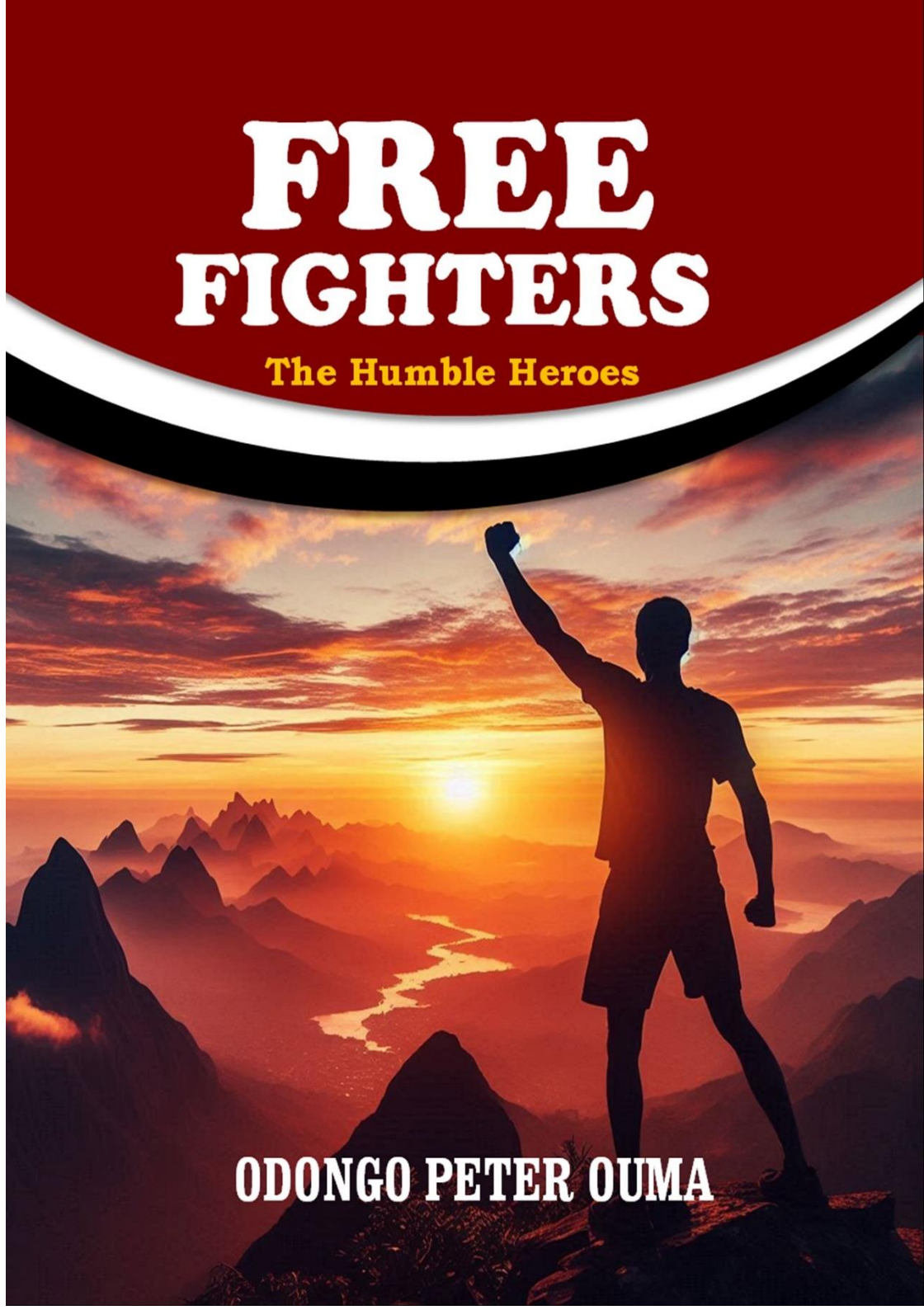


FREE FIGHTERS

The Humble Heroes

A silhouette of a muscular man in a fighting stance, standing on a rocky mountain peak. He is facing away from the viewer, looking out over a vast landscape of jagged mountain ranges and a winding river. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a warm, orange glow across the sky and the landscape. The man's right arm is raised in a fist, and his left arm is bent at the elbow. The overall mood is one of triumph and resilience.

ODONGO PETER OUMA

FREE FIGHTERS

ODONGO PETER OUMA

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CHARACTORS

MR. HATE –RETIRED JUDGE BUT YUONGER THAN THE OLD MAN.

CAPTAIN -SON TO **MR. HATE** AND HEAD OF **CAPTAINS**.

MS. DANDORA –**CAPTAIN**’S FIANCE, JOURNALIST AND ADOPTED DAUGHTER TO **DR. DANDORA**

DR. DANDORA –FORMER MILITARY GENERAL AND A POLITICAL OPPONENT TO **JAMARANDA**

JAMARANDA –VILE LEADER OF ANYUOLA REGION

JOAN –**DR. DANDORA**’S WIFE, **MAIDEN** MOTHER OF **MS. DANDORA** AND **ABALLAH**’S AUNT

WALTER –OLD MAN WHO IS ALSO CONSIDERED MAD BUT WISE
RETIRED CHIEF JUDGE

LWANDA –**JAMARANDA**’S SON AND A MILITARY GENERAL

MUDHO –CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR AND LATER BECOME
PROSECUTOR

ONJINYO –**JAMARANDA**’S ACCOMPLICE AND NEPHEW

DOROTHY – **ABALLAH**’S SISTER AND COODINATOR AT
ANYUOLA AIRPORT

ABALLAH–MASTERS STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF
ANYUOLA, INITIALLY CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR

DOCTOR – A **DOCTOR** AT **MR. HATE**’S HOSPITAL

SCOPE – LECTURER, MINISTER FOR YUOTH AFFAIRS AND **MS. DANDORA**’S BIG BLOOD BROTHER

OCHENGLO _ **JAMARANDA**’S NOBLE TWIN BROTHER AND REAL
LEADER

SIBUOR _JAMARANDA’S CAUSIN AND HIS CARBINET MEMBER

<u>MEMBERS OF FREE FIGHTERS</u> <u>PARTY THE HUMBLE HEROES:</u> • <u>MR. HATE</u> • <u>MS. DANDORA</u> • <u>DOROTHY</u> • <u>ABALLAH</u> • <u>PERES</u> • <u>NEREAH</u> • <u>WALTER</u> • <u>SCOPE</u> • <u>MERRY</u> • <u>ADENY</u> • <u>MUMBO</u> • <u>MUDHO</u> • <u>CAPTAIN</u> • <u>DR. DANDORA</u> • <u>JOAN</u> • <u>DOCTOR</u> • <u>TOBI</u> • <u>LATENT API – LAWYER 1</u> • <u>OLD MAN/MAD MAN;</u> • <u>WALTER</u>	<u>MEMBERS OF THE</u> <u>EXPENSIVE</u> <u>FIGHTERS PARTY</u> <u>THE PROUD LOSERS:</u> • <u>JAMARANDA</u> • <u>ATUDO</u> • <u>ONJINYO</u> • <u>SIBUOR</u> • <u>LAWYER 2 -</u> <u>KANDIJO</u> • <u>NYABUKA</u> • <u>LWANDA</u> • <u>ODIERO</u> • <u>MAIDEN</u>
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Humble Heroes

NOTE: POEMS AND ACCOMPANIMENTS ARE PERFORMED BY
UNSEEN INDIVIDUALS LOUD ENOUGH TO BE

HEARD BY AUDIENTS AS PART OF THE PLAY. RELEVANT BODY
GESTURES TO THE MESSAGE ARE ALLOWED,

UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE, TO BE ADDED BY THE PEFORMERS.
PROLOGUE IS TREATED LIKE OTHER POEMS;

ONLY THE VOICE CHANGES BUT A SIGN LANGUAGE PERFORMER
AND OLD MAN ARE SEEN ON STAGE.

PROLOGUE

BITTER: Who has any story for my bitter experiences?

SOUR: I'm forced to remember

To remember the story

The story of Ochenglo

Ochenglo who lost at first but with honour;

Honour, not of riches or fame,

Not solely highest in everything.

Honour of Ochenglo was based on these:

Greatest and highest academic profile clearly attained,

And without 'given in favour' certificates.

Then honour attracted profits.

Attained great riches by hard work,

Not being an embezzler,

Embezzler in any regime nor wing of a regime.

Never became an accomplice,

Accomplice in any form of corruption.

Neither promoted laziness nor discrimination;

Never behind death and suffering of little fellows,

Instead, Ochenglo sacrificed ego and supported

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Who in this world can be Ochenglo?

Who doesn't smile at the suffering of little fellows?

Who doesn't live extravagantly while fellows survive?

Neither do they belittle nor intimidate to be feared!

Who doesn't fight corruption by corruption?

Who is without biased integrity and biased justice?

Who doesn't betray anyone for perishables?

SWEET: It's sweet losing corruption to attain greatness by integrity.

Haven't you found it bitter to taste life within corruption?

Sour that kills the teeth when we can only refer to others,

Others in history as being great and straight;

Without assimilating with their goodness

It's sweeter being a free fighter like Ochenglo,

Sweetest when many match in the steps of Ochenglo.

AUTHOR: These are the ideas of my ink

And expect great action of men

The great action of change

Not change of body physique

But change of a technique,

True change of the mind;

All towards positive purpose fulfilment

JUSTICE: To me no court is powerless

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And any way of justice is strictly principled and orderly,
And straight and strictly stiff against any worthless shift.
No favour nor sympathy
No hiding in any cunning fold
Any fold before justice is set free unsold
No counterfeit beast can beat our boldness.
Let me pretend you have understood laws
And that you won't be a victim anymore.
No application of the law gives forgiveness priority,
But that doesn't mean I don't recognise forgiveness,
Forgiveness as a noble art of justice;
Must be merited;
For ignorance is no defence.

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ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

(Set at MR. Hate's living room with two tables and eight classy seats well-spaced. Clock and three photo frames with family pictures on the wall. There are three doors; one to outside, to the dinning-room and last to a corridor separating other rooms. Captain is seated facing the dinning-room by the back. MR. Hate opens into the room from behind, hanging an old-fashioned coat on his left shoulder, then drops it on the table before he is fully seen into the room to put it on again)

MR. HATE: *(Slowly into the room with right hand on his belly)*
Thanks be to the cook for satisfying my appetite and humbly giving my enzymes joy they deserve. I wish Jaber was here alive with her special delicacies.

CAPTAIN: *(Turning to watch him take a seat in front)* Yeah! It was nice and worthy of our class. I prepared it myself with guidance of a special friend on video call. She was preparing the same other side.

MR. HATE: *(Sitting well)* I still find myself struggling with hatred. *(Scratching his head and rise up to stand behind Captain pointing television)* Isn't it fair to hate what I should? I hate them so much!

CAPTAIN: Aren't you not always the best for the alliances of justice? *(Scratching his head)* Father, who are these you still can't avoid hating?

MR. HATE: Sacrifice is basic for success, yet no one dares. No one endures. None can see yet they all look towards change, which to me is the most predictable reality on Earth. *(Sit again)*

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CAPTAIN: Do you still have hope of possibility?

MR. HATE: Why not? I've struggled crossing streets of failure enough that I only look forward to a genuine everlasting success...

CAPTAIN: Genuine everlasting success...?

MR. HATE: Formidable! Even God knew it and never promised an easy journey but safe great destiny. (*Claps his hands rising off his seat*) I'm almost there. Unless confirmed, to me, truth remains perception.

CAPTAIN: Good! (*Lowering his voice and inhales while standing too*) Okay father! I had a marriage proposal. She is very beautiful. (*Louder*) I tell you!

MR HATE: You're a scientist; procedural in action, have great mind but, why apply simple mind when explaining bold step in your life...?

CAPTAIN: You've heard me anyway?

MR. HATE: Listening is an art (*Facing him*) I've got that someone around proposed, she is beautiful with no contrast.

CAPTAIN: (*Raising eyebrows showing his hands*) Contrast?

MR. HATE: That remind me of your late mother. She remains most beautiful to date. You better be real with yourself and not biased to physical beauty alone. That's the only quality in everybody that must depreciate.

CAPTAIN: Come on dad! I did as you always remind me to make noble choice out of love not lust.

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MR. HATE: (*Tries to sit then stands again*) Trust, comfort, forgiveness and hygiene are what maintains hope and taste in a relationship.

CAPTAIN: Not new...

MR. HATE: If there is one thing one should never compromise on when it comes to desirable qualities of a life partner, it's hygiene. Don't be fooled by expensive sweet-scented perfumes. (*Lifts his nose and stress with body as he speaks*) Some of these nail-polishing, sheng-speaking and elegantly dressed are the dirtiest and laziest persons you'll ever come across.

CAPTAIN: (*Spreads his hands out*) Noble light outside compensates for their total darkness inside. (*Giggling*) Some not her...

MR. HATE: (*Encouraged*) They dress to kill, cat-walk and look immaculately clean just to compensate for their weaknesses. (*Pointing between his thighs*) You may even lose appetite and get blamed for underperforming.

CAPTAIN: What appetite? (*Moves slightly closer*) I hope you don't mean filth...

MR. HATE: Bring your head (*Captain leans forward and MR. Hate whispers a word that makes him feel embarrassed, then louder*) I hope you learnt literature while undergoing extensive integrated education system before you specialized.

CAPTAIN: Could be! But not...

MR. HATE: Didn't you learn philosophy and local literature?

CAPTAIN: (*Still confused*) No! Not really...

MR. HATE: Total insanity to try and grade facts only to get confused doing the same...

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CAPTAIN: Not with her here.

MR. HATE: (*Pointing his head with first finger*) I hate those who doubt their abilities even after sacrificing for them to upgrade it. There is natural compensation of good for bad, or doubt for nice and complete excellence.

CAPTAIN: (*Turning to him*) Do you even know the one we're talking about?

MR. HATE: Explain yourself well son!

CAPTAIN: The beautiful most organized Miss Dandora. Derrick Dandora's daughter. The famous journalist of Anyuola TV...

MR. HATE: You can't force a borrowed tail on a man! (*Becoming flexible*) Are you talking of General Dandora? This friend who craved necessarily for gubernatorial seat?

CAPTAIN: (*Smiling*) Exactly! That family friend.

MR. HATE: It's long story. That is my senior planner not her daughter. She first landed in my hands and I handed her over to them for adoption when they appeared responsible and mature for parenting though had no child. This happened in the court, and children rights department has it all filed and signed by the one talking to you now. I was a High Court advocate then. She is a daughter worth upstairs than all boys combined

CAPTAIN: (*Nodding his head*) So you even know her deeper than I.

MR. HATE: Deeper than she knows herself is an understatement. He had a son too with whom you shared a class and award deserving academia.

CAPTAIN: (*Holding his two hands strongly forward with broad smile*) So lovely, so hygienic and best ever; she won my heart.

