

THE AUTHOR OF THE LOVE ECLIPSE

EZEKIEL VENANT MILLINGA



WHEN NEW GODS WERE CHOSEN

A SHORT STORY

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**EZEKIEL VENANT MILLINGA**

## DEDICATION

To my lovely happy family– *you are but an earlier heaven*

To my childhood friends– *wherever you are on earth, perhaps  
one day we will meet again as characters in a different story,  
maybe we'll share a lifetime then*

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## EPIGRAPH

*“Failure is an option here. If things are not failing, you are not innovating enough”*

– Elon Musk

*“There is a slight difference between growing up and growing older. Growing older is mandatory, growing up is optional”*

– Ezekiel Millinga

1

Shakirah Mengi snapped out of sleep. She could hear footsteps creeping towards her sleeping room. Her husband left for the night shift, he couldn't be returning home that early. Cold sweat seeping over her brown skin babyface, she stepped on the floor mutely holding her stomach with her left hand. She could feel the baby dancing and bouncing inside.

*Don't worry... I'll save you from harm baby.* She ran inaudibly over the closet and came out with a table knife. She could see the doorknob swinging up and down. She pointed her knife towards the door, ready for whatever would happen. Her whole body was sweating and wavering.

The door opened unexpectedly and a brawny man of about thirty-something in a black leather coat, hat, and jeans entered, a Zastava M88 pistol hanging on his right hand.

"Who are you?" Shakirah said, pointing her knife towards the man

"I'm out of time, so I'll skip the introductions." the man said in a creepy voice

"Make one more step and this knife will be filled with your blood"

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The man chuckled, “You’re holding a table knife and I’m holding a gun” the man pointed a gun towards Shakirah’s stomach. “We all know what will happen to your baby if you act impetuously.”

Shakirah dropped her knife. Her hands were on her curvy, well-endowed breasts. She was breathing profoundly. “What do you want?”

“Good” the man signaled Shakirah to sit, “You and your husband have something that doesn’t belong to you. Want it back”

“Don’t know what you are talking about”

The man cocked his pistol, “Don’t have time for discussions!”

“I’m not lying... don’t know anything”

“The black suitcase, where is it?”

“Never seen it”

“Then, I’ve no reason to keep you alive”

“I’m not lying. My husband has a lot of secrets”

The man pointed the gun towards Shakirah. Shakirah’s heartbeat rate increased, her whole body felt soggy.

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“Please don’t kill me... I’ve told you everything I know”

“Everything you know, not everything I needed”

“Please spare my life. I’m expecting to deliver in next to no time, reprieve my baby”

“Once you're already in hell, it's too late to beg for mercy.”

Shakirah fell on her knees, "Ooh Lord, have mercy on me and my baby"

The man nodded, “May God have mercy on you...” He shot Shakirah twice, one in her forehead and the other on her chest. Shakirah’s white nightdress turned red as her blood trickled over the room’s white terrazzo. “Because I won’t”

The man searched the entire room and found the suitcase. After exploring it and confirmed all the contents inside, he took his phone out. He called three times but the calls were never answered. He left the voice mail, ‘MISSION COMPLETE!’



2

“Name..?” said Geoffrey Mbonaga, a detective at Songea central police station. He was a young detective in his late twenties. His accomplishments in solving several murder cases at his age gave him a titanic status.

In front of his table was a young man of about 27 years old. The bald and well-trimmed beard gave the man a remarkable look.

Dunstan leaned on the chair, “Dunstan Mkunda”

“Shakirah’s husband..?”

Dunstan rubbed the ring on his finger, “Yes”

“I’m sorry for your loss,” Geoffrey placed his arms on the interrogation table, “I have few questions to ask you, hope you’ll collaborate?”

Dunstan nodded

Geoffrey rushed into his notebooks, “how long have you two been together?”

Dunstan sighed, “two years”

“Did you two have any somber conflict?”

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Dunstan's face turned pale, "Sometimes you need conflicts to come up with a solution"

Geoffrey chuckled, "I'm interested in the outcomes of those conflicts"

"Conflicts are normal, especially for those in a relationship"

"Whenever you conflict with someone, there is one factor that can make the difference between damaging your relationship and deepening it. That factor is attitude"

"We often had conflicts..." Dunstan gasped, "At the end of the day, you can either focus on what's tearing you apart or what's keeping you together. We always chose what's keeping us together"

"Any clash your wife was having with other people... neighbors?"

