



# Creators of Justice 2022

Youth

Honorable Mention

- *Steps to Take When Solving a Problem* by Owakamare Princewill (Nigeria)
- *Chained Wooden Closet* by Nadya Nasren Binti Mohammad Ismail (Malaysia)

## STEPS TO TAKE WHEN SOLVING A PROBLEM

by Owakamare Princewill

The problem is not how to die. The problem is when.

The first time I saw a car die after getting hit by a human being, the only blood that was shed was the much that came out with my mother's tears as money we did not have exchanged hands. A police officer had gashed the car's bonnet with his baton to get my mum to stop the car. We apparently had an outdated license plate which did not have the coat of arms.

The coat of arms.

The first time I went out without a chaperone, I went with a friend a year younger than me. He had worn his sense the wrong way that morning and had lots of jewellery on for 'street fashion'. When a thug grabbed him, I almost disintegrated.

The friend told me afterwards that there was nothing to be scared about. He is mad.

The first time I went for a church camp, my mum didn't feel safe about the living arrangements, so she picked me up everyday. She should have saved her transport money, though. I still got molested.

Maybe if I push it and allow for a second time, I will have solved both problems. How to die and when.

## Biography

Owakamare Princewill(b. 2006) is an upcoming literary creator from Nigeria. Currently a senior in high school, she started her writing journey with intra-school awards. She has gone on to win various awards in the discipline, including 1st place in the national THAG essay competition and a scholarship award to attend the Immerse Summer program from the Immerse Essay Competition. She especially enjoys experimenting with various forms of expressing oneself with words, but when she is not at this, she is making out with her calculator.

## A CHAINED WOODEN CLOSET

by Nadya Nasren Binti Mohammad Ismail

Trapped –  
In a chained wooden closet.

Muffled cries and desperate pleas,  
Silenced by thick linen fabric,  
And tight, red laces  
Entangled around our necks.

Monsters –  
That's what they claimed us to be.

Unnatural, disgraceful creatures,  
That deserved to be placed  
In this suffocating black void  
Where the darkness reached no ends  
And touched no limits.

A murky coloured stain,  
On the so-called 'pristine' cloth of society.

When we held hands,  
They told us it was a sin.  
They ripped our delicately intertwined fingers,  
With their cruel, calloused hands of fate.  
The very same ones that shoved us,  
Into this chained up piece,  
Of four-edged wood.

Our love was wrong, they said,  
With nasty scowls painted across their faces.

Revolting, repulsive, regrettable.  
Yet the only clear message,  
Written behind those twisted web of lies,  
Was that to love was not a right –  
To love was a privilege.

So when we slapped away,  
Their cruel, calloused hands,  
And I tugged your arm to bring it closer to mine,  
They robbed us of our voices,  
And threw us,  
Into this dreadful, chained closet.

How long before they view a mirror,  
To see that they were the true monsters all along?  
Locking us up when the worst we've done,  
Was exist too loudly,  
Love too soundly.

So the locked closet remains,  
Adorned with its rigid, metal necklace,  
A chain wrapped so sweetly around its neck.

So we remain,  
Whispering songs of hope,  
Seeking new ways to escape,  
This chained wooden closet.

## Biography

Nadya Nasren Binti Mohammad Ismail is a 14 year old aspiring book editor in Malaysia who loves to read and write. She aims to write pieces that allow people to reflect on the ever-present issues of the world, and hopes that they would be inspired to change it for the better.