

BIC PRESS

# MAGAZINE

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## **EDITOR'S NOTE**

Dear reader,

### ***OUR COUNTRY – OUR MOTHER***

In this special edition of our magazine we concentrate on our mother: NIGERIA, as she celebrates her 61st Independence Anniversary. We reflect on her struggles, her joys and her pains. Her pains are ours and so are her joys and successes.

I do sincerely hope that this publication will help revive our love for our country, our mother, and also rekindle the flames of patriotism that has been greatly dimmed or probably extinguished by a failed government.

### ***GOD BLESS NIGERIA***

*raheem*

**RAHEEM PEAXE**  
*Editor in Chief*





**05''**

**Nigerians and the  
Covid 19 Vaccine**

**07''**

**Midnight in the Niger**

**11''**

**When the moon comes**



**14''**

**Witness to Unwavering  
Hope**

**04''**

**Kornberg's week**

**06''**

**My passion My  
profession**



**09''**

**The Concept of  
Friendship**

**12''**

**Metabolite of the  
Month**

**13''**

**Water falls in my Coun-  
try**

**16''**

**Extras**



# **KORNBERG'S WEEK**

**It's fast becoming a tradition - a beautiful one - that the departmental week be named after a notable biochemist. Last session's departmental week was named in honour of Chargaff ; the progenitor of the famous Chargaff rules!**

**This session's departmental week is named in honour of the 2006 Chemistry Nobel Laureate; Roger D. Kornberg. Very much impressive is the fact that his Father is the recipient of the 1959 Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine - there must be the Nobel Prize in the Kornberg's DNA!**

**Born on the 24th of April 1947 in St. Louis, MO, USA. He was educated at Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts and Stanford University in California. He was awarded the Nobel prize "his studies in the molecular basis of eukaryotic transcription"**

**The week is scheduled to begin on Monday October 18 and run through Friday October 22. It promises to be fun, exciting and educating.**



# NIGERIANS AND THE COVID 19 VACCINE

*by Raheem Pease*

Statistics gathered from our world in data as at October 7, 2021 asserts that 4 963 985 ( about 2.4%) of Nigerians have received a single dose of the vaccine and 2 166 186 ( about 1.1%) have been fully vaccinated. With the Federal government considering compulsory vaccination for civil servants and some states seeking to enforce a mandatory COVID 19 vaccination policy for its residents, it becomes pertinent that the seemingly cold response of Nigerians towards the vaccination scheme be carefully evaluated, and two possible explanations could be proposed.

First is the general distrust Nigerians feel towards the government, as there have been countless instances in the past in which the ruling class have been known to make decisions and policies that are not in the best interest of the ordinary man on the street. As shocking as it may seem, there are many Nigerians who do not believe in the existence of the virus ( at least not within the borders of the country). They consider the whole thing as a story conjured by the ruling elite to fur-

ther loot the masses. Others who acknowledge the reality of the virus in the country are however concerned with the measures taken by the government to ascertain the safety of the vaccine for the populace.

Another reason many Nigerians are disinterested in the vaccination program stems from religious beliefs and superstitions. Just as the pandemic ravaged the world so were the stories of its original and as such, so many conspiracy theories were concocted with scarce or no evidence to validate its veracity. Many religious Nigerians especially Christians, regard the vaccine as a subtle disguise for the mark of the beast ( 666 as spoken of in the Apocalyptic texts) and others see the vaccine program as heralding a new world order and would therefore not take part in it.

Evidently, the Covid 19 saga has shown how little Nigerians have faith in the government and the extent of doubt with which they resent her decisions.



## **My passion My Profession**

My Passion will always be my hobby,  
Everything else almost irritates my body,  
For the love of my passion I study,  
To be satisfied and make life chubby,  
The sights of blood I hate,  
The smell of the clinic I distaste,  
'Cos to scale I have to separate,  
Without which I can't elevate,  
Pills are not just my thing,  
The sight of pills makes my belly grim,  
The smell of pills makes my nose cringe,  
The thought alone makes me thin,  
I desire happiness and satisfaction,  
Which I can't get without education,  
I had to build more on my passion,  
To land me on the pinnacle of my profession,  
I permutated and combined my hobbies,  
Bringing them to the equation to obtain degrees,  
With the back up of Abba and my dreams,  
I have satisfaction, success and currencies.

