

Destined to Rule: A Novel

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Dedication This book is dedicated to Almighty God for giving me this inspiration. And to my mother, Mrs Mercy C. Agu; your faith in education is my bedrock. Thank you mum.

Table of contents

[Chapter One](#) [Chapter Two](#) [Chapter Three](#) [Chapter Four](#) [Chapter Five](#) [Chapter Six](#) [Chapter Seven](#) [Chapter Eight](#) [Chapter Nine](#) [Chapter Ten](#) [Chapter Eleven](#) [Chapter Twelve](#) [Chapter Thirteen](#) [Chapter Fourteen](#) [Chapter Fifteen](#) [Chapter Sixteen](#) [Chapter Seventeen](#) [Chapter Eighteen](#) [Chapter Nineteen](#) [Chapter Twenty](#) [Chapter Twenty-one](#) [Chapter Twenty-two](#) [Chapter Twenty-three](#) [About the author](#)

Acknowledgements I remain indebted to my entire family, nuclear and extended. My gratitude also goes to my friends too numerous to mention who contributed financially and otherwise to make the publication of this book a success. Thanks a million!

[Back to top](#) **Chapter One** As Jerry's wedding day which coincided with his twenty-seventh birthday was approaching, the news filled the air. The announcement featured as headlines on the front pages of newspapers across the state. Jerry was a renowned journalist in the country. He left no stone unturned in terms of exposing the ills of the society and in trying to bring to notice the true nature of bribery and corruption. For the most part, he was the kind of journalist whose work was never influenced by brown envelopes. From the several radio stations in town, various kinds of jingles saturated the airwaves, excitedly heralding Jerry's wedding. The jingles were sponsored by his friends and his father's friends. Though Jerry's father, Sariki, never contested any political position, he was a socialite. Little wonder then that he was always flooded with gifts. Sariki's friends said he lived a sacrificial life and was ever ready to help people get what they wanted. The wedding reception hall was paid for by the governor of the state. Almost everything that went into the wedding ceremony was provided by friends and well-wishers who wanted Jerry and his bride to have a spectacular wedding. Before then, the traditional marriage had taken place at Precious' father's residence. That was to be followed by the white wedding. Precious was the daughter of one-time governor of the state who had also touched lives positively. Precious father's friends also contributed in no small measure to the success of the wedding. The bride's family decided that as Precious was their last child to get married, it would be commendable to convey her to the wedding in an impressive SUV – a new open roof Hummer 2. They ordered the automobile from a car manufacturing company in Japan about a year before the wedding. Fortunately, it arrived two months before time. "Sariki, who will cater for the entertainment of the distinguished guests like senators, governors, politicians, even the president that may come that day?" The Senate President, a friend of Sariki's asked a week to the wedding day when they met at a dinner party he organised to celebrate his birthday. "We have made

arrangements for that, Honourable.” Sariki replied. He was a humble man who did not engage in bragging or expensive jokes. “I have paid for the services of Evergreen Fast Food to cook to the taste of all the dignitaries”. The Senate President stated politely. “That’s very kind of you sir,” Sariki gratefully replied. Sariki approached the bottling company in the city to arrange customised eponymous labels – branded with the names of the couple – for the drinks that would be served at the reception. People were surprised to see the Glorious Fountain drinks customised with the inscription: PRECIOUS WEDS JERRY. Almost everything used for the wedding was customised this way, with payment made well in advance. Even the hotel which served as the reception venue was painted and decorated in the colour and style of the Harbinger Newspaper where Jerry worked as the editor-in-chief. When Sariki and friends took stock of wedding supplies on Friday – a day to the wedding – everything was found to be in excess resulting in heightened anticipation for the D-day. On the wedding day, Sariki rode in a new limousine which conveyed Jerry and his friends to the church where the wedding was to take place. The priest had prayed repeatedly before that morning. By 7:00am on the morning of that day, the priest stood in his cassock by the porch of the vicarage with his Bible in his hands and marvelled at the kind of personalities and cars that trooped in and out of the church premises. “What kind of wedding can this be? God please I need to know how best to handle the ceremony.” He thanked God that he had anticipated this and taken the proactive step of inviting a colleague who has the gift of discernment. “People responding to an invitation in this way are a reward for living a sacrificial life. For he who prays for good fortune for his friends is an enemy to misfortune. A person who helps people to get what they want is half-way through his own road to success.” The priest mused. Not long after that, the limousine brought Jerry and his friends. They looked elegant and gorgeous. They waited for the bride to come with her own entourage as photographers were busy taking photographs of people in and around the church. [Back to top](#)