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MR. HATE: (*Smiling*) Better! One among thousands of such class but, I hate rich parents. They may demand equivalence of all your life's wealth, even with overdraft, in the name of dowry. I mentored her so she must be of difference. Do not buy love but be ready to spend heavily on what you love; Your wife! (*Tapping Captain's shoulder*)

CAPTAIN: So, you predicted this?

MR. HATE: May be, maybe not. I'm the practical definition of acuity; always awake in mind even when my body may switch off and sleep.

CAPTAIN: Aren't tired yet? (*Tuning to jokes*) What goes round comes round.

MR. HATE: I'm naturally tired by age with strong experiences in my mind.

CAPTAIN: Any solutions against natural tragedies yet?

MR. HATE: Nature is diverse and human experts are just but technicians. The best solutions are with the Creator.

CAPTAIN: (*Hand on the chin*) General Dandora wants to join forces with me for all-inclusive cabinet and reliable service after victory in forthcoming elections.

MR. HATE: Your marriage proposal appears more of political than any common citizen would imagine.

CAPTAIN: Not really. (*Scratching his head*) I knew her before their last visit here...

MR. HATE: I knew her at infantry so that can't be the point.

CAPTAIN: Which is the point because you are getting to my nerves...

MR. HATE: The point is; what key principles influenced the decision?

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CAPTAIN: He knows better.

MR. HATE: Politically, it's a fatal mistake to cross a bridge with your opponents at once. They may throw your future behind them. (*Turns Captain by shoulders to face him*) And more complex when you let them cross first. Dandora, you and I are one. Just formalise your agreement. Use and dump is real son. So, pay attention always.

CAPTAIN: You have always told us to sleep with one eye.

MR. HATE: (*Removing his hand from the shoulder*) He never applied that but thought here was a battle field to be controlled by a superior like him. He forgot that leadership is different from politics.

CAPTAIN: Isn't it not through politics that one gets to lead?

MR. HATE: That's worst theory you must avoid of concentrated misleading opinion. Prepared in strong wisdom to lead far from that theory.

CAPTAIN: Please explain sir.

MR. HATE: (*Removes the other hand*) Major way into politics is through advantage over your opponents with propaganda as the major tool. Meanwhile, leadership purely require defined principles that never change.

CAPTAIN: Still complex though closer...

MR. HATE: Never be a marking scheme in what you don't understand. (*Smiling*) Humility and service make better leaders than dubious political techniques. Okay...

CAPTAIN: Continue!

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MR. HATE: The leadership styles of yesteryears aren't efficient today due to changes however principles never change.

CAPTAIN: I'm hearing.

MR. HATE: Leadership isn't a right but an honour given by subjects. True leadership is never a technique but an attitude.

CAPTAIN: Confusing!

MR. HATE: Leadership require no dubious criteria while politics even encourage framing of opponents as an advantage. The major problem is that we have more politicians to few leaders in power.

CAPTAIN: Carried! What about the theory of hypocrisy in hatred that would lead many towards compensating later lamenting to be poor and...? (*A knock at the door*)

MS. DANDORA: Is any one inside?

CAPTAIN: (*Joking*) We are two my dear! Come in nice lady.

MS. DANDORA: How is everything on your side besties?

MR. HATE & CAPTAIN: Always good as planned.

MS. DANDORA: (*Hands over a file to MR. Hate*) This is the draft plan that many thinks it is complex though realistic.

MR. HATE: Allow me go through it to confirm

MS. DANDORA: At your disposal sir.

(*MR. Hate skims while Captain stares at Ms. Dandora*)

MS. DANDORA: (*Breaking silence*) What's stressing you up dear?

CAPTAIN: Not in beautiful presence of my gorgeous partner. (*Changing topic*) I was still digesting ripe fruits of grey hair as

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the best equally divisible property that can be inherited without fighting, struggling or scrambling; Wisdom and knowledge.

MR. HATE: *(Interrupts)* Wonderful! Great is a person motivated by design to achieve, not by the desire to beat others. Our will to win, desire to succeed and our urge to exploit our full potential unarmed, shall surely trigger closed walls to open. Action will define time. *(Stops and skims again)*

MS. DANDORA: You've surely taken after him.

CAPTAIN: A fruit never falls far from the vine

MS. DANDORA: Apprise him to avoid making it our own lexis.

CAPTAIN: I already did. *(Clears his throat and spreads his hands ready for a hag)* It's no longer an amour *(She jumps on Captain and MR. Hate interrupt again)*

MR. HATE: The family of Captain Enock Calvince, allow me excuse you. *(Goes through the bedroom corridor)* Pull her leg if you so wish. It's a piece of a cake in a child's hand.

(There is a knock at the door and Ms. Dandora is captured trying to remove Captain's overcoat then pretends while still holding the right sleeve)

MS. DANORA: Don't you feel it's hot dear?

DOROTHY: *(Embarrassed)* Sorry! I had to. *(To Captain)* Your authorization sir.

CAPTAIN: May I see. *(Looking suspicious)* But be brief.

DOROTHY: Thank you for your kindness. *(Points her hand tablet)* As the head of captains, who among these captains do you authorize to sail *(being bold)* MEGA UNITED HUMBLE HEROES?

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CAPTAIN: The first two ladies and the last one. Confirm with them to avoid being behind schedule.

DOROTHY: (*She leaves chuffed*) Thank you sir. (*Winks to Ms. Dandora*) Take it easy friend. I hope to see you later in the day.

MS. DANDORA: (*Highly worried as she folds the coat*) This is all super guilt instilled in me. What may they mean?

CAPTAIN: Take care not to misunderstand anyone in any situation. (*Removes his necktie*) It's very hot. (*She gets in front of Captain holding their hands together. She draws nearer and nearer then Curtain closes*)

POEM: (*Solo voice*)

You need to know your course to win

The two are great young lovers not for filthy lusts

But true and supportive in both life and love.

The union of victors not losers look like this, to be precise,

Have to investigate their compatibility

Before they marry then melt and feel sweet together

Not like lusts for any; Sister or brother not to mention:

Heal for best if by luck I touched your wound.

SCENE TWO

(Captain and Ms. Dandora are sitting facing the audience with their right-hand side with her between his legs. The scene is set at the lake shore. An old man is also dozing on the chair behind them though they seem not to be aware, under old tree, and a cool soothing love music heard by audience stops.)

MS. DANDORA: *(Becomes audible)* Do you remember your father's words yesterday?

CAPTAIN: Dear, he said much.

MS. DANDORA: To me, this was unique; that it's a fatal mistake to assume that God's plan for our life is material wealth or popular prosperity as many may define it.

CAPTAIN: My dad isn't a dead-beat-dad. *(Being unserious)* Beat your story dear. You're the other half of the apple that looks like it. Wise wife to be.

MS. DANDORA: Your dad seems optimistic that you and General must be in power. He has more than we can imagine to apply.

CAPTAIN: My father is always a clever man –great philosopher- and never missed even the smallest of details. In your view and opinion combined, how else will your father and I prosper Anywola region if not by ascending to the misused place? Isn't it right to plan and mean it?

MS. DANDORA: Yes, it is. *(Holds his left hand in her hands on her thighs)* My support is assured. *(Sighs then frees the hand)*

CAPTAIN: Thank you for your hand.

MS. DANDORA: My pleasure.

CAPTAIN: Pleasure shared here.

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MS. DANDORA: (*Presses backwards and turns her neck to look at his face*) I have never asked but it's important darling.

CAPTAIN: Please come on my love and reflect what your heart says.

MS. DANDORA: Being a captain, how is that relevant in politics and leadership of this part of nation?

CAPTAIN: Journalists with interviews! (*He stands and holds her hand to help her stand*) My love for Physics, especially interest in studying sinking and floating of objects on a fluid, then direction in geography with help of mathematics, made me settle on being a captain. Now I control a large floating body. Politically, our nation needs an expert controller like me. One who has wisely learnt the critical language of nature; the principles of good control. Due to knowledge limitations, there specialist experts to consult.

MS. DANDORA: How does it apply to me, Onjinyo's ex-girlfriend?

CAPTAIN: No, stop it sweetheart! We all have a past darling. (*Changing topic*) I expect to slightly sink (*Pressing a finger on her sternum*) in you and fully float (*Removes the hand off her body*) on you, or what are your expectations?

MS. DANDORA: I expect your expertise control and skills in action. (*Smiles and hugs tightly*)

CAPTAIN: (*Hugs back*) For the first time, I found myself leaving home with no clear reason.

MS. DANDORA: To me fair friend, you're to hold. You are part of me that continues to be original every passing moment. We are here because you love madly. (*Releases the hugs*)

CAPTAIN: (*Becomes shy*) True! Next time do share so that I may not be involved this vaguely. (*Moves behind her*)

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MS. DANDORA: You're indeed the very reason. (*Turns to face him again*) What I do with you is my purpose. No! Our purpose. Our purpose is far greater than our peace of the mind, our career, our personal fulfilment and our happiness. It's far greater than our family, goals, achievements, dreams or even our own personal ambitions.

CAPTAIN: You've taken after your friend and mentor: My father...

MS. DANDORA: (*Getting closer and bending to pick her tablet*) wow! Exactly!

CAPTAIN: Be careful not to mess me up (*Gap closes with his thighs coincidentally*) Okay!

MS. DANDORA: Okay! (*Back to point as she stands*) You won't discover your life's meaning by looking within yourself. To be precise, being successful and serving your purpose are perfectly distinct though interrelated. (*She opens tablet with DR. Dandora's photo as wallpaper*)

CAPTAIN: It's not easy fighting in minority as the suffering ignorant majority enjoy their disparities.

MS. DANDORA: He is a lion now. And this is his best and most realistic chance to win. They are badly caught in his claws. But the new plan may confuse him; even you. You may feel betrayed.

(*They lock together in his arms with the tablet in her left hand between them. He draws her closer by the waist using his left hand with the first finger of his right hand touching on her lower lips slightly. They are about to kiss but an old man interrupts*)

OLD MAN: (*Sleepy*) Old men see best with their eyes closed. (*They turn to see him*) No! No! This is not normal to me my children. May be because I'm not normal. Where are advocates or

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clergy who should stand in to officiate weddings? Like politicians, they are busy getting full. Mad men and drunkards like me have replaced them automatically. (*He stands on his feet*) Where are they? Jesus said that he can even use stones. I am far much better than some silly stones. Please take me for now.

CAPTAIN: Who? And...

MS. DANDORA: What? (*Upset and move towards audience before the stage starts closing with the old man following from behind*)

OLD MAN: Sorry! It's age barrier. Sorry. (*Laughs and curtain closes slowly*) Mature lovers live a contemporary life in love; they don't use dark past, that everybody has, to fight each other but open it to strengthen one another. Even in their silence, much is shared and much more is shouted.

POEM: (*Male and female voice*)

I know but still I'm shy like we knew but had to spy
With solvent we still went dry
The love commands we hold our bye
Don't misplace our bye lest we cry
Lift me to sky and don't leave me dead in the heart
When my heart fades your love renews the dye
Loneliness is worse than death now
Please! Just hold your bye.

SCENE THREE

(Set on divided stage with Jamaranda on the left and MR. Hate on the right-hand side of audience; both thinking loud at intervals moving freely and address their thoughts to audience. There are two lines, parade of their attentive party members dividing them. Stage is coloured differently: Jamaranda and MR. Hate sides are red stripped black and green stripped white respectively. Jamaranda and his team are in white cloths but black shoes on a red carpet constantly smiling while Mr. Hate and his team are in black cloths but white shoes on a green carpet alternating from stressful mourning postures to hopeful smiling faces. Oldman struggle in his sleep and has a mix of emotions, in front of the curtain dreaming the stage)

MR. HATE: *(Pointing at himself with two hands)* I, ally of Ochenglo, light bearer of Anyuola, popularly known as Mr. Hate by poor definitions of this civilization, swear with my life to forever stand for the right. *(Ease straight)*

JAMARANDA: *The crushing (Squeezes hard and rubs his hands together) and stubborn (Bouncing)* Jamaranda with the thin legged anti-correction Onjinyo for nephew, we have survived above the laws. *(Pulls Onjinyo from the line and they both move off the line sympathizing with one another, shaking their heads pointing each other)* Like uncle, like nephew. I ordered cutting down all old indigenous trees against the law just like I cleared our human opponents. No more Ochenglo nor elements of his likes to interfere!

ONJINYO AND JAMARANDA: We have done wonders! When we mean to destroy, even annoyed demon calms to learn from us. Our new tittle in hell will be THE ORIGIN OF ALL DARKNESS.

MR. HATE: The origin of all darkness in my entire life is my move to influence Jamaranda into ethical path of life. (*Onjinyo resumes back to line*)

JAMARANDA: I do what I want with not only my life but also with lives of others. Respect and ethics are least in my achievements.

ALL: We all need respect and feel good respected but think otherwise when it comes to respecting others. Humility is human greatness that earns everlasting respect.

BOTH: This generation are so mean at respecting but...

ALL: But what? Especially our women and children need even more respect against defilement; against domestic violence and protection against all other forms of insecurities

JAMARANDA: So, you're forcing me to regret what I did with my blood sister? (*Lowers his head embarrassed*) Tasted, killed and maimed. Till this date, no one except Onjinyo know where she was buried. I find no joy in all my possession now because sweetness of success is sharing but I have no one to share with.

MR. HATE: Easy early success selfishly gained remains a scam. Great things take time. Struggle is not a budge of honour noble struggle is.

JAMARANDA: May be but I can't stop oppressing others and embezzling public resources for my personal gain. Addiction or what...?

MR. HATE: (*Chuckles*) Addiction! Everyone is addicted at something; food, fraud, pilfering, gossip or hard drugs are just worst few to mention. I also can't stop protecting and supporting good! Proudly addicted in ethical goodness.

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BOTH: (*Pointing their respective teams*) Want to make you happy just because you are the reason why I am so happy. Always in my support.

MR. HATE: I reap joy of free support from those who know the language of my heart without intimidations; reason why I stay calm in all situations.

JAMARANDA: I constantly buy support from my accomplices and employ intimidations whenever I run out of cash to buy adequate masses.

MR. HATE: Whenever I help a person secretly, expecting nothing in return, I get respected in public and I've been crazy enough to believe that I can achieve everything in life with genuine help of others through mutual psychosocial support. Due to natural weaknesses in every person and knowledge limitations, we really need one another always.

JAMARANDA: I crave for free real love but hatred in my heart keeps compelling it away. When it comes to loving and respecting, I'm completely dead. (*Starts getting sad*) What kind of life did I choose for myself?

ALL: Today we might be flying up the sky, tomorrow we'll need one on the ground to carry us. Be humble, love people and invest in people.

BOTH: We learned how to walk by imitating others.

JAMARANDA: Then I stopped learning and engaging with experts but frustrated any form of literacy and knowledge. Now I think I had mistaken fear for respect.

BOTH: It's too expensive and unbearable when people cooperate to fear you. The self-earned stigma and loneliness hurt beyond all

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atrocities, darkness and fevers put together. Darker than mother of darkness! In the past, truth was hidden...

JAMARANDA: Now I hide from the truth.