"Women... have a lot of secrets"

"Mr. Mkunda!" Geoffrey leaned on the chair, "my father always told me that what's wrong with lying is that it's an admission of weakness. If you're the strongest, you can afford to tell the truth"

"What are you trying to say?"

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“Lies don’t fix things. They don’t even make things easier, at least not in the long run. Best to tell the truth and then clean up an honest mess”

“Wait...” Dunstan gasped, “You think I killed my wife?”

“I’m trying to unearth all facts that you didn’t”

“Why would I kill her?”

"Your story doesn't match with our witness's story"

“She was pregnant”

“That’s why we won’t let anyone who did this vanish”

“You’re suspecting a wrong person”

Geoffrey crossed his arms, “why don’t we start afresh? Guess you’ve an interesting story to share with me”

“You are wasting your time, detective”

Geoffrey chuckled, “Bring her in!”

The door opened, Dunstan’s eyebrows raised. A beautiful young lady entered the room. Editha was Dunstan’s neighbor and his wife’s best friend. Dunstan’s stomach began growling, he wasn’t sitting comfortably.

Geoffrey looked at Dunstan, “Do you know her?”

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Cold sweat was flowing over Dunstan's face, "why is she here?"

"Miss Editha, please tell us what you saw"

Editha looked at Dunstan. She was wearing a red sweater but her body was trembling

Geoffrey patted her shoulder, "worry not, you're in the safest place"

Editha cleared her throat, "It was yesterday's evening... I heard Dunstan and Shakirah fighting. They've been fighting a lot recently. The last thing I saw was Dunstan slamming the door and said this before he left..." she looked at Dunstan and Geoffrey, "IF YOU ARE STILL IN THIS HOUSE WHEN I COME BACK, I WILL KILL YOU"

3

Dunstan's body was trembling, his stomach was growling. "I didn't kill her! I'm innocent"

"The trust of the innocent is the liar's most useful tool"

"I'm not lying!"

"Said you had no conflict with her!" said Geoffrey

"It's a family, personal matter"

"What if that family matter led to someone's death?"

"I had no reason to kill her"

Geoffrey opened his files and read for some minutes, "After forensic studies and scene investigations, we believe that the murder took place between 1 AM to 4 AM." he sipped his coffee, "Mr. Mkunda... where were you at the time?"

"I was on the road, carrying passengers!"

"Can you prove it?"

"How...? I don't know the passengers. Didn't take their numbers"

Geoffrey nodded, "At what time did you leave your house?"

"At 8 PM"

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“Be specific!”

“8:30 PM”

“The time you returned?”

“6 AM...” Dunstan stared at Geoffrey, “6:00 AM”

“What—”

“Look...” Dunstan leaned on the table, “we are wasting time here. The real murderer is out there—”

“Do you want to prove your innocence?”

“I love to be pushed so I can prove myself, because once again, I will”

Geoffrey closed the books, “Don’t—”

“I think I have got a hint!” a young man in his early twenties entered the interrogation room, holding a tablet on his hand. The Sennheiser earphones hung well below his hi-top fade hairstyle.

“Who’s this?” Dunstan asked

“Ian Chacha, a computer expert and a detective” Geoffrey answered, “Ian, what’s the hint?”

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“I looked at all places Mr. Mkunda prefers to hang out and asked if he was at any of those places at yesterday’s night.” Ian scrolled his tablet, “I found something fishy”

Dunstan leaned on the chair, breathing heavily

“What’s it?” Geoffrey said

“His taxi entered at Pink Pub in Msamala yesterday at 9:00 PM and it never came out till today at 5:30 AM. And according to the Pub manager, Dunstan didn’t sleep in the Pub”

Dunstan’s body was vacillating. He could feel his entire blood circulation had stopped. Geoffrey’s eyes were on him.

“And...” Ian scrolled his tablet, “I explored Mr. Mkunda’s phone to see if I could find any apprehensive call or message. There was a new number which called him thrice, today at 2:15 AM but all calls were not answered and the caller left a voice message...”

“Which message?” Geoffrey said

Ian looked at Dunstan, “MISSION COMPLETE”

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Dunstan's heartbeat rate increased. He crossed his arms and leaned on the chair. Ian left the room. A moment of silence followed.

"I didn't kill her!" Dunstan said

"Guess what..." Geoffrey threw the papers on the table, "sometimes you can learn things from the way a person denies something. The choice of lies can be almost as helpful as the truth"

"I hate her but not to the level of murdering her"

"You hated your wife?"

