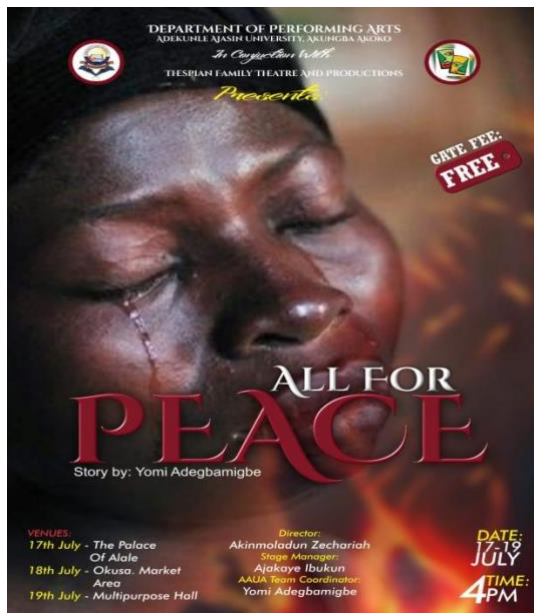




ALL FOR PEACE

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Dialogue Support and Workshop Participation:

Ibukun Ajakaye, Oyindamola Ajayi, Faith Ezele and the entire 2024 class of PFA 206 (Community Theatre) stage managed by Chikodiri Ukpa.

SCENE ONE

A candlelight procession comprising a long line of students in black uniforms is led by a young lady carrying a portrait. The atmosphere is tension-soaked as a soft dirge floats in the air amidst suppressed sighing, sobbing and wailing. They drop their candles and disperse in an almost uniform attitude of calmness and sobriety.

Two narrators appear on stage in elaborate Yoruba traditional attire. They look at the sky, express a sign of frustration and turn to the audience. One speaks English, the other translates in Akoko dialect.

Narrator: Mmmmm... (*Oku nsunkun oku, akasoleri nsunkun ara won.*) Ours is a case of the dead mourning the dead. Death is a debt we all owe. Whether we like it or not, we will all pay the debt one day. My prayer is that we do not die a miserable death. (*Ase!*) We shall not die a sudden death (*Ase! A ko ni ku iku ojiji. Ase!*) Uhm! It is the story of Peace I have come to tell today. But before I continue, let me quickly give you the background story of a community called Akungba in Ondo State. In the beginning, Akungba used to be a small peace-loving community. But sometime in 1999, when our illustrious son, Chief Adebayo Adefarati was the governor of Ondo State, he facilitated the siting of the state university, Adekunle Ajasin University, here in Akungba. The day the news was broken in Akungba — Ah! *Gongo so!* It was jubilation galore!

SCENE TWO

(A town crier runs on stage)

Town crier: *Keeere o!*

Keeere o! konile gbo, ko so fun alejo.

Ki eku ile gbo, ko so fun t'oko. (Attention everybody!)

Kabiyesi wants all the villagers to meet him at his palace immediately after the cock crows tomorrow to celebrate the arrival of our State University on the soil of Akungba-land... (*Mo wiire abi mi o wii re?*) Have I not spoken well? *Keeere o!*

People: *O wiire.* You have spoken well. (*Town Crier takes his exit and the villagers disperse*)

SCENE THREE

(The palace comes alive with a colourful celebration, as dancers and villagers gather to mark a special occasion. The atmosphere is filled with music, laughter, and merriment.)

Kabiyesi: I greet you all, my people of Akungba-Akoko. I know some of you might be wondering why we are gathered here today. I also am aware that many of us already know the reason. *Iroyin ayo nio de si Ile Akungba.* Our own son, Governor Adebayo Adefarati, has decided that the state university will be situated here, in Akungba (Villagers rejoice loudly). It is indeed a thing of joy for our town to be so recognized amongst others, and this is a very good opportunity for our children and us. As a result of this development, commercial activities in Akungba will receive a significant boost, our petty traders will be able to expand their businesses, and our

house owners will become landlords by renting their houses to students and university staff. Our financially capable sons and daughters can become real estate developers as well, and we encourage them to build standard student hostels in new areas. The Akungba community is not only going to be more civilised, but it is also on the verge of becoming a major city in Ondo State. *Akun ma wonu!.... Ero ero! A ma ku ori re oooo.* Congratulations, my people!

