

## Stephanie Adaralegbe

Stephanie Adaralegbe describes herself as a prolific writer on the vicissitudinous life of a transgender in a typical third world African Country, Nigeria. She submitted this series of essays as a contribution to our live stories. The essays are taken from e-mail correspondence between Stephanie and other activists with her permission.

"I have been in jail for the past ten weeks serving a jail sentence of three months on charges of cross dressing and transgenderism. I was arrested again in Lagos, while going peacefully on my own at night. The ugly incident ended up in a magistrate Court in Lagos, and i was subsequently jailed when i pleaded guilty to cross dressing and transgenderism. I had no lawyer to fight my cause, most unfortunately as all the individuals i relied on practically disappointed me one way or the other. I have been behind bars for the past ten weeks and i can assure you that my ordeal has been more than dehumanizing. My hairs all shaved off with brutal force and with a blade which was as sharp as Lucifer's instruments of diabolical decapitation was my greatest pain. I lost it all, all the fancy hairs and glamorous effects. To my utmost chagrin, i was distransgendered and compelled to looking masculine at all cost. Jail as been hell on earth, infact it was like a hellish visitation to the worst place you can ever be on earth. The miscellaneous details of my jail life i will inform you later. Nevertheless, stay intouch. I think i am about to sail my boat to the nearest shores."

{mospagebreak title=Dreams&heading=Jail}Stephanie's Dreams

A paper to have been delivered at the Geneva Conference

Transgendered people indeed cross Society's deepest divide and it is equally a point that gender identity lies at the core of our personhood. In this regard, it is a fact that Transgenders exist in every society and they deserve to be helped and assisted in all ramifications.

The advent of sex change Surgeries which came in the early 50's had definitely enlightened the entire World and made more people realize that there was something more to gender identity than just reporting on one's genitals. George Jorgensen who is now Christine Jorgensen in the early 50's made it palpable to the World that sex was more or less a matter of hormones and with the proper dosage of the correct hormones the human nature could be redefined. George now Christine, being the first individual that had a sex reassignment Surgery has obviously and definitely encouraged me to put my records straight and assert myself in my true and real perspective. If George could be successful with the sex change and become first individual and first American to be reassigned into a ' right body ' then i have decided to become the first Nigerian to be reassigned into a ' right and appropriate body '.

Before this realization i have gone through alot of psychological trauma and i have practically been on the precipice of indecision. How on earth will i allow a hark Surgeon to put a knife on my genitals and get them sliced off, i thought. The thought was awefully morbid and i pined the practicability of such an ordeal. Though, i never liked my body as a Male, i still could not reconcile myself to the idea of having my genitals sliced off just like that. I definitely would not want to be used as a biological specimen, i thought piognantly.

It was not as if i had not done a Surgery before, infact i had when i was pretty small, but it was basically a minor Surgery which had to do with Hernia. A more complex Surgery which has to do with sex reassignment was thus very fearsome and infact abjectly morbid. I would rather remain as a transgender, i cogitated, but never will i allow a hark Surgeon to slice off my genitals. A couple of years afterwards, i visited a couple of Libraries and i consumed myself in educative books on Transsexuals. Later, i began to realize that Transsexuals lived more fulfilled and peaceful lives than the mere Transgender. And in most Societies Transgenders are subjected to a whole lot of agony and problems. Infact the problematic state of the Transgender is so fearsome and worrisome that at the end of the day the sex change Surgery is more preferable. Why on earth will i subject myself to the harrowing stress of confronting an antagonistic Society that is embedded in cultural fanaticism. Why would i want to be continually arrested and brutalized by a Police force that is been orchestrated by Societal norms and values. And why on earth i thought would i want to be ridiculed and disgraced a thousand times by mere individuals who prefer to see me as an aberration. The feelings of Transgenderism and Transsexualism were definitely very strong, but i certainly did not want to remain as a Woman with a male genitalia . So, the idea of sex reassignment Surgery had gradually made practical sense in my mind. Man was chemical after all, and if estrogen therapy could do wonders to the body of Man, then i suppose Medical science could perform more wonders on the body of Man. Being at the library was indeed quite fun and enlightening, and i was able to read the experiences of other reknowned Transsexuals. Transsexualism was indeed a kind of life battle, the battle to be who you really are and the battle to emancipate yourself from a ' wrong body '.

