lines how they sounded In vernacular)â lâ

He used to sing this whilst displaying his dancing antics and tactics until my worried face, misshapen with cares of this life, would glow with a gleam smile and burst into uncontrollable laughter for a few minutes also. He could grab my hands and force my way to the dance floor. (it was a boyâs secondary school. No girls, who cares!)

I remember if I had done some justice to my body it was at least three baths per week. And there were no perfume but the beautiful scent of decaying epidermal cells!

Sometimes I pose and find myself in a reflex of singing:

â kale likati lidzibwelera (how I wish for the past)â lâ

Or the famous Edgar and Davis (these are local Malawian music artists):

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â adasankha kale (they already made their choices )â

Today, am at a college that totally lacks every ingredient of life except books. I love books too and am a writer. But life must also offer some moments worth remembering where toasts are thrown and hips flexed, huh? Where you feel so lively and the whole world is just in your hands! May those who read this learn to break from daily busy-ness routine and secretly as I do, find some entertainment and take some nature walk. Itâ s very refreshing and nourishing. Life is full of beauty and wonder but if you only meditate on your workload and due dates you shall surely find no joy. And die so stupidly as my dad will someday, with many academical papers and materially successful but no real happiness. Leaving behind his accumulated wealth to be enjoyed by my young brothers.

As I finish writing this I hear the sound of Westlife music, sound track written in the stars, this other room. Allow me to pause here and flex my muscles as I prepare for an early morning book session.

â **life is no dress-rehearsal, enjoy it.**â

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