‘FROM GLASGOW WITHOUT LOVE’

A BOOK REVIEW WITH AUTHOR ALBRIN JUNIOR
BY CASEY MORRIS

ANALYSIS

Albrin Junior’s “From Glasgow Without Love” interweaves stories of the city’s underbelly with those of the immigrant experience, particularly from the Nigerian diaspora. Visceral and always eloquent, Albrin peppers many stories with phrases and proverbs drawn from English pidgin and Igbo.

He explores a variety of topics, from the effects of childhood trauma and mental illness to the scars of British colonialism in Nigeria. The result is a visceral collection that probes the deepest of emotions while leaving no stone unturned in its realism and honesty. When reading “From Glasgow Without Love,” one does notice a few connective threads from story to story.

The first is the continuity of time and experience. The past pulses through “One Gay Night” or “Love In A Time Of Massacre.” Appreciating this requires some nuance, as Albrin is careful not to deprive his characters of agency or to court fatalism.

The past is potent, but it doesn’t determine all things. Resolve, and one’s awareness of it, forms another thread. Whether they reckon with an abusive upbringing, unrequited love, betrayal, familial conflicts, or loss, Albrin's characters never lose their resolve. This may not always lead to the best decisions. But it does lead to action. Decisive action keeps the reader engrossed in “From Glasgow Without Love,” where one remembers just how remarkable it is to confront the variety life offers to us.

The collection's first story introduces Elvis, a down-on-his-luck Nigerian student living in Glasgow. At Kelvingrove Art and Gallery Museum, Elvis procrastinates as long as possible to avoid going home to his partner, Molly. Objective narration cycles with introspection to reveal a tragic circumstance for Elvis: his student visa has been revoked. His legal right to live and work in the UK is gone. Even worse, Molly is pregnant. Upon his return home, a fight ensues during which both accuse each other of deceit, of selfishly using the other. A chilling inference to make here is the lack of compassion or even decency Elvis faces. Albrin shows how their relationship once seemed legitimate, even strong. But, like so many before him, Elvis's bad decisions accumulate. He's bound himself to an unreliable, abusive sponsor. Blinded by anger, Molly chucks him out and vows to raise their child alone. The story's crescendo at Buchanan Bus Station articulates a theme omnipresent in the collection: from the outside looking in, acts of desperation spring from broken innocence, from pain and suffering. Though one may always search for ways to mend the past and move forward, sometimes it's not enough. Sometimes, searching is merely a ploy for fateful action. After reminiscing on happier days back in Nigeria, days when he earned money and made his family proud, Elvis resolves to end his life. The harrowing account of his death, in which he takes a passerby hostage only to be killed by armed police, affirms that grief and shame undermine his reason. In a storm of gunfire, Elvis finds peace and his mother's warm embrace back home.

His alienating life in Glasgow is relieved by death. Without love or warmth, the city as a menacing place develops in the next story.

In "One Gay Night," Albrin shifts to Glasgow's gritty interior. We meet Meredith Galloway, an abused and self-destructive orphan of the city's foster-care system. As an adult, Meredith often contemplates suicide but is always dissuaded and thrust back into life. But, similar to Elvis, Meredith's story stumbles to an end. Albrin's style again weaves third-person narration with introspection and reminiscence: we learn of Meredith's dark past, of her physically and sexually abusive foster parents, before she finally freed herself from the system. Living alone is a challenge, as she longs for intimacy and relationships with others. Yet her past controls her, leading to post-traumatic stress, anxiety, and reactive attachment disorder. Sadly, Meredith has become her own worst enemy, her own abuser. To escape, she frequents the Uptown Club where, one serendipitous night, she meets Rachel Brown. Although Albrin describes the encounter with restraint, it's clearly more significant for Meredith than Rachel. Instantly infatuated with plans for a future together, Meredith wakes to find Rachel gone. A night of ecstasy quickly turns sour, as Meredith tracks Rachel down to a home in suburban Glasgow. The disturbing climax in "A Gay Night" is told in painstaking detail: what seems like a predictable account of a jealous lover overcome by rage is actually more subtle. Meredith's decision to kill Rachel's husband (in the hope of winning her back) betrays not a taste for plot twists or the macabre.

