HOW TO SURVIVE BY GIVING EXCUSES

The world is governed by people with great minds. Minds that are creative and minds that are originative. The world shakers and movers were/are people who have stunned the world by their inventories and discoveries. The world is so large to concede people who make a mark.

The structure of over 7 billion people is that which could conceal the individual prowess, but more so, some achievements cannot be covered by the mammoth crowd. The very many who have shaken the world by their discoveries were people that had extraordinary intuition which perused into the depths of reality, and have interfaced the commonalities with the very many blames of others, and have brought out a land mark which others applaud and consequently make use of.

Many people can tell you why they are the way they are, they can explain why they are poor, why they don't have education, why they look battered; they are actually surviving by these numerous excuses they give about their setbacks in life. People surviving on excuses can never amount to something in life. They have great multinational companies where they manufacture excuses and brand their products. They are very good at telling the stories of yesterday. When they were this and when they were that, forgetting that yesterday was the appetizer, today is the main food, and tomorrow is the dessert. When you eat an appetizer without striving to eat the main food, hunger would remind you how great the mistake is. It is said, 'don't use your past as an excuse, excuse your excuses and take action now'. 'People spend too much time finding other people to blame, too much energy finding excuses for not being what they are capable of being, and not enough energy putting themselves on the line, growing out of the past, and getting on with their lives'.

Most failures come from people who have the habit of making excuses, they include excuses in their contingency plan in case they fail in a specific function, in other words, they had foreseen failure. Anyone good at making excuses, is good for nothing else. I really wonder how the world would look like if people don't blame each other for their misfortune, if governments don't blame the other, if leaders do not blame the economy or opposition. If people just start taking reasonable amount of responsibilities, the world would have looked much prettier. Failure at first doesn't give you the leverage to start making excuses, rather it makes you realize there could be a second chance if you seek for it. Many people who invented most of the things we use today failed at different levels of their carrier, but they didn't give up, it baffles me and keeps me bewildered when I learned that a man tried one thousand times (1,000) trying to do one particular thing and failed the number of times he tried before making a success out of the multiple failures. Even as a young child, he was written off, teachers said he was "too stupid to learn anything", he was also fired from his job for being 'non-productive', but when asked 'how did it feel to fail 1,000 times?' Thomas Edison replied "I didn't fail 1,000 times. The light bulb was an invention with 1,000 steps"

He had many excuses to give, life itself presented him with many reasons to quit, many reasons to give up, with very many

many reasons to give excuses, but he kept doing what he believed in, with no money, little savings, he invested his time in inventing the light bulb. The irony of the whole situation is that he later became the teacher of the teachers that wrote him off. Enough of excuse and move your life forward. When you fall, admit you have fallen, get back to your toes and start all over again. Life is made in such a way that it gives in to people who have refused to give up. Don't look around to see who has failed in the task. Plan, change strategy and continue doing what you have conviction of. Never abandon it for another day with few alibis to back up your postponement, start doing it, even when you don't feel like, bring the materials out, and after doing it, what a happy person can you be.

Excuse for failure can clamp your success; it can serve as a barricade and limit your power of reasoning. Instead transform the time for excuses and blame, into answers and panaceas which would circumvent the situation rather than stirring unpleasant unachievable epochs. In the world of excuse, there are many manufacturers, those who have survived in making and giving excuses, trying to justify a wrong, or failure. Sometimes it's laughable when you hear the excuses people give about not succeeding in life or about failing to complete a task. Bennett said, "Not managing your time and making excuses are two bad habits. Don't put them both together by claiming you 'don't have the time'. Taking responsibility is always the key. We all have 24hours a day, what you do with yours guarantees your success level in life. Ask a man who turns a great man overnight, he would tell you he never blamed any one for his mistakes, he never made up excuses, because to make an excuse is always time consuming to build up a formidable one. That time can be transferred in to some hard work, which is the prime solvent of life's problems.

Discard that bad habit, let it go, be strong and be in charge. Maturity is in responsibility not age. Age serves as a reminder to responsibilities, but taking responsibility is the maturity itself, age has nothing to do there. Improve on yourself, improve today and every day, by being strong and stop surviving by giving excuses.

'The day you start taking complete responsibility for yourself, the day you stop making any excuses, that's the day you start to the top'. O J Simpson

"I attribute my success to this- I never gave or took any excuse" Florence Nightingale

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The Escapades -

(when Adventure Turns Sour)

It was the summer holiday, and a time we all had waited for, at least to create and have fun. The question in our minds was 'where shall we go to'? After much deliberations and ponderings, we came to a gross consensus that we would visit Johannesburg, a land of great tourism. The decision felt like the best we've ever had and we couldn't wait to get there. The preceding weeks saw us preparing and afterwards, we were on the plane navigating to South Africa. The view of the country was such a congenial one, the really African beauty as the continent is fondly called. We felt at home because it was truly the African soil having traveled thousands of kilometers from the brother continent. The sight was really adventurous and I disappeared in ecstasy and remained there, never wanting to come back. We came to our hotel and with the map handy; we decided to write out the places to visit according to ones preferences.