IYA LOJA: (*With joy*) Where are these dancers? Come and entertain us. *Awon Omo oni jo yii da a, ewa da wa lara ya o. (The dancers step out to dance. Celebration ends. The townspeople take their exit. The narrator and his translator come on stage.)*

Narrator: Akun ma wo nu!

Translator: Ero ero!

Narrator: As sons and daughters of Akungba celebrated the arrival of the state university in Akungba, they became alert to the business opportunities the new development offered. The commercial fortune of the town was about to take a new turn for good. Market women, artisans, landowners, landlords, and potential landlords are all prepared to key into the new development. Many indigenes of Akungba converted their houses into student hostels, while others built new ones. Many, however, did not comply with environmental laws guiding the erection of new structures. Ogunlowo was one such landlord, as his hostel was built dangerously close to a troubled canal. Is he aware of the environmental hazards this action poses? Does he really have any reason for his anti-social behaviour? Let's hear him out ...

SCENE FOUR

(*Inside a busy bar in one corner of Akungba, customers are engrossed in lively conversations and merriment. Ogunlowo and Eleko stroll in. They exchange pleasantries and start discussing Ogunlowo's hostel project.*)

Eleko: *Oremi, oremi!* Long time no see!

Ogunlowo: *Beeni ooo, oremi!* You went to Lagos and abandoned us here. You only come visiting during festivals and on special occasions such as this. And your ready excuse is "Oh! I've been too busy with work."

Eleko: Don't say that, my friend. I come home as often as time permits me. *Abi*, do you want to engage me here in Akungba?

Ogunlowo: Noo! But anyhow, it doesn't matter now. With the new university, things will improve in Akungba, and we will all benefit.

Eleko: No wonder you're rushing to finish your hostel. But I noticed something about the project ...

Ogunlowo: What have you noticed?

Eleko: I don't think it's the best of locations. It appears you did not observe the setback. I think it's too close to the canal. Why take such a risk?

Ogunlowo: What are you trying to say? Instead of rejoicing with me, are you getting jealous of my progress?

Eleko: I'm not jealous, my friend. I'm only drawing your attention to the environmental hazards of building your hostels too close to the waterways. By the way, have you considered the inherent dangers of waterborne diseases, flooding, unpleasant odours, humidity, and dampness? Building near a canal poses too many risks.

Ogunlowo: *Won de o! Won tun ti de.* They have come again o. *Baseje igi obi tii so leerun.* They have come with their big-big grammar!

Eleko: Ogunlowo, the location of your building is inimical to the safe and healthy living condition of any sane human being.

Ogunlowo: *Won tun de o! A nwiru, o nwiru.* What's all the big-big grammar for? Come down to my level, *awe.* Your *turenchi* (English) pass me, abegi. I don't understand all this.

Eleko: Okay, let me explain. Waterborne diseases mean mosquitoes and other insects breed in the canal and pose health hazards. Flooding can damage the hostel and put lives at risk. Foul smell and contaminated water make living conditions unbearable. More importantly, the foundation of the house may give way! You should know what that means.

Ogunlowo: (Dismissively) All this amounts to nothing. Your city life and education are confusing you. This is not Lagos o, where saltwater eats into your buildings. Forget it, my friend. Wait a minute! What do you expect me to do, move my house away from there? (*Sarcastically*) Oh, I've heard you loud and clear.

Eleko: (*Concerned*) I hope you'll reconsider your stand. I'm only trying to help as a friend.