ALL: A time will definitely come when some people will regret having treated you wrong in the dark. That will be when light arrive.

JAMARANDA: As long as I live, that light will never arrive to expose my deeds and evil intentions which I'm yet to stop.

ALL: Do good to others. It will come back in unexpected ways; destroy lives with lies but take it like a loan to be returned with interest.

JAMARANDA: I personally invested in making the public hate brother Ochenglo for my own selfish gains and hid in the public protection fumed with fake formulated propaganda. He's now sinking in deep shame after what the pseudo media did that public assume legit and protest to protect.

BOTH: Society is destroyed by few losers who are capable of influencing others into their hopelessness. Shame of their actions remain a burden of entire community while their purported innocence will camouflage to guilt once light arrive.

ALL: Even if no one see anything in presence of light, the guilty shake in shame assuming that all eyes have recorded details of whatever light has exposed of them.

MR. HATE: (*whistling first*) Confession in presence of light is inevitable especially when light of knowledge luminates. When light comes, darkness runs far away and vanishes but stays alert just in case light get tired, the very darkness multiplies and scares yields of light.

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ALL: Education is noble. Problem intrudes when we're too educated to unlearn what we believe, but never enough to question what we have been taught. No syllabus can change a prejudiced mind of a proud person filled with ego and attitude; teaching them is a professional way of wasting time.

(They turn to confronting position and Mr. Hate successfully join his team to form one line, but Jamaranda slips and fall as his team stagger backwards while curtain closes in accompaniment of siren sound. Then Old man wakes motivated from his sleep)

OLD MAN: *(Jumping to peep behind curtain)* Best dream for Anywola.

SCENE FOUR

(Set at city stadium with stage assumed to be the podium. It is youths' day and some politicians and leaders are seated. Ms. Dandora is the mistress of ceremonies and a clergy is seen leading prayers to open the session. Scope is carrying a laptop and skimming through. The linen used for decoration are of colours of a native national flag and regional flag)

CLERGY: *(Becoming louder)* Mighty name of our Lord and God.

CROWD: Amen! *(Native political song sung halfway then she is up)*

MS. DANDORA: We feel...

CROWD: Together and we'll move together like we stay together. We not only fight for peace but also prioritise justice and competency.

MS. DANDORA: Thank you my brothers and sisters. *(Points to the left)* I'll start from that end. Apart from activists' bench, we have two other guests to inspire us. We need no delay. To start with; I'm the beautiful Baby Chrecho remembered in her absence. Same name but she was better in looks that ended her in the mess you all know. Naturally, beautiful like our ladies in here. Honourable Scope, please come forward and state your firm facts straight. *(Applause and cheers)*

SCOPE: Thank you very much our executive mistress, Ms. Dandora. *(They shake hands then she sits as he reads his speech)* To activists, great mentor; MR. Hate, chairperson of youths-children-and-gender rights agencies; Madam Baby Chrecho, fellow ministers; all protocol observed; dear youths as the hosts of the day; ladies and gentle-men. I greet you all that God is good!

CROWD: All the time.

SCOPE: All the time!

CROWD: Behold God is good and that is His nature. Wow! God is great.

SCOPE: Indeed! As minister for youths and sports, I have been receiving many proposals on setbacks facing this special group of citizens who are full of ambitions, strengths and diverse abilities. Their will to develop this country; majorly hindered by hopelessness and complexities within the leadership of our land. This is a meeting for unity and reorganization so as to let the young citizens be lifted in the spirit of hope and ecstasy. (*Inhales*) Youths need favourable political goodwill and financial motivation primary to optimising internal innovation and entrepreneurial potential. Every government need these rich peasants than they need their governments in uprightness as upcoming humble heroes.

OLD MAN: (*Waves*) Just speak! I will support you.

SCOPE: Thank you. (*Reads again*), The constitution defines the youth as those between eighteen and thirty-five years of age and the children as those under eighteen years. Am I not true?

CROWD: Yes, you are!

SCOPE: Well! (*Reads again*) In our constitutions; both former and more specifically the current one, youths and children are a special category of people given special specific rights in addition to basic human rights. The law is clear on what they are entitled to and how they should be represented. (*To guests*) Am I not within the concepts of the law?

GUESTS: (*Nodding in union*) You are!

SCOPE: I have three issues to address as highlights. The comprehensive copy for the competent are on my official website to access and download. To start with is youth entertainment which is doing very well. What remains is for our failing government. Secondly, our rights and constitutional identity as youths which I mentioned earlier. And finally, (inhales deeply) Youth responsibility. This is key according to me. (*Survey the silent audience*) If I must remain competent and realistic in my view, we better tune to major on our responsibilities (*Crowd boos from the back*) If our youths would come forward with a purposeful responsibility beyond their entertainment and rights in mind, no debt would remain unsettled neither would we be such a donor-dependant nation. The tragedy is that we welcome more fantasies than realities. We love empty manifestos of popular politicians than our own reachable standard goals. (*Back-benchers boos again*) So, we kill our little hope for hopelessness. Most youths have been induced into being a common problem, instead of providing purposeful solutions. I call for change as a collective responsibility! I welcome your afterthought thanks in meantime. For now... (*Small crowd within the large crowd singing in praise of Lwanda, Onjinyo and Jamaranda goes forward to interfere*) You enemies of progress!

SMALL CROWD: (*As they move between seat columns holding guns*) Lwanda is great! Onjinyo is great! Jamaranda is greatest! (*Scope and other guests leave the stage for booing crowd*) Scope must go! Scope must go! Scope must go! Scope must go! We Won't cope with Scope.

SCOPE: (*Carried in the air by the rioting crowd. Ms. Dandora only take her laptop and runs away*) Help! Help! Help! (*Mudho is then seen alone in the stage kneeling down with hands up*)

MUDHO: That is all we wanted. They will know Mudho!

(Curtain closes)

POEM: *(Solo voice)*

The young generation like the old;
This generation opts for good
The good foundation of hopeful and productive humans
Traitors accept money to stake in gambling,
Only to turn against their future in bold.
Very irresponsible but hide in the law unproductively
Be aware!
The law protects the responsible
The law isn't a hiding place for lazy citizens
If entertainment isn't part of production;
Never prioritise it to responsibility.
Master of madness being entertained,
With an empty future;
Insanity of irresponsibility;
Young and old must avoid.

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

(Set in an office with three portraits of Jamaranda, Lwanda and Onjinyo. There are clean chairs and Jamaranda enters first. Others enter and Mudho has an empty bottle in his hands. Lwanda also holds a hook in his hand. Scope enters last and takes the empty central chair all smile except Scope. Mudho cunningly smiles longest and laughs loud then Onjinyo slaps him to call for an order)

JAMARANDA: This is an emergency meeting for nothing far from the protective agendum; Scopes' abuse that he literally did in front of everyone. He wants me outside...

SIBUOR: Absolutely very bad! I, the lion -your cousin, can't agree. I must roar in town. *(To Scope)* You acted like a real intruder! Count yourself out!

ONJINYO: *(To Jamaranda)* Remember he dared to mess our right arms to power. Enlightened the youth, our tools! Where will we hire goons from? *(Pushing Scope's head)* Don't blame me or anyone but yourself. *(Thumbs his chest)* The me I know! *(Laughs)* I must fly.

MUDHO: *(Winks at Scope)* Scope! Do you want me to show you that I'm the darkness that give light in darkness? *(Others laugh)* Take your curse in silence in the next few minutes. You're spoilt! Great Jamaranda wants you dead for betraying the oath of lies and secrecy. Thank goodness! You're in good hands of fearless darkness that sparkle in presence of light.

ODIERO: I have few words; Never stray. *(Eyes popped out)* If you do, the powerful personal anger above the law must consume you. Planned mistakes deserve no mercy. You must consult.

Aren't you a professional? Yes! But dare not control as wise Jamaranda. Remember that; based on your natural stupidity, you did consult books to be a little informed. The wise Jamaranda didn't get that far with schooling because he was capable of schooling the school without school. It has become your trend to register mistakes whenever you act without consulting. (*Shakes his head and claps*)

ATUDO: I've filtered your statements very well. Scope is wrong. (*Facing and pointing at Scope*) Rest in peace smart idiot! Onjinyo will take charge and fly on your behalf. (*Silence*)

LWANDA: Anyone around power must protect it. Scope acted wise in absence of self-processed wisdom. Am I not the son to succeed when he dies? Who is Scope to...?

JAMARANDA: Lwanda! Mind your words...

LWANDA: Who is Scope to...

MUDHO: (*Shaking Scope then calls for order*) You better die for my sake. (*Louder*) Agendum!

JAMARANDA: My death neither be mentioned nor imagined. But I've forgiven you son. (*To others*) I feel great for solving problems that step on my shadows like Scope. I don't quit and do defeat. (*Scope goes asleep*) He is gone. It worked like I wished. (*Pointing at Mudho in a smile*) Your loyalty is my asset.

MUDHO: (*Smiling*) He is spoilt!

LWANDA: Call it public curse as usual.

MUDHO: (*Giggling*) I will state it so in my sure findings while filing investigations. (*Smile*) After all he was just but a gentile.

JAMARANDA: Meeting called to an end! The priest will pray in our next meeting after doubling your allowances. Mudho will join me for weekend trip (*Pointing scope*) for this good work done.

ALL: (*In union*) We pray our loyalty to Jamaranda. So great is he; our Kind Holy Excellency Jamaranda. (*Jamaranda walks out*) So protective is his son Lwanda, that no one dare challenge but the father. (*Lwanda leaves then others follow leaving Scope and Mudho*) Fear Onjinyo the shield.

MUDHO: (*To Scope*) You must stay in-door at master's place till right time comes. I'll take you there.

SCOPE: (*Nodding to agree*) Have they gone far?

MUDHO: I don't know. (*Steps are heard from outside and they pretend*) Killing you has become my hobby. (*Lwanda comes in dragging a big hook ready to hook Scope*)

LWANDA: Let me kill this nuisance completely like...

MUDHO: (*Standing on his way*) Why have you returned sir? This work is too small to be shared.

LWANDA: (*Hook Scopes belly and walk away*) Take direct ticket to hell.

MUDHO: (*Facing audience*) Have you ever seen a man kill a dead man?

SCOPE: The hook must have been dipped in some lethal poison to ensure me dead. You better rush me to our hospital before my lesions get worse.

MUDHO: We must leave fast through the lower door. Stand! (*Scope stands supporting himself on Mudho's shoulder*) This mission is perfected to test my loyalty in their team. They must be somewhat doubting me.

(Curtain sweep to another side to open another scene)

POEM: (*Duet*)

The filthy is baptised into more filthy
Feel to hold or hold to feel are the same now
Highly warm to cover than let the world know.
In times of unrest like this;
Their commitment is their satisfaction
Their satisfaction is their betrayal in free chain
Then want it sealed unhealed till forever.
All could be real without betrayal
No struggle for we really feel to hold
Excuse Mudho, then hold to feel.
Thank goodness the hook didn't penetrate.

SCENE TWO

(Set at MR. Hate's living room. Ms. Dandora sits beside Captain. MR. Hate stands worried besides DR. Dandora's seat opposite seven empty seats. Master Hate squeeze other light chairs, moves small table to fit under the big table. Then becomes louder)

MR. HATE: New day with its new complexities. *(A knock at the door)*

SCOPE: I'm Scope, one of professors at the University of Anyuola. I played dead as we planned. Lwanda then came back and placed a hook on my belly that we suspected unsafe. They brought me by your gate and went to address the press faking you out as being responsible for Scopes disappearance.

MR. HATE: *(To Ms. Dandora)* You and Captain should take charge since we're now many steps ahead. Bravo?

MS. DANDORA: Done dad. *(Pulls Captain by the hand and they move out)* See you!

DR. DANDORA: My daughter, remember to commence that new plan you informed me about. *(To MR. Hate)* They get along well. The world may speak with misunderstanding. Sincerely, I am worried!

MR. HATE: Just confess you're jealous my friend. *(Takes a seat beside him and sit)* Remembering your Joan in jealousy and phobia for beauty...

DR. DANDORA: Not at all buddy. Won't the public propaganda complicate politics with this in-law issue trending against me?

MR. HATE: Scope's disappearance is gone sir. Your in-law propaganda is far ethical than impure deity incarnations of Jamaranda. Obey that intelligent plan to eradicate the big-man-syndrome of Jamaranda.

DR. DANDORA: His vague academic history...

MR. HATE: But claim all unmatched titles in the universe.

DR. DANDORA: The most creative and most talented according to local syllabus our children pursue, is Jamaranda; regional misconception that capture even The University of Anyuola and all institutions within our region. National government warned but Onjinyo insisted with illegal misleading tests punitively used to award regional scholarships.

MR. HATE: Great republic shouldn't have had even the least of her sections being misled. But Jamaranda is adored at the expense of public prowess, freedom, courage, unity and development. No section led by brutal and unproductive Jamaranda is safe.

DR. DANDORA: Of all the past, the past of our lost love and lost opportunities are most frustrating. I wish moving him behind bars then instead of helping clear his name.

MR. HATE: The worst is our past of wasted opportunities. The public is prepared to last learn and understand reality of freedom they fight for. (*Reads a writing on his wall from his seat keenly*) Freedom belong to captives while captivity is an awaiting tragedy for the free. (*Looks at him in the eyes*)

DR. DANDORA: The central government funds us just like other regions; fair share of our endowed rich resources. Then lies the contrast; we are desperately the poorest due to incompetent Jamaranda being the richest in the country with no real investments in his name. His son is ignorantly using military title to protect him. Real abuse of office and degradation of military sacred oath.

MR. HATE: (*Facing right wall*) Imagine you were a cat and he lizard. You chased after the lizard but in vain. (*Turning to him*) Then

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you finally find your prey with head resting on a burning coal.
(*Shaking him*) Now that you were listening; what will you do?

DR. DANDORA: (*Smiling*) Question sent back to the setter for answers.

MR. HATE: Appetite for roasted lizards will force you to wait. Appetite for fresh lizard will force you to go for the little share of the lizard's tail, or to start another troublesome race with a stronger lizard. Another problem may be the intensity of the fire.

DR. DANDORA: Going for another lizard may mean starting a fresh and won't that take longer time?

MR. HATE: Time! Restarting may take a little shorter due to experiences out of initial mistakes that hindered you from great success. Sacrifice your appetite and fully fight fear to prosper. Be real free fighter bro!

DR. DANDORA: So, it depends? (*Prepares in his seat to sit well as MR. Hate leans backwards*)

MR. HATE: It does. (*Pointing at him*) You have been trending in politics for wealth, fame and shame. Now that you've involved my son, be optimistic to power for development. I rarely join jokes.

DR. DANDORA: New now!

MR. HATE: You were my equal then; (*pauses*) correct answer. Now you're my son. Currently, he is the one of your equal. (*A knock at the door*) I really hate interference. Free in!

JOAN: (*Lean to hug them in their respective seats then address MR. Hate*) Remember this day. I hope Captain has not forgotten yet that my former friend, your late wife, was buried last year.