Dunstan breathed heavily

"Why"

"No... it's just--"

"Want to spend the rest of your life in prison?"

"No!"

"Then tell me the whole truth"

"The pregnancy..."

"What's wrong with the pregnancy?"



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Dunstan stared at Geoffrey

“Mr. Mkunda!!”

“Yes!”

“The pregnancy, what’s wrong?”

“It... it wasn’t mine!”

Geoffrey gasped, “She cheated?”

Tears on his eyes, “With my boss”

“For how long have you known this?”

“Two months” Dunstan licked his lips, “Her behavior changed unexpectedly. She started coming home late, she stopped doing her motherly duties at home and she started disrespecting me. Later, I discovered that she was pregnant and it wasn’t mine”

“That’s the reason you wanted her to leave your house?”

Geoffrey sighed, “The reason you intimidated to kill her?”

Dunstan gasped, “Ice melts when heated, heart melt when cheated”

"Where were you at the time between 9 PM to 5:30 AM?"

Dunstan laid his face

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“It may give you an alibi”

“I was in Mjimwema”

“Can you prove it?”

Dunstan sighed

“Keeping secrets from a detective will only lead to trouble”

“There are some secrets that we think we're keeping, but those secrets are actually keeping us”

"You don't want those same secrets to keep you in the penitentiary, do you?"

Dunstan breathed deeply, looking at the floor

“We need to confirm that you slept at Mjimwema the whole night”

Dunstan’s face was full of sweat

“Give me the house owner’s contacts”

Dunstan wrote the telephone number on a piece of paper and gave it to Geoffrey. His hands were trembling.

Geoffrey looked at the paper, “Name..?”

“What?”

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“Owner’s name”

“Magreth”

Geoffrey took the numbers and phoned a female detective, Merylene Gwajetubona. After one minute, Merylene was in the room. Merylene was about 24 years old. Her light brown skin and dimpled face suggested her young age.

“Hey MG... go interview this lady. We need to verify that Mr. Mkunda was in her house the whole night yesterday.” Geoffrey handed over the paper to Merylene. She took the paper and walked out.

“I have answered all your questions, can I go home now?”

“You get your alibi, you walk out”

“I’m not a killer. How many times should I sing that?”

“Have you eaten?”

Dunstan chuckled

Geoffrey left the interrogation room and Dunstan was served a meal. After an hour, MG returned and Geoffrey joined her to the interrogation room.

“How did it go?” Geoffrey said

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"She confirmed that Dunstan was with her, the whole night!"

MG said

"You sure..?"

"Yes, I confirmed it myself," MG said, "but there is something odd"

"What do you mean... odd?"

"Her full name is Magreth Mengi"

Dunstan sighed, Geoffrey squinted.

"Your guess is right" MG gasped, looking at Geoffrey. "She is Shakirah's biological sister"

Geoffrey turned to Dunstan, "You spent the whole night with your wife's sister?"

Dunstan sighed, staring at the roof

"The more I try to figure your way out of the suspects' list, the more your story becomes more and more interesting"

5

Dunstan's chair turned hot. He was biting his lips.

"You're having an affair with your sister in law?"

"How does that relate to this case?"

"Who knows?" Geoffrey stared at Dunstan, "whether you and Magreth planned to eliminate Shakirah so that Magreth can have you all by her own"

"That's impossible"

"There is nothing *impossible* to him who will try"

"You know what detective" Dunstan sighed, "You're just like math. And I hate math"

"Can you mind your manners?"

Dunstan chuckled, "I have no respect or sympathy for people who act like they're the only ones that are going through something in life"

"Tell me about the voice message, mission complete"

"Don't know anything about it"

"The caller called you three times"

"He called the wrong number"

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“The time, the words and the incident relate”

“It’s just a coincidence” Dunstan sighed, “I would never harm my wife”

“In this universe, there are no coincidences and there are no accidents. Nothing happens unless someone wills it to happen”

“Is this how you detectives were trained?” Dunstan clenched his fist, “forcing someone to accept the crime he didn’t commit?”

“Fine, who do you think would dare hurt your wife?”

“I don’t know”

“Your boss, what about him..?”

Dunstan raised his eyebrows, “Wait...”

“What’s wrong?”

“You searched my house?”

“Yes”

“Found the black suitcase?”

Geoffrey dug into his files, “No!”

Dunstan stood up swiftly, his body vacillating

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“What’s wrong?”