Ogunlowo: Okay, okay, okay! You've made this beer sour in my mouth. (*Gulps down his remaining drink and begins to take his exit.*) I will see you later. (*With a hiss, Ogunlowo storms out of the bar. Eleko pays for their drinks and follows him. Narrator and translator resume the story.*)

Narrator: Months have passed, years have rolled by. Students of Adekunle Ajasin University are in session. , they are in session, but they are not at peace. Their living conditions are deplorable. Many houses cannot boast of decent toilets and hygienic environments. Some Truly houses do not even have toilets at all and there is no means of refuse disposal. Students themselves do not help matters as they display a lackadaisical attitude towards simple hygiene and do not seem to care about the hazards of living in filth. Consequently, in no time, diseases have started spreading among them while, at the same time, they live daily with the threat of an imminent flood.

SCENE FIVE

(Ogunlowo's Hostel: The scene opens with the view of a hostel in a terrible state, surrounded by filth and garbage. The hostel is located near a canal and the air is thick with the stench of decay. The hostel, a bustling hub of students' activities, is cluttered with trash and filth. A girl is seen washing clothes Stage Left, some students are studying on the floor amidst the trash Centre Stage Left, while others are cooking in the open, leaving pots and pans scattered about. With looks of

disgust, a husband and wife walk into the rundown building, taking in the filthy scenery. They cast their gaze beyond the students going about their business amidst the squalor, and the woman's anger boils as she raises a concerned shout at her daughter, Peace.)

Mother: Peace! Peace! *Mo gbe!* Don't tell me you live here, *ahhh mo daran!* Do you live in this worn-down apartment? Answer me!! No wonder we're always treating thypoid, malaria, cholera.... Ahhh Peace, *sho fe pa mi ni!* Do you want to kill me?

Peace: Mommy! Calm down, other students are living here too. It's not that bad, and anyway, I have just three months before my rent expires, I will soon leave the filthy environment behind ... *abi*

Father: Will you keep quiet! '*Other students*', my foot! I am grossly disappointed in your flawed sense of judgment and lack of basic hygiene. How on earth could you have paid eighty thousand Naira for this ramshackle building? I'm not pleased with your accommodation at all. Your room, like a rat-hole, is damned too dingy to be acceptable to me. Goodness!

Mother: The amount of money we sent to you for rent should have been enough to get you a better apartment than living so close to a canal. Getting a room on campus would have been way better than this.

Peace: (*Calmly*) Mom, I only have three months left; I'll manage. Besides, renting a new apartment now would be unnecessary, the school hostel is completely out of the question, Ma. Have you seen how many people stay in one room in the school hostel, and how dirty it is? There is no privacy there, and being in my final year, I need serious concentration, which the school hostel can't afford me.. I would rather stay off-campus than in the school hostel.

Mother: (*Cuts in*) This compound is dirty, and the building is riddled with gaping cracks big enough to accommodate big reptiles. Besides, the stench oozing out of that canal is simply choking. You must pack out of this house today. I don't care about the money; your well-being is what matters to me.

Father: (*To mother, calmly*) Let's take it easy, dear. She has only three months before her rent expires. After her exams, we'll assist her in moving to a better apartment for the remaining part of her studies.

Mother: Just listen to yourself, Daddy Peace. In fact, I'm out of here. And, don't say I did not warn you, should anything happen to my daughter. (*She storms out.*)

Father: Nothing will happen, my dear. (*Father and daughter follow her*)

As soon as the couple exit, the three students on set burst into laughter as two of them mimic the couple. Meanwhile, Precious, a sick-looking student, dashes out to use the toilet on the canal end of the stage. But before reaching the toilet, she throws up beside Bimpe, who is washing her clothes. Bimpe recoils. After vomiting, Precious continues moving till she gets to the toilet. She uses it and, almost immediately, starts to stagger limply back towards her room.

Bimpe: Precious, are you okay?