We were cautioned not to be at various places at certain time because some wild animals always interrupted visitors who didn't know their trail. We rebuffed them, calling them naïve and superstitious. One Friday evening after our normal wandering, we got back to our hotel to discuss the next place to visit the following Saturday morning, we all made way to our rooms as tired and messy we were, after the days mirthful experience. We slept, but woke up the following afternoon. We gathered as usual in my room and we agreed to make it a jolly evening. At about 5pm, we set out to a little remote area where we wanted to see nature and its endowments. We had small transistor radio, a touch light and some water cans. We were jabbering and jesting as the day was slowly going down on us. I heard a sound which halted my subconscious mind, drawing me to the fact that it was not an ordinary one, but because the transistor radio was playing, I wasn't pretty sure. Again goose bumps rallied on my skin and that time I had to draw the attention of my fellas. We were four in number, who set out for this adventurous journey, trying to beat the odds by having fun and a mature one indeed. I asked my friends if they heard any sound, but they looked at me and called me the mystic man. Trying to avert the name, I did as if I felt nothing, but my mind was restless. Again, it was as if the wind was blowing towards our direction, I tried to remember what they told us about tigers coming out to take children from their parents, but I reassured myself that we were not children, and that whatever that came up, we four stout young men would deal with it and that was my confidence. We had walked less than 100meters as all these signs were prevailing and sooner than later, the sound became more obvious that my friends turned around to know what it was. Turning back, we saw nothing, but in the actual sense something was coming, and that terrified us. We asked one another if any was scared and the response was 'No', but

down in us, we were like a log. 20meters away from the bizarre mental scenario, we saw a shadow behind us and on turning around, yes that was it, the thing that had been trailing us for the past half an hour.

To my utmost chagrin, the way my three friends disappeared into here and there as though there was no tomorrow made my feet to get stuck on the ground. As they made way, the radio, touch light and everything was scattered around there, and in the greatest dose of fear that I have ever had in my life, I collapsed and was half dead. My body was stiff on the ground; the only thing working was my brain and my sensory perception. The roaring was thunderous and all I could remember was saying prayer in my heart, asking for the forgiveness of all my sins, in case I didn't survive the next five minutes, because as I have watched in National Geographic Channel, you may not survive the bite and deadly claws of the creature for more than two minutes or so. Right on the ground, many things came to mind; the people owing me, my fiancé, mum and dad, gosh! I asked myself a question which was 'young man will you die'? I couldn't answer that straight away, but immediately I retrospected and remembered the story of Daniel in the lion's den, how he remained untouched till the following morning. I believed something like that could happen, but I wanted mine to be different, not to stay in the middle of the lonely bushy road throughout the night, with my inimical guest, who I thought must be thanking God for giving her such a sumptuous meal. I remembered a fairy tale, that when you see a lion and pose dead, that it would not eat you. I have never believed in superstition, but in this case, I remained still on the ground, praying for a repeat of Daniel's case in mine. As thunderous she became, getting closer as though the lioness was taking stock of me. I thought she was looking for the best place to start devouring, but she came straight to my face, which was positioned up, looked frantically at me, I didn't really know why. She went the other side, came very close, I said to myself, wow she does not have a weird smell, because she smelled like an almond scent, the smell was so welcoming, but I didn't want to think much on the reason why the creature had such a nice smell because the situation did not permit me. Again I realized that she went few steps aback, and I perceived she was intently gazing at me. In all I never realized we had both stayed 3hours, when the transistor radio began to beep, their night news starts at 9pm, then I knew I was going to make the headline. The news caster told residents of the village never to come out that a tourist was devoured by a lioness about 3hours ago. The lioness came to the radio as if she was listening with me, I waited to know if any rescue mission was commissioned for my rescue, but they said that any search would be the next morning. Then I realized that my life was only God's decision.

At about 12am as I calculated, I started hearing some sounds emanating from the bush

path. The sound was directed towards my direction, I also noticed that the lioness took cover at the sound of a dawdling movement; I was saying 'not again' until a huge snake came on my motionless body. The reflection of the street light wasn't that clear, but lions have the capacity to see clearly even in the dark, so I guessed she saw clearly what came upon me. The snake came moving around my body, and it came down my lower region and was at the center of my two legs which were widely spread. It remained there and its ductile body started caressing my male organ. I tried to control it, but it was so smooth and soft that sensations started going down, that was what I didn't want because the snake could strike if suddenly something starts lifting it up, or the lioness might know that I had been playing pranks all the while. As this continued, the beast roared and the snake disappeared the way it came, and I was relieved, almost thanking the lioness for helping me, but I remembered what I was into, I held my peace.

The darkness was going down when the radio beeped, it was an emergency broadcast as a rescue team had been sent, which would arrive the scene at about 5am. As the news was going, the lioness went to the radio and after 15minutes of the broadcast, she came to me again. I was terrified at this time; I was asking if she could really understand the news or what? Just few hours, the team arrived, immediately, she took cover again. They were highly sophisticated, and I wanted to let them know that the body on the ground still had life in it, before they would shoot sporadically and be the ones to kill me, after the great ordeal with the creatures throughout the night. When they saw her, they aimed at her, but the thunderous roar scared them, and they started shooting sporadically nonstop. A stray bullet missed my head by chance, hitting the tree very close to me; when she saw that I was almost banged by the bullet, she ran and came close to me, waving her powerful hand round my head, probably checking if I was hit, and when she saw that nothing got me, she made her way back to her hiding place, and no sooner had she left me, the bullet hit her in the back, as she was going to take cover. She was weakened by the bullet, she turned around, gasping for air, amidst the raining of bullets on her body, but her eyes were fixed at me. She moaned and started losing breath. I rose up my hand, signaling them to stop, one of the soldiers helped me up, and still my guest was looking intently at me, even in death.

I couldn't hold, but to cry as she was taking her last breath. I felt like doing something to save her life, I felt like grabbing her also. I didn't know why she did not devour me; the reason for saving me even when the deadly snake came right on me was unknown to me? The question came coming as to why she came to check on me when the bullet missed me by chance? I may not be able to answer all these questions, but your guess is as good as mine.

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