Albrin's focus is instead the loss of reason to overwhelming emotions. It's a statement on the consequences of childhood trauma and how these warp neurodevelopment. Meredith's murder of George, and her own death at Rachel's hands, likewise emphasize the operative power of grief and suffering. Stylistically, "A Gay Night" is an uncompromising take on realism:
verisimilitude, its beginnings and endings, offers a well of possibility. For Albrin, not all possibilities are created equal. Some end cheerfully, while others bleed to death.

In "Fake London Girl," Albrin goes to Nigeria. The story's protagonist is Priscilla Igwe, a local girl from Anagara. Blessed with good fortune and talent, she's able to move and work in Lagos, the sprawling capital. From a Westerner's view, this sounds like a regular opportunity most can relate to. But that's exactly what Albrin rejects. In Igbo culture, moving from one's village is a sea change like marriage or having children. And even if Priscilla worked as a taxi driver in Lagos, she's still welcomed home with reverence and expectations. To her community, she's wealthy with a higher status. She gifts sums of money to family and friends. The village hosts two feasts in her honour, where she meets with elders and her beloved Grandma. But what's "fake" about all this? Interestingly, the deception is layered. First, Priscilla never directly stated that she went to London. The phrase she uses is "small London." In her village, this is slang for Lagos.

Secondly, Priscilla never corrects her grandmother or niece Oluchi when they ask about her time away. The lie spreads, and soon enough everyone knows. Everyone claims she has a "London accent." The final layer is most revealing: leaving one's home and going off to greater things is not just a rite of passage. It asserts a power dynamic latent in Nigerian consciousness.
The legacy of British, and more broadlyof European, colonialism still shapes sub-Saharan Africa. Forms of government, economic and social structures, and individual minds are all bound to both native and European cultures. As a former British colony, Nigeria is complex: the prevalence of English coexists with Yoruba, Igbo, and other indigenous languages. Its legal system is grounded in English common law but has evolved since Nigerian independence. And, most pertinently, pathways for self-advancement (whether through education, employment, etc.) are defined vis-à-vis the dominant culture. This is why Priscilla's community are in awe of her wealth and accent. She commands a new place above those she once served. More than the generational impact of forced acculturation, this is a postcolonial Stockholm syndrome that's uncomfortable yet so natural. When Priscilla finally admits her lie, how she received a gift of two million naira from a rich customer, she's laughed off. Oluchi is heartbroken. The illusion of power and prosperity vanishes. But the fact remains: ambition in Anagara, in any Nigerian village, is nothing short of a betrayal. It's embracing the oppressor's ways and making them one's own.

Nigeria's colonial past comes to life in "Love In A Time Of Massacre." The title refers to the Iva
Valley shooting in Enugu, where British Police Superintendent F.S. Phillip ordered officers to kill 22 miners protesting for arrears amid crackdowns on labor activism. The incident is cited as a turning point in the Zikist nationalist movement, moving Nigerians to favor independence. Albrin uses this event as the background for an unlikely love story. Okafor, the son of a miner, has fallen hopelessly in love with Onyinye. The trouble is she's an Osu, a descendant of slaves. Okafor is Igbo, and his mother and father (respectively called "Nna" and "Nne") forbid the marriage. Tension mounts as Okafor first consults his mother, who scolds him: "Amadioha strike your stupid mouth." Nne's reaction is equally vicious; while recovering from bullet-wounds, he refuses to listen to Okafor. This coalescence of events, of personal and collective trauma pushes Okafor to madness. He tries to hang himself from a tree. But just as life slips from him, the branch splits. "Love In A Time Of Massacre" ends, with Albrin noting that Nne lost several friends and his son, who elopes with Onyinye. An important observation is how this story builds upon "Fake London Girl." Instead of suggestion or subtlety, British oppression is center stage. Inter-tribal bias against the Osu isn't coincidental. The transatlantic slave trade ethnically cleansed generations of West Africans, though some tribes were less affected. The impact of slavery later defined each group's self-understanding and mythos, becoming a point of pride or shame.

Albrin's strength is portraying the messy relationship between past and present, macro and micro forces that overlap but are not the same.

