

Once when I was six years old I saw a magnificent picture in a book, called True Stories from Nature, about the primeval forest. It was a picture of a boa constrictor in the act of swallowing an animal. Here is a copy of the drawing.

E get one time wen I dey six years old, I see one very fine picture for inside one book wey dem dey call True Stories from Nature and di book dey talk about di olden days forest. Di picture wey I see na boa constrictor wen e dey swallow animal. See copy of di drawing.

In the book it said: "Boa constrictors swallow their prey whole, without chewing it. After that they are not able to move, and they sleep through the six months that they need for digestion."

Di book talk say: "Boa constrictors dey swallow dia food whole, say e no dey chew am. After e don swallow am, e no go fit move again, and na so dem go sleep all through six months wey dem need to take digest di food."

I pondered deeply, then, over the adventures of the jungle. And after some work with a colored pencil I succeeded in making my first drawing. My Drawing Number One. It looked something like this:

I con dey reason di jungle mata well well. After I don do small work with color pencil, I draw my first drawing. Di drawing resemble something like dis:

I showed my masterpiece to the grown-ups, and asked them whether the drawing frightened them.

I show my ogbonge drawing to people wey senior me, I con ask dem weda di drawing fear dem.

But they answered: "Frighten? Why should any one be frightened by a hat?"

But dem answer me say: "Fear? Say why cap go dey fear person?"

My drawing was not a picture of a hat. It was a picture of a boa constrictor digesting an elephant. But since the grown-ups were not able to understand it, I made another drawing: I drew the inside of a boa constrictor, so that the grown-ups could see it clearly. They always need to have things explained. My Drawing Number Two looked like this:

Di drawing wey I draw no be picture of cap. Na picture of boa constrictor wen e dey digest elephant. But since di people wey senior me wey I show no fit understand am, I draw anoda drawing: I con draw di inside of boa constrictor, so dat di people wey senior me go see am well. Dem always like make dem dey explain things give dem. My second drawing con resemble like dis:

The grown-ups' response, this time, was to advise me to lay aside my drawings of boa constrictors, whether from the inside or the outside, and devote myself instead to geography, history, arithmetic, and grammar. That is why, at the age of six, I gave up what might have been

a magnificent career as a painter. I had been disheartened by the failure of my Drawing Number One and my Drawing Number Two. Grown-ups never understand anything by themselves, and it is tiresome for children to be always and forever explaining things to them.

Di people wey senior me dis time con advice me say weda na inside of boa constrictor I dey draw o or weda na outside of boa constrictor I dey draw, say make I keep am one side den focus on geography, history, math's and grammar. Na why wen I dey six years, I give up wetin for be correct career as painter. I been feel bad about di failure of my first and second drawing. People wey senior me no dey ever understand anything by dem self and e dey always tire children to dey always explain tins give dem.

So then I chose another profession, and learned to pilot airplanes. I have flown a little over all parts of the world; and it is true that geography has been very useful to me. At a glance I can distinguish China from Arizona. If one gets lost in the night, such knowledge is valuable.

Na so I con choose another work, I con learn how to fly aeroplane. I don fly reach almost everywhere for di world; and true true, geography don help me well well. One look laidis, I fit talk di difference between China and Arizona. If person lost for night, the knowledge dey valuable.

In the course of this life I have had a great many encounters with a great many people who have been concerned with matters of consequence. I have lived a great deal among grown-ups. I have seen them intimately, close at hand. And that hasn't much improved my opinion of them.

For dis life, I don get many encounter with many great people wey dey concerned with matters of consequence. I don live well well among people wey senior me. I don see dem finish. And wetin I think about dem never really change.

Whenever I met one of them who seemed to me at all clear-sighted, I tried the experiment of showing him my Drawing Number One, which I have always kept. I would try to find out, so, if this was a person of true understanding. But, whoever it was, he, or she, would always say:

"That is a hat."

Whenever I meet any one of them wey dey think clear with sense, I dey try di experiment wey I dey show dem my first and second drawing wey I don always keep. I dey like try to find out weda dis person na person of true understanding. But whoever the person be, weda na he or she, e dey always say:

"Na cap be dat."

Then I would never talk to that person about boa constrictors, or primeval forests, or stars. I would bring myself down to his level. I would talk to him about bridge, and golf, and politics, and neckties. And the grown-up would be greatly pleased to have met such a sensible man.

Den I no go ever follow that person talk about boa constrictors, or olden days forests, or stars. I go bring myself down to e level. I go dey follow am talk about bridge, and golf, and politics, and neckties. Di people wey senior me go begin dey happy say dem don meet sensible man.