Kingsley: I think that girl needs to go to the hospital. (*Zico and Tunde stroll in*)

Zico: O'boy, I am dead tired.

Tunde: I am not attending that guy's lecture tomorrow.

Zico: Why?

Tunde: His lecture is too boring. Besides, he is fond of dictating all the time; he does not teach. And he is too stingy with his marks.

Zico: Na true you talk sha. But dat one no mean say make you dey stab im lecture. The man dey mark attendance o. (*Turns to Cassandra, while Tunde chats up Bimpe and Kingsley*) Cassa cassa Baby! Omo to sure! When you cook finish, son of man never chop since morning.

They hear some noise from inside, and instantly, 4 students rushed out of the hostel carrying Precious, the sick female student who finds it hard to walk properly, she's seen holding her stomach with one hand and her buttocks with the other. Bimpe leaves her laundry and quickly joins those carrying Precious, while another student who's just returning from class quickly drops her bag on the floor and moves closer to them.)

Paulina: Precious! Oh God, what happened? What happened to her?

Tunde: Omo, I just went inside the house and I saw her vomiting her "intestines" and when I looked around me, this girl shit full ground, as I move close to am like this, she faint for my hand ni o.....

Shade: Ehn, she's not looking okay at all o.

Tunde: (*To the others*) Let's go, let's go! We need to get her to the hospital now!

Bimpe: (*Desperately*) Hang on Precious! We're here for you!

SCENE SIX

(The scene opens in Mr. Ogunlowo's hostel, in its accustomed state of disorder. Students are busy washing clothes or gossiping about a recent incident. Two elderly women enter, each carrying a basket of trash. They nonchalantly dump their waste into the canal, where Tunde is urinating. This degenerated into an argument between the students and the indigenes over the pollution. As the altercation escalates, people are seen rushing about, crying out for medical help, thereby hinting at a cholera outbreak. Just as tensions reach a crescendo, the narrators intervene, and the entire scene freezes)

Narrator: *Ileke ma ja sile, ma ja soko, ibi kan naa lo maa ja si.* What goes around comes around. What we get out of life is dependent on the choices we make. Nature is just like the computer system we use. It is whatever you feed into it that determines what you get out of it. That's why they call it *garbage in, garbage out*. Mother nature around us operates just as such because it's her way of maintaining equilibrium. But right now, the canal that meanders its way around the town is already overflowing, not with water, but with debris generated by the people, students, indigenes and others. There are water-borne diseases as much as there are air-borne diseases and both thrive on the filth with which the people have decorated their neighborhood.

They have loaded their environment with an unprecedented amount of filth, but do they have the slightest premonition of how the much-abused nature is about to recompense them.

Ah! *Ojo ekun aile se imototo ayika won ti su dede. Gbegede ti fe gbina, a faimo ki kedere ma beewo.*

SCENE SEVEN

(The scene opens with the dirty state of the hostel, the building, as usual, is surrounded with garbage. Pots and gas are left outside on a table. Students are seen littering and dumping waste recklessly, despite the already grimy state of the surroundings. A lady is Stage Left, drying her bed-sheets. Three guys are sitting Centre Stage playing games and shouting. Inside the building, tension mounts up about the shared toilet, a heated argument erupts between two students, Ziko and Chinedu)

Ziko: *(Frustrated)* Omoooo, which kain thing be this nau, ah ah, how person go just shit anyhow for public toilet like dis, Omo, see wetin person jam early morning, abi which kain life be this sef... *(Approaches Chinedu who is just setting down his laundry.)* How far, who try this thing?

Chinedu: *(Defensive)* Why you dey look me, no be me, ogbeni!

Ziko: *(Anger rising)* Guy, no tell me that thing, na you use this toilet last...