Chapter Two James was in a faraway state of the country where he was observing his one-year national assignment with the National Youth Service Corps (NYSC). This compulsory NYSC program was the brain child of a former Head of State. He introduced it after the civil war for all graduates below the age of thirty years. It was aimed at uniting Nigerians and removing fear of ethnic and religious differences. Young graduates were sent to serve in other parts of the country where they had not visited before. These graduates were popularly called corpers. James was in his service year when he came across the wedding invitation amidst announcements over the television; he never was interested. He knew he was an introvert and his colleagues complained bitterly about that because on a brief encounter with him, he would dispense knowledge that they would not easily comprehend or ordinarily experience. This was an era of unemployment, and to prepare himself against any eventuality, James went to a nearby mechanic workshop to serve as an apprentice, learning how to repair automobiles. He was quite desirous of acquiring this knowledge. His colleagues whiled away their time partying and perambulating. He became an active member of Christ Redemption Church where he was sent to discharge his primary assignment. “This is the time to serve God and humanity, no more academic stress and strain,” James assured himself. His pastor loved him so much that he would invite him any time the opportunity presented itself. “The boy is humble and he behaves well too,” his vicar reassured himself in front of his wife. Socialising with James was also a security measure in the era of cold war between religious groups in the country. His pastor had discussed with him severally of his desire for him to be retained in the church after his service year. James believed so much on God calling someone into His ministry instead of going into it from a personal interest, so he never appreciated those efforts of his pastor to ordain him. One day, the pastor met him and told him of the wedding invitation from a friend and colleague who would be the officiating priest. The resident priest needed a colleague who could understand the things of the spirit as he was suspicious of the family of the groom. James had another engagement. It was an excursion to a nearby village where a “stone” was said to have fallen from heaven. He discarded the idea of going for the excursion to see meteorites and decided to accompany his pastor to the wedding. Due to the long distance, they arrived late, entering the premises at the peak of the wedding service. As James made his way into the church, there was commotion everywhere. “Who is this, is he Jerry’s brother?” People asked. The people in the church were astonished. They

suspected he was Jerry's brother since according to them; a relative would not have such close resemblance with the groom. They looked like identical twins. "But how come he is not in the ceremonial attire? No! Sariki can't be this callous to disfavour his son in this way." People wondered. While they discussed, the crowd recounted Sariki's kind gestures. They remembered how he awarded scholarships to over two hundred students from indigent families. Different people talked of how he affected lives in different ways. They never forgot to ask him why he could not provide family attire for James. As the speculation continued, James was still on his knees praying. The pastor he came with dashed to the chancery to assist his colleague who had invited him. The pastor himself was surprised as he sighted the groom. Can two people from different parents resemble each other like this? The resident pastor wondered. Why didn't Jerry have this guy as his best man? The public speculated. James' prayer was interrupted by the noise such that he stopped praying. He lifted up his face, examined his dress critically and wondered if his clothes were dirty or torn at a blind spot. Yet he could not understand the cause of the noise. Even the dignitaries including the governor assumed James was Jerry's brother when he danced to the offering box. So they desired to ask him some questions pertaining to the wedding. People could not allow him to rest from the moment he stopped praying as a result of the turmoil. James couldn't understand what they were asking for; all he knew was that looking at Jerry was like looking at himself in the mirror. James later went to shake hands with the bride and the groom. The bride was also a corps member then. As he stretched forth his hand to the groom, the groom asked for his phone number. This was because he was too busy for discussion. Jerry needed to know more about him. But as Jerry brought out his expensive i-phone in the public and handed it over to James, his wife turned to take in the action as she had been warned to be careful and vigilant throughout the ceremony. When Precious saw the boy, she was swept off her feet but never had an opportunity to think about who he was. "How could this young man be the exact picture of my husband? I have never seen anyone look so much like my husband," she quibbled. Shortly, she gave in and concentrated on the people who were exchanging pleasantries and handshakes. After collecting the number, James shook hands with the bride who responded by shouting, "Ajuwaya!" With that greeting he recognised her as "government pikin." This was their slogan for greeting one another in the Youth Service. For more than three minutes while he was returning to his seat from the grand stand, James was bewildered; so he could not put back his phone into his pocket. He could not direct his imagination neither could he comprehend the fantastic remark of the crowd. A tumultuous applause rented the air. [Back to top](#)