That very particuler day at the library i felt empathy and remorse for all Transsexuals all over the World, particularly when i considered what most of them have gone through in life. Pains of my traumatic past enveloped me in sorrow, as i pensively considered what the future could be like. But that very moment, i knew i had my destiny in my hands, and i certainly knew i could make it with the knowledge i have got.

I commenced hormonal therapy almost immediately and the estrogens were pretty okay with me. Infact my health blossomed as i started with the estrogens and the effects of it has been quite elating. My nipples grew in size, muscles slowly replaced with softer tissues, voice becomes softer, and eventually my body approached a Womanly ideal that i had only dreamed of. This indeed was a true transition to Womanhood, but would i just stop there, and remain a Woman with a Male genitalia. The idea of a rudimentary vagina being put in place, and excising the penis then became a joyful decision to make. At least, i would feel more comfortable with my new vagina and i would be able to have more comfortable sex than i used to. Indeed having anal sex was already a part of me, and i was indeed a pro in the act. As a matter of fact my anal region was already as large and effective as a steady vagina, so the idea of having a rudimentary vagina would imply having two vaginas, and how great that could be.

To be a Lady with two vaginas. But i was not going to let my life centered on sex after the sex change, i thought. I would rather fashion my life like that of other prominent and well respected Transsexuals.

For instance, the reverend Lady Sarah Jones who is an oxford graduate and acoustic guitarist. Sarah Jones had a sex change after so many years of confusion and conviction, and today she is a reverend Lady concentrating on being a good curate and being hopeful to be ordained bishop soon. Should that become a reality, Jones will become the first female bishop in the Church of England. And should Stephanie's Dreams become a reality, i would become the first sex changed Transsexual in Nigerian History.

May our Dreams all come True.

Love and Tears ,

Stephanie from Nigeria

{mospagebreak title=Fears (1)}Stephanie's Fears ( 1 )

( All Stories are true life Stories of Stephanie.)

.....i got out of the taxi quite confident of myself. It was a particularly torrid afternoon and at an instance i wished a bucket of ice water could be poured all over me. Adroitly, i walked towards the Public library while catching a glimpse of some unfriendly yet familiar faces. An outburst of derisive giggling and sniggering invaded the air, and one or two sadonic glances were made in my direction. I somewhat ignored the threats of the moment as i advanced towards the library to get some work done. The last thing i supposed i needed was a distraction, and i was just not in the mood for any petulant stuff like that. As i approached the library door i was confronted by the fierce grin of the security man. Perhaps my perception was wrong, sometimes i think i could be a little bit assumptuous. About to dash through the door a figure blocked my accessibility. ".....excuse me ", i retorted with perplexed eyes. ".....you can not enter the library, now you may leave" Spontaneously, i uttered "....I beg your pardon, for what reasons ? "The somewhat livid security man looked down at me in scorn and then continued. "This is a decent place for decent people and you have been marked down never to be allowed to come here again, do you understand ?". In utter shock and disbelief, i gazed directly into the eyes of my assailant and protested, "....you must be kidding me, what right have you got to disallow me from coming here and what have i done in any case ? i demand an explanation, and i will not leave till i get one." The air was instantly eroded with belligerence as i firmly stood on my ground. "You have to leave now, otherwise i will get you disgraced out of here, you clown." Greatly affronted and mortified by the security man i made up my mind to still stand my ground. "This is a public library and i have the right to use this place, aside you have not told me what i have done wrong to be disallowed from using this place. "A sacastic grimace enveloped the face of the security man as his eyes vituperatively beclouded me. "This is indeed a public library....." he went on. ".....but you are also a public nuisance, and we do not need a public nuisance in our public library, besides i consider you very suspicious." Totally stung and bruised i vehemently retorted in profuse indignation. "Why do you call me a public nuisance ? are you any better than i am, and what makes me a public nuisance in any case ?". The air was instantly still, so still that a knife could cut through it. Incidentally, some passers by were making their way in and out of the library but at that very instance one or two people seemed to have been ensnarled in what was going on. "See how you are dressed, you should be ashamed of yourself, what exactly do you think you are doing ? You joke ! "Immediately, i knew what his bone of contention was and it only made me more furious. Ofcourse, i could tell right from the onset. ".....and what is your business with my dress sense ? Besides, what does my dressing or dress sense have to do with using the library ? I have the right to dress the way i like and i do not blame you for not knowing this, you do need to get more enlightened." "Now, i have had enough of your ranting. Leave this place now ! " "I certainly will not.....at least, not till you give me a good reason why i should not be here, i still demand an explanation on why i should be marginalized, this is certainly not fair !" A pitiful glance was made at my direction, but i was however held captive by the irate glare of the security man. "Well lets see about that, but i can bet it you will regret it, you shameless animal !" My face was as lurid as the day i learnt i lost my mother and somehow you could wish it was covered with a black veil. The security man disappeared subsequently into the inner building as my eyes gloomily