"Deceived" expands the theme of doublethink and doublespeak. We return to Glasgow, its alleys and unlit streets. The protagonist is Meredith Irrua, a mentally unstable sex worker who's also having an affair with her neighbor, Charles. The plot hinges on a letter Miranda receives from her sister, Lisa. It falsely details how Lisa has been murdered by Charles, her lover. Similar to Elvis and Meredith, Miranda's grief overpowers her faculties. She's quickly obsessed with avenging her sister's death. Donning a red negligee, she seduces Charles whilst sneaking a knife to his neck. Albrin builds the suspense well, with several feints and stutter steps before a knock at the door. Shocked to find Lisa and to hear of the ruse, the story ends between the sisters' argument and Lisa's unconvincing justification. Why did she send the letter? Albrin states multiple times that it's to dissuade Miranda from working in the sex industry. In broader terms, "Deceived" dramatizes the varied ways families go about "intervention" or saving a loved one. In this way, it's a cautionary tale on the importance of communication and dignity. What's normal and busywork for Miranda is unthinkable for Lisa. But with such a misunderstanding, how can they communicate without losing their dignity? Why not just talk instead of faking one's death? Albrin suggests that, when language fails, decisive action takes its place. He leaves it to the reader to decide if Lisa's actions, though extreme, were appropriate.

In “Diary Of A Black Immigrant,” we stay in the city. Alex, a Nigerian student at the University of Glasgow, arrives with high expectations of life in the UK. Landing at Heathrow, and after an overnight stay with a friend in Colchester, Alex’s first week in Glasgow is bewildering. He meets local Nigerians, all with similar experiences. A chance encounter at the post office introduces Fareeda. A fellow student and very beautiful, she mesmerizes Alex. Their friendship is contrasted by Alex’s dire living situation: until he can find accommodation, he sleeps at Buchanan Bus Station in the winter cold. He’s joined by another homeless Nigerian expat, Ernest. Upon finally securing a room, Alex meets his future lover, Adenike. The sequence of their relationship forms the largest part of the story. What’s considerable is the stylistic shift that occurs: Albrin moves from third-person narration to introspection. The text meanders from hot to cold to lukewarm. Alex despairs at Adenike’s lack of interest in him but finds encouragement in her smile or soft voice. The effect signals the tumult of flirtation. This culminates in a dream episode that seems all too real: Alex and Adenike share her bed on a cold night and make love. The reality is displayed on his laptop, a writer’s mistake, which Adenike happens to read the next morning. Unsurprisingly, Albrin has one more go on the emotive carousel. When Adenike begins talking again to Alex, the intent is clear: their attraction is mutual and passionately consummated. After so many unsettling endings, “Diary Of A Black Immigrant” offers a refreshing foil that’s less necessary than it is good old-fashioned storytelling.

“The Devil Has A Soul” is one of the most challenging reads in the collection. Set in Lagos, we experience the last hour of a condemned man’s life. Omonigho Ogbamremu was a confused man. After three years at university, he left without a degree. He struggled to hold a job, to maintain friendships, and to attend weekly church services. But one Sunday, his life changed: Glory Edewor, one of the newest and most beautiful members, joined the choir and later became a youth leader. Omonigho and Glory’s love blossomed despite her love affairs with other men and lack of commitment. Just when they’re set to marry, Omonigho demurs. This development characterizes the remainder of the story. It speaks to a fascinating yet tragic practice widespread in West Africa today. Witchcraft, the age-old tradition with roots in occultism and folklore haunts hearts and minds in countries like Nigeria or Ghana. Its alleged practitioners (usually women) and those eager to accuse and ostracize (usually men) don’t find happy solutions. Public support for prosecution of Witchcraft is common in rural villages and in cities like Lagos. To a Westerner, Witchcraft and a legal means to combat it may seem strange. But for Albrin, it’s life and death. Omonigho’s decision to murder Glory because he’s convinced she’s a witch committed to his destruction highlights a disturbing problem in Nigerian society. Yes, prosecuting Witchcraft is reprehensible. Yes, it implies issues around primitive norms and misogyny. What's less apparent is unpacking one's bias against such behavior. Is there a point where moral relativity and tolerance fail? Who’s to decide?