MR. HATE: We usually remember. The saddest day was not when Jaber was buried. Happiest day celebrating her burial, because she couldn't shamefully rot on surface and publicly lose her beauty. My saddest day was when she died; confirmed completely dead. (*Pointing his back*) That was a week ago but there are much to celebrate in her life than neither death nor burial. We fight to join her on the resurrection day. Final!

JOAN: You're always unpredictable and realistic at the same time.

MR. HATE: But rarely wrong. (*Thumbing his chest*) Do you know why I don't celebrate my birthday?

DR. DANDORA: (*Pointing himself with both hands*) What I do! Tell us.

MR. HATE: I can't celebrate that my late mum suffered alone in pain and died while delivering me. If I knew, I could be celebrating my conception when both parents enjoyed and were united for a common course to let me be. (*Hands spread*) They prayed!

JOAN: How sure are you that they prayed?

MR. HATE: Wasn't I born naturally? (*Stares them straight in the eyes as they node*) Then just understand that the actual action is a prayer. Of course, a special prayer, I must say: The legal principles, from culture to every aspect of life concerning any prayer, must be obeyed and results be left with God in good faith. No imperfection should cause advanced imperfections...

DR. DANDORA: So...

MR. HATE: So, I fail to understand why one would comfortably enjoy prayer and later betray the whole sweet course when God faithfully answers their prayer. They claim and reject living results as unwanted pregnancies. Some kill, others abandon while a few accept in shame. Few can stand head-straight

viewing the result as a blessing. I pity! There may be illegitimate parents but I'm perfectly sure that there are no illegitimate babies. (*Lowers his voice*) Remember the likes of Scope, Mudho and (*Pointing at them*) even your daughter be just but a few to mention. I hope you can see their importance. We chose to offer best parenting to them.

JOAN: Very sure! And today is her birthday.

MR. HATE: Precisely, today coincide with her birthday date and so is my son. They weren't born today but on a date like this.

DR. DANDORA: A date that comes only once after four years in our calendar by coincidence for both...

MR. HATE: (*Sighs*) That is less important for now. The most important is victory. Not over death or so, but over the atrocities of Jamaranda that perpetuate poverty and suffering in Anyuola. Victory that will avenge my dear wife's death. Jamaranda did run her over for political intimidation. (*Leans his head searching for nothing under the tables only to stand sobbing in tears of pain*) This pain will end but not yet. But I never will act or decide until it's settled.

JOAN: Easy! Please calm down! Just... (*Mouth and entire facial symmetry prepared to join him in weeping which she finally does louder*)

MR. HATE: Just let me be! (*Breaks loud*) Aaaaaagh! Allow me cry for anytime I cry, my pains fade away and my heart gets clean. It began with my wife and now our youths are crashed like bloody flour. (*Both asked to stop by DR. Dandora and continue speaking while sobbing slowly*)

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JOAN: (*Exclaim*) We howl in deaf ears. Their best offer is the wanton killing of our competent youths to solve unemployment. Is Scope found yet?

MR. HATE: I'm not sure! (*To DR. Dandora*) Are you?

DR. DANDORA: Definitely not. Maybe he is dead!

JOAN: So unnatural! They might have killed him. (*Standing*) It's trending everywhere, through media, our party is the chief suspect and you will soon be called to defend yourself as Jamaranda mentioned that in the press conference they had today morning. Mudho called it public curse as usual.

MR. HATE: They are wrong this time round. See this! (*Pointing a fresco on the wall with confidence, and their tears and sobbing fade away*) I'm a retired judge fully prepared all-round, to avail justice as my master and hobby. Isn't that enough to scare them? Doesn't that confirm me an experienced lawyer? We will win when given that noble chance. The collective will of the majority is soothing free fighters; set free by truth into this honourable Humble Heroes party.

DR. DANDORA: (*Giggling*) The dead be the most powerful witness in that case when he'll talk. Our exculpation nears daily.

JOAN: Is he really dead? (*Smiling with raised eye brows*) They called it plight-of-opposition.

MR. HATE: It's yet to be 'the-plight-of-incompetent-imposter government.'

DR. DANDORA: They'll grunt after such empty talks.

MR. HATE: I will elucidate and destroy their vague self-purported reputations. Their spiral must stop. (*Smiling*) I've no hiding

place for any cunning idiot caged in injustices. They must be entangled at no cost.

JOAN: I hope so. It's high time, very ripe that Anyuola must be ready for freedom.

MR. HATE: Yes! The freedom and development they purport on people.

(Door open and Scope comes in first. Captain and Ms Dandora follow holding their hands. Then Doctor gets in last with a file in her hands)

JOAN: *(Hug them and smile)* I missed you people. *(To doctor after her last hug)* So unfortunate that I've taken three full months since I last came for medical check-up. *(Hug again)*. I won't mind accompanying you back to the hospital. I'll drive.

DOCTOR: No problem. Missed you too. My husband came back last week from the summit and had your letter to a high call of duty to serve at the national level. I feel like fixing some good time for private talks together. *(She then turns sad as she peruses through the file contents)*

JOAN: Okay friend! *(To Scope)* Aren't you Scope?

SCOPE: May be his twin brother. So...

JOAN: Why then have you come to spy on your brother's behalf.

SCOPE: You easily believe lies. I suppose this is the right place for me. Safer to be precise.

MR. HATE: Doctor! *(Silence)* Why do you seem scared?

DOCTOR: Too scared. *(Handing over the files to MR. Hate)* Mudho joined us in the hospital and gave me these to give you. He said that Scope should remain closed under your roof till the right time comes as you organise for a plastic burial. *(Spreads*

his hands out) I feel like this is a wrong party for me. Abusing my professional cord of ethics.

MS. DANDORA: No! Saving life is the most powerful cord of ethics. Moreover, Mudho is part of us. A loyal but silent party member. Or, did he join with anyone?

DOCTOR: No! Just alone.

MR. HATE: (*Relaxed*) Be assured. You're in the right party. You can't know everyone for we grow daily.

DOCTOR: Okay! I will take my leave now to save another life. Accept my apologies (*She turns her back ready to leave with Joan*) I will be glad to get informed of what you call the new plan.

MR. HATE: Thanks for your ever good work. Secret is the best party member and coordinator in this new plan of justice. You are free to leave. Joan will join you later.

DOCTOR: I always host our secrets.

JOAN: May I join her for now; take our apologies together...

MR. HATE: Joan! This may mean good for all of us. (*Doctor leaves and Joan sit*) We can now have our meeting. (*To Joan*) You're welcome again.

DR. DANDORA: Joan, we divorced but still united in this course. What an intelligent partner? I'm glad you kept promises. I can now see clearly that you were innocent dear.

JOAN: (*Free up*) Who knows? Maybe I'm fully back for what belong to me.

MR. HATE: That was history. We can't change it but you can heal from it with time. (*Smiling*) Be focussed into the unknown future and try it together again and again for mutual gain.

CAPTAIN: I never knew! You get along so nicely with maturity.

JOAN: (*Chuckles*) Don't pretend like your father never told you our whole story of misunderstanding and separation!

MR. HATE: Domestic syllabus require all children to know their legitimate lineage, chores, local language and culture, purpose and several philosophies of their homes. Therefore, gossiping about fellow adults with them is entirely a distraction. Best parenting demanded of me only to tell my son what could be of importance to his mental and personality development, and not the weaknesses of my fellow adults. (*As though reading in his electronic hand tablet*) Divorce is not only a problem now but also in as far as more than two thousand years ago. Moses is the first in the biblical record to divorce. Divorce is a symptom of a fallen marriage and is worse than death. Because in summarised analysis; it means defect. Pain is usually not the problem. Problem is when we act in line with pain.

JOAN: What are you for?

MR. HATE: Divorce plays more dangerous than death. When a person dies, they cease to cause impact on us physically and we can avoid seeing them anymore. For a divorce, we abandon partially and keep watching on the walking stress, get attracted back and most times leading to resurrection of feelings that haunt. This reduces performance and competence. Divorce, in real sense is a kind of death that never close. Forgiveness, understanding and open communication are strengths in every marriage.

DR. DANDORA: Is that part of our meeting?

MR. HATE: Yes, it is! Unity in justice is our aim. No unity is greater than the other. Here is your free chance in front of the one who legalised your divorce.

CAPTAIN: (*Addressing audience*) Little unity attracts another.

MR. HATE: (*Join their hands in applause and cheers*) Now into the
agendum of the day. (*The empty seats get occupied as they sit
around the two tables and even strange faces seen. All
clapping*)

(*Curtain closes amid poem*)

POEM: (*Solo voice*)

One among a thousand is master Hate.
The preacher that does what he talks,
Drinks what he gives,
Stand behind what he knows,
And optimistic to general victory.
He tastes wrong to those who are wrong,
Taste much bitter to the wicked.
But liked by the lovely and ambitious persons.
A victor from childhood, at first full of mistakes,
Then he learnt from his childhood mistakes and,
The historical mistakes of others.
That made him competent,
And without fear of failure henceforth.
Most formidable man,
All because he never stopped studying.

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Has the biggest library but smaller television!

When compared with the likes of his class

A free fighter.

Selflessly retired but, not tired.

Before he expired.

Around him are sure brains saving Anyuola

But most hated for fighting freely in truth for justice

For justice to reign.

SCENE THREE

(MR. Hate and DR. Dandora seated in front and the stage assumed to be podium of the city stadium with background sounds of waterfall and chipping of birds that stop before Miss Dandora becomes clearly audible. Five youths are seen standing behind the two gentlemen, each carrying a written speech and seriously skimming. Ms. Dandora, in front, speaking and then become louder)

MS. DANDORA: The young leadership forum just ended yesterday in this city stadium. We have the best of the best to address us today concerning the state of Anyuola. Then behind our two executive guests are our special guests of the day. We...

CROWD: We feel together and we'll move together like we stay together. Umoja ni nguvu na chanzo cha maendeleo.

MS. DANDORA: These seated are a sample of tomorrow for this nation's subsequent generation. Many MR. Hate in making. *(Her arms raised)* We can; the most realistic philosophy of President Barrack Ocean Obama throughout his leadership as an important responsibility and privilege given to him by fellow citizens. We echo; together we can. He never messed that powerful slogan by any contrasting action or practice. We better be careful like he. *(MR. Hate tries to stand but seen resuming his seat)* I'm grateful for your patience in the preceding programmes. We get to the very final stage with the big question: How lucky are we for hope to be found at such a time when freedom seem more selective than gold? Otherwise, here is the view of the five relating to the economic trend and socio-political morals in our region. Allow me invite the first of the five equals. *(Turning to Latent)* We long for your truth in brief.

LATENT: (*Waves as he moves forward, blows microphone and tap it in the old form*) Maintain temperature as you make physical change. That is latent heat. I'm Latent Api. (*Reads his speech*) To all the dignitaries present, all the protocol observed, fellow citizens, ladies and gentlemen. I greet you all.

CROWD: Very well together for necessary change!

LATENT: Allow me become vocal on illegal and irregular allocations of public resources as a common challenge in this region. The press report, from the public investments committee, detail numerous cases of public land illegally allocated to companies and individuals in total disregard of the law and public interest. (*Inhales deeply*)

CROWD: (*Applause*) Ero! Mana kanyo!

LATENT: Most allocations were made to politically correct individuals without justification. These allottees proceeded to sell those property to state corporations and other parties at colossal amounts far above the prevailing market value. This unscrupulous leadership has maintained to promote such a rip-off and patronage. They do this with lower dexterity than ever imagined.

ONJINYO: (*Hiding in the crowd*) Be simple! We are taking reports.

LATENT: (*Ignores and read*) We must stand against such winds and waves. The time is now! The unjust enrichment must stop! Impunity must stop as justice prevail. Finally, mark this; an individual on the side of justice is perfectly greater than millions of bosses condemned by the same justice. Thank you all. Thank you very much! (*Takes his seat and signals Nereah who come forward to address the cheering crowd that stop to allow the second speaker*)

NEREAH: I would like to address three major issues and their absence. These are love, purity and life. Their absence are hatred, sin and death respectively. Hatred is not the opposite of love but its absence. Likewise, purity is not the opposite of sin. Equally, death is just the absence of life. They have a chain of order and agreement to make a sensible principle. (*Inhales*) From the philosophy of life as addressed in master book; Free Fighters...(*Applause*) That prolific philosopher successfully convinced me that the bacteria is right. Also, that love and purity gives life. Life is life only if it can be divided by love in purity. Love without purity is an offence and can never lead to any full life. We all need life! Full life! Good life! Successful life! Abundant and eternal life! The voice of integrity and justice say: love must be in the line of purity to produce what we need: Life! (*Applause*) On contrary, many make fatal mistakes with hatred as the foundation then death become automatic finisher. Death that kills hope! Then kills friendship and love, peace and now trying to kill justice and integrity. It's not a sin to die just like it is not pure to live for no course of pure purposeful struggle and love. This regime share death in hatred which is sin, and so is hatred shared in death. Suicide is a result of hatred shared in death with first class cowardice ever. Great cowardice that leads to a whole family being extinct in fear of shame or simple grounds of disagreements. Share your fear to avoid mess and tears in life. Be proud of your good self to reduce the intensity of bipolar disorder. (*Applause*) Terrorism is death shared in ignorant hatred and so is assassinations. Be sober! Be sober and you will learn that opponents are not enemies, but are our supporters with different opinions. With them we are popular, powerful and actively creative. (*Applause*) Mark me right that death and life are both cool destinies. Both are not admirable. One hands over to another till that day when death will die. No need to

force. They come surprisingly but at a times timely. The living be supported while the dead deserve a befitting send off. Objective life with valid dreams is worth it all. Worse than supposed is living with missed and misused opportunities crying after us. It was better dying young with fulfilled dreams lest you be associated with hatred and sin, than live unmoved in empty old age. *(Hands straight)* Realistic life is made hopeful by being busy doing something constructive. Best death should come when you would have satisfactorily served your life purpose. Die empty to embarrass your grave! Thank you very much and may God bless Anyuola. *(Applause as she sits. The two seats open for the third speaker to have shortcut forward while dancing in tune of decent Reggae music)*

MERRY: Some of them are cursed from head to toe. Simple! Some wished they had teeth in their hands to help them mercilessly chew public money! Senior embezzlers protected by pretentious public by default under tribal slogan. Those thieves take advantage of our tribesmen mind-set to escape justice. That was just to share in the light of previous speakers. Now here this!

CROWD: Encore! One love, one people!

ONJINYO: You speak in parables. Just...

MERRY: We must hit the nail on the head as the best way to turn the tables. Nothing is impossible with our past, present and future viewed in prior. This, I can best explain using a real-life story. *(Narrates without reading but speaking to his speech)* I was barely ten years old when my parents disagreed and my father, Hono, proposed to divorce my mother. They had separated a bedroom under the same roof. Bedroom divorce. Dangerous! Then I heard from my mother and I quote, “Dear Hono, I also think it may be a wise decision to divorce. Allow me ask for

one more favour before that noble action of divorce happen.” My dad nodded to agree. Then she continued, “Please accompany me as we visit our honeymoon scenes one per day for thirty days. This time we must go with Merry as the product of our lost love.