Chinedu: *Ol'boy you dey craze abi you chop winch?*

(The argument escalates into a physical fight, with other tenants rushing to intervene. The landlord saunters in mouthfuls, with a corn in his right hand and pure water on the other end. He disposes the corn husk right in front of the building and then reluctantly tries to separate the students)

Ogunlowo: *Ayi wo de oo! E ja de oo.* Greetings! I need everybody's attention.

Hannah: Good morning, Landlord.

Tunde: Wetin dis man wan talk again this morning?

Favour: Who knows, it had better not be about making any payments, sha o!

Ogunlowo: Ehnehn, I guess you're all here now. This meeting will be very brief as I have nothing much to say.

Hannah: Please hurry, sir, because I need to be in class already.

Ogunlowo: Regarding the electricity bill, I now want the money paid to my own account henceforth.

Favour: Ahhh, but we paid NEPA bill not quite long ago.

Hannah: That's true, and I must ask, sir. Why do we have to pay into your account? You do not even show us the receipt of previous payments made, and you expect us to keep paying the money for electricity bill into your account. No sir, that's fraudulent, I must say.

Ogunlowo: Thank you. That's not all. I would also be increasing the house rent from the initial 80k to 140k

Tunde: But sir, nothing was repaired in the house and no maintenance has been done in the facility. So why the increase in rent with a whole addition of 60k at that?

Favour: *Abi*, that is too much, sir.

Ogunlowo: Also, each one of you has a grace-period of two weeks to pay up the increment or leave my house. Villa President, what do you have to say to this matter? I understand you're the most vocal of them all.

Zico: Nothing concern me with everything wey you don talk since. My own be say my rent no go due until the next 5 months.

Ogunlowo: You must be joking, I mean everyone of you! You have just 2 weeks to pay up the addition or leave my house.

Favour: Baba, you cannot shift the goal post in the middle of the game.

Ogunlowo: Who *dey* play ball with you?

Zico: *Shingbai*, I no dey pay. At least, not until after the expiration of the remaining five months.

Ogunlowo: For the house wey your papa build for me abi?

Zico: No bring my papa in if you no wan see *wotowoto*.

Ogunlowo: Is that how you talk to your father at home? (*Landlord slaps Zico. Zico responds by giving Landlord a head-butt, which sends Landlord sprawling on the floor. Meanwhile Landlord's friend sneaks out to seek the help of police*)

Ogunlowo: *O pa mi o!* (*After some minutes of commotion, two police officers come in. The other students disappear into the thin air at the sight of the policemen. Meanwhile, Ogunlowo holds Zico firmly*)

Officer 1: (*To Zico*) You are under arrest.

Zico: For what sir? I have not committed any crime sir.

Officer 2: You're under arrest for battery and assault, and anything you say now will be used against you in the court of law. (*Scene ends as the police officers drag Zico out*)

SCENE 8

(*Peace is at her dance rehearsal when suddenly she receives an emergency phone call. She immediately takes an excuse from her dance instructor and dashes off the stage.*)

Police Station

Ziko: (*Not wearing any shirt, and behind the police counter*) Officer, I don't understand why I'm being detained here. I didn't start the fight; my landlord did! He slapped me first.

Police Officer: Shut up, boy! You're under arrest for assaulting your landlord.

Zico: Assaulting him? He was the one who attacked me first. And I know why you're doing this - he bribed you, didn't he?

Police: I don't know what you're talking about. You're just a stubborn tenant who doesn't want to pay his rent.

Zico: I've paid my rent! And I have the receipt to prove it. The landlord is the one who is trying to extort money from us. He's not even considering his tenants in any way, all he cares about is money... You're just trying to frame me because of the money he offered you. I lie?

Police: Shut up! You must be very stupid. Right inside our custody, You're accusing us of collecting bribe, ah! This is double jeopardy for you. You will be booked for another offence, disturbance of the public peace, right inside police custody. You will appear in court tomorrow. *Wo, o ni bo mbe.* You will not escape this.

Zico: *Olopa ewo ni t'epe?* Why the curse? Oga oo, this is injustice! You're supposed to uphold the law, not take bribes and harass innocent people!