“If the suitcase is not there, then someone took it”

“Mr. Mkunda—”

“That person killed my wife and he will come for me”

Geoffrey stood and walked closer to Dunstan, he helped him sit. “Look... you are in a safe place. Calm down and tell me everything you know”

“He will kill me too”

“No one will hurt you. Tell me the truth”

Dunstan breathed heavily

“Tell me what happened”

"It was on Friday night. A passenger entered into my taxi and asked me to ride him to Peramiho. I dropped him at Peramiho and when I got back home, I realized that he forgot his suitcase in my taxi. I wanted to find his contacts, so I opened the case. There were outlandish things inside the case”

“What outlandish stuffs?”

Dunstan gasped, his lips trembling

“We will protect you”

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“There was a gun, passports and a list of names with their pictures”

“What names?”

Dunstan stared at the roof, breathing heavily

"Don't worry, everything will be okay!" MG said

Dunstan looked at MG and then Geoffrey, “Didn’t read all the names but most of them were of high government officials. Their pictures were crossed with red inks”

“What do you mean?”

“Below each picture, there was a date. Termination date”

“Are you saying that the man is planning a political massacre?”

“Not sure”

“Why didn’t you tell the police?”

“Wanted to alert the police but before I did, the man called me first”

“He intimidated you?”

“He said he knew me, my mother and father. Said if I did anything dim-witted, he would kill them”



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“You believed him?”

“He knew about Shakirah’s pregnancy too”

Geoffrey scratched his hair

“He promised not to hurt me and my family if I kept the secret”

MG held Dunstan’s shoulder, “Don’t—”

Ian rapidly rushed into the room, “Guys, we’ve got an emergence”

“What emergence?” Geoffrey said

“A message just popped up in our communication system. It looks like the sender cracked into our system. It’s the same number which called Mr. Mkunda thrice”

MG sighed, “How?”

Ian scrolled his tablet, “the message was encrypted and I tried to decrypt it. It’s a single sentence”

Geoffrey stood, “what message?”

Ian looked at the two detectives, “Judges 5:8”

“What’s that?” Geoffrey said

“A biblical verse!” MG said

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“Can you read the verse?” Geoffrey said

“Give me a second” Ian typed on his tablet. “When new gods were chosen, then war was in the gates. Was shield or spear to be seen among forty thousand Israel?”

“What does that mean?” Geoffrey snapped

MG sighed, “Maybe he is trying to explain the situation”

“What situation?” Ian said

MG scratched her hair, “The person promised to protect Dunstan if he kept the secret. Now that Dunstan has told us the secret, he has chosen new gods. The man is trying to tell us that the war is in the gates”

6

“How did he know that Dunstan confessed the truth?” Ian said

“When did the message pop up?” Geoffrey said

Ian peeked over his Timex Analog Silver Dial Men's Watch,

“Two minutes ago”

MG crossed her arms, “How can this be possible?”

Ian looked at his tablet, “tried to track down the person who sent the message but it was a private number. So, I did some maneuvers and I was able to come out with a single name registered under the number”

“What name?” Geoffrey said

Ian scratched his chin, “MSONDO”

The whole office went silent. The three detectives were scratching their heads.

“Our information is leaking... this is not a safe place anymore?”

Geoffrey said, investigating the room

“The question is... who’s leaking our information?” MG said

“Whoever he or she is, we need to move Dunstan out of this place as nippy as possible” Geoffrey snapped

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Geoffrey and Ian walked out of the interrogation room. They entered the office. More than ten police officers were inside this office, some working with papers and others hectic clicking their Retina 5K iMacs.

Geoffrey clapped, “ladies and gentlemen, we have a situation”

The office went silent. All activities stopped.

"There is a new suspect on the list, named Msondo, or whatever his real name is. We believe that this person is behind Shakirah’s murder and he has got some precarious plans for the country in his mind. Dig up and find anything you can about this man. We don’t have much time. Ian has got an insinuation, we can start from there.”

All officers turned into their iMacs.

Geoffrey walked to Ian and whispered, “call the transport team of the officers you trust... we are moving Dunstan after 30 minutes”

Ian nodded

Dunstan walked into his office. After twenty minutes, the transportation team arrived. Ian, MG, Geoffrey, and the team of four police officers had a short summit in Geoffrey’s office.

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After 15 minutes, the meeting was over and the seven officers walked out of the room.