ONJINYO: (*Jumping*) Not with me!

MERRY: My father became gentle and agreed. Then mother added, “At the close of every memory and resurrection of moments just open up to tell me of new experiences. We will be having our meals together and stories too. Then when you get tired carry me into my bedroom and leave me there to sleep. Just that simple! Please!” (*Pause before breaking the silence again*) It’s only now that I can explain why my parents divorced not. Instead, they continued in greater love than what they had before. (*Applause*) Before we do anything with need to succeed, let us have wise and considerate answers to these seven questions: What am I? Who am I? Where am I? When will it end? Who’ll do it? What are you here for? And finally, what will happen after this? Orderly answers to these questions with mind at equilibrium, demanded most to wisely restore any lost productive mind, soul, society and body. Afterthought solutions are wise of us now that we failed and debts are overwhelming Anyuola. There is still time though shorter! Now! We the people of day-one yearning to act now; not now after now! (*Applause as she sits*)

ONJINYO: (*Shout from the back but silenced by MR. Hate*) You are right!

MR. HATE: Never scheme in misunderstanding! Don’t be a marking scheme in what you don’t understand.

(*Curtain closes and open immediately*)

ABALLAH: (*Reading his speech while standing*) They passed the law of maturity, law of division, law of fair leadership, law of hope and law of public benefits; all which they didn't understand. I need to address us of productivity and responsibility as part of maturity that Scope suffered for. (*Mummers as crowd believe MR. Hate is responsible for Scope's death. He shouts to force silence*) Please! Allow me continue for truth shall reign at last! (*Sudden silence surprise him and he blinks with raised eye brows*) Aah! Yeh!! Ooh! Okay! Here. (*He humbly reads*) We need a world that has a room for everyone. That equally provide true way of life, fair and beautiful for all but, we've lost the way. Greed has barricaded world with hatred, misery and blood-shed. Our own knowledge and wit have made us cynical, hard and unkind. Thousands despairing out there need no misery of just but passing of greed. (*Applause*) That's the bitterness of men who fear the way of progress but form a universal brotherhood to torture and denature the innocent and the competent. (*Applause*) We have developed machines: An achievement. Then here comes the challenge: We're like those machines. Like robots, no hearts. We have developed speed, only to shut ourselves into capable misery that gives abundance but has left us in want. Careless beings who take no caution but abuse good motive of technology. So, good technological advancement disadvantage many not only today but also tomorrow and another tomorrow. (*Applause*) We need technology in fair fight for full freedom and liberty, not slavery and insecurity, of own making. The people have the power to make life free and beautiful; such a decent home with opportunity, and future with hope to youths and a security for the aged. This is our very collective responsibility. Let free fighters fight dictatorship by being noble, constructively cunning and liberal. Dictators free themselves perfectly but enslave the people. Let fight for change become our collective

duty. Let us fight for a world of reason not argument and fantasy. Help build to a world in demand. World where education and progress will lead to all men's happiness. In the name of liberation and safe destiny of Anyuola, let us all unite! Thank you all. Brother Tobi, may you take the shift. *(He turns to welcome Tobi amid cheers and applause that end shortly to allow him speak)*

TOBI: Thank you very much Aballah. I thank all who have spoken before me. Thanks for this, *(Lifts up a book with tittle Free Fighters)* and for your patience as a confirmation of your unwavering interest and support in this plan *(Takes the book down and open first page of his speech)* I have realised from my social media pages that all that happen in here are being posted and fellows who couldn't attend are able to register their support. Bravos! *(He turns to read his speech)* I'm normally full of parables so they call me Tobi Parables. Take these five parables and engage how they relate to Anyuola. *(Pause)* An environmental mitigator planted some seedlings, treated them equally well. After right span went to add fertilizer to each seedling hole, again equally. Then a right time came! If it were you, what will you do to this seedling that has maintained its little original size as it was during transplant?

CROWD: *(Murmuring as though agreeing and disagreeing. Then a voice singles out)* Uproot it! Replace it!

TOBI: Right! Uproot and replace, but we treat it with contrast! Secondly, *(Crowd calm as he inhales deeply)* assume you were in a desert. How could you get mud around an oasis?

CROWD: Mix them!

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TOBI: Good! Take a little water and sample of soil and mix but take precaution that your personal need shouldn't unnecessarily stop others from using their only source of water.

CROWD: (*Applause*) Tobi Parables! Encore!

TOBI: A mother was busy preparing a porridge carrying a baby her back. Accidentally, her child dropped into the hot porridge sweetened with sugar. Be in her shoes and answer me; between the child and the porridge, which will be a painful loss fit for first attention?

CROWD: (*Speaking same thing not at the same time so it ends in one word*) Child!

MAD MAN: Hey! (*Silence*) What is more abundant is handled last! The mad child fast! Responses with humanity pays attention to direction which is more important than speed.

TOBI: He is right! (*Silence*) I do poultry as the best activity of sharing my leisure with domestic nature. I do it in person. This I discovered with my cocks and this is my rondo: Cocks crow for different reasons; some crow to stretch due to stress and tiredness, some crow to imitate and learn from others, some do it as their responsibility, some crow to scare others, while there is this cock that rightfully and heroically crows because it's the best and most realistic time to. We are here to prove and heroically make our unity like real free fighters in the noble way of founding fathers. Our apparent division in the mission is the best strategy to totally confuse and win over vile opponents. Confirmed free cunning commons. Thank you. (*He waves*) Together! Yes! Let's rise to conclude. (*They two guests rise*) is this the independence our ancestors fought for? Do their sweat, blood and tears that brought back and raised our flag of equity and integrity still run fresh in our memories?

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Stay vigilant and responsible for the enemy is back fully in our own image and likeness. Jamaranda's imposter regime does worse than the one they considered enemy those days. We feel...

CROWD: We feel together and we'll move together. *Umoja ni nguvu na maendeleo*. Unity is Power and development only in justice. We in unity are free fighters for justice.

(Curtain closes)

SOLO VOICE: *(Narrates)*

Hope transfigures that which is negative, distant and cold in the people. There is a true change of the mind towards a common journey. No ignorance of any local champion like Jamaranda can beat this new plan of skilled, united and competent logicians. The present time seem dimmer than the future now. We are likely to restore all which was lost. The immeasurable riches to individuals acquired illegally must be restored when justice surfaces in action. One at once, became richer than all of us combined by looting a nation with hard heart unsparingly. Feel to hold or hold to feel, have become similar. Meanwhile, this is more than we can hold to feel. Then we can rest express. But we must discover and disclose in sadness that which was hidden. No time to be passive and watch. We must struggle actively in unity for justice and integrity. Genuine peace and unity are only possible in the jointed way of love, integrity and justice.

SCENE FOUR

(Set at Hate's living room with the same arrangement as seen in scene one of first act. Master Hate isn't seen yet he is in the house. CAPTAIN is believed to be away for some official duties. They seem excited and facing a chat on the wall with their left to the audients. They get seated except Mudho)

JOAN: I need us to have a brief discussion on the new plan.

MUDHO: The expensive fighters are trying to have their hiding in an elephant's anus. They are leading us backwards. I can't allow same harsh experiences. *(They smile, murmur then get to be silent)*

ABALLAH: They are heading where we came from! *(To Mudho)* Just a point of correction. Never assimilate their selfishness with all you know.

MUDHO: Carried comrade! *(Sits)*

JOAN: Master and Ochenglo! *(Little worried)* Where are they?

ALL: *(At once)* Library is the resting place for Master Hate and Ochenglo. Optimists of catalogue.

JOAN: Little sleep for great justice. *(Spreads out hands)* The expensive fighters should know that there is no need fighting a lost battle.

SCOPE: Prepared for change, we'll never hesitate paying their prices. To hire be like to fire for free!

MS. DANDORA: Any prediction drama on our opponents?

MR. HATE: *(From behind)* Productive idea for our leisure, but be careful to not really be them. Who'll play as Jamaranda?

ABALLAH: Maybe you, as his equal, with unmatched traits.

MR. HATE: The difference lies in what I feed my mind. (*Getting personal*) A break in leadership is another level of opportunity to serve, study, support and learn; and not evaluate leaders at work. Let truth and justice do the evaluation.

ABALLAH: Right! I'll play Lwanda. Mudho is the watching angel and Scope is our teacher. How about you Miss Dandora?

MS. DANDORA: (*Carrying small table on her back*) I'm a cockroach-like citizen forced to carry Jamaranda's table on my back as he eats. My weak back can't support their weight that usually want to rest on my tail. (*Leaves to outside*)

JOAN: (*As Mudho and MR. Hate gets seated she stands and say*) No watching angel can be made known to Jamaranda. If accidentally he shares with any normal angel in dream, then even that angel would find somewhere to hide.

ABALLAH: So how do you mean?

JOAN: (*Still standing*) The combination is not only challenging but also impossible for sure stability of this team. Our Master can't interchangeably fix as him. You know it! We too can't pretend to fit on the side of darkness.

SCOPE: And teaching Jamaranda and Lwanda in same class underrate any teacher.

ABALLAH: Floor is open for any proposal. I'm for the reasoning but let's remember that the difference lies on what we feed to our minds.

MR. HATE: (*Thumbing his chest*) Like iron sharpen an iron so did my competent brain trained yours. (*Pointing at them with his right*

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palm) You are fit to serve. Your say can be my way now. (*Joan resume her seat*)

SCOPE: I maintain as a teacher below my master now. (*He winks and they all clap once*)

MR. HATE: A disciple can't be greater than his master, but one well trained can be like their master.

DOROTHY: (*To their master*) Please! May you direct this stage for today based on the new plan to beat a regime that favours none but criminals.

MR. HATE: (*Moves distant from them then points at empty seat reserved for him*) Let Mudho hide behind this chair. (*Mudho goes behind the chair*) Good!

DOROTHY: (*To break silence*) May you elaborate. I suppose he sits fit on the chair.

MR. HATE: The leadership of Jamaranda is an empty seat with a voice without ears. A word for an action. We'll all shoot our questions to the empty chair. Mudho be the incarnate mentality of Jamaranda's mind that can help us understand predictable responses of the prolific oppressor. (*Get seated in Mudho's seat*)

MUDHO: Now address the invisible Jamaranda with questions from the files. Talk to the insolvent power led by glutton in sinecure.

ABALLAH: Who killed Lwanda's mother?

MUDHO: Master Hate may lie to you. Lwanda's mother was my sister. Nyabuka killed her. Yes! Her boyfriend, Nyabuka, from the most corrupt and most unwanted tribe. Then personally, I hooked Nyabuka to death to settle my vendettas on the uncouth tribe!

ABALLAH: A point of correction sir! No one deserve to be judged by region or tribe. That's the worst prejudice expected of any leader. How long after Nyabuka's death was Lwanda born? I suppose two years.

MUDHO: Yes, two years, two months and two weeks later. This is because Lwanda grew slowly in her mother's womb with patience to completely be born as a bouncing baby boy naturally fit to survive all tests of time.

ABALLAH: Reason carefully sir! How then did Nyabuka kill her?

MUDHO: Through slow-killing injection that choked her just six months after my son was successfully born to me. Based on his tribe and religion, only a fool will trust him even in his grave. More than a dangerous man was he. (*MR. Hate laughs and they join*) I'm a proud pessimist!

JOAN: Just learn to treat the diversity of tribes, religion, cultures, creativity and opinions as part of our national pride with respect.

MR. HATE: That applies to political parties too.

ABALLAH: You claim being modest and co-operant leader, okay! Justify.

MUDHO: That can best be answered by my thrifty nephew.

DOROTHY: Answer for yourself. We were just but a blessing to you at a disguise.

MUDHO: Some actions are not easy to explain. My reputations are with the prosperous public. We renovate roads and offices every month.

MS. DANDORA: (*Coming from outside*) You! Better be realistic with us than complicate your own story ignorantly.

ABALLAH: (*Giggle and wink*) Right! You're modest and co-operant to the few closer to you and assume their selfish words as full public impression.

MR. HATE: Aballah! (*Aballah turns to him*) Jamaranda is beyond correction. Save your energy!

DOROTHY: Isn't Lwanda your biological son?

MUDHO: No! He is of my step-sister. She conceived out of their irresponsible love which I didn't like and fought. That ensured the two completely dead to continue with love in the other side of life. Then adopted my own son.

MS. DANDORA: You're full of self-contradictions. (*Claps twice then they laugh*) The cunning illiterate Jamaranda we know.

MUDHO: Lwanda looks like Jamaranda due to natural physical assimilations; very common that as baby develops, it gradually changes to assume in the appearance of japidi.

JOAN: Won't you get angry when you realise that someone wants to replace you?

MUDHO: You dare me only for you to lose out! You bibliophiles!

MR. HATE: Justice can't lose out to any local champion! (*To audience*) you see! Mudho is doing well at spying Jamaranda; he can predict him easily.

JOAN: Why did you want Scope dead?

MUDHO: Scope died after attending the troublesome public forum of Free Fighters, organised by MR. Hate. He was killed by my opponents. Immediately after blackmailing me and my government. They did that to hinder him from withdrawing his last negative statements about me for their advantage. Such countless victims are rotting in our secret catacombs.

MR. HATE: Good! Mudho! (*Smiling*) Cataclysmic challenge awaits Jamaranda. (*Spreads his hands out as he stands*) We'll resume to our purposed meeting after taking some water. (*They stand as they clap their hands. Mudho stretch behind the chair as though very tired upon standing.*)

MUDHO: I've keenly filed only atrocities with valid evidences and each is a full independent drama book.

MR. HATE: (*Remain behind to address audience*) These are speculations that may lead to concrete evidences. Reality stays after fair trial in a formal transparent justice system. We are against hate-speech and blackmail

(*They then move through the dinning corridor as Curtain closes*)

POEM: (*Solo voice*)

Hey! Jamaranda!

The light has shone on your long-hidden nudes

You're too predictable to hide and survive the plague

The plague of planned justice.

Good confusion in line with justice.

You lie but it must be difficult defending a lie

Repeated lie gets supported as the truth,

But self-contradictions will show up,

And give it a right classification as a lie.

Predictable against your own self.

You must face the wrath of justice for your injustices

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

(Set in a small room and all are standing due to urgency. MR. Hate and his team on the right side of the stage to the audients. Mudho is also with them. Jamaranda and his team are juxtaposed to them with black carpet seperating the two groups. They are standing in confronting positions with MR. Hate and Jamaranda facing one another in the eyes with silence)

JAMARANDA: I welcome you all. *(Giggle)*

SOME VOICES: We are aware honourable chair

JAMARANDA: I may take it lightly though I smell a rat. *(Silence)*
There is a common leadership forum that I must attend with you. So, I've called for this urgent meeting to ensure we speak same language based on the constitutional reform.

MUDHO: Consider it done!

MR. HATE: Count it done!

LWANDA: Done! *(Being giggly but stops)* Free from demarcations now...

