

# NIGERIA

A NATION LIVING IN PAIN!

DESIGNED BY HER GOVERNEMENT.

*(A CRY FOR MERCY AND RENEWAL)*



**PETER A. AMOS**



# Chapter One: The Design of Suffering

*"Nigeria, a nation living in apartheid but designed by her government."*

There is a kind of suffering that grows wild and unplanned – the kind that comes from drought, war, or the unpredictable hand of fate. But Nigeria's suffering is not that kind. Our suffering has a designer, a planner, an architect. It was drawn on the blueprints of greed, built upon foundations of deceit, and maintained by the engineers of silence.

Every regime since independence has learned to refine the art of oppression – changing slogans, changing faces, but not changing hearts. The poor remain poor, the rich remain richer, and the middle class, that fragile hope of a nation, is being buried under the debris of inflation, insecurity, and hopelessness.

We live in a land where leadership is a throne of self-service. The government divides her children by tribe and religion, making enemies of brothers who share the same hunger. Policies are written not to heal, but to control. Budgets are drafted not to build schools, but to build mansions in foreign lands. We are ruled by men who know no shame, served by systems that know no justice, and watched by citizens who have learned to laugh through their tears.

## **A Nation in Self-Inflicted Apartheid**

Our apartheid is not drawn by colour but by privilege.

There are those who eat three times a day – not because they work harder, but because they were born into the right name, the right party, the right connection.

Then there are those who pray for a single meal – not because they are lazy, but because the system feeds on their sweat and gives them nothing in return.

The walls that separate us are invisible but powerful – made of tribal politics, religious manipulation, and economic inequality.

The government divides, then rules. It blinds, then blames. It creates chaos, then claims to be the saviour.

And yet, the people keep dancing, keep singing, keep laughing – not because they are free, but because laughter is the last currency of the poor. The Nigerian smiles through pain, jokes about corruption, prays for miracles, and wakes up each day to repeat the cycle.

### **The Economy of Pain**

Pain is our most stable economy.

From the mechanic who has not fixed a car in two weeks, to the trader whose goods rot in the market, to the graduate who drives a taxi to survive – all live under one common tax: the tax of suffering.

There is power failure, fuel scarcity, insecurity, unemployment – yet we say “it is well.”

We bury our dreams and call it destiny.

We accept corruption and call it grace.

We endure oppression and call it patience.

But this is not destiny – it is design.

It is not a test of faith – it is the fruit of failed leadership.

We have been programmed to believe that endurance is virtue, even when endurance becomes slavery.

## **When the People Become Silent**

The greatest tragedy of Nigeria is not that our leaders are corrupt – it is that our people have accepted corruption as normal.

When injustice becomes tradition, those who protest become the problem.

When lies are preached long enough, truth begins to sound rebellious.

We have become numb – anesthetized by entertainment, distracted by politics, pacified by religion.

The government has learned that if you keep people hungry long enough, they will sell their votes for crumbs.

If you keep them divided long enough, they will never unite against you.

If you make them religious enough, they will pray away what they should protest against.

This is the design – a suffering system that feeds itself.

## **A Cry from the Streets**

Walk through Lagos at dawn and you will hear the chorus:

“God abeg.”

A million voices rising from the slums, the buses, the streets.

It is the nation's anthem of survival.

Mothers whisper it as they sell groundnuts by the roadside.

Fathers groan it as they chase contracts that never come.

Children chant it as they fetch water from broken pipes.

“God abeg.”

It is not just a prayer – it is a confession of helplessness.

A people abandoned by their leaders, leaning only on the mercy of heaven.

---

### **But There Is Still Hope**

Even in this darkness, a light flickers.

Every generation births a few who refuse to bow – men and women who still dream of a just Nigeria, who speak truth even when it costs them everything.

They are mocked, silenced, sometimes jailed – but they live on in the conscience of the land.

One day, Nigeria will listen.

One day, the laughter through pain will turn into songs of freedom.

One day, the design of suffering will be broken by the architecture of justice.

Until then, we cry – not as those without hope, but as those who still believe that nations can rise again when the people awaken.

## Chapter Two: The Faces of Pain and Laughter

*"A nation where pain and suffering and laughter is clearly seen in people's faces."*

Nigeria is a theatre where tragedy wears a smile.

A place where laughter and sorrow share the same street, the same room, the same face. We have mastered the art of smiling through hunger, dancing through tears, joking through despair.

It is not because we are happy – it is because we must survive.

In the chaos of our nation, laughter has become our last defence.

Look closely at the faces in the marketplace, the bus parks, the traffic jams, the churches, the mosques – and you will see it: that fragile mix of joy and pain that defines us.

Eyes that shine with hope but carry the shadow of disappointment.

Smiles that hide unpaid rent, empty pockets, and broken dreams.

Laughter that rises not from happiness, but from the need to forget – even for a moment – the weight of survival.

Chapter Two - Continued Next week -