**Althea**

# Midnight in the Niger

United in our diversities  
Powered against our adversities  
The lies we keep propagating  
To cover up our atrocities

A hailing people we are  
Constant raining from our left eye  
Shoulders drooping like pregnant branches  
Blood trailing our footsteps  
Dripping down our right eye

The government is a circus troupe  
Clowns with an army troop  
We're led by haystack dummies  
Strutting naked with no shame  
Sailing this ship with no aim  
Having the heart of an ostrich  
Stoney against it's younglings  
Their personal advisor is the devil  
For themselves they bevel

They closed the doors to our face  
Left us out to the wild  
The lions are come upon us  
Ravaging and plundering our houses  
The hyenas prowl the streets  
Our houses are no more home  
Living our lives in fear  
Praying the predators come

Sleep has turned it's back on us  
Peace left us in the dust  
Prosperity watch as we rust  
There is virtue left among us

Everyman is turned again

**Kwesi**







# THE CONCEPT OF FRIENDSHIP

*by Atthea*

A verse in the holy writ says "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother" and a common adage also says 'show me your friend and I will tell you whom you are'. This simply implies that there is that person that is more than a family member who knows you through and through, who can tell what you're saying even in silence, who can read your mind without a word from you.

## WHO EXACTLY IS A FRIEND?

A friend is the person that sticks so close to you through thick and thin and understands you when everyone else doesn't. Your friend is your PIC (Partner-in-crime), role model, influencer, biggest fan, companion, confidant and many more which means you're closely knitted with this person such that you literally tell them anything and every-

thing as vehemently attacking whatever they see as a threat to your friendship. someone once said 'best friends are people who make your problems their problems, just so you don't go through them alone'.

A friendship is a lifetime thing that only gets better, stronger and sweeter with god at the center. we've heard of cases about childhood friends who ended being business partners but along the line jealousy, malice and bitterness came in which either led to the death of one of them or the joint business. This is so unfortunate but sadly it happens in our society and some even go as far as blackmailing their so called friends. our worst enemies could be our best friends and vice versa, this doesn't mean that we can't have that person we call our best

friend. As nothing shall separate us from the love of Christ, nothing should be able to separate friends whose bedrock of friendship is AGAPE LOVE, this is just two people building on a sure foundation. A friend is someone who loves you like no one else will, stands up for you when no one else



## **A FRIEND IS SOMEONE WHO LOVES YOU LIKE NO ONE ELSE WILL**

sees the reason to and believes in you when you don't believe in yourself. Friendship is not about age but two matured minds who see every reason to be with one another and stick close to each other even if they part physically, distance got no guts to tamper with that love.

---

I'm a product of a growing healthy friendship that is firmly built on Agape Love and I've decided to dedicate the poem below to my bestie;

### **MY FRIEND MY CONFIDANT**

when my heart was heavy and deeply pained,  
when troubles and worries caressed my head,  
when everyone else misunderstood my ways,  
when tears freely flowed down my eyes,  
I knocked and you opened,

Abba used you to touch and restore me,  
to wipe the tears off my face,  
and lots of laughter filled my face,  
the fears and worries that stuffed my heart,  
were wheeled out into the oceans depth,

I feel lighter and happier than ever,  
abundant peace and joy I now have,  
I bless the day our paths crossed,  
and our ways and walks became one,  
you showed me what friends are for,

You brought me what I could not earn,  
you poured me love from Abba's jar,  
you came my way and opened my eyes,  
to see the depth of Abba's plan and love,

Even in silence we speak the same tongue,  
distance has never been a barrier but a blessing,  
I'm forever grateful for the gift of you.

A crescent moon is visible in the upper right portion of the dark blue sky. Below the sky, a silhouette of a mountain range is visible against a lighter, orange-hued horizon. The text is centered in the middle of the image.

## WHEN THE MOON COMES

Piece by piece, she shreds herself  
As she continues her never ending cycle of  
birth and rebirth

She causes the tides to rise and fall  
And we full of water can't resist her call  
Our energies decline as she wanes  
And rises as she waxes again until she's full

So when you here the sounds of drums  
Know that we have all come out to dance  
For the moon is full  
And Mama has come  
She will renew our strength

**Raheem Peaxe**



# metabolite of the month



**Name :** Ayaosi Moses Oshiomhole

**Level :** na 300 level I dey

**Favourite colour :** Chelsea's blue

**Birthday :** 03/03.

**State of Origin :** Edo state

**Interest and hobbies :**

Interested in Growth and Chelsea football club covers all my hobbies!

