

## Psalms From Ada



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*You've probably heard of it before — the famed First Daughter Syndrome. This is not a call to arms, however. It is a summons to see past systemic failures to the quiet brilliance that lies like untapped*

*gold, nested within the smallest, most underutilized and underrecognized unit of society — the family.*

*A piercing, introspective reflection on the quiet strain of being the “brilliant burden bearer.” Through raw, intimate storytelling, the piece examines the collision between talent and dependence, integrity and survival, love and resentment. Set against the backdrop of modern Nigerian family life, it captures the fragile tensions between siblings, the erosion of certainty, and the slow burn of dreams deferred — where righteousness becomes both refuge and wound.*

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### **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.

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You’re the brilliant burden bearer.

The first daughter with fire, buried in duty, shame, and survival dependence.

You know ten skills. Speak like a TED Talk. Yet, you feel useless in your own house. You’re trapped in a home that feeds you—but never frees you.

And your younger brother—the bold one, the breadwinner, the fraudster with an iPhone and secrets—he’s not the villain.

They never are.

They’re survivors in sin, wrapped in cynicism, half-joking because if they don’t joke, it’ll break them.

They know it’s wrong—but *wrong* is what’s feeding the house.

And when the house fights, their favorite dagger is your righteousness. Because it reminds them of what they lost.

He doesn't mock you because he's proud. Sometimes, he can't even meet your eyes when you thank him for upkeep money.

(Calling it "upkeep" keeps the shame a touch away—You can now buy *Always*, skincare, and money for sub. Thank *God*.)

But when siblings argue, when tempers rise, his favorite weapon is always: "You, with all your *Phoné*... wetin you don achieve?"

And it stings—because you know he's hurting too.

You hate it.

You hate the silence.

The way you still say "thank you" while your spirit screams.

You love God—but mostly out of fear. What was fire is now ember.

And deep down, you're scared your brilliance is just noise. You feel like a discarded tin.

Like life is passing you by while you're stuck in the kitchen of a slow, painful script you didn't write.

You're the babysitter, the assistant, the unspoken glue.

You're tired.

Tired of being talented and still dependent. You know you're smarter, sharper, stronger.

But what's all that when money keeps buying your pride, your peace, your integrity?

What's left after that? How do you start to live?

How do you survive?

And when you try to speak up, they laugh: "*Sometimes all this Nickelodeon you've watched will just enter your head.*"

So you shrink.

*"Be realistic, abeg."*

So you scroll.

*“This your book book too much. You never chop, na big grammar you dey blow.”*

So you try another course.

*“No job ob. Just marry and rest.”*

So you write another plan.

And the shame sticks—like harmattan dust on vaseline-ed skin.

You hate how the people who eat off you emotionally now eat off someone else financially.

You hate that your younger brother can mock what’s left of your integrity and still pay for your toothpaste.

But you also hate how part of you needs him; your pastor calls it *the flesh*.

Because where would you go?

So you stay.

Burning embers in your chest, while you play Queen of the north. Winter has come, and it has nested alongside the fire.

So where will your heart go?