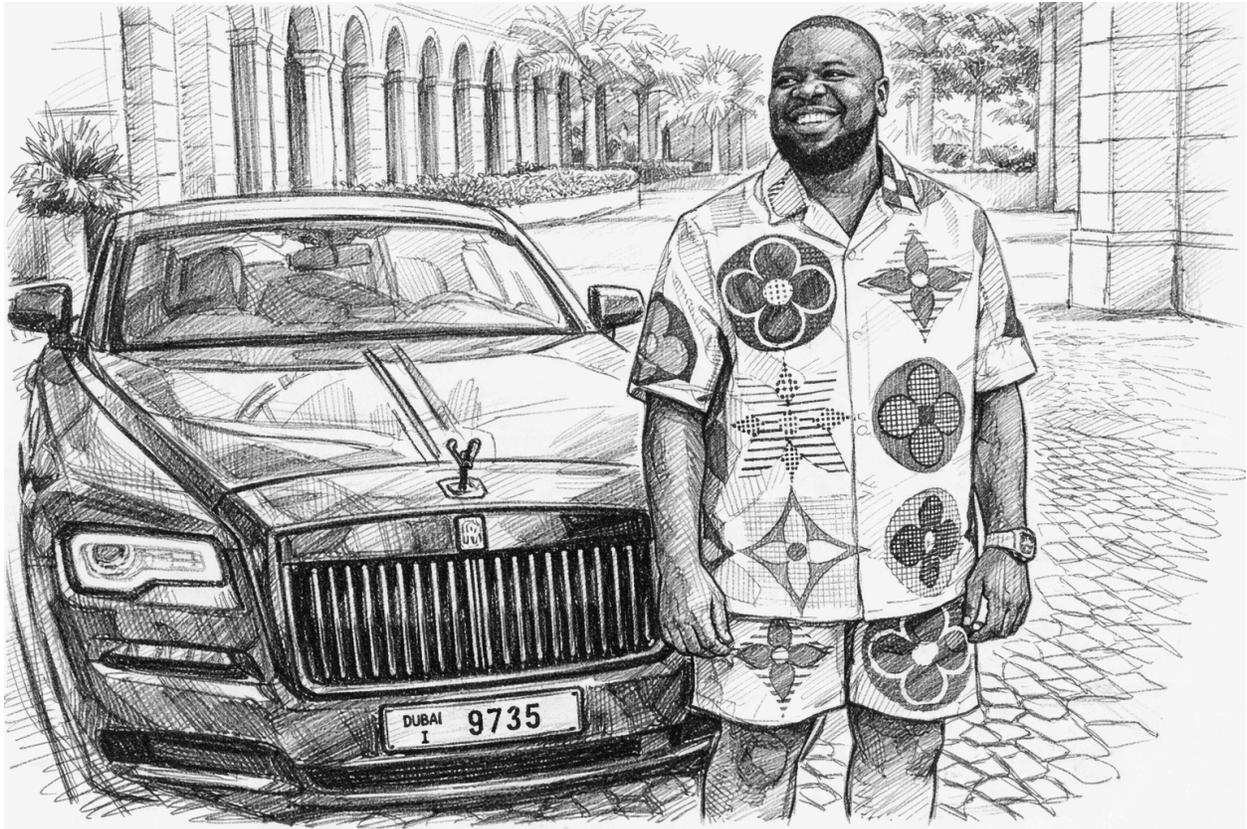


Psalms from The Boys



In this piece, you encounter a novel distinction from the familiar archetypes of the dangerous gangster and the Nigerian prince scammer, long defined by their supposedly heinous, Machiavellian schemes. Presented through the lens of a cultural reporter, the narrative resists spectacle and sentimentality alike. It neither glorifies nor excuses, but instead fixes its gaze on what is already criminal — offering neither condemnation nor redemption.

Author's Note On *The Psalm* series

Human resource allocation and capital formation have been grossly underrepresented and underappreciated. Not only is this brilliance buried beneath broken systems of adaptive survival, it risks perpetuating a collective image of complete design failure—and a quiet collapse of dignity.

These are the ones already handling crisis response, budgeting, and resource allocation—with a kind of discreet, deft, and often criminal ingenuity that, if righteously redirected, could spell not just gold, but the goldmine of GDP leverage needed for cross-border alliances and lasting legacy.

I am not proposing rescue. I am penning recognition.

You've heard about the Nigerian prince scams. Now, let's hear him out.

It feels good, you know.

To swipe your card and not flinch. To hand your little sister transport fare and watch her light up. To tell your dad *"I've handled it"*—and he nods, a little smaller every time.

It feels good to not be at anyone's mercy. To fund your dreams, or what you think are dreams.

To drive your car, post your wins, talk aesthetics, plan rebrands. To finally speak and not get shut down.

But sometimes—sometimes it strikes like a stone in your chest: your father can't hold you off anymore.

Because you're the one feeding him. Wiping his shame with your money when he never wiped your bum as a toddler. Too busy telling his 16-year-old son to *"be a man."* Grey hairs and all.

You're tired.

But tired in a way that looks like freedom. Every few days, something breaks.

The car. The generator. Your cousin's stomach lining.

One operation here. One school fee there.

You register for a gym membership—because you're trying to be normal. To fix your body like it'll fix your mind. But halfway through your first month, your mom needs surgery.

So you cancel the subscription.

Again.

You try to legalize everything—build a business, legitimize the image. But you're constantly patching holes faster than you can pour concrete.

You're trying to build a family from fragments. One emergency to the next.

You do what you can—but it always feels like you're surviving a storm while holding up the house on your back.

And then, the talks come: “Why don't you just japa?”

“You're smart, you're sharp—this life doesn't fit you.”

“What do you want to do with your life?”

And bitterly, you want to answer:

“What exactly am I *not* doing with my life?”

But what comes out is softer. Slower.

More. . . rehearsed.

“I'm just... I don't know. Small small. With time. Everything go align. God dey.”

And your dad smiles. He doesn't believe it, but it's the closest thing to peace he's heard all week.

The silence is awkward.

A little appeased.

A little sad.

You make sure to transfer money to his account—clean, quiet, mobile banking kind of love—so he can claim “*man of the house*” while the boy mans the house.