followed him. Apparently, he was going to report me someone in the library, i figured. Well, i will wait and see what he comes back with. Nevertheless, i still have to stand my grounds. So, i remained at the entrance awaiting the next line of action. A group of chuckling girls dashed out of the library as they passed furtive glances at me. I glared back at them intently trying to discern the gossip of the moment. Ofcourse, i was not too surprised, but it was sometimes irritating when some people never get to mind their business. Unfortunately, in this part of the World most people never get to mind their business and how sad that could be. The chuckling chatter boxes made their way down the road as i pensively viewed them. It was almost my turn to laugh when one of them actually miscrossed the road and was almost hit down by a frantic driver. Good gracious ! i thought, how much people talk on what does not concern them. I had almost forgotten about the security man when suddenly i felt a huge bang on my back. What the hell was going on ! Mesmerized and dazzled by the moment i swiftly turned to see who my attackist was. In utter consternation, i saw the security man with a long weep and baton in his hands. What barbarism ! In expostulation my eyes held on to his heinous glare as he panted like a berserked lion. "Are you crazy ?", i lamented. "What have i done to you that you resort to weeping me !" "You are an animal ! Infact an animal is better than you. Get out of here you shameless animal or i will get you more weeped !" My eyes were pregnant with tears, infact an avalanche of tears, yet they retrained from pouring. The one or two onlookers tried to interfere, apparently touched by the savagry they had seen. But that only made my assailant more menacing as he made another attempt to strike me. "Get out of here you animal ! Get out !" In utter despair, and with very little i could do, i managed to say, ".....i am not an animal and i can never be !" "So you can still talk ! I never knew animals could talk ! Well, by the time i am through with you you will seize to talk, animal !" He made another fierce attempt to weep me but an onlooker pleaded with him. "Now animal ! Get out now !" I made a feeble attempt to retreat, already i was feeling the effect of the attack, so i could do pretty little. ".....but i insist i am not an animal and you have no right to treat me as one !", i said as i despairingly made my way away. "Get out ! You are an animal and you will always be treated as one." In abject despair and exasperation i slowly made my way away, yet reiterating to my assailant that i was not an animal. Obviously for whatever stupid reasons or reasons best known to him, he must have strongly felt the contrary about me. He was practically going to pursue me with his weep, he was that vicious, but for the intervention of onlookers. Walking towards the main road, an avalanche of tears was about to flood the whole street. I felt disgraced, and my self- mortification was ostensible. However, with teary eyes and a lurid face i walked down the street, wondering in my own morbid thoughts who next would be my assailant.

THE END.

Love and Tears ,  
Stephanie from Nigeria.

{mospagebreak title=Fears (2)}Almost Dagged and Killed by Sex Client during Sex work

Stephanie's Fears ( 2 )