Geoffrey clapped his hands, “Guys... we are moving Dunstan from this cell to Ruhuwiko, for security purpose. Whoever our enemy is... he is very chic. We need to act with prudence. Thank you”

It was 1700 hrs. The sun was disappearing to the west. Dunstan and the four police officers entered a black Toyota Land cruiser. They left Songea central police station, ready to deliver Dunstan to Ruhuwiko. It was a 30 minutes ride.

Dunstan was trembling, “What if—”

“Take a deep breath, and relax, it’s all going to turn out better than you expected!” a dumpy police officer in his early fifties said as he looked at Dunstan

“I think I’m confused but I’m not sure” Dunstan whispered

“It’s alright to be confused.” The police officer smiled, “Even the darkest night will end and the sun will rise again”

Dunstan stared at the window, “all I see around is darkness”

“Morning will come, it has no choice”

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After 20 minutes, they were very close to Ruhuwiko. Out of the blue, a mid-size luxury SUV BMW X6, full tinted overtook them and stopped in front of Land cruiser causing the Polices driver to press the emergency brakes to the limit. The Land cruiser skidded and stopped a few inches from the BMW. Everyone inside the cruiser was confused.

As they were still figuring out what was going on... a grey Range rover sport stopped aside them. Their window was smashed with a bullet and a black object was thrown through the window. After a few seconds, the whole car became smoky. Dunstan and other police officers were coughing. Dunstan was breathing heavily, hands over his neck. His vision was growing hazy. The last thing he could see was a man in a black mask taking him out of the cruiser.

7

When Dunstan gained consciousness, the BMW X6 that he was in, stopped. He was in the middle of the jungle. He could see several other cars in front of him. He was pulled out of the car by a short hefty man who escorted him to a tall, muscular man with a pockmark on his face. The man seemed to be the boss.

The tall man stood, “Snake... how did it go?”

Snake dragged Dunstan towards the man, “as planned”

“The police...?”

“Didn’t kill any, we securely stole Dunstan”

The tall man scratched his chin, “we didn’t steal Dunstan... the police wanted us to have him”

“What does that mean?” another soldier said

The tall man sat, “his shoes, I don’t like them”

His men grabbed and took off Dunstan’s shoes. After inspecting the heels, they found a tracking device.

“Fuck it!” Snake muttered

The tall man gasped, leaning on the chair. “His ring... it’s very different from her late wife’s ring. Don’t like it either”

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Dunstan's body was trembling and sweating

The men took off Dunstan's ring and inspected it. It was a tracking device too.

"Scrutinize his entire body. See if he is carrying extra chips" the tall man said

After they checked Dunstan's whole body, they were satisfied. There were no other tracking devices planted on him.

The tall man lighted his cigar, "the police were not transferring Dunstan... they were giving him to us. They wanted us to take him to our hideout so that they track us down, attack us, and raze us." He giggled, "Didn't know if the police would underestimate us to that extent"

Snake snickered, "police are always stupid!"

"They are not stupid." The tall man smiled, "I just think they have bad luck when thinking"

The whole gang giggled, Dunstan didn't.

The second team took Dunstan from the snake's team, the team which delivered him.

The tall man held Dunstan's shoulder before he entered the white Toyota Hilux SR5, "the police are always frail and the



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moment you chose to trust them as your new gods, you dug your own grave. Mr. Mkunda, welcome to my world”

“Who are you?” Dunstan whispered

The tall man smiled, “the one predicted by the generations of the generations”

Dunstan spat on the tallest man, “Go to hell!”

The tallest man chuckled, wiping the saliva “Throw me to the wolves and I’ll come back leading the pack”

Dunstan’s face was punched by the tallest man hammer-like fist. This time he spat blood to the ground, not saliva. His face was covered with a black sack and he was dragged into the Hilux.

## 8

Dunstan was locked in a dim room with few small windows very far from the floor. The light entering through these windows was not sufficient to clear the darkness in the room. He couldn't hear anything from the other side of the wall. No people talking, no movements. It was as if he was derelict to die.

After many hours, the door opened. A giant man, holding a M26-MA the shotgun on his arm entered. He ordered Dunstan to stand.

"Where am I?" Dunstan said

"Hell!" the man said in a cracking voice. He escorted Dunstan out.

As he walked out, Dunstan's heartbeat rate accelerated. The place was a crime empire. There was a militia practicing everywhere. The place was in the middle of the jungle and there was no likelihood for him to get out of the place alive.

The two stopped in front of the door written 'general'. The office was built with transparent glasses. He saw the tallest man he met earlier. He was ordered to enter the office and the giant man who brought him left.

