I am Tired of Being a Fly!

A Story

I am tired of being a fly. Everywhere we flies go people try to kill us. They flip brooms and things to smash us. They spray things on us to poison us. People hate us flies. They call us ‘troublesome pests’. They accuse us of visiting rubbish heaps where we eat decaying food. They say that we carry germs and diseases on our hairy legs and mouth and then infect their own food with these. Mind you, we can only get at their food if they leave them uncovered. You see, we have no choice. We eat food wherever we can get it. They then shoo us off their food, trying to kill us in the process. People are not the only ones giving us flies a hard time. Birds, lizards, snakes and spiders set traps for us or lay in wait for us, to catch us for their food. It is very dangerous being a fly. “It must be safer being someone else,” wailed Esinsin, the Fly, as he rested on a twig of a guava tree, beside the farm.

“I hear you brother! I hear you loud and clear!” called out Ajapa, the Tortoise, as he pushed his head a little farther out of his shell to talk to Esinsin. “I know just where you are coming from, brother!” He put down his front and back legs and moved farther out onto the bush path. “Don’t we all want to be someone else?” and he gave a short dry cough and continued. “Aren’t we all tired of being who we are?” He was beginning to enjoy sharing his feelings of discontent. “The only trouble is.” he stopped just below the twig from where

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Esinsin’s complaints came, “I am too tired to do anything about changing into someone else,” he admitted.

“But, can anything be done about it?” asked Esinsin anxiously. “I want to know if something can be done. I’ll do anything to change into someone else!” he insisted, raising his front left leg to clean his next back left leg.

“We-e-ell, if you are really interested in going through with a complete change, I can probably help you there.”

“You can?”

“Oh, yes. At least, I know the very person who can help you with it. She will change you into anyone you want with one of her special charms. Oh yes, she can change you into anyone at all! “Try her, she is sure to solve your problem for you,” confided Ajapa as he turned around to walk back into the undergrowth.

“Wait! Wait! Wait! Ajapa! One moment, please,” called down Esinsin as he flew to a lower twig on that branch. “Let me first thank you for enn ... making my problem your business,” and he gave a short cough, and in a hesitating manner continued, “thank you also for ... for telling me of the one who can help me solve it. Enn ... but, you have ... I mean, you have ... forgotten to tell me her name, and ... enn ... where to find her.”

“Oh, Oh, begging your pardon, brother. Yes, yes indeed, I forgot about that! But I am surprised that you seem not to have heard of her. She generally needs no introduction. Why, she is the one and only Owiwi, the Owl,” informed Ajapa, happy to be of assistance.

“Owiwi, the Owl?” Esinsin wondered why he had never heard of her and her powers before then.

“Of course, as you had never heard of her you will not know where she lives. Idi-Iroko is where she lives!” announced Ajapa casually “She lives in Idi-Iroko! I shall have to tell you how to get there too, I see. You are to walk, oh, Er, fly, some kilometers along this bush path. You are not to take any turning off it at all. Just continue until you reach the forest junction, a place where three paths meet. You can’t miss it. It is called Orita-Metta. When you arrive there, you are to take the path to your left. Go down that path until