..... i jumped into his car with so much excitement and ardour, and the effusive smile on my face was unmistakable. He must have been equally impressed himself, atleast from the way grinned and winked at me. It was about two hours past mid-night and the early morning lethargy was fast overtaking me. Standing for donkey hours in futility has been so much pressure for me, yet i was at work. At an instance, i candidly thought sex work was pretty crazy ! Yet it was something i really enjoyed doing and for no particuler reason i knew i was hooked on it, just like a cocaine addict is hooked on the drugs. Nevertheless, we drove off in a kind of frenetic ecstasy and i was somewhat jubilant to have atleast gotten a client for the night. I got into his bedroom and i could instantly perceive the seeming desperation in him. Like two wild dogs in a frevent heat we started making love. Kissing me profusely and almost biting off my lips, i knew he was a little bit on the vicious side. He was definitely having the fun of his life and i could see that he was really enjoying every part of it. In an equal frenzy, i had held tightly to his buttocks as i ravaged all the flesh with so much intensity. He squeaked and i shilled as my mouth rampaged the entirety of his body till it got to it's most sensitive part. We must have been close to some heavenly skies when the unexpected happened. Suddenly, he felt me below and he stopped abruptly. "You must be crazy" he spat out in anger. Immediately, fear engulfed me as i stood practically speechless, yet feigning oblivion. "What is it ?" i managed to say pretending all was in control. Then to my utter astonishment he brought out a dagger from his closet as he advanced towards me menacingly. "I will kill you today you devil" he said, as he accosted me with daggers drawn. "Today you must die, i have been eager to kill people like you, i never knew you could exist for real, but today you must die" he said. In utter fear and trepidation i started saying my Lord's prayers, just incase it was my last moment. I prayed to God to rescue me as nobody else could. My shouting or trying to attract attention would only worsen the situation, because anyone who came to the point of the scene would only add more fuel to the burning fire. So the best thing to do was keep quiet and pray. So, i continued praying as the daggers came closer to me. It was probably a time to die, i guessed. Oh death ! i pleaded inwardly, please be kind to me. Briefly i closed my eyes, as i almost thought the dagger was about to penetrate me. But i opened them immediately, and i was alive, and not yet dead !

This incident occured to me on a particuler day during sex work. I have not had any respite ever since this incident happened. Would i really die one day ? Or will it continue to be a threat ! Why in anycase would i want to live in a threat ? And what if i should die ?, and be brutally killed like it almost happened ? These are Stephanie's fears, and these are Stephanie's major travails. Could somebody ever help Stephanie out of this ? This is a vehement cry for Help.

Love and Tears ,  
Stephanie from Nigeria.

{mospagebreak title=Crying Roses}The Pains of Transgenderment, and the so-called Friends

The Crying Roses. A novelete by Stephanie on True life stories. (1)

" .....don't pack your bags yet ! "sounded the pesky young lady."Ofcourse, there is still plenty of time and you don't need to be so reactive, you should know that we were only playing with you." I took a good look at Stella again and all i could see was mischief, absolutely mischief.Sometimes i actually wondered if she was really my friend.I certainly had my misgivings about her and to say the least i felt she could really stab me at my back.The other girls were laughing heartily away while i watched them in dismay."....i insist you must not go, i will help you fix your hair, and i will make you look like Princess of Whales." "The Princess of Whales is dead ! Why would you want to make me look like a dead person ?" i snapped hilariously.An outburst of hysterical laughter eroded the air, and the meddling girls were definitely having fun at my own expense.I actually felt it was time for me to leave the place, i had certainly had enough of the invectives and innuendos, atleast for a day."No ! .....you wouldn't look like a dead person, i will only make you look like a pretty girl !....or would you not want to look pretty ?" The thunderous laughter intensified, and this time around the girls were almost falling on each other."I am already pretty !" i said in anger.".....and i certainly don't need your creepy hands on pretty hair !".Another outburst of laughter polluted the air, and all of a sudden it was as if i had just said the funniest thing in a day."Stop it there !",stella sounded in reprehension.".....you do not have to talk to me anyhow." "But you do talk to me anyhow so what difference does it make ?", i interjected sharply. ".....Oh wait a minute ! Do you want to compare yourself with me.Do you know what you are ? Get out of this place now you genderless creature !".In unmistakable scorn her eyes decended on mine as the other girls went into another paroxysm of laughter.I could feel the seething animosity in the air and one glance at the other girls made me feel so sick to my stomach.I was going to dash out of the salon at that moment, i had certainly had enough of the dilly dally, and i just did not want to hear one more word."Don't go yet !" said one of the girls".....we do still need you around to get entertained !.There was another paroxysm of laughter, and this time around i felt chagrined to the marrow of my bones.Immediately, i turned my back and dashed away."Wait !....baby girl ! wait" i heard from a close distance."Stupid thing ! Idiot ! Genderless creature ! Mad man !" i also heard as i made my way away in fury.The girls at the salon were doubtlessly unruly, and my so-called friend Stella was nothing but a wolf in a sheep clothings.As i walked down the street i felt a little relief.Good gracious ! I had left that crowd of cantankerous people.How good it was to be all alone, without no friend.Friends, as far as i was concerned could be a deceptive group of people who could even mock you to your face.Walking down the main road i averted the horrific glare of a group of boys.But somehow i thought i heard, stone him, whether it was my imagination or not i did not bother to find out.Instead, i took a speedy walk down the road and did not even realize when a crazy driver was about to mow me down."Faggot !" was all i heard.I took a keen look at the driver, perhaps he was a just learner. ".....next time i will hit you hard ! Today is your lucky day !" Aghast, I walked way as carefully as i could.And this time around i looked less at passersby while i looked more at the motorist.I need to get back to my room, i thought, to get some rest. (The END