JAMARANDA: There is no reason taking your precious minutes. We are just back to the drawing board to ensure it does not go out of our hands. I need more powers and here is golden opportunity. Let our county be the first to support and vote this favourable proposal of Free Fighters from the senate. I need more powers!

LWANDA: Say that again father! The constitution is clear that where it goes silent, we may use common sense. By acting with more

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powers, you would've used super-common sense unlike these humble heroes of Free Fighters Party.

JAMARANDA: Your guess is as good as mine! Meanwhile we need oneness for both worlds.

LWANDA: This is not a rocket science. We only need to tell them what to do. Doing otherwise will mean a result like that of gormless and ignorant Scope. Public curse!

JAMARANDA: (Being sarcastic) Just let us hear from our friends. (*Pointing MR. Hate*) I hope you aren't going to rebel again. Okay!

MR. HATE: Let me start by thanking you for the concern and invitation. (*Point at Lwanda*) The young man is right.

JAMARANDA: For the first time I have heard you speak expected sense into my ears.

MR. HATE: (*Shakes hands with Jamaranda*) For how long have I warned you not to be a marking scheme in what you don't understand? (*Hands free and become sarcastic*) I read it in the newspapers just a fortnight ago and viewed this as great idea. I took this to the Senate to be passed at the national level. Free idea...

JAMARANDA: I followed you day by day little did I know that it could mean well to me like this.

ABALLAH: (*Gibber*) We're glad sir! Like ghosts we work in silence for pure visible results.

JAMARANDA: The regional reform act by professor Ochenglo! (*Shaking his head*) Brainy! I never knew you were the professor. We are used to MR. Hate down here locally. (*Touches Hate's shoulder*) Then you're a friend like Scope!

MR. HATE: Had extensive and intensive consultations with a competent senate from both my team and among themselves.

JAMARANDA: That is scaring though still good ghetto idea. Local!

MR. HATE: By yesterday, in unity, entire legislature passed the four motions as fit to be rolled down for further considerations and improvements before it could get confirmed by the Senate and affirmed by the cabinet fully in our favour. *(Smiling)* I thought you called us for other issues or luckily to have stories with great Jamaranda.

JAMARANDA: *(Expand his arms and swing around feeling honoured)* I have a reward for every good work done. Wait till I come! *(He leaves with his team bouncing)*

DR. DANDORA: *(Plays sad)* I feel betrayed by my closest friend. *(Then smile)* That's it! *(They all glee)*

MR. HATE: Our cheapest way to kill greed; more is made much more! Won't greedy consume itself to death? Give more power to he who want power. His very people will covet and overcome him.

DR. DANDORA: You publicly misinterpreted the four motions to them and...

MR. HATE: Necessary lie that saves is better than truth that destroy plan. Power requires efficiency and great understanding to maintain than required to acquire it. All the leadership principles apply. Leaders must be readers and dreamers and repeaters and creators to some level always, unlike this wavy plague.

MUDHO: Like porcupines, their scary thorns do no harm a careful predator. Indeed, we're endowed with both acumen and inner acuity.

MR. HATE: They now believe that the position is hereditary and would remain for his generations as sacred royalty. No lineage thing! That does not mean a son or a daughter can't replace his or her parent democratically. That is possible and free and fair if that is the voice of the people according to the terms and conditions as outlined in the constitution imply. *(They all turn to face audients maintaining their positions at once)*

MUDHO: *(To audients)* He has gone for our letters. Yes! The master was called to serve as the executive judge and MS. Dandora as a national education director. Both minds are hired for the next two years. The one speaking is indefinitely the national public prosecutor. DR. Dandora is chairing a committee of fifteen that is supposed to do the public oversight of Anyuola region. He is assisted by Dorothy. Aballah is their secretary. Other members include Scope, Merry, Tobi, Latent, Nereah, Peres and six more in the list, and a decade contract letter for Joan's actuary firm.

DR. DANDORA: The bill is core in the plan for neat new national progress.

MR. HATE: Yes! The opposition must forget power and aid in trade control, do public oversight role and be subject to evaluating the head of public regions like Jamaranda.

DR. DANDORA: That means, we can dismiss or reinstate our head of the region any time through legal public actions. Vote them out? Wow! The heavy stone for the proud! I can't hesitate supporting this...

MR. HATE: Don't be fooled! You shouldn't create a law and use it as a weapon against others. The law is a double-edged sword. It cuts through the maker fairly like it does to the others.

(Jamaranda comes in with his team. MR. Hate and his team turn and find their opponents in the original positions)

JAMARANDA: *(Standing right in front of them like in the beginning of this scene. This time with envelopes in his hands)* Congratulation professor Hate. I'm impressed in you. Consequently, here is my reward for you. *(Hands over a letter to him)* You're reinstated as the chief judge and need to resume almost immediately. You're now even above Jamaranda. *(Pointing him in the head)* But do not forget! I repeat that you need not to forget that your home is under my protectorate.

MR. HATE: Why must you scare even your masters? *(Point at those behind him.)* As you can see, I'm not alone.

JAMARANDA: Ooh! *(Handing the letters to DR. Dandora)* This has captured all of you. Even my boy, Mudho. *(Laughs)* I hope for your cooperation. Good luck! *(To MR. Hate)* Am I not within your law? No! *(Biting his right finger as though worried)* I don't understand why Scope, your fellow professor, has refused to die. His name still appears here! Can't we replace him with Onjinyo?

MR. HATE: *(Defiantly)* That confirms that you had no hand in these letters. Scope's position will be fixed at the national level, if need be, based on required competencies. Don't worry sir. *(Smile broadly then point at him)* You're lucky enough to view the teeth of the most cunning species. The hardest has happened!

MS. DANDORA: This is an achievement to be celebrated in real feast not any simple kitchen product.

JAMARANDA: For the sake of your beauty, I'll do your wish. *(Points behind the stage and shout)* We need whole kitchen here! Not cooks nor cookers but the edibles!

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(Curtain closes)

POEM: *(Many voices)*

We are in safer hands.

We will be guided well.

Free and fair will the court system be.

So fine and fast will our country heal!

No more worry about counterfeit fighters.

But woe to you Jamaranda!

You lead like a piece at any price!

Truly, change is inevitable.

Free-fighters is your best remedy.

Our hope for change be real in the way of integrity.

Good game of the humble heroes.

No one but God will reward them for their good game.

SCENE TWO

(Set in an arrangement of a court hall. MR. Hate places what look like a constitution on his seat and sit. There are seven books on the table. Four appear new and look like three Holy books and a register. Then the constitution. Other two books of records and a small book with a tittle: Free Fighters and a note book. It seems long since the office was last used. MR. Hate blows on the table and a massive cloudy dust fume from it. Some torn papers drop from the draw then MR. Hate adds besides the other books, some files and a new constitution. Clears his voice and speaks.)

MR. HATE: *(He sits and all get seated)* Just open those windows and the doors. Justice needs no secrets. *(He touches the collar of his official gown)* I have five cases open today; verdicts be made clearer at the end. Don't be worried! I had to use this abandoned court room that most judges fear due to how they have been harassed here. No renovation and no furnishing, and that is the way of justice. No court is powerless even if it were under a tree or besides a road. The first case that is less serious but symbolic is about the old poultry investor form Kanyajuok. Feel most welcome our prosecutor. *(An old man moves forward carrying an old basket and take his right position as directed by two police officers)*

MUDHO: Thank you. *(To Old man)* You are not yet spoilt! Are you aware that you have a case to answer before this honourable court?

WALTER: Vaguely! My wealth consumed their wealth as I got it. Right!

MUDHO: That you always free domestic birds into people's farms every evening?

MR. HATE: Is such deliberate action true?

WALTER: (*Shakes his head and lift his basket and rest it on the board. He then removes a big cock and let go the basket before addressing the judge*) To be fair, this case is not mine. This cock can explain it better. He is always the first one to lead others out of our fenceless home into nearby farms. Sincerely, they do eat without destroying. There may be a lagging envy leading to accusing me wrongly. Here is the right place to clear my name as an innocent citizen. If they ever destroyed anything, I'm not informed!

MUDHO: Be brief wise man and prove the proud to zero.

WALTER: (*Squeezes the cock produce resisting sounds*) He is man enough and has just explained himself. Give right verdict to whatever deserve it.

MR. HATE: The ignorant cock has spoken. Is there anyone on the accusers' side or any creature within this court that can help understand his language?

MUDHO: (*Shaking his head*) I can't my lord! Neither does it seem possible for an ordinary man like me.

MR. HATE: (*Pointing at the cock*) You misleading head! Very strong but a real problem to the owner. When requested to be accountable, you proudly murmur before justice. All with greed that misuse power must die soon and be delicious to consumers. (*To Walter*) This cock must be cooked tonight before dawn to save you from such stress when another day roll.

MUDHO: (*To the audients as part of the court*) I hope you understand.

MR. HATE: Next case! The two! (*Lwanda and Captain move*)

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MUDHO: (*As Lwanda stand on the left then Captain takes right*)
Scramble over a narrated dream. Not all dreams are visions but
this must be? (*To Captain*) Did you surely have a dream?

CAPTAIN: Yes! I did.

MUDHO: Okay! Brief this court.

CAPTAIN: My father rose and drove out darkness. I then saw myself
in a greater power than ever and woke up in a field of full light,
wondering where darkness had gone to in presence of light.

MUDHO: (*Getting personal*) Were we not taught by him, (*Pointing
the judge*) that sometimes when you realise your dreams,
unlike the biblical Joseph, you shouldn't share it out? With
who did you share it?

CAPTAIN: Lwanda. (*Pointing*) That Son to Jamaranda. Executive
general Lwanda...

JAMARANDA: (*Waves from the back*) I'm here!

MUDHO: (*To Lwanda*) You! Son of great darkness...

LWANDA: What did I hear you just say...

MUDHO: (*Louder and pointing seriously at Lwanda*) Be reminded
you're in court not a meeting chaired by your kinsman!
(*Lowering his voice*) Sorry anyway! I'm the darkness in
darkness. I admire having a son like you. Don't mind my slip
of the tongue.

MR. HATE: You need not to be sorry! (*Pointing his own head using
a pen*) The slip of the tongue reveals what hides in your mind.

MUDHO: (*To MR. Hate*) I didn't mean to. (*To Lwanda*) What was the
problem with Captain's pure dream?

LWANDA: Don't you see? Can't you see? Real insult! Literal abuse!

MR. HATE: Do you believe in the Bible? (*Lwanda nods to agree*) I'll use it to give a neutral verdict. Order! Get what's recorded in the fifteenth verse of the first chapter in the epistle to Titus. (*Hands over opened Bible to Mudho*) Please read.

MUDHO: Unto the pure all things are pure: but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their minds and conscience is defiled.

JAMARANDA: (*Shouting from the back*) Use constitution.

MR. HATE: According to our current Constitution, shouting in court is an offence that is treated like any other. For the sake of Jamaranda, allow me use the Constitution. (*Trying to open the constitution*)

JAMARANDA: Sorry! Just use Bible. That other book is very biased.

LWANDA: I'm betrayed by my own...

MUDHO: Once again, get reminded that we are in the court and before justice. We are neither in a political rally nor any unlawful regional discussions.

MR. HATE: (*Nodding*) Give a verdict for yourselves. Who is right between you according to the verse?

LWANDA: The bet is on a level ground.

MR. HATE: We have an hour break before resuming for the three cases remaining. They require unlimited wisdom from God endowed in me fully awakened. (*Standing from his seat to leave*)

(*Curtain closes then open almost immediately. Only Jamaranda, Lwanda, Onjinyo, Siboor, Odiero and Atudo with two of their lawyers are left on the same stage. They still maintain on their seats but in a circle. Mudho comes back to join them*)

LWANDA: I must confess that this man is extremely wise.

JAMARANDA: His cases end without embarrassing anyone. Most qualified of our times. (*Laughs*) Most favouring, I must say!

ODIERO: Something is cooking! Mudho tends to be a cunning goonda.

LWANDA: (*All turn randomly looking around*) Hey! Where? Where is it cooking?

ODIERO: I mean that personal anger is yet to get condemned. Ask Mudho. (*Mudho deflects by the door and goes back bouncing*) We are free and behave like one.

LAWYER 1: Let us go into the main matter before us.

JAMARANDA: (*Nodding*) Okay!

LAWYER 2: Our first case; (Pause) Brutalities of Jamaranda and proud losers on political reform championing priests and pastors.

JAMARANDA: Aballah would have been the best witness against me in this case. Thank God! He handed all the files to me and I burned them. Another advantage is that he is no longer an officer but a mere student.

LAWYER 2: Sure? My fear is that he can still be a witness and a very valid one for that matter!

JAMARANDA: That was my boy. Aballah was my boy with me everywhere except that he never participated in the actual deletion of my troubles. More than sure. Next?

LAWYER 2: Pilfering of public funds and embezzlement leading to less than ten people unfairly richer than the region.

JAMARANDA: Scope had it all and perfectly died with the information. He could be their witness for he never liked me.

LAWYER 1: And he will!

LWANDA: He won't. Scope is completely dead and buried because he tested our mercy.

LAWYER 1: I'm not sure! May be just in my dream but, I must have talked to someone like him in the morning over the phone. Remember that he was my lecturer with Kandijo (*Pointing at lawyer 2*) Then Kandijo dropped out at his first day at the school of law...

LAWYER 2: (*Becomes personal*) I hope we were not talking about education level here! Api, mind your words. Furthermore, am I not a qualified lawyer by assimilation against your dead Scope? Stop buying our time with doctored statements. Speak your wisdom like Jamaranda. Otherwise, you'll remain in your abduct poverty forever. Even the great Jamaranda dropped out and now? (*Pause*) He is served by all in the region including professors.

ATUDO: Exactly! The Scope you saw was in your confused dreams.

LAWYER 2: (*As they all laugh except Lawyer 1*) Dead! The third case confirms.

SIBUOR: Roar it out (*Pointing Api*) but evade this agent of darkness.

LAWYER 2: The attempted assassination of Scope.

JAMARANDA: No witness! I'm sure. After all, even the executive prosecutor is my boy. (*Thumbing his chest*) I call him Mudho, the dark. Nothing is seen in it that look like it.

LAWYER 1: Understand the meaning of attempted. He may be living!

ONJINYO: We have spoken well. Allow me give a free idea: Api is not the right lawyer for this team. We need loyal professionals like Kandijo. Api is a member of the other side. He is definitely in a wrong team just to confuse us against what we all know.

LAWYER 1: Being a lawyer sets me free to stand in for anybody on either party. Lawyers like preachers, medics and all accomplished professionals have no boundary. Being a professional lawyer, confirms that I only need to be a marking scheme in what I best understand, or seek to know what I don't. Because you don't trust me, I'll join those who deserve me like I deserve them. Count me out in this! I won't sit and watch you people force a wound on my long-earned credentials. I mean my past excellence. Seemingly, this is the first case I could have lost before hearing. I can't exchange with acolytes of delusion anymore and euthanize my professionalism. I know my principles and shall solely be led by etiquette.

ONJINYO: (*They're goad*) You think we don't know? Enemy of progress! (*LAWYER 1 stands and join Humble Heroes in the inner room*) Now you can see I know all! My big head is a conference of criminal defensive unit.

