

NARKAL

GENESIS



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THE UPRISING

A loud knock disturbed his sleep.

“Yo Scotty, it’s almost time man!” Fidel was his house mate and despite Scotty’s agitation from being forcefully woken up, there was only an hour before the show started. Two months ago Scotty and his crew had no idea that they would be performing in the Paridosa annual show but exactly four weeks before the show commenced, Scotty received the call that would change their lives forever.

A fortnight of sleepless nights, rigorous practice and a whole load of energy drinks had boiled down to this day. Despite the hype that had continually swept through Triccoli, it was somewhat a cause for concern how unenthusiastic Scotty was. His crew mates always failed to wrap their heads around how he always failed to live up to the excitement.

The Pharoahs (pronounced fe-ro-ticks) were arguably one of the most popular rap groups in Paridosa but were unquestionably the best in

Triccoli. There had been a rapid increase of street performance artists in the city of Triccoli.

The Pharoahtics were a group of artists who were all from the same high school. Conditions forced all three (Kyle aka "Fleezy," Brianna aka "Queen Lord" and Scotty aka "Essay") to channel their creative abilities towards means of raising money. When they first started, things were rough but they always managed to create some income. The call to perform at the Paridosa annual show was the best thing that had ever happened to the crew and they knew it.

Narkal was the largest of the eight colonies with thirteen districts partitioning it. Paridosa was one of the largest districts. With twenty two cities, Triccoli was by far the largest, boasting tourist attractions such as Mt. Magna, the tunnel of Aij and sharing the great border with Olympus (Olympus was the capital of Narkal).

The Paridososa annual show would go on for four days with the final day being the most vibrant. It was the performance sector of the show with a variety of artists gracing a mounted stage each year to exhibit their artistic abilities. From dancers, to choirs, to rappers to drummers and many other performances, the final day of the show was always the most attended. Scouts from all over the colony came in to look for untapped talent. Year after year, the show was a success and every year the seats were always fully booked long before the actual day arrived.

This year's annual show had been anticipated by many to be the most spectacular. This was because of the performances were all going to be staged in the majestic, newly built football stadium.

"The Blue Saxophone" was the home ground for the top tier football club, the "Jazz Pacers." In the previous season, the Jazz Pacers came out second in the Narkal Football League and were the champions the season before that. Up until the

completion of The Blue Sax (the nickname the locals gave the stadium), the Jazz Pacers were unable to play in the Inter-Colonial Football Competition due to “incapable hosting facilities.”

This of course didn't sit well with the owners of the club and for the past eight months, the stadium had been a work in progress. It was built in record time with a seating capacity of sixty seven thousand (the fourth largest in the colony). Many fans were interviewed before the evening performance show and many were expecting nothing short of a breath taking experience.

The big city was united once more as the sun begun to set. The streets were jam packed with vehicles heading to the stadium. The air was electric and the weather was perfect.

Scotty opened the door to his room to find Fidel standing opposite him with a clown-like smile across his face and flowers in his right hand.

“Alright dude, you’re my roommate and I appreciate everything you do but come on man flowers, really?” It was an unconventional gift from Fidel and Scotty couldn’t help but express his uncomfortable position with receiving them.

“No silly, they’re from Annabel. She passed by earlier and didn’t want to disturb your “oh so special sleep.” Fidel was humored by Scotty’s reaction and had to throw in a bit of sarcasm to make himself feel better.

“Why didn’t she just call me?” Scotty stretched out his right arm to receive the bouquet of assorted.

“If I had the answer, I think I would have already told you.” Fidel was brimming with sarcasm, something that wasn’t new between them. A lot of Scotty and Fidel’s conversations ended up in arguments,

usually caused by Fidel's sarcasm and Scotty's inability to tolerate it.

"Don't you have anything better to do?" Scotty snapping back at Fidel's sarcasm was usually a hint to clearly state that he has had enough.

"Alright, alright but you don't have much time man, your slot is programmed to start in just under two hours plus there's the final run through too." Fidel could see that Scotty was not completely awake and would need some help to get him to the stadium.

He went to the living room and turned the TV on to watch what was going on at the stadium as he waited for Scotty to get ready. Scotty gently shut the door behind him, threw the flowers to the far end of the bed and threw himself back on his messy, soft resting place. The moment he and his friends had spent so long working towards had finally arrived and it was right around the corner, it's no wonder he started feeling the nerves kick in. the thought of being on stage in front of thousands of

people at once begun to get to him as he slumped back into a drowsy state. His eyes felt heavy and his breathing intensified.

Just a couple minutes of sleep should do the trick, he thought to himself. He begun to feel his heart beat decrease in speed as he took his mind off the show and focused on getting some rest.

Ten minutes into his state of peace and his phone rang. Jolting his head back he picked it up and looked at the screen, it was Annabel.

"Baby, it's me." He calmly uttered. He placed his head back on the bed and let the phone rest on his ear.

"Of course it's you, Scott! If you're still in bed I'm coming there to get you ready myself. You've worked too hard for this to just bail out at the last minute." Annabel was a kind hearted person and she loved Scotty dearly, maybe a bit too dearly at times.