{mospagebreak title=Epochal Epistle}The second Epochal Epistle of Stephanie rose Adaralegbe.(A classic litrary work.)All well revised.

Dear Sokari,

Preparing for the AIDS 2006 Conference in Toronto Canada i certainly still have my passport issue at heart.The onslaught of HIV/AIDS is indeed direful and abjectly poignant.However, what has been more painful and poignant to me in particuler has been the black Man's nefarious propensity of inhumanity to Man.And for this particuler reason i have made up my mind to start packing my bags for the Toronto Canada Conference coming up in August this year.I am undoubtedly prepared to leave finally this shores of this heinous land as i have come to the conclusion that a third World Country will always be a third World Country where ever you keep yourself.For about three weeks ago now, i was engulfed in an infernal attack when some hoodlums and `transgenderphobic' people had beseiged me in wanton banditry and barbarism that had almost cost my life.Good gracious ! you would have been signing my condolence register now or probably preparing for my funeral arrangements if not for the kind heavens.My assailants were not less than fifty in number and they had gruesomely attacked me with planks, iron bars, broken bottles, sticks and stones. The onslaught culminated in the gathering of tyre tubes and the desperate search for fire apparatus that was to result in the conflagration of my soul or rather to say the infernal termination of my existence.But divinity intervened on my behalf and my face was rescued from the inferno of the nefarious demons.And like a mirage, i could hear the voice of lord saying: "Heh you black Men with black hearts stop there ! What has this Man or Woman done to you that you want to burn her up ? Let me see just one of you that has no sin in him and has a heart as white as snow.If there is just one then i will let the snow white heart Man burn the controversial Woman.Immediately, the uproarious crowd dispersed and took to their heels as gun shots of the mobile police men who were protecting a nearby bank did the divine intervention.Instantaneously, i was rescued and kept in the custody of the police who served as emissaries of the high heavens.However, that very night i was released and allowed to go even though under protective surveillance.But i lost my bag, my clothes badly torn to shreds and my hair awefully damaged, with countless wounds and bloody injuries sustained all over my body.Incidentally, in my bag that night were two important things that meant alot to me.A newly

bought pack of hormonal medication and an invaluable Epistle which i had written to whom it may concern, and that was the first Epistle. With some kind of clairvoyance i could perceive the voices of some heavenly angels arguing about my case in the heavenly skies. I knew there must have been dissension in heaven as a thunderous cats and dogs rain descended on the earth in Abuja that night. The angels must have been unhappy about the horrid incident, I figured. However, the contents of my bag which I suppose the bandits would have invariably abandoned was the spectacle of some earthly spirits and heavenly angels. In my own mystical extra sensory perception, I could see so many earthly spirits from different nooks and crannies, and so many heavenly angels desperately feasting on the contents of the first Epistle. The first Epistle itself was an embroidery of mysticism, and I could visualize in my own philosophism the desperation of a thousand and one spirits trying to demystify the underlying factors in the first Epistle.