JAMARANDA: But we are a team with them now! Again, if I managed to maim and bury my brother Ochenglo in one of our numerous mass graves successfully according to plan, what will a week-old court headed by reinstated old weakling judge under advice of a maniac do?

ONJINYO: Don't be fooled sir! The intimidation and deceit we used against others may turn against us now more than the colonial redux.

JAMARANDA: All that MR. Hate could have filed against me is that I killed my sister after impregnating her, and his wife for refusing my snares. I first let sister give birth to the child. (*Pointing at Lwanda*) She insisted in remaining with the child and getting married to none. Culturally, that was unpardonable abomination. So, (*Pause*) I solved the problem. Ensured her dead like Nyabuka, her annoying boyfriend...

LWANDA: (*Facing up standing then kicks his seat and squirm*) This be why you never wanted me to ask about my mother? (*Shaking in anger*) Test not the loyalty of a general! Do not dare me! You must tell Lwanda all he wants to hear now.

JAMARANDA: (*Shaking and scared*) Just a slip of the tongue. I only used that to let them believe that I'm beyond daring. Sorry!

LWANDA: That is just like other lies you made me believe. I need to see my kins. Period! (*Jut his chin out stubbornly and walks out*) Be careful how you explain yourself after all! I'm out! Count me out! Worst partners are ruthless to their spouses.

(*Curtain closes then opens again and MR. Hate is back to his seat alone to address Jamaranda and his team. Lwanda is not with them*)

MR. HATE: Having considered your treatise and that of the court, and skimmed through them personally, I've realised that none can be curtailed. The court have therefore ordered that Jamaranda and his team be released on bond; bail equivalent to half their wealth each according to Mudho's report. No alternative or you remain behind bars.

JAMARANDA: That is fair! I agree.

LAWYER 2: Let alone the alienated statements of my client before you annoy me. My clients and I are innocent. Can the court

answer my question; under what conditions is that money refundable? We need not to be caged though...

MR. HATE: Though not addressed by a juror, as a jurist I'll respond to the entire silent junta! (*Reading*) The accused must appear physically before this court whenever called upon. (*Facing them*) Secondly; (*Reading*) The accused must prove themselves not guilty in full candour and without any kind of leverage on the accomplices. (*Facing them*) Thirdly, which seems last; (*Reading*) The accused must be ready to avoid any kind of \masquerade while defending themselves, and avoid seeking any favours or expecting favours before this court beyond what the law allows. Good day! (*MR. Hate leaves*)

JAMARANDA: All that is a drama to prove me a free man in open public. I love this fastidious man. (*Points old man*) Let alone that centenarian.

ODIERO: It's high time you stop loving him. Something bigger than the rat has crossed the path of the rat. Or; something greater than the lizard has got into a lizard's home. What do we do?

SIBUOR: Let me advise us for free! If you have never known then know: some of these apparently strict men and women are the most corrupt ever. This is a piece at any price!

ONJINYO: We may be misled to think so. I was in their meeting baptized as youth forum! (*Shakes his head*) No more jokes nor hopes for us here! The reliability on ranks and resources in life lived, however short, equals life long-lived. That our philosophy has expired in our own eyes! This Master Hate once wrote; Think and think well!

JAMARANDA: Fine funny field runners learn to run laps like fellow funny field runners. I just think that of my pre-school quote

can also fix somewhere and help in this. I'm not scared!
(*Shaking*)

(*Curtain closes*)

POEM: (*MR. Hate's voice*)

Better be betrayed by big buddies than-
Ignorantly turn against justice and integrity.

Hey! Jamaranda!

You needed to have learnt a lot;
From quotations and maxims of the early writers.
Even from your childhood mistakes,
Like I did.

The current writers could be of help to you
But you assumed and limited knowledge,
Then you separated ways with wisdom.
Now? See now!

You misplaced your safer formation
And perfectly deformed by conforming to madness of power

SCENE THREE

(Set outside a small room assumed to be empty office. University students start a conversation then another join them. They look sad and discuss their hope. The most popular Aballah join as the sixth person and stand at the centre)

ADENY: We elect carnivores when they promise to be strict vegetarians once elected; but once elected, wild imposter personalities take charge over us. So sad. That was just a by-the-way. Exams are not scheduled when I best expected. This timetable isn't favouring me either. How about you? Have you viewed it yet?

MINE: No need! Don't ask me why. All because no sector is safe in Anyuola. Not even this senior institution eventuates of wild imposters.

MUMBO: That's a clear clinch in Anyuola political niche! The clergy are also corrupting churches with the filth of dirty politics. Good enough, not all are caged.

PERES: Be careful what we say...!

DOROTHY: *(As she joins)* No need hiding the truth from anyone.

MUMBO: Technical courses and applied sciences to respective students are like charges. They repel. Most competent skill-oriented education centres are active everywhere, but our region led by Jamaranda suffocate learners in these local Technical and Vocational Education Training institutes, with stigma and unnecessary theories developed by a forged-degree-holder, Onjinyo -an electrical Engineer who can't even bubble a single line wiring technique and thinks Michael Faraday as an enemy of progress for his discoveries. Respected empty brain because of power and influence of a tangible

relative (*Spreads his hands*) who eventuate academic darkness in Anyuola.

MINE: Lazy students opt to embrace free money and shortcuts of Jamaranda to survive. The kind of preparation we invest in Jamaranda's test proves that anyone can overcome laziness.

PERES: I didn't mean to hide any truth for I'm not sure of any...

DOROTHY: Just a word for humble heroes. There he comes. (*They turn faces to Aballah till he is at the centre of them all*) I expected you here big brother. Will we miss the coming intercollegiate functions again just for punitive Jamaranda's tests?

ABALLAH: I too expected more than this number here, but no problem. Optimistic minority is better than a confused majority while dealing with such wickedness. This time no test that glorify Jamaranda will be done! Students have been made to hate and underate heads of institutions for no reason. No more tears and blood of the innocent shall drop henceforth if we mean it. Enough is enough!

PERES: Irrelevancy to this regime is what has always made you popular! Otherwise, cheers! (*They greet randomly in the air*)

DOROTHY: Irrelevancy is fashion and best if in the line of ethics. Moreover, when a people sitting together all think the same, one is unnecessary.

ABALLAH: The optimum stability of this region will be realised when we finally consider religion and religious groups not as job or business opportunities, but as noble call to set light free. We must be the free fighters.

MINE: But rejecting the offers mean death! Remember cases of those priests and pastors. How they faced their unnatural destinies!

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Not long but just a month ago. We hope that those are what master Hate will deal with first. Though Mudho is the prosecutor, the executive judge filed the cases himself.

ABALLAH: Fortunately, accuser is the judge. (*To Mine*) Mudho is part of our plan. Only that; we are not free enough to follow real history. Mudho was an adopted son to Hate; what even the government doesn't know.

MUMBO: (*Getting personal*) I can't believe you master of propaganda! You even dare challenge popular history in the additional curriculum of Anyuola region? Reprove yourself not! Careful!

ABALLAH: I understand blood relationship in and out of the government. I have all the required and necessary facts. (*To Mumbo*) Do you know Lwanda's mother?

MUMBO: Are you asking me? Okay! Bring us another controversy!

ABALLAH: I will be patient with you for today. Mind how you address your ignorance anyway! I hope you all know my profession within which I'm back here to advance my education to another level. Don't you?

DOROTHY: As advised by master Hate. We could just be in the streets if it were not for MR. Hate. God used him to save us and he has included us in plan to save the region.

PERES: And Aballah replaced by Mudho when you got promoted...

ADENY: Are you also his product just like...

MUMBO: I'm not sure but...

MINE: We all know (*Pointing at Aballah*) that you were regional executive investigations officer. (*Being sarcastic*) Mister investigator, tell us!

ABALLAH: Just listen and I will explain it all to you.

MINE: (*They nod*) We need truth in the nakedness of an innocent baby. Just to make us believe you, never add salt...

ADENY: (*Interrupts*) Salt? Onjinyo and I come from an area where we don't measure salt but rather add it until the ancestors speak to your conscience that it's enough our child...

PERES: (*Louder*) Silence please! I wish we give Aballah time! You are now being too much...

ADENY: (*Pointing Peres*) You have made loudest noise! When you want silence in a place then keep it first. Otherwise, you will be adding to the noise. That is a simple study about Constructive waves.

ABALLAH: Thank you. It has taken MR. Hate over twenty years. (*Bends down to join his toes to his two fists facing audients*) Twenty good years trying to change this country especially our region. He never got in direct politics either. This is the final of all in this race! (*As he stands straight staring audients*)

MUMBO: Just continue, for good things take time...

ABALLAH: Mudho was trained on how to be loyal to an extent of being entrusted with top secrets of the vile Jamaranda. (*Mudho tiptoes behind the circle carrying a large file and disappears again*) I was trained on the best way to handle the secrets wisely. I gave to the government what they wanted in my days; but all the truth is with MR. Hate in his library.

MINE: Cowardice! Why the sudden change, or you just got drunk?

ABALLAH: Call it all you like! Not cowardice but the cunning of free fighters. Initially, I too thought so! Now? Not really.

MINE: For a well ripen fruit, patience is key! Better see beyond the trees and think above the hair.

ABALLAH: Be a free fighter.

ALL: We are Free Fighters!

ABALLAH: Be cunning and never expose to strong sunshine until the right time comes for you to shine. Just wait for your turn...

ADENY: And take care not to be irrelevant and...

ABALLAH: Do you know the popularly known Ms. Dandora?

ALL: Very well!

ABALLAH: That she and Scope are just like (*Pointing at Dorothy*) she and I. She is on both sides and act as an omnipresent figure. Scope was doctored on what he currently did and all the moves made well because of him.

MUMBO: So, this was all master Hate's plan?

ABALLAH: Not wholly. The chief of whole plan is he over the years. Now the young lady is the planner; Baby Chrecho popularly known as Miss Dandora. Joan is fully in this silently for some hidden safety measures. Dorothy is my only blood sister, and anyone tired of this corrupt system is my friend. I mean that a friend of my friend does not automatically become my friend and so is an enemy to my enemy. It depends with the course one is fighting for.

MINE: (*Yawning*) This society is so complex to understand...!

ABALLAH: The way of change. (*Inhales deeply then speaks*) I'm back to ensure that all students get to understand this gospel.

MUMBO: Now I understand what Mine meant by telling me that there will be no routine Jamaranda exams by next month. (*They nod to agree*)

ADENY: I've posted all you said on my social media pages and shared them with the public. Aren't you comfortable with that?

ABALLAH: Yes! Yes! Of course, yes! This far I have no reverse gear. I expected that and that is why I explained myself within a standard precision. I was even aware you were capturing the videos. That's your role as a legalised press personnel!

ADENY: Right! Problem remains that nowadays truth is no longer the truth due to numerous and contradictive fake news that stream from Sibuur's well-paid pseudo bloggers to delude public by branding real truth as mere comedy content. I will never give up on truth though this is just drop in the sea. Like there is a clip I got from my work place about triplets who got separated at gun point in the city maternity ward, and all leads of my findings point Captain, Scope and Chrecho. More likely, someone powerful but abhorrent of cool destinies wanted to confuse them, just if those speculations true.

MUMBO: That looks like a movie or fictional narrative though...

ADENY: See this! (*He shows them a portion of live caption clip in his little old camera*) Learn to appreciate yourself especially when you choose to do good in a rotten society.

MUMBO: That's Onjinyo holding a gun!

MINE: Your guess is as good as mine.

ABALLAH: Brain-wave! This nurse is retired now but one of lectures in the school of medicine in this institution. Let's find her to clear issues before blood siblings ignorantly enjoy wonders of

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love. Who knows? Maybe she will lead us to getting the true suspects and find justice to those infants.

DOROTHY: We have responsibility to re-educate the innocent but ignorant public redolent of this shoot-to-kill regime. Otherwise, we'll be rendered redundant.

MUMBO: (*As he greets Aballah and hug him*) The captains know; the ship is much safer at the shore where it's useless. I have joined the free fighters.

ABALLAH: (*Pointing up*) I need no unnecessary safety. They are wrong by fighting a lost battle. There is value addition in every free fighter in action. We are the fictional family who exemplify the spirit of humanity in terms of principles, qualities and virtues. They'll account! Bye!

ALL: We hope to be free from fraudulent foreign employment agencies where our local government led by Jamaranda have been sneaking out our competent but desperate workforce for some illicit trade and unfair kickbacks. (*They wave*) We're free fighters for entire future.

(Curtain closes)

POEM: (*Mixed voices*)

Through employment-demand policy;
Competent youths were killed,
Some politically incorrect individuals got extinct,
Most qualified youths killed to solve unemployment,
Few ladies received favours,

Humble Heroes

Just for their natural beauty,
But later killed for refusing to be defiled.

The very people who fight morally;
Perfectly are systematically attracted immorally,
Live in their pockets, but dead in their hearts.
Our many priests are damned
Reprobate criminals,
That offer worthless prayers for vile prosperities

If really something must be done;
Then let it be war of logics,
Like the stable logics of the free fighters.
The youths have enough weapons upstairs,
But no lion leader unlike with the humble heroes.
In such absence of hope, we must be ready to follow logics,
A little learning is dangerous;
Though too much of studies is weary to the body.
Avoid the snowball effect of corruption.

SCENE FOUR

(Set in same court except that the place is better placed with decorations and cleaner. Files' wall-draws, floor carpet and an additional chair is part of developments seen. The chair is placed in front of the judge's table. Old man has come chewing something and sits last facing the judge from opposite side giving audients his back before Mudho, MR. Hate and Aballah comes in. Everyone stand to honour justice till MR. Hate is seated then some humble heroes sit. Aballah is the clerk; carrying a pen, two books and a register. Mudho squeezes himself to sit beside Aballah on same seat. Captain and Lwanda are not here yet. Jamaranda and his team are standing on the right side of court facing the free fighters on the other side. There are five files on the table)

MR. HATE: *(To old man)* Hey! Wise man! What is that you're chewing?

OLD MAN: *(With eyes closed after sipping water)* The cock's beef was preserved to this day. Best appetite exercise on my weak but experienced jaws. Justice is as right as rain. *(Jamaranda moves closer to the judge then disappears for a while)* I have one last but pain-relieving surprise for all. May I?

MR. HATE: As you wish champion.

OLD MAN: Let us have a moment of silence in honour of our fallen heroes whose lives were brutally cut short throughout the liberation process of our land, both now in the darkest days of Jamaranda -our enemy with us and then in the days of our ancestors against racial supremacy. *(All observe silence in a pause for about twenty seconds then to audience)* I pray you train your children the way of integrity, service and humility to ensure eternal fruits of our free fighters. *(Resume)* Release my noble fellow? *(Those thought to have been killed by Mudho*

under Jamaranda and onjinyo's order enter led by Ochenglo, look alike of Jamaranda.) Please address your people honourable Ochenglo.