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“Mr. Mkunda... you’re welcome!” the tall man said, pouring Cloudy bay in a burgundy wine glass and handed it to Dunstan.

Dunstan pulled the glass back

“A friend from New Zealand brought it to me.” The man sipped the wine, “It’s so syrupy. You should try too”

Dunstan maintained a serious face, “Why am I here?”

“I’ve more than a thousand reasons to take your life right now. Don’t worry, I won’t”

"Says a man with a gun!" said Dunstan as he stared at a Zastava M88 swinging on the man’s left hand

The man giggled, scratching his beard, “I’m the general of this place. My men prefer calling me Msondo”

Dunstan’s eyes surveyed the room

“I’m sorry about Shakirah”

Dunstan snarled, “Don’t dare mention her name”

“I hope she was a good wife”

“You killed two guiltless souls”

“You hated your wife. You always intimidated to kill her”

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“She promised to change”

“Never give someone the opportunity to waste your time twice”

"Do you even know the feeling of losing someone?"

“Occasionally in this life, we must give up or lose the things that we want to gain the things we really need”

“What do you want from me?”

“Anhaa...!” Msondo widened his mouth, “almost forgot that I called you here for a purpose.” He sipped his wine and placed the gun on the table

Dunstan’s body was trembling

Msondo showed a straight face, “You exposed my plans to the police. You’re going to clear the mess for me”

Dunstan smiled, “what if I won’t? You’re going to kill me anyway”

“Did it sound like a request?”

“Doesn’t matter”

Msondo took another glass of wine, "Do you know someone named Magreth Mengi?"

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Dunstan's face turned pale, "what have you done to Magreth?"

"Last time I saw her... she was so beautiful. Can't wait to see her again"

"You jerk! What have you done to her?"

"Her lemur-round eyes were very amazing. They were rhapsody-blue and very seductive. I really fell for her on my first sight"

Cold sweat flew off Dunstan's face, "if you have done anything to her, I won't forgive you"

"Currently, I haven't done anything to her but later, it will depend on how you act. Act impulsively, something will happen to her and trust me that something won't be so much pleasant"

"Police will catch you and you will pay for your sins"

Msondo smiled, "Are you talking about the same people who handed you to me, peacefully?"

"They will catch you"

"I wish they were as smart as you claim them to be"

"You are very confident"

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“To defeat your enemy, don’t think like an enemy. Become the enemy and think”

“Is that why you know much about me?”

Msondo smirked, “Candidly, it took me less than a day to know you”

“How..?”

“The people you dearly call friends”

Dunstan leaned on the chair

“Know what... our friends always talk about our good deeds when we are around but the moment we walk away, they start spitting out our dark sides” Msondo sipped his wine, “Next time you want to learn about a person, just hang up with his friends when he is not around”

“You look shrewd, how did you end up becoming a bad man?”

Msondo smiled, "Mr. Mkunda, there is nothing either good or bad. Only thinking makes it so"

“How—”

“Enough of shit” Msondo picked his pistol, “You have got a job to do”

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Dunstan's lips were trembling, "what do you want?"

Msondo signaled Dunstan to stand but before Dunstan stood, the thrumming sound of the helicopters pierced his ears.

Msondo squinted

"You know what?" Dunstan sat well on the chair, "Before I came into this room, I also thought you were very smart. But the moment you started talking, I realized you are just like most people, average people"

Msondo snickered

"Like everyone else, you don't know the difference between confidence and certainty"

The chaotic voice of soldiers outside the camp reached Msondo's ears. His heartbeat rate accelerated.

Msondo clenched his fist, "What the hell have you done?"

Dunstan sniggered, "Do not interfere with your enemy when he is making a mistake"

A huge explosion was heard. What could be seen in front of the transparent office was smoke and fire.

9

The camp became a battleground. Gunshots and bombs dominated the camp for half an hour. Two Shenyang-F7 combat aircraft circled the camp, destroying Msondo's crime empire. The green jungle turned red. Moans and groans of the dying ones dominated the sky. Since it was an unexpected attack, Msondo's army was defeated. The police officers secured the camp. Msondo and some of his warriors who survived were apprehended. Dunstan was rescued safely and sound

"Wow, the tracking chip worked like magic!" Ian said as he removed one button from Dunstan's shirt

MG patted Ian, "Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic"

Dunstan gasped, "Every second in this camp, I thought I was going to die"

Geoffrey hugged Dunstan, "I told you this plan would work"

"You don't know how I felt when the man was removing one chip after another." Dunstan smirked, "It was like he was sensing their presence"

Geoffrey smiled, "Ian got this chip from his friend working with FBI. It works like magic"



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“Its ability to remain inactive for an hour and then becoming active again after an hour has passed is amazing” Ian smiled, kissing the device, “technology works like magic”

“Looking at how you play with computers,” MG looked at Ian, “I still don’t believe you graduated at DIT”

Ian smiled, “Hard work betrays none!”