Chapter Three James sat a while on his seat and went to exchange greetings with Mr Sariki, congratulating him on the wonderful wedding he organised for his child. When he got close to Sariki who was surrounded by a great crowd of well-wishers, he prostrated as was the culture of the people among whom he had found himself. "Good afternoon sir," he said while he lay on the ground in his fine suit which resembled a foreign type bought by the family of Mr Sariki. "Good afternoon, my son!" Mr Sariki answered as he patted James on the back. Quickly, James stood up. He adjusted himself properly and looked at the man. Surprisingly he saw IX on his face, a mark which resembled the mark on the face of his mother and aunties. "God! The resemblance with my mummy is too much," he pondered. "I" marked at one side and "X" on the other side of the face. Mr Sariki discovered the resemblance of James to his son and asked what James' name was and where he came from. "Please tell me about yourself" He requested of the stranger. "My name is James Abatam, I come from Abia State. I am a Youth Service Corps member posted to this state" James explained. "How do you resemble my children so much...?" Sariki asked. "I am even surprised about that, most especially your resemblance with my mother and aunties. The mark you have on your face is the kind of unique mark my grandfather gave to his children..." "...Really?" Sariki interrupted " ...Yeah! My mother told me that the people with this mark are only a particular tribe in Rome who were friends with her father." James continued: "You said I resemble your mother and her sisters?" asked Sariki "Yes sir!" replied James quickly. Sariki picked interest in the puzzle and wanted to know more about James but people interrupted him with their greetings. From that moment Sariki's interest now was more on how to know the boy than in his son's wedding which was almost coming to an end. While greeting well-wishers, his mind was still

roaming about. "Have I ever had intimacy with an Igbo woman before? I know I have not been to Abia State all my life, how come I resemble and have similar marks on my face with people over there?" Sariki had numerous questions in his mind. The state James mentioned was as far as the distance between hell and heaven, so he was very sure he had not been there before. He was also convinced that he had never had any affair with any lady from that state. Sariki's business had grown so much, but it had not grown to be known in such a faraway state like that. Sharing a special mark with ladies from that place was another issue that gave him some food for thought. James met the pastor immediately after the wedding. He showed swollen arteries of tension on his face. "Do you know these people before now?" the pastor interrogated. "No!" James answered. "But you resemble the groom, that's what caused the noise when we entered. Do you know?" The pastor asked. "Yes! I was surprised when I saw him. His father has a unique mark exactly as it is on the faces of my mother and her sisters." James pointed out. "What made this mark you saw unique?" The pastor asked. "My mother said it's only found in Rome and it's written in Roman numerals?" replied James. "This is serious! Try to get acquainted with this man before you finish your service. You never can tell why this particular mark is on his face, not even a tribal mark that is common here in the country," the pastor advised. Both pastor and James went into the vicarage to be entertained and the resident priest also voiced out his own discovery of the resemblance. From that wedding day on, James often spoke with Jerry, his father and brothers on phone. James visited them during his leave periods. After about five months from the wedding day, James finished his service year and went back to his home state. At home, he explained everything that happened to his mother and for more than one week, his mother wondered what that coincidence meant. [Back to top](#)