"Boo you're stressing me out, I'm meditating." A cheeky smile slithered across his face knowing well and good that she'd never buy his excuse.

“Pfff! Please Scott. I need you to take this seriously; *you* need you to take this seriously. The entire Triccoli has seen your efforts get you this far, you’re no longer doing this for yourself.”

It always amazed Scott how Annabel was able to go from confrontation to comforting in such a short space of time.

“Annie, I know how much this means to you-”

“Me?” She interrupted him before he could play that card on her. “Scotty, this is bigger than me. And you’re one lucky punk to have a girl like me because I know if you make this about me, I’ll be to blame and we both know all I’ve ever wanted is the best for you.”

Her sharp voice pierced through the phone and pricked Scotty’s conscience. He remained silent, he knew that this wasn’t the time for games and the truth was that Annabel was a dream come true. She was way out of his league. The fact that she represented a great family made the decision to not only like him but fall in love with him that much more shocking. Considering everything that would

usually tear a couple in their situation apart, he was a lucky guy because she *was* in love with him and she was clingy (which probably made him love her even more).

“Look Scott, I can’t tell you what to do but please don’t give up. You’ve gotten this far, why stop now? Whatever you do, good luck and always know that I love you.” Before he could respond, she hung up. It wasn’t irregular for her to end calls abruptly but it crossed Scotty’s mind that maybe this time she might have actually been hurt. He sighed and turned round on his back. Looking up at the ceiling he reassured himself that everything was going to be alright. *Only my Annie knows how to turn a casual “wake up” call into a dramatic scene from some Telenovela*, he thought to himself as he finally found the energy to get out of bed.

Soon he was in the shower going through his verse. If ever he had felt like the man, this moment was it. Once, twice and by the time he was going through it for the third time three quarters of an hour were all

that separated him from the start of the show.

The sun was setting in Paridoso and the vibe was eccentric. The air smelled sweet and the cool breeze made the whole of Tricoli a truly refreshing place to be. The musicians were about to grace the Blue Saxophone's stage for the first time ever and though this wasn't the first show it felt like nothing the locals had ever felt before.

The stadium brought something to Tricoli that no festival had done before. The large monument stood independent and radiant against the skyline. It brought the best out of the city and made Paridoso one of the most attractive districts to be, especially today.

One of the most attractive features that came with the stadium being the venue of the performances was the unique stage. A circular stage by design, with layers of circular stairs allowed for there to be a

hollow center to lift the performance artists to and from the top of the stage. A ring of screens circled the stage to display the art work the performers so desired. It was a sight for sore eyes and by any standards, it was something special. The stage was set and there was local music being played through the stadium's speakers. Outside the stadium, the atmosphere was building up and the crowd was increasing in size by the second. A female voice was making periodic announcements through the stadium's speakers and at exactly 7pm the stadium gates were flung open.

The spectators poured in from every possible entry point, it was an aweing sight. Not long after the gates were opened the voice made another announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls the fourteenth annual Paridosa show has been a success thanks to all of you. We are about to enter the final part of the show where live performances will be enacted on the stage set up in the center of the field. We encourage everyone to remain in their

seats and minimize movements during the course of the evening. At exactly 20:00hrs the program will begin with a moment of silence for the deceased.”

The music continued to play after the announcement and the people continued to pour into the stadium. By 7:45pm the stadium was almost full. Even the seats that were spread around the stage were completely taken up by 7:55pm, the Blue Saxophone was full. It seemed the crowd was expecting the announcement when it was 8pm for without the female voice’s instruction, the crowd had already begun to settle down. There was a crackling sound in the speakers and the female voice followed;

"Esteemed artists, honored guests the Paridoso Annual show is an opportunity for our district to come together and celebrate. Every year the show is a time of connecting, socializing but also a time of reflection. In the past year there have been lives welcomed as well as lives lost. It is only for us to remember those we’ve lost by dedicating a minute

of silence and hope that their souls are in a better place.”

As though someone turned the volume of life off, Tricoli fell into silence. The streets that were filled with honks and hoots were now dead silent. The entire Tricoli was at a standstill.

Everything except Scotty and Fidel it would seem. Rushing through the streets in their shared car to get to the stadium, they were fortunate enough to find that almost everyone was already at the stadium. This made traffic very easy flowing.

As they passed through downtown Tricoli Fidel weaved his way through alleyways to avoid the constant start-stop nature traffic lights brought to any driver trying to get from one point to another.

“Scott, this is your fault,” complained Fidel as he swerved passed an empty crate that was left in the

road. Scotty couldn't be bothered to respond to Fidel's complaint so he just continued looking forward and letting Fidel chose the route he thought best.

A couple of minutes later Scotty made a valid suggestion, "park away from the stadium, the traffic after the show will make you wish you had never driven there in the first place." Fidel stared at Scotty's random insight of the future.

"Seems legit, since when did you have so much knowledge of stadium life?" Fidel was expecting a response but Scotty had already drifted back into the zone he had just escaped from.

The information about stadium life came from his eldest brother's digital diary. It contained images and text of Scotty's father's childhood back on earth. His father was a great football fan and was fortunate enough to have crawled his way to rubbing shoulders with some of the owners of the team he supported.

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