Unthinkable cruelty caused by unthinkable ideas offers no closure. It's a reality Albrin knows all too well, one preferable in words than in blood. Albrin's confrontation with Nigerian culture continues in "Unshapen Gold." Told by a nameless Nigerian woman, the story explores gender roles in village life and how these either thwart or empower the young. Albrin's refusal to name the woman lends universality to her voice. Her experience belongs to any woman or young girl in Nigeria. Yet this doesn't overshadow the personal quality of "Unshapen Gold." We read first of the narrator's childhood memories in Uluolu, a village she'd visit every Christmas and where her best friend Gold lived. Gold Onyema is a clever and ambitious girl who dreams of becoming an environmental engineer. In what became her final trip to Uluolu, the narrator learns that Gold has been cursed and will be married to a local man within a year. The story then jumps ahead thirty years. Settled into a career, independent and suspicious of men, the narrator still pursues and finds love. Albrin's achievement here is a measure of Nigerian patriarchy that resists censure or evaluation. The women's lives unfold. One thrives in Lagos, while the other is smothered by tradition and duty. Gold's suffering is mirrored in the void left by her death. The narrator cannot speak or think of her. If it were only circumstantial, there could be peace, acceptance. But Gold's not the exception. Albrin pleads: why are men worth more than women? Why are so many lost to the abyss? The answer is resolute action. In the face of injustice and sexism, the way forward is lit by steady steps.

Sometimes, it's not enough to speak but to forge a path where none existed. That's not possible for everyone, Determinate forces are often inescapable. Such is the case in "Drown," the longest piece in the collection. Set in 1804, a tragedy befalls the village of Aro. Albrin dedicated this story to Nigerian actress Genevieve Nnaji.

Chijioke, son of Nwokeoma and Omasirichi, died from a snakebite while hunting. Furious, Nwokeoma blames Afamefuna, his daughter Ugommaeze's secret lover, for killing his son. Threats for vengeance culminate in a confrontation, and as Afamefuna nears death by hanging his father, Igwebuike, arrives. Nwokeoma and Igwebuike's old rivalry resumes (i.e. they both loved Omasirichi) before all hell breaks loose. Everyone is bound and forced into slavery by white Europeans, who seemingly responded to the furor. At this point, Albrin shifts the lens from African folklore to the transatlantic slave trade. It's tempting to describe the next sequence as revenge fantasy or revisionist delirium. One limitation is that Albrin understates the brutality and appalling conditions of the Middle Passage. Starvation, overcrowding, diseases, and physical or sexual violence all added to the trauma millions of West Africans faced as they left their homes and families behind. Albrin instead reimagines a rebellion by slaves of Igbo descent in 1803. After killing their captors and landing at St. Simon's Island in Georgia, they committed mass suicide at Dunbar Creek. The Igbo's bravery is vivid in "Drown," which also evokes love and loyalty: "They jumped holding hands, and formed a ring in the water." After reading this, I couldn't help but think of Ophelia drowning herself in Hamlet or of Keats' epitaph: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Like Keats and Shakespeare, the fearsome Igbo live on in the Western and African imaginations. Albrin celebrates their legacy and zeal for freedom.

In “Even Gods Cry,” Albrin returns to Witchcraft with a tale that blends paranoia and gothic fiction. William Craig brings death upon all those he loves: his parents vanish in a plane crash while two of his girlfriends, Clara and Tracy, die in pools of their own blood. After each tragedy, nightmares of three witches torment him. Fire, Wind, and Rain laugh at and beckon William. We eventually learn of his birth, and of why he’s bound to perdition. William’s parents struggled to conceive. The Faustian deal they made with the three witches held a stipulation: the boy belonged to them as a god, and “he will bring death to everyone he loves.” As a climax in the thematic progression thus far, fate is inevitable. It’s unclear whether Albrin deems this inevitability in literal or figurative terms. My inkling is that’s both: fate is neither predetermined by divine will or agency. It’s the sum of these in the encompassing stew that is tradition. What this doesn’t mean is that everyone has the same relation to truth. Albrin senses this when William’s father reappears to him as a ghost. He warns: “Don’t drown another soul in your pool of death.” Don’t resist what cannot change. Don’t pretend like you have options, some refuge to steal off to and hide. Sounds awful, right? That’s part of Albrin’s purpose but not all. William’s surrender to fate is not a resolution.

There are values worth fighting for, and Albrin isn’t afraid to admit this: blind obedience to cultural pressures and norms is a cycle that seems non-negotiable. But that’s a lie, a cynical and self-destructive one.