In the first Epistle, i had begun with my obsessive hormonal therapy and i had enunciated how habituated i was on estrogens. Vividly, i had said, i take estrogens as religously as the Pope takes the communion and my life today is primarily centered on estrogen therapy. As a result of the therapy, my eyes are getting brighter everyday, my body configuration is changing rapidly as my hip bones are coming out, redeposition of fats at strategic parts of my body, muscles replaced with softer tissues, and even facial tissues are tending softer and more succulent. Also, there has been noticeable changes in my complexion as i seem to be getting lighter in reaction to the hormones. Hair growth is meteorically facilitated, and there has been an appreciable much softer voice. In the first Epistle, i went further to say different folks with different strokes, but could you conjecture that i am actually working on a Soap opera entitled " Different folks in the World " which i intend to sell to an American broadcasting Company and which i hope to feature in the Soap opera as Transgendered Stephanie. In ' Different folks in the World ' Transgendered Stephanie tries to take up the personality of Venessa in Bill Cosby and it is so hilarious and so scintillating with so many other astounding personalities in the soap that it becomes a hit in the American movie industry. Some intuition ! Some precognition ! But my mind construction is pregnant with all sorts of delectations.

In the first Epistle, i had went further to say. Man is chemical, man is testosterone, but more significantly Man is nothing but a chemical substance. In the words of Christine Jorgensen, America's first sex changed Transsexual, the difference between a Man and a Woman is a slight difference in chemical composition. As a result, estrogens basically make a Woman while androgens basically make up a Man. With this knowledge, i have been propelled to write a book titled ' The beautiful hearts are the beautiful ones ', which is indeed a literary explosive, very revealing and simply unputdownable. In my book, ' The beautiful hearts are the beautiful ones ' though i was somewhat vague on the issue of sex reassignment Surgery, i had however elucidated that my journey into Transsexualism was an endless voyage. This i surmise, could be a paradox in the events of recent happenings. However, in my book the ' The beautiful hearts are the beautiful ones ' i had stated in a particular chapter, while trying to make an endocrinal reference to Man as a hormonal body, and while also trying to keep a foresight of my evolutionism in Transsexualism, i had said : " And i will create so many enigmas, mystics and puzzles such that i will keep so many professors, intellectuals, religious leaders and great Men from all walks of life busy for centuries wondering if actually i was once truly a Male, and in that way i will preserve my immortality in their hearts. In that same chapter of the book i had stated " And for those that knew at birth like old friends, family and relatives, i will confound their thoughts and imaginations and make them subject to my own World of fantastical mysticism. But in all, i will dazzle their reasoning with the most natural effects. In another chapter of the book, i had stated " And for those that take pleasure in castigation, intimidation and molestation, i will make them foolish in their own imaginations and fatuous in their own cogitations and i will make them agast and utterly stupid in their own confrontations thereby rubbishing them into nothing but fools, liars, ` errorist ' and ` fallacist '. Note uses of newly coined words in my book. An errorist or a fallacist is a person who holds on to a belief that has been proved wrong or fallacious. Incidentally, uses of newly coined words and big words is part of Stephanie's enigmatic nature. Yet, in another chapter of the book i had said, " And i will create colourful portraits and iridescent images of that of another planet of myself, and i will redefined beauty in the eyes of the beholder ". This particular statement in this chapter is an extrapolation of the title of the book. However, in the last chapter of the book, i had stated philosophically, " The life itself is the World's strangest thing why then should people bother themselves trying to fathom other strange things. For instance, trying to fathom how a Woman could be trapped in the body of a Man. Finally, in the last paragraph of the book, i went absolutely paradoxical and i stated, " And i will do all these and glorify God, and i will make people realize that there is truly a God who is the greatest of all enigmas and mystics. The beautiful hearts are the beautiful ones is indeed a bombshell, and even Professor Wole Soyinka, likewise William Shakespeare will give kudos to the literary erudition in it.

In another book which i had written as contained in the first Epistle, The Perfect bride, is another hit story which i intend to act both in real life and in a film once i get to the United States of America. The book or film so to say, is about my inexorable love life and the major participants in that love scenario. The Perfect bride is laced with romance, melodrama and a high level of emotional sentimentalism.

Yet, in another book which i had also written, ` The crying Roses ' simply depicts the taunting, tempestuous and traumatic life i have been subjected to in black Africa as a Transgender. In this regard, The crying Roses, is basically a lurid picture of myself in abject melancholy and despondency.