OCHENGLO: Good morning Anyuola; champions of freedom and struggle to second liberation led by free fighters, I congratulate you all. Jamaranda is my twin brother but we got separated at birth by child traffickers. He was raised separately but thank goodness to social media; we both accused each other of impersonation but on real meeting, we came to terms with the reality. Our suspicion was confirmed right by forensic experts then a complete oral narration by this one surviving old man crowned it all. We grew under different parentage but that doesn't give him excuse to do what he did. He grabbed everything that belonged to me including my tittles and thought me dead with all my cabinet. I suspected him due to some red flags he initially had shown and planted Mudho and Scope around him. I am your real Ochenglo still here to claim our legacy from these imposters and make it up to you all. Peace be with you all. *(He and his team stand behind Old Man smiling then back to business as Ochenglo walks out for a short call and Jamaranda resume his position through the same door.)* My leniency became my major weakness.

MR. HATE: *(Opening a file)* There is a method in your madness! Are you under the weather sir? Or, why you addressing us with eyes closed?

OLD MAN: Old people understand best with their eyes closed!

MR. HATE: *(To all)* It may appear easy to defeat someone in any aspect of life. Meanwhile, nobble to do is win them in humility and integrity. It's very difficult, hard and complex to win whom you have defeated in pride and corruption. Almost

impossible! I hereby open the first case. (*Looking at Mudho*)
Start!

MUDHO: (*Stands to read and Aballah finds space to write*) The atrocities of Jamaranda and his accomplices against the people of Anyuola.

ABALLAH: Five cases in there. (*Handing over the file*)

MUDHO: Can't you predict them?

JAMARANDA: I only know of three.

MR. HATE: Your lawyer had the two before he left here just two days ago when we last met. (*Jamaranda turns to his lawyer and he nods to agree. He looks scared*) Good!

MUDHO: I hope nothing is spoilt now.

JAMARANDA: Always by justice, always innocent and right. Continue! I hope. Or, were you paid to destroy me?

MUDHO: Not really! (*Reading as he counts right fingers*) One; Jamaranda's brutality on priests and pastors. Two; pilfering and embezzlement of public resources. (*Turn to another page*) Three; the attempted assassination of Scope. Four; brutal rape of Chrecho, the school girl. Finally, the brutal death of an infant's mother.

MR. HATE: Great Jamaranda, how do you plead?

JAMARANDA: My lord, I plead innocent.

LAWYER 2: This case was complicated by adding to what we had earlier. Even the complexity was hiked. The second case according to our file is; pilfering of public funds. (*Facing the judge*) In your file, I hear; pilfering and embezzlement of public resources. Haven't you expanded it?

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MR. HATE: That's your own error in record taking. Refer and compare the copies in our official website to your hard copies. (*Lawyer 2 skimming and nodding*) Allow us not discuss personal creativity and errors. It's needless to evaluate how complex or not your own case is. Anything satisfactorily defended is cleared; likewise, any vague explanation mean failure on your side. Competence! (*Smile*)

MUDHO: What can you say about your brutalities on priests and pastors? (*Tunes in a recorded voice and they listen*) How about this!

RECORD PLAYER: Now that those idiots of God are dead. I'm relieved and all angels are desperate to protect me.

JAMARANDA: Not now! (*Interrupts*) Please no!

MUDHO: Too late for obsolete humility and quest for sympathy. (*Pressing another button*) Now hear this...

RECORD PLAYER: Poison her, my wife, if you really need a job...!

JAMARANDA & ONJINYO: No! No! I can explain. (*Both move to the centre and another lady joins them to play flashback after unseen cock crows at background*)

STRANGER: (*Nagging*) The house chores are too much hubby...

JAMARANDA: So, what? House manager again...?

ONJINYO: (*Pointing behind him*) Remember our secrets auntie.

STRANGER: Not me but the bungalow demands workers. Too big for one!

CAPTAIN: (*Enters, looks for a seat and whispers loud*) Logical. Marriage is not slavery.

ONJINYO: Okay! But we must test all before we can trust anyone...

JAMARANDA: Of Course, for the sake of our deafening secrets, but how?

ONJINYO: (*Whispering*) Uncle, she must be poisoned! That is the test.

STRANGER: Whatever it takes, provided I can also find time to rest, I don't care.

(*School boy walks in pleading with Jamaranda*)

SCHOOL BOY: (*On his knees*) Please sir, fulfil your scholarship promises to us. We orphans can't afford quality education except we're favoured. As we all know; to the poor, education is matched to the years one is good for. And if we try, a life of debt is what we have in store. Basic education is meant to be affordable to all.

JAMARANDA & ONJINYO: Do we look like your parents? (*He leaves as a maiden enters*) Riffraff! There are so many sugar-mammies ready to host likes of you. You only need to man-up. Little miserable idiot! (*Laughs*)

MAIDEN: Sir, my children. Hungry children are sent back for school fees. So, I remembered your scholarship promises.

JAMARANDA & ONJINYO: We can only offer rare job if you prove trustworthy.

MAIDEN: Good news! (*Smiles*) I can do anything to get any job.

JAMARANDA: Poison my wife if you really need a job. Then forward clear photos of your nudes in several different lusty positions to Doctor Dandora's inbox of all his social media accounts we'll give you. Text as if you want more as long-time mistress; that's the safest way to separate him from his supportive wife when that introvert will lack words to explain

himself. (*Onjinyo join him in laughter as Mudho move forward*)

ONJINYO: (*Wails words without tears*) What killed auntie? That was just a mere powder...!

MAIDEN: (*Boldly*) I don't want jokes sir! You two gave me an instruction to poison her; kill her. Right?

ONJINYO: That was just but some ordinary wheat flour.

MAIDEN: That's why I bought ricin. Is it not written that whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. My nudes with edited pictures of your Dandora are going viral faster than deadliest pandemic. You better do your end of the bargain!

MUDHO: (*Looking serious but confused*) These people are worse than we thought. This is how idiots use noble technology to disadvantage others.

MR. HATE: (*To Jamaranda*) Shameless man! Uncultured without boundary, no respect and no limits even with vulnerable citizens!

(Jamaranda shift position and stand at supposed centre within his team. Curtain closes and opens immediately. They have maintained their positions like before. Scope and Captain are seated on the right side close to old man. There are six files now and a constitution only on the table and a crate of water bottles)

OLD MAN: One week here for different cases about same people! (*Lifting his walking stick*) This judge was one of my best students who later magnified to be my mutual legal adviser and I have no doubt on his efficiency and competence; though people may change. Books made by men and women made me appear mad as we struggled to seek the best remedy for these proud losers. To hell with corruption! I'm tired of a system

where success is a reflection of greed, ignorance and incompetency. (*Becomes silent facing the judge*)

MR. HATE: (*Sip water and read*) Brutality on priests and pastors: The union of philanthropists filed this case. These accusers successfully availed evidences with enough precision that convinced this court. The respondents failed to prove any objection. The accuser had witnesses including Aballah and Mudho who confessed to have been giving the leaders what they wanted but, kept all the truth in Master Hate's library. This he did even to Jamaranda who in turn burnt them in his presence. A valid video clip was availed to prove this. Our prosecutor too confessed his presence at some scenes but luckily not as an accomplice. To prove this, the court ordered respondents to avail any of the documents, but they failed. (*Inhales*) Beyond doubt, they are guilty of murder of forty priests and ten pastors whose blood wail for justice.

MUDHO: (*As he gives second file to MR. Hate*) The new constitution at work! No fear no favour!

MR. HATE: Well! (*Sipping water again*) Very well. (*Reading*) Pilfering of public resources. (*Open to last leaf of the file*) This is a complex form of corruption. To understand further, I organised a workshop that brought together key stakeholders in the political process including some political parties, members of parliament, scholars and civil society actors. A committee branded a name as Mudho was then constituted which later merged as the Free Fighters party. The membership card tagged as the Humble Heroes. And was instrumental in defining parameters of understanding as captured in Mudho's report. (*Pointing at Mudho*) He was the chairperson. (*Reading again*) It is needless to say that defective parties produce defective candidates and ultimately

defective leaders. The democratic process can't be overemphasized even if the people are in agitation! All parties were defected in this region except Jamaranda's party. This was to aid them avoid any public eye as part of his plans to loot this region to death. (*Sipping water*)

OLD MAN: (*Standing on his feet and facing audients lifting his walking stick in the air*) Justice makes me feel new strength that fully heal my disorders! Woo!

MR. HATE: The best way a society can heal be through noble way of justice and integrity. Justice is omniscient. (*Reading*) The analysis of illegal lands allocations reveals seven individuals and several limited companies as having done particularly well in this scam. They own more than this nation's five-year budget worth of prime land. The shocking revelation from the report is that the primary beneficiaries of these allocations were prominent individuals and companies. All are mutual stakeholders of this regime. Landlessness is one of the primary causes of poverty in Anyuola yet Jamaranda is illegally owning more than half the region. For the companies, it's even more complex. (*Sipping his water*) Our own efforts to reveal the individuals behind these companies have so far been unsuccessful till lately. Some went to greater lengths of concealing their identity, forming intricate webs of inter-related companies. The accused were proved -to wilfully, knowingly and with criminal intent, in collusion with other national officials, guilty of this. Together, they gained favours and undue benefits which has been a loss in the whole region. (*Facing up*) I wished you were not involved. (*Shaking his head and reading again*) Evidences also points to the use of proxies such as nominee directors to front for prominent people in these illegal deals. This practice of beneficiaries of corruption hiding their identity behind companies whose directors and

shareholders can't be traced with ease common way of trying defeat on a high and mighty justice. (*Raising his hands facing audients*) Not with us! They became part of our work when we felt lonely away from justice. Not we but justice fight for a place among the people of Anyuola.

OLD MAN: (*Standing and facing audients*) We are involved because justice must use some sure individuals. Many are called but a few are chosen. The chosen are trained, tested and tried then given the opportunity to serve. (*Resume and sit*) I'm in!

MR. HATE: (*Reading*) This court has therefore charged the prisoners at bar with pilfering and embezzlement of public resources, and in addition the misuse of power. (*To Mudho*) I'm fatigued like any ordinary human could while reading such files. Read through the remaining inquest as I regain to wind it up at last. (*To audience*) I hope that will not offend anyone.

CROWD: Understood sir! (*Mudho takes third file*) Rule out punitive policies!

MUDHO: In the file he just read, Scope was witness. He did it to perfection and untied no proud at any cost. (*MR. Hate node then he reads*) The attempted assassination of Scope. (*He then opens to last leaf*) The attempted assassination of Scope. (*Stops reading*) What a bad luck when darkness in you betrays you? Never take the advantage of darkness for it runs away in the presence of light. The darkness itself may carry the light that drive it away! Mudho is darkness that has its own light. Be very careful! (*Reading through again*) Poison they used on the hook was to lead to alimentary canal atrophy to ensure him double dead. Mudho cunningly dropped him at MR. Hate's lobby for help faking it as a score to the proud expensive fighters. As planned, Scope landed in the safe hands of a professional. She did it well with her team as a committed

doctor. (*Pointing at Scope*) Scope never died. That fixed a plan. There he is. (*Scope steps forward*)

OLD MAN: He was hidden in my home and I enjoyed having him as a son. My student and now a fellow professor like the judge.

MUDHO: (*Picks up the fourth file and another file and open to their last pages to read*) Brutal rape of Baby Chrecho, the school girl. Chrecho was a school girl at Anyuola mixed boarding secondary school and an orphan as well. She was from a family of seven siblings staying with their matriarchal grandfather. She was completely beautiful with all the admirable qualities one would go for, even culturally. But poverty disadvantaged her. They were overwhelmed and went to seek help from the government of Anyuola region led by Jamaranda, only to worsen her situations. Jamaranda and his legal advisor, Kandijo and these others including his late son, Lwanda raped her repeatedly and enjoyed the scene. The irritation later caused her death. Mudho gathered witness in this case assisted by Aballah and validated beyond reasonable doubt, in full satisfaction above expectations of this court. The respondent proved no point of objection. Mudho saved the visual records of the office Closed Circuit Televisions before they were erased by Lwanda. The clips were part of the evidences availed. The back-up had the same record and confirmed no exaggerations. (*To the suspects*) You're spoilt! (*Thumps his chest with his fist*) I'm loyal darkness that pave way of light. Light can never replace me! I am the dynamic and hidden part of light. (*Salutes*) You're spoilt sir!

(*Those seated stand to stretch while curtain closes and open immediately and everyone has resumed. Scope brings a laptop to the judges' table*)

MR. HATE: (*With fifth file opened on the last leaf before him then point at Jamaranda's belly*) That was just a small cake for my lunch. Don't expect mine to look like yours! Learn to eat with limits as you remember those around you. (*Skimming through the page*) In this, I'm the witness and did it well by the experienced man, Mzee Walter. (*Old man waves then stands to address the audients*)

OLD MAN: That is why Lwanda was killed by his own filthy greedy friend for a father. Above misdemeanour! Descriptions of crime are all relevantly referring to the actions of proud losers. Yes! Proud idiots! More than what is punishable by monetary fine, forfeiture or mere imprisonment other than a penitentiary.

MR. HATE: (*Yawning*) Woe unto them that separated my triplets and almost made me formalise being in-law to myself. By good luck, the little young nurse trainee then who they entrusted to kill the babies brought them to my office and, not knowing anything, I legally took them in with pure bonding of a dad but later gave them out for legal adoption to responsible couples. How would you call them wise man?

OLD MAN: Not I but justice will call those perpetuations of taboo; (*Counting his fingers*) serious crime, capital offence, felony, unpardonable sin and a planned trespass. Not misdeed, not error, not wrongdoing, nor transgression, evil did nor peccadillo! (*Resume his seat*) But for that nurse trainee, she was a real professional. Without ethics and discipline, one remains a quack by default however much they upgrade their professional papers; qualified licensed quack. Good for her that she never registered in that long list of majorities.

MR. HATE: (*Reading*) The brutal death of an infant's mother. The infant was named Lwanda, the biological son to Jamaranda. (*Reading in his laptop*) This crime was committed thirty-two

years, two months, two weeks and two days ago. Therefore, justice is demanded in double! (*Reads through the file again*) This court viewed such sycophancy and erosion of ethical principles that led to loaded social evils as what permeates infringement of numerous civil and social rights. No culture may rise above moral humanity when personal wisdom prevails according to the reasoning of justice and God without daring to disapprove the latter. (*To the proud losers*) Like Mudho do deny people, you're spoilt! (*Closes the file and read constitution loudly*) Anyone who wilfully disobeys any written law by doing act which it forbids, or by omitting to do any which it requires to be done, and which concerns the public, or any part of the public is guilty of a misdemeanour and is liable; unless it appears in the written law to provide some other penalty for the disobedience, to imprisonment for two years. (*Closes the constitution then opens last file and reads*) Any person who uses his office to improperly confer a benefit on himself or herself, or anyone else; is guilty of an offence and is liable to two years imprisonment. (*Looking at Jamaranda and his accomplices*) That is a total of five years. (*Reads again*) Rape is culturally unsupported and is worth death due to empty stigmatizing