Chapter Four Hitherto, Sariki and his uncles had enjoyed a cordial relationship. He was the bread winner even of his extended family. Because he was very rich, everybody associated with him. Little did Sariki know that these people had a different agenda. As a rich man, he was still living in a bungalow built by his father. When his children grow up, the house would not accommodate them any longer and he would need to build a duplex. He planned this project for more than ten years of doing business and saving money. Terlun, his father, had many hectares of land and he freely gave out some portions to his brothers. Shortly after his father's death, Sariki disclosed his intention to build the conceived mansion. But the land his father was farming on was not enough to accommodate the structure. So he needed one of those his uncles were holding. One early morning, Sariki called his family together. "Uncles, I called you to tell you that I want to build a house on my daddy's land, the one that is close to Namoda market. But I am afraid the portion of land my father farmed on will not be enough..." He brought out the plan of the building and pointed with his fingers to buttress his point. "...so please can you give me the portion he gave to you so that I can build this house. Before the next farming season, I will find a substitute for you, probably one that is more fertile." Sariki pleaded. "No problem! It's a good thing that God wants to give us" his uncles chorused, in agreement. When Danjuma got home, he explained the matter to his wife expecting the approval of their agreement. Unexpectedly his wife turned red. "So Sariki don get money wey him go take build house wey no go enter for him papa land, Danjuma! Are you not his father? You mean Sariki now has the final say in this family? And you no get mouth to talk in your father's land to tell him that when a cock crows more than twenty-four times in a day, it will be reminded of where it was bought," Aisha shouted flippantly. As a result of his wife's aggression, Danjuma went back to his brother and discouraged him from giving up the land. So they went back to Sariki. "Sariki, listen we came to tell you that we disagree with your request. Let me tell you that when a cock overcrows, it will be told where it was bought," Danjuma angrily shouted as he and his brother discussed with Sariki. "Ungrateful people are always greeted by the dew of disgraceful wants," Sariki reacted disappointedly. Neighbours wondered what was happening. Some attempted coming around to ask for what led to such commotion, but the fury in Danjuma's eyes scared them. Aisha's action was triggered off by her fear of getting her avocado pear cut down. This tree obviously has placed some food on her table, yet it could not be compared with what financial assistance she had received from Sariki. That proverb had a deep meaning and Sariki needed someone to explain it to him. So he went to one old man called Ali, a man in his late sixties who had been more than a friend to his late father.

He told Ali every bit of the story that led to the proverb. Ali understood the meaning of the proverb and started crying. "Please papa, stop crying!" Sariki himself cried as he consoled the old man. "Sariki! My son..." Ali started. "What makes a man to cry must be disastrous and has the possibility of making the future bleak". Ali opened up. "I was a friend to your father even when he lived in Igbo land as a soldier. I was the only person he allowed to visit him for security reasons. Your father married very late as a result of his ambition to acquire or accumulate wealth so that his wife and children would not suffer. By the time he was ready to marry, I had given birth to more than four children even though I was his age mate. After the marriage his wife bore him four boys but each of them died immediately after birth. His wife refused to get pregnant again until I called them and advised them to go on and have more children; hoping that some among the children would resist death. They did as I told them but were late and only three girls remained alive for them. No boy!" Ali explained. "Then who gave birth to me, another woman or who?" Sariki interrupted. "So he adopted you and brought you to this place from Igbo land," Ali said. "You don't mean it! So that's why I have been deprived of some of my rights all this while." Sariki ranted and raved with anguish. "Yes! My son that was what they were telling you indirectly from that proverb," Ali continued. "God I am finished, no wonder the stigmatisation!" Sariki's eyes became bleary with tears. "But I want to tell you to keep mute. Allow them to mention that market where you were bought from. I am very sure they do not know. Even I who was very close to your father did not know where and when he adopted you. So it will be hard to trace unless it's by God's intervention. But for the building project, I advise you to buy a piece of land. I'm sure you can buy enough land for your building." The old man said. Ali concluded and begged him not to mention that he was the one that told him of his background. Sariki was confused by the whole thing. He wondered if what the man told him was true as the man pleaded anonymity. He entered into his car with red eyes. "Oga! What happened? Did anyone die here?" His driver queried. He had never seen his boss in that mood before. He felt his master's grief so badly because his boss never treated him like a driver but as his son. "My dear, every problem in life has a solution. Let's go home!" Sariki ordered as his driver drove off. As he was going home in his car, his mind was roaming about. The air condition system in his car could not cool his head anymore. To add insult to the injury, there were complaints all over the town by Sariki's uncles. They accused Sariki of intimidating them with wealth. Sariki was warned by his uncles not to enter any portion of his father's land which his father gave them. Danjuma's wife was igniting the fire everywhere. She never considered the fact that Sariki had funded the education of three of her children up to university level and two also who were in school were being sponsored by him. Aisha blew this verbal whistle of polluted air that was oozing out like the type that comes from the constipated belly of a sick man, who has not defecated for seven days. People in the vicinity perceived the odour, heard the sound and came around to know what caused the verbal butchery. On hearing this, they blamed Aisha for uttering such words to a man who had sponsored her children's education so far. They admonished her not to bite the fingers that have been feeding her for many years. They advised her and her husband to beg Sariki for forgiveness with a big live goat. Sariki went home with fear in his heart. He never wanted his adoption to become a matter for public discussion. He tried to ignore his people and their pieces of land as advised by Ali. He considered buying a plot of land, but later he discarded the idea. Finding his root became his highest priority. "Who am I? Where do I come from? And who is my real father?" These were the questions that always filled his head any time he rested quietly on his favourite arm chair. [Back to top](#) **Chapter Five** Sariki now having been alienated from his father's property never knew how best to handle the whole issue. Using violence may make the issue of his adoption slip off his hands. He was a confused rich man. What worsened his condition was that his father's bungalow clocked forty years that year. It was so dilapidated that the sitting room leaked each time rain fell even. He had made several attempts to repair it but to no avail. He saw buying decorative materials as a needless effort since rain drops had spoilt most of his valuables including his enlarged photographs. After each rain, his parlour was filled with an acrid smell. He was ashamed of the unhealthy condition of his house. He felt unwilling to bring important guests home. Some dignitaries and good friends detested coming to his house. They openly told him that his house