By and large, this I suppose puts a halt on my brainwaves in self-Literature so far. However, writing and literature in its  
is undoubtedly my unfettered and unflinching predilection. In this light, I hope I did not take too much of your time  
ensnaring you in my profound proclivity. Once again, I wish you and your immediate family a very blissful time, and may  
all the splendour, and magnificence, and epicurean delight that follows the path of colossal success in all endeavours be  
yours in Jesus name. ....Amen.

Love and best wishes,  
Stephanie Adaralegbe.

#### A literary breakdown of Stephanie Rose World of Literature

The second Epistle is written at a crucial point in time to notify those concerned of the imperativeness of Stephanie  
seeking asylum in another country. Because of the black Man's nefarious propensity of inhumanity to Man, Stephanie  
can no longer subsist in a third World country where primitive and atavistic ideals still prevail. Otherwise, (allusion) you  
would have been signing my condolence register or probably preparing for my funeral arrangements. ( Further breakdown  
) A cry for help on Stephanie's passport issue.

Literary allusion to Mary Magdalen in the Bible.

And like a mirage, I could hear the voice of the lord saying....let me see just one of you that has no sin in him and has a  
heart as white as snow. If there is just one then I will let the snow white heart Man burn the controversial  
Woman. Stephanie like Mary Magdalen in the bible was persecuted, yet set free by the lord.

Uses of Rhythmic words.

.....Some intuition ! Some precognition ! But my mind construct is pregnant with all sorts of delectations.

Uses of new Words.

Transgenderphobic ( meaning ) People who are utterly averse or antipathetic to transgenders.

Uses of big Words.

Philosophism ( meaning ) philosophical ideas that are sound or may seem real yet not necessarily real.

Fatuous ( meaning ) silly

Proclivity ( meaning ) predisposition or inclination

Epicurean ( meaning ) luxurious way of living in utter pleasure.

Uses of Epigrams.

E.g. ....The life itself is the World's strangest thing why then should people bother trying to fathom other strange things. (   
extrapolated ) The beautiful hearts are the beautiful ones.

Epistle also sent to : [Edit note: E-mail addresses removed]

Another Epistolary Work of Stephanie Rose.

The End.

{mospagebreak title=Unending tears} Unending tears at Twilight. ( A classic literary work. )

Dear Friend,

The darkest part of the night has come and I am still awaiting the early morning light. Oh heavens ! When will I see the  
incandescent light of day after such tumultuous twilight. The torrent and tornado has been such a torment and torture.  
What sort of whirlwind is this ? Life is turbulent. Life is truculent. Life is such an embodiment of turpitude and depravity.  
Yet, when will there be an end to this depredation disdainfully perpetrated on me. The crying  
roses never stop to weep. The orchards are flooded with troubled waters of incessant tears. I lower my eyes a little down  
and I lift them suddenly high up, yet what do I see ? I see an apparition of the Lord telling me to walk on troubled waters.  
And a walking faith of mine makes me to step on the waters that besiege me. But the whirlwind is too intense, the night so  
terrifyingly dark and cold, and the day light and seashore a mystique too far- fetched to conceptualize.

On a lonely walk along the street, my heart pines lugubriously. When will I ever get back to my homeland ? I have  
endured enough long suffering in a strange land. When will this magical band be changed to my favor, Oh heavens ?  
Even the trees and birds are weeping for my sake. This is absolutely farcical, Oh earth ! This is a travesty of justice and a  
parody of the highest grandeur. But listen intently ! The melancholic drums of doom have been beating for an endless  
time. The indefatigable drummer is at its pinnacle of its loudest bang, and I have had a mid- night naked dance to his  
beats for such a long time. Soon the drums will burst, because an old adage of mine reminds me that the resounding  
drums tear apart when they are at their loudest bang.

At the corner of the street, the Stone whispered into my ears in the dark of the night, gossiping that I should look up at

the Moon and I should never give in. I took a quick look at the Moon and behold, I saw the Moon pensively glaring back at me and telepathically sending messages of empathy. What a paradox, my mind intuited. Oh Moon, I retorted in utter indignation. When will your despondent twilight give way to the incandescence of day light. What is this empathy all about if you not give way to a new dawn ? A desperation of a thousand and one spirits must have over heard our conversation as I had clearly drew a line between us. The grasshoppers whimpered, the mosquitoes moped in mortification, and I could see the ostensible grimace on the faces of the over grown bushes. Slowly, I retracted my steps as I walked away in downtrodden poignancy.