Police: Take him away! Into the cell!" Basket-mouth! (*Peace enters in a rush*)

Peace: (*to the police officer*) Excuse me, sir! Please don't take him away. He is the one I have come to see.

Officer: Who are you?

Peace: I am his coursemate.

Officer: Two minutes!

Peace: Thanks, officer. (*To Ziko*) *Wetin* happen? I hear *say dem* arrest you for fighting with our landlord?

Ziko: Na true o. Me and my landlord get small misunderstanding, and *tings* escalate small. Next *tin* I know, police come *carry me go* station.

Peace: *Wetin* you and your landlord *dey* fight about?

Ziko: Him want to chase me *comot* for my apartment, and *I no gree*. Him talk say I no pay rent, but I *don* pay. Na him come first start the fight."

Peace: *Mmm, na wa ooo*, I hope they are not charging for anything serious, abi?

Ziko: *Dem* charge me for assault, but I have sent for the SUG President. I will be all right.

Peace: Okay, *Dem go whine* you but *no* panic.... (*Rain threatens*) *E be like* say rain *wan* fall o, make I *sharperly* reach house go pack all the clothes wey I wash and also, you no say my room no good, My room *dey* bad shape, you know say E *dey* close to canal, and the smell *dey* choke me. Wall *dey* wet, mold *dey* grow everywhere. Landlord *no dey* bother, e *dey* leave me make I suffer. I *dey* fear for my health. Honestly, I'm fed up, I wish I had listened to my parents. I'm constantly worried about my well-being and the impact this space has on my health. Emm, Anyways, I *go* bring you food and drink, you hear. Meanwhile, *shey* you will manage this *Poki* and *Coke*. We will sort things out.

Ziko: Peace, my baby, that's some good combo. You are my lifesaver. (*She exits.*)

The Hostel

(As the rain pours heavily, Peace and Boluwatife, Landlord's daughter, dash into the hostel, hastily removing clothes from the line. Peace struggles in vain to shut her window against the howling wind. Minutes later, the storm worsens as floodwaters overwhelm her side of the building until, gradually, the walls collapse. Peace's cry for help is drowned by the rumbling torrent. Then, disaster strikes. Peace's body is washed away by the flood. The rain ceases as suddenly as it began, revealing a scene of unspeakable tragedy. Students rush out to assist, only to find Boluwatife's lifeless body trapped in the rubble. The heavy atmosphere evokes a dirge, with Boluwatife's mother leading the lamentations.

The 'Aja Kubo' dirge fills the air. The grief suddenly gives way to a protest and an outrage. Students demand accountability for the hostel's lack of safety measures, their voices rising in anguish and anger. The students summon one another to stage a protest and pour out their grievances to the school authorities. However, they intend to get Ziko released before they move to the school gate.

Student Rep: It is high time we voiced our grievances in this neighbourhood. We have complained bitterly to our landlord about the issues we are facing, but he has done nothing about it. Now, Peace is gone! But, before we make any further move, we must free Ziko. Ziko must be freed.

Students: Yes!! Ziko must be released...

We no go gree oo

We no go gree.

Release Ziko, we no go gree!!

(They all march to the police to station)

SCENE 9

(Ziko, visibly sober, exits the police station and starts walking down the street. Suddenly, he runs into a group of angry students, who are shouting and waving their fists. One of them runs to him, with a voice overcome with grief, he breaks the bad news to Ziko.)

Student: *(Solemnly)* Ziko how far nah. We were on our way to ensure your release. E be like somebody don tell dem say we dey come. Anyways. how you dey, hope say dey no beat you shaa.

Ziko: I dey fine *(looking around suspiciously)* Wetin happen ,why una carry weapon and this una face no get joy at all. Wetin happen?

Student: Hmm! Ziko!

Ziko: I say wetin happen?