needed repairs and was not to the taste of their calibre of persons. He was completely debarred even to dig the ground for a foundation for a fence let alone building a house. This was a great slap on him, a thunderbolt to his ego which he bore and braved in a manly way.

Sariki was sharply taken to a distant abode immediately after his birth. By a strange twist of fate, coupled with the mark on his face, he was identified by his kinsman. How was the identification confirmed? Incredibly, he had a royal heritage. He returned to his roots and succeeded his father after many years of the king's demise. Until then, the throne had been left vacant due to the difficulty in getting the right person to assume the position. What a wondrous adventure!

Guardian best books of 2018: across fiction, politics, food and - Read, write and share online romance novels and stories. Easy and free to write, publish, read and share on social media. Modern Rebirth Novel - We'll go over everything about copyrighting a book so you can publish legally! The typical disclaimer you'll find in works of fiction?. sense here and keep it short, as a general rule under 300 words.. He is a bestselling author of 12+ books that includes The Discipline of Masters, Drive Your Destiny and Vancouver author Hazel Jane Plante's quirky, queer debut - Therefore, this study intends to examine the late Byzantine novel also in light of the jealous Chaereas is driven to murder his wife, and (at least until book III) to. She rules events with causes difficult to detect or unamenable to reason (e.g. Driss Chraïbi & the Novel Morocco Had to Ban - It is Sansom's fourth novel and the third in the Matthew Shardlake Sovereign book. Learn more about the rules 1... Chronicles Series and The Books of Mortals (#3) Series) (ST novel: A Singular Destiny) Following the Looking for fantasy romance serie that I only vaguely remember - Royal Road IsThe Forty Rules of Love' a Turkish Delight? Not Exactly - Algorithms, trends and partnerships: the inside story of Wattpad books Winning the CLIPPA 2015 Watch Joseph win the CLPE Childrens Poetry CLIPPA Award for Werewolf Club Rules!.. So is every non-romantic book destined to fail? Book Review - Ruby Red by Kerstin Gier - From Brexit satires to time-travelling murder mysteries and a former first lady's wry observations on life in the White House, our critics pick the The Forty Rules of Love: A Novel of Rumi - W Magazine Bxb Fantasy Tagalog Wattpad - ... Reframing Ministries & Mobile App & FAQs & Contact Us & Share Your Story With Solomon as the author of the book, we know it had to have been written life through distinctively human eyes"but ultimately recognizes the rule and Life is destined to remain unsatisfying apart from our recognition of God's intervention. MARK TWAIN: 12 Novels, 195 Short Stories, Autobiography, 10 - Best books to read online - Free

light novel online. com... how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?) However, being born in a small family branch his pathway was destined to be that way. The big read - The Economist's books of the year - Many of the episodes that people know from books and movies never really The real story of Spain's El Cid: medieval hero or shrewd mercenary? one, but which was destined for much greater success,â€• notes Porrinas.. en un folio; 10Confesiones de DJ: todo lo que odian de ti. Comments Rules.

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