Police officers escorted Msondo and his men to the police’s Cruisers. Msondo stopped as he passed in front of Dunstan. He stared at him for minutes.

Dunstan looked at Msondo, “there is an end to every journey. Even life will come to an end one moment in time”

Msondo snickered, “the end is never the end. It's always the beginning of something”

“Do you want to know the difference between certainty and confidence?” Dunstan said

Msondo chuckled

“Matured people are certain, confidence is for the little kids”

Msondo chuckled as the police pulled him in the Cruiser. Before he entered the Cruiser, he stopped and turned to Dunstan.

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"Do you know why our friends speak our good stuff when we are present but the moment we leave they start talking about our dark stuff?" Msondo said

Dunstan shrugged

"Because the moment they will speak our dirty stuffs in our presence, it will hurt us and we will hate them and from that moment they become our enemies. To protect our friendship, we only speak our friends' dark matters in their absence"

Msondo smiled and entered in the car

## 10

Msondo and his men were taken to Songea central police station where they would wait to be transferred to Dar-es-salaam for further investigations. Geoffrey entered the interrogation room in which Msondo was kept.

"If you expect something from me, you are wasting your time." Msondo said

Geoffrey closed the door, "Life is an experiment in which you may fail or succeed. Explore more, expect less"

Msondo smiled

Geoffrey sat, "The first time I entered the army, I was told this story of a young talented soldier. His skills were extraordinary and he helped to catch many criminals. One morning, his fellows only found his badge in his office. The soldier disappeared and was nowhere to be seen. The reason to why he disappeared remained a riddle no one could unravel. It has been ten years now—"

Msondo raised his left arm, "One of the very worst uses of time is to do something very well that need not to be done at all"

"Why did you disappear like that? To become a bad man..?"

"If the system is not favoring you, create yours and follow it"

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“If you spend much time with a ghost, there is a huge probability that you will end up becoming a ghost” Geoffrey leaned on the table, “You spent much time catching bad men and at the end, you ended up becoming one too”

Msondo smiled, “this world is filled with many malevolence, cunning, and corrupt powerful people. In my country, if you say no to the actions of these people, you become a bad man”

Geoffrey chuckled, “who do you work for?”

"Powerless people... those who have been exploited, corrupted, and abandoned to die in the streets. People with no hope are the people I'm working for"

"Stop using weak people to cover your sins"

“You and I both know that this country is filled with evil, corrupt, and very powerful people. But because these few people have strong power, we cannot say no to their acts”

Msondo took a deep breath, “But what we don't know is, our inability to say no to these people is what has made this life a misery”

Geoffrey stared at Msondo's face

“Our hospitals are filled with irresponsible, unskilled doctors while responsible and skilled doctors are wandering in the

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streets with their certificates. The same applies in courts, schools, and many other institutions. Few people are enjoying the fruits of this country and many are suffering.

“Every day people are exploited, people lose their jobs and people lose hope. People are suffering out there because of a few devious people with power. Kill me and another Msondo will rise.

“Unless you eliminate the roots of these problems, many more people like me will rise. You will kill many more people like me till the law becomes tired of killing”

Geoffrey gasped, “Your list..? Was it to eliminate these people you call devious?”

"Sometimes it's fair to become a devil to fight devils"

“If what you say is true, you could just follow laws and bring them to justice”

Msondo smiled, “They are the ones who make laws and they have their loyal dogs like you. A dog never betray its master”

Geoffrey clenched his fist, “You are crossing your limits”

“Truth should be said, even if it will hurt”

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Geoffrey's face turned red, "How many innocent people have you killed?"

Msondo smiled, "How many lives have you taken today?"

"They were bad men. They deserved death"

Msondo sighed, "Even those who want to go to heaven would rather kill than be killed"

"Still pretending to be a good man?"

"What if I tell you that your employer, the one who pays you is one of those devious people? Will you bring him to justice or will you lay low to protect your salary?"

