The Yellow Bus Affair

A haunting, introspective reflection on death, identity, and the quiet paradox of becoming. Through lyrical, philosophical prose, the piece traces a life suspended between tolerance and transformation, loss and awakening. What unfolds is not merely a story of dying, but a meditation on rebirth, spiritual reckoning, and the unsettling clarity that sometimes arrives only after everything else falls away.

She died last year at the back of a bus carrying four adults too many, en route to Asaba.

It was past evening. And the day had begun with her scrambling excitedly for her gadgets, her clothes, and her Bible journal—her mandatory visit to Lagos was over and her life could unpause now.

If only she knew.

© Chika Igidi, 2026. All Rights Reserved.

You see, Adanna had never quite evolved past the delicacy of tolerance over assimilation.

She had never quite determined to choose contact without contamination. She had never quite become—instead of allude to—a better, wiser she.

Not quite.

She would blame the rickety yellow buses with needling benches that tore at your attire.

Her father—the lion of the tribe of the family—whose patronly impact held equal status with a feather. Her dear, sweet mother with the weight of the world on her shoulders.

Her choices. Her country. Her folly. Her country. You name it.

She would…had she not been exhausted by it all. Why wait to carry more than she owed?

She was dropping off the liabilities and amassing assets first from her *self*—her thoughts. Her best friend(who yet lived in her imagination).

Her nervous system. Her friends—all *zero* of them until recently.

And her *Chi*.

Don't forget her *Chi*.

Now He, was the lion of the tribe of her heart. Her life. Her essence.

Her used-to-be mothering influence for a friend would frown at her effusive adulations over how her life changed after her encounter—but she maintained that life was never going to be the same again.

So yes. She did die.

And in her first year alive, she was resting.

© Chika Igidi, 2026. All Rights Reserved.