“From Glasgow Without Love” is a sprawling adventure that moves as much as it probes. Albrin excels at unveiling the immigrant mind and experience, particularly the Nigerian diaspora. His eye is voracious: childhood trauma, violence, abuse, mental illness, and addiction torture his characters as much as love and acceptance soothe them. Another achievement is his adaptation of historical events in stories that balance monologue with narration. Some of the collection’s best pieces, such as “Drown” and “Love In A Time Of Massacre,” move so seamlessly that a second or third read is undeniable. What emerges is an image of the human spirit that refuses to be ignored. Resolve, in the face of danger or incalculable odds, is that beast that will just not die. It’s crucial to recognize that resolve defines tradition and history itself. And it’s equally crucial to remember how vulnerable truth is. In the universal is the particular. Fate is but the reflection of one or many cohering minds. Albrin demands an answer: will you seize and right the ship before it sends you overboard? Will you master your fate, your mortal soul?

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INTERVIEW

WITH AUTHOR ALBRIN JUNIOR

There's so much in your collection about the Nigerian immigrant experience. Why is that so important to you? How has it shaped your thinking and your writing?

I think it's because that's the landscape I'm from emotionally, psychologically, and spiritually. It's my current reality. It's one thing to read the story about someone's migration experience. But it's also something to actually experience first hand and to listen to people who are living that life. You suddenly feel our stories are not told enough. I've read a lot about migration but experiencing it feels like we are not telling these stories enough, we're underrepresented. The reality I experienced growing up in Nigeria, in Africa is that there's this internalized script about life abroad. It's suddenly like the grass is green on the other side. It's the place you go to and your problems dissolve like salt in water and everything. It's so beautiful. Everything is fine. But then you move and you realize that's all juxtaposed, it's the truth and the lie at the same time. You are living with hope and pressure. It's crazy because you move and you realize that a land that offers you lots of opportunities, that welcomes you with a smile, underneath there's a sinister motive. They look at you with suspicion. Every single step you take, you are questioning yourself: should I take this step? Will they be happy? Will they smile? You are living. You are hopeful. But, at the same time, you are dying. It's the first step most migrants face. A lot come over with so much hope and determination, but when they begin to experience it, they suddenly realize this is not what I thought. This is not what I imagined, and they begin to break. Once you break mentally, it's just a matter of time before you are broken physically. Sometimes, it can be literal, sometimes literary. But you eventually get broken.

Only few are strong enough to survive, which explains why I felt like this is something I wanted to tell from my own point of view. It's from seeing people live their lives and hearing them tell their stories. There's so many stories I couldn't tell, and I felt like these stories should be told more.

Several stories, such as "Love In A Time Of Massacre" and "Drown," take place within real historical events like the Iva Valley shooting and Igbo landing. How do you weave history so well into your fiction? What's that process look like?

First of all, I love history. If I was not a writer, I would be a history teacher. History is not distant from the present, and I also have the feeling sometimes that history suddenly becomes like a footnote, like an experience that just passes. For example, I watched a movie about the Lockerbie bombing that happened in Scotland many years ago. A particular scene stuck with me. After the investigation took place, a father of one of the victims went to a store. When he was speaking to the employee, she asked him "What's that you are wearing?" He said, "Oh, it's about the bombing. Look here." And the girl then saw his expression, his sadness. I feel his sadness because it was only a few years ago but it's all washed away. I feel history is very important and should be told. If you do not love history, it's very difficult for you to write something historical. What makes it easy for me is I put my characters inside history. It's a mixture of imagination and the emotional sequence of the character. I ask myself: "What were they thinking at that point in time? What were they doing? How were they feeling?" I basically put my character in a situation, and once I understand their emotional truth at that time, it becomes easy for me to

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speak with history. I also do not tell stories to change history. The truth is the truth: I put my characters inside of history to be able to reveal that truth. We take a voice that has been silent, like a whisper, and tell its story. That's what I did with "Drown." For that story, I was with a friend. We were working on a script. And then we found a picture of the history of the Igbo landing. I told myself from then on: I will go back to that time. I will read about it. Once I did, I knew I had to tell the story. I also grew up reading lots of history about World War One and Two and European history, African history, and even American history. Finally, telling stories from history gives you hope. They give you life. You have that feeling that somebody experienced this before. "Drown" is more or less about a spirit of resilience. They fought for what they wanted. You start to feel that this is true for me, too. I can stand and fight for what I want or believe in, like Jesus did in the Bible or one of Shakespeare's characters.

"From Glasgow Without Love" challenges tradition, such as Nigerian culture or Britain's role in colonialism and the slave trade. Many of your characters, like Okafor or Ugommaeze, fight against tradition and even their families' wishes. Why is fighting tradition so important for your characters? What do their struggles represent?