"You—"

Ian entered the room, "sir, the transportation team has arrived"

Geoffrey allowed the transportation team to take Msondo and his men to Dar-es-salaam for further investigations. After the transportation team left Songea central police station, Geoffrey leaned on the chair in his office.

"Geoff?" MG shouted

"MG, what's wrong?"

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“You okay?”

“Yeah yeah... what’s up?”

“You’re not okay”

“I am”

“Fine, we want to let Dunstan go. Do you want to see him out?”

“Sure... where is he?”

“Waiting at the bench”

“Give me a minute”

MG started walking out of the office when Geoffrey called him back

“Can I ask you something?” Geoffrey said

“I’m all ears!” MG closed the door and walked closer to Geoffrey’s table

“MG, if you are told to defend either justice or your salary. What will you defend?”

MG thought for some time and then smiled, “why asking?”

Geoffrey chuckled, “because a few minutes ago, one man dodged that important question”

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MG held Geoffrey's shoulder, "Dunstan is waiting"

Geoffrey walked into the reception bench where he found Dunstan.

"Mr. Mkunda" Geoffrey said as the two shook their hands

"I just wanted to say goodbye and thank you"

"We are also sorry for the trouble and thank you for helping the police force bringing this man to justice"

"Don't worry detective"

"We are very sorry that because of us you couldn't attend your wife's funeral"

Dunstan sighed, "I hope she is resting in peace"

Geoffrey held Dunstan's shoulder, "that doesn't matter now"

"What matters?"

"What matters is... will you be able to live in peace?"

Dunstan chuckled, "live in peace, never heard such a word before"

"Yeah... people only talk about resting in peace but they never talk about living in peace. I think it is possible"



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Dunstan smiled, “I’m not sure if I will be able to live in peace”

“Why?”

“A mother and a baby died because of me. How will I be able to live with it?”

“It wasn’t your fault”

“It was. There is no one on my side now”

“You have Magreth”

“She won’t forgive me”

“Time will heal everything”

“I hope it will”

“Thousands of candles can be lighted from a single candle, and the life of the candle will not be shortened. Happiness never decreases by being shared”

The two laughed

Geoffrey said goodbye to Dunstan and Dunstan left the police station. His motion manifested that he lost hope about life. He was afraid of how the society would perceive him after his wife’s mysterious death. He was afraid that everyone would stay away from him.

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As he walked out of the station's door, descending the steps... his eyebrows raised, his heartbeat accelerated. He remained stunned on the highest step. Standing a few inches below the lowest step was Magreth, waiting for him. Magreth gave off a dazzling smile after seeing Dunstan. Dunstan smiled back.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Venant Millinga and Theofrida Ndimbo: The most beautiful thing in this world is to see you smiling, and knowing that I'm the reason behind that smile

My friends: If all my friends were to jump off a bridge, I wouldn't jump with them. I would be at the bottom to catch them

My readers and fans: Thank you for being my biggest inspiration and my warmest supporter! You are a rare find, and I feel lucky to have you in my life! Thank you for being my constant!

My family: You've always believed in me. Thank you!

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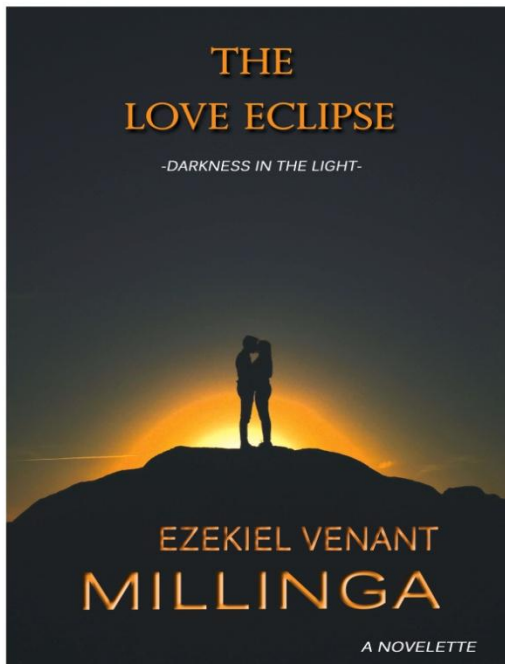
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## OTHER BOOKS FROM EZEKIEL

### 1. The Love Eclipse: Darkness In The Light (Book One)



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## **WHAT'S NEXT?**

The Love Eclipse Series Book Two