Down the lane, a deluge of rainfall drenched my whole body. A little look to the heavens, and a little look on the ground, I realized the avalanche of down pour were actually my cryingroses. Oh my God ! I must have cried so much. Please let this cup pass over me soon, I exclaimed. Adriotly, I started to walk on my own seas of tears like Peter walked on water in the Bible. And in my sub- consciousness, I reminded myself that I was walking by faith, and not by sight. I am sure the aquatic animals in my sea of tears, if nothing else could attest to that.

Love and Solidarity,  
Stephanie strongfaith.

{mospagebreak title=Societal crifixion}Working towards emancipation from Societal cruxifixion.

A COPY OF STEPHANIE ADARALEGBE'S CREATIVE WRITTING SHORTLY AFTER MY DISINCARCERATION AND DECAPTIVITY IN DECEMBER 2006.

STEPHANIE ADARALEGBE IS A PROLIFIC WRITER ON THE VICISSITUDINOUS LIFE OF A TRANSGENDER IN A TYPICAL THIRD WORLD AFRICAN COUNTRY, NIGERIA.

I am supposing that you have an apt insight into what i have encountered and suffered as a Transgender in a typical third World African country, Nigeria. Serving traumatizing jail terms, beaten up and battered by people while taking a lonely walk along the street, persecution, wanton abuse and disgrace in all dimensions and even an attempt to murder me in a pool of my blood are just few instances out of a plethora of gross violations in my awefully painful short life.

Incidentally, i must concede that there has been no formal introduction.Well, i am Stephanie by name and i am a Male Female Transgender who is based in Lagos, Nigeria.Born and bred majorly in Nigeria, with a transgender orientation since childhood, i definitely had a difficult time with the Society at large. My circumstances became more direful when i actually lost my mother at about eleven years old. Awash in my own melancholic childhood where i had to contend with a debauch father who placed more priority on his polygamous affairs and could not keep his eyes off nubile Women whom he gathered as mistresses, i was practically left to grow up in a state of dereliction.

My Transgender stories and vicissitudes are indeed of very pathetic magnitude.Infact it is a miraculous testimony that i am still alive till today to tell the stories considering the harsh and harrowing circumstances that had beset my life.The other time, shortly before i had the adversity of being behind bars, my poor life was being hunted and hounded by very evil Men who wanted to kill me for ritual purposes.The ritualist in their own miscreancy almost had a successful time with the shedding of my blood but for divine intervention.In Africa, i must admit, ritual and fetish killings is the order of the day, and being Transgendered is a vulnerability to the ritualist as Transgenders in Nigeria are considered as outlaws. Africa, and indeed Nigeria to be very precise is a very awful place. Before my ghastly incarceration, i thought i was only living in a threat.However, i now know better.My life itself, within the trajection of this country, Nigeria is a nightmare.And it is a nightmare of the most preposterous granduer.Several human rights violations and wanton abuses i have suffered from time to time.This very last incident, that i went to jail would be the eleventh time of going behind bars yet all in a circumposition of gross illegality and injustice being done on me.My jail experiences in all were very horrent, horrid, horrific and horrendous.Disgraced and mortified innumberable times by fellow inmates, the police and the warders in the prison, i really felt a huge blow on my self- ego.The inhibition of my rights as a person, and being treated like a hateful animal in a zoo, which i found extremely insufferable all amounted to abject truculence.The circumstantiality and miscellany of details of the entire incident i will make available to you in due time.However, the bottomline is that i am seriously hurting and i need help to get out of this hopeless country.

Indeed, i have suffered so much turbulence in my poor short life, so much indeed to contend with. Imparadised in my own Transgender World of fantasy, which had always been my childhood dream, and my prayers to God Almighty, i have considered it a great injustice on my existence to be treated by fellow Countrymen as a piece of shit which is even worse than the treatment being exerted on the filthy pigs and dogs that are kept in the wilderness.

Thanking you for your attension.

In Solidarity,  
Stephanie.

{mospagebreak title=Comments}Comments