**3 things I can never spend time doing :**

I can never spend time being hungry, I no too dey speak English laidat and finally I cannot b speaking English and b hungry at d same time. I fit faint.

**Double texting:** Big deal ke? Na understanding between the two parties b koko.

**Languages:** Even the English I no too Sabi am...I am better with pidgin and Yoruba

**Favourite Song:** Joy by (Wizkid).

**Things I'm Good at :** Omoo, e don tay oo but if we reason am,

1. I still have those dance moves.
2. A Gifted midfielder
3. Taking care of my 100l Beautiful colleagues.

**Interesting story about me:** Nothing more interesting than the fact that I go soon become person Uncle. Omoo, the thought just dey shack me Everytime. So help me pray for safe delivery to big sis.

**Favourite food :** My mama wonderful hands no allow me pick one while growing up, all her food too sweet. So, any good food

**Advice to my future sef :** Mr Oshiomhole, abeg, I take God beg you, always trust God

# WATER FALLS IN MY COUNTRY

My country, like a child at birth  
Came into being ,crying  
For no one knew the hand that was dealt  
not the midwife, not the mother, not even the elders

And as the tears like rain drops  
Fell from the child's eyes,  
Tears so joyful fell down the cheeks of her siblings  
as they told of the good news to the community; Africa

But those tears soon became waterfalls  
Of despair and anguish  
Hope lost, dreams extinguished  
For the child once plump and rich, had become bed  
ridden

Corruption-kwashiokor was the disease  
It ate through the fat of her happiness like acid  
Fueled by the greed of our leaders  
Who swore by heaven to protect her, Liars!

3rd world country, she's now called  
Poverty outlines each of her visible rib  
But not like in her birth, she mourns  
her tears like water falls, her tears as waterfalls

As she celebrate her 61st  
I look up at the face of my country  
Watching the water as it falls  
will it ever stop?

*Gidtalker*

# WITNESS TO UNWAVERING HOPE

*by Dia*

I'm one; one of those whom our country failed, even right from my birth. How ? you might wonder, or may be not - because you feel she failed you as well. Maybe even long before you were born. But NO! Mine is different. I was damaged from birth and till this day I blame it on my motherland it happened. My mom was admitted into a Federal hospital when she went into labour for me, her very first. I ended up being her last too. Because she died...she died after giving birth to me .All this I was told by my father who would shed ears every time he tried to recall all that happened.

They had just gotten married; he had so much plans for the future, their future. But she was Snatched from him. Snatched by the ice-cold hands of death, or should I say by the hands of every single person who drove Nigeria into this pit of ruins in which it lies. I'm filled with pain, agony, completely overwhelmed and enveloped by these feelings whenever I recall this. I would have preferred not to have to talk about this but I do every time; probably because that's the only way I keep memories of my mom alive. Hmm...memories. could I even call them that?

Dad's still broken. You would be if you had



been in his shoes on that cold rainy day. The day he had me in exchange for his newly wed. He could easily have given me up for her if he had that Opportunity presented before him. He would have, I know, sacrificed me to the gods in exchange for her. He went there that day-happy, expectant, with all of the emotions of one whose love was to birth a child. They delivered her of me, then they left her to die...the nurses, the doctor, the hospital, the government...- maybe even me. At times I wish I had never come. Had my eyes watched her drift away ?Did my ears hear her writhe

Why do you do it? Why are you still here ?You're making a big mistake...these are no strangers to me anymore. All these and more I'm told whenever they hear my story. You would say the same thing too at the end. Opportunities have always sprung up, opportunities for me





to leave this nation that failed me. But always, my reply has been NO.

I'm not insane, though everyone thinks I am I just know I can't leave. Surrendering to the forces against our rising isn't an option I'm willing to consider. I was there together with thousands of others who wanted a better Nigeria...

I was one of the protesters on the #EndSARS ground. Yes, my flag waved higher than that of any other as we marched on for a better Nigeria. To me, it was more than a protest to put an end to SARS...it was my attempt at reviving the one who had taken my life-source. Till today, my flag still waves high. I have HOPE!

Extras

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