Student: Omo Peace don die o

Ziko: *(Confused)* How Peace go die, person wey just comot station not long. Abeg stop am if na joke!

Student: The heavy rain wey just stopped now, collapse Baba landlord house o and na Peace room. Even Baba landlord daughter, Boluwatife dey inside Peace room, na im dead bodi we carry out of the building. We no see Peace im bodi, the flood don wash am away.

Ziko: Ahh ahh!!.. *(He exclaims)* Don't tell me this is real, I dey tell you say she just comot my side now for station because of the rain. *(He cries)*

Student: Ziko abeg just take heart. We know say Peace nah your *padi*, but na everybody this incident pain. Na Baba landlord cause am because he no do everything *wey* we dey complain give am, now everything don worst. Na why we dey protest go school gate. Ziko ... Abeg take heart. *(The Ziko's eyes widen in horror as the students close in on him, their anger and grief palpable.)*

Ziko: No! That can't be ... I just left the police station ... I was just ...

Student: *(Interrupts)* The police didn't tell you? They're covering it up, just like they always do! Ahhh! *(Sobs. The students continue to chant protest songs, as Ziko's face contorts in shock and grief. He joins the protest as they exit the stage)*

(As the students exit the stage, the indigenes of the community converge, their faces etched with grief and anger. They begin to protest, directing their outrage at the students for desecrating their environment and, more poignantly, for the loss of their beloved Boluwatife. A haunting dirge echoes through the air as they march, their voices rising in sorrowful unison:

'Oro nla ledaa, eee eee eee

Oro nla ledaa (x2)

Eyin tii epa Omolomo tiii eje oo

Dagba oooo, oro nla''')

Elder: We heard that the students are agitating that we, the landlords of this community, fail to build proper houses for them and there are no good drainage canals in the community, which has caused disaster in the environment. Are they not the ones who have refused to take proper care of their environment? Now with their bad habits, they have caused the untimely death of one of our children, Boluwatife, the daughter of Ogunlowo. And for this, we won't take it easy with them because they are responsible for this calamity...

Indigenes : Yes we won't, we won't take it easy with them. We must hold the students accountable. *(They exit the scene with the song "Oro nla le da")*

SCENE 10

(The VC, Dean of Students' Affairs, and Chief Security Officer are seated in a meeting room, surrounded by files and papers. Suddenly, a flustered-looking staff member bursts in.)

Staff: Sir! Sir! We have a crisis on our hands! The students and indigenes are in a clash, and the police are getting involved! It's turning ugly!

VC: *(Alarmed)* What? What happened?

Staff: The students are protesting, and the indigenes are fighting back. The police are trying to intervene, but it is escalating by the minute!

DSA: *(Jumping up)* We need to act fast! We can't let it get out of hand!

CSO: (already on his phone) I'm calling in reinforcements, but we need to get there now! *(The three of them quickly gather their things and rush out of the room, followed by the staff member. They run down the hallways, shouting orders and instructions as they go.)*

VC: *(to the DSA)* Get the students to stand down! We can't afford a full-blown riot!

DSA: *(Into his phone)* I'm trying, sir, but they're not listening!

CSO: *(to the staff member)* Get the gates closed! We need to contain this!

(They burst out of the building, into the chaos of the protest, where students, indigenes, and police are clashing. The VC, DSA, and CSO rush into the fray, trying to restore order and prevent further violence.) The scene erupts into chaos, with shouting, sirens, and scuffling in the background. The Narrator steps in to restore order)

NARRATOR: Peace! Peace!

For the sake of Peace!

For the sake of Boluwatife!

Let's have some peace.

(They all freeze)

Why have you all come at each other's throat without first bothering to confront your common enemy?

Why bring in the police when you could all sit at a round table to reason together?

Why call in the police when you have already lost valuable lives to cholera and the raging flood?

Please Oga DPO, dismiss your men as we won't be needing them at this point in time. Now, as the holy book says, "Come, let us reason together".