For me, it has to do with identity. Yes, they're going against tradition. That's why tradition is there for a purpose, to give a purpose. I also believe that tradition can be refined. It doesn't have to be stagnant. For me, putting characters who fight against tradition is not because they hate it. It's more or less they are trying to figure out who they actually are outside of tradition. Because you grow up; you're told this and that. This is who you marry. That is what you do. Here's where you live. You're not actually given the opportunity to understand yourself. You just live by the rules that have been made before you. Now, it's not my aim to break those rules just for the fun of breaking them, without purpose. Just like in basketball or in filmmaking, there are rules. But I tell people: break the rule when you can. But know the rule, then break it for a purpose or to achieve something. My characters go against tradition because they are trying to find their own selves and their identities. For Okafor, him going against his father's wishes to marry his girlfriend was like him fighting against tradition or just his father. It's the same thing for us because we are fighting the tradition of first generation migrants, which makes it so much sharper. You're fighting the expectations and pressure that comes with being in the host country. It's about finding the balance. Growing up, I also knew I was stubborn. I'm stubborn but not because I'm rude. If you tell me something, I will want to know why. If I understand why things are done in a certain way, I can go ahead and tell people to follow along. But we should not do it because our fathers did or their fathers did. Times change. People change. Going against tradition is about finding identity.

Two of your stories, "The Devil Has A Soul" and "Even Gods Cry," are about Witchcraft. How powerful is Witchcraft in Nigerian or West African culture? Why do your characters fear it so much?

Back home, we say there is black witchcraft and white witchcraft. Over here, white witchcraft is things like an airplane or advanced technologies. But back home, witchcraft is evil. It's not simply a superstition. It's kind of like fear and the unseen. For example, if there are two people and one commits a crime there are two suspects. To prove your innocence, you have to swear in God's name that you did not do it, did not steal. Before your judgment, you have to swear in the name of Amadeo. Ten minutes later, there will be silence. Witchcraft also comes from the fear our fathers lived with. No one, including me, understands how their (witches) powers' come to be or how they manifest. So, my characters also fear it. They fear witchcraft. I try to put my characters in society and tell their point of view. In "The Devil Has A Soul," the protagonist lived his life based on superstition. He was told he would become a king, a great person. But because he's been told this, he lived outside that prophecy. We do this, too. We experience life outside of our prophecies. I really don't know how else to explain witchcraft because it's a kind of superstition. But that makes it sound like it's not real. But it is. I put my characters in situations that are related to witchcraft that feel real, that are told from their point of view.

For my last question, I'd like to know about your inspiration. All of the stories seem inspired by events or experiences. What moved you to write this collection? And what do you want readers to learn or remember?

One of the things I love about stories is that they teach, they inspire. All of the books that I love most have a

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story behind the story. Each story has its own inspiration. “From Glasgow Without Love” was born when I slept at Buchanan Bus Station after I just arrived. I had a problem getting accommodation. I was supposed to get a place, but it didn’t happen. And at that point, I knew I had nothing to do. I realized: I know where I’m coming from. This is where I am. This is my situation. I decided to stay at the bus station, and it was very cold. I couldn’t sleep. I kept looking at the Winter statue in the station. I was amazed because there was a statue of a man just like on the cover of a book. I kept asking myself questions about the story behind that statute. I couldn’t let the night go to waste. That’s how I wrote this collection about grief, love, and memories. I needed to put my experience into something. And at that time, the very first story was born. “From Glasgow Without Love” was born. I met other migrants and spoke with them. Being around others, laughing, and listening to them inspired me to tell their stories. Every story was connected because everyone you meet has a story. We are all working stories, some heavier than others. Some we might not hear and some we might not get to know.

ABOUT

ALBRIN JUNIOR is an award winning author, poet, scriptwriter, and director. His novel, Naked Coin, a historical fiction action thriller, was a runner up at the Akachi Ezeigbo prize for literature, and won the Lagos Book House Award for the Book of the year in 2020. Born in Lagos Nigeria, Albrin holds a BSc in Geography and Regional Planning from Ambrose Alli University and an MLitt in Creative Writing from the University of Glasgow, where he was also honoured with African Excellence Award. You can discover more about his journey at www.albrinjunior.com and across all social media he is @albrinjunior

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