You will all agree with me that we are all stakeholders here: students/tenants, parents, university management and landlords. Now, because of the brevity of time, I will allow just one representative of each of the aggrieved parties to table their concerns in a sentence. You may confer among yourselves. Meanwhile, I want the orchestra to assemble here. I need some music in the background. ("E see re, ko dara" song continues subliminally for a while). Now, students, can we hear your grievance, in just one sentence.

Students: We need our landlords to build affordable standard hostels with decent and enough toilets.

Narrator: Thank you! Next.

Indigenes: We need the students to take good care of their environment and stop dumping refuse in the canal.

Students : What provision have our landlords made for refuse disposal?

Indigenes: You people are responsible for the outbreak of cholera because of your dirty habits. And you're so disrespectful. We are old enough to be your parents and uncles.

Narrator: Now now! You both have had your say. Let others speak. Parents, any parent here?

Parent: We want the university to build more hostels on campus.

Student: We want the government to dredge and clean up the canal. We also want government-approved dump sites for neighbourhoods in Akungba. Sanitary Inspection Officers should also live up to their responsibility.

Narrator: Beautiful! Now we are talking. I will now tell you what I desire. For the sake of Peace and Boluwatife, I want you all to drop your weapons and join me in my song ... where is Mr. Ragamuffin. Raga has composed a song in memory of Peace, which we will all sing as we initiate the action plan of cleaning up our surroundings.

Our environment belongs to us all, students, landlords and Indigenes. While we wait for the government to do the needful, we need to claim ownership of our environment first by making it habitable. If we don't take care of it ourselves, who will? Raga! O ya music.

Lekan (*Mr. Ragamuffin*) takes over:

Chorus

Imototo lo le segun arun gbogbo (Hygiene it is, that can overcome diseases) (2x)

Imototo Ile (Hygiene at home)

Imototo ara (Personal hygiene)

Imototo lo le segun arun gbogbo (x2)

(A rap follows, composed and chanted by Lekan Azeez)

The Rap: Prevention is better than cure

E je ka tun ayika se ke teti ke gbo (Let's take good care of our environment, Listen!)

Everybody should be ready to work

In case you don't know, cleanliness is a must

K'awon alaigboron kan teti beleje (Let the obstinate be attentive)

Galala yato si Gelede (Galala dance is different from Gelede dance)

Sakara yato si Sekere (Sakara drum is different from maracas)

Ilera loro mo ti so tele (Health is wealth, I have said that before now)

Dirty Environment can kill easily

E dey cause typhoid, e dey cause dysentery (It causes typhoid, it causes dysentery)

Ko d'igba ta ba nlo Septrin ka to mo pe ayika wa lo ye ka clean

We don't have to fall sick before we learn to keep our environment clean.

Chorus

Imototo lole Segun arun Gbogbo

Imototo lole Segun arun Gbogbo

Imototo Ile, Imototo ara, Imototo lole Segun arun Gbogbo(2x)

Second verse

Osusu owo la fin gbale ki le fi mo (It is with the broom that one sweeps.)

Omi o ma lota fo mi to dara sore re (Water has no enemy, but ensure it's clean.)

Eje ka fowo sowo po ka fi tun ode wa se (Let's unite to sanitize our neighbourhood.)

All: imo toto lo le segun arun gbogbo (Good hygiene can conquer diseases.)

Call: Imo toto lole segun iku ojiji (Good hygiene can stop sudden death.)

Response: ehn a ehn

Call: ohun lole segun arun onigba meji (It can prevent cholera.)

Response: ehn a ehn

Call: wash your clothes, brush your teeth

Response: ehn ah ehn

Call: dispose your waste properly

Response: ehn ah ehn

Call; do not dispose your waste in the canal

Response: ehn ah ehn

All: imo toto lo le segun arun gbogbo

Chorus: Imo toto lo le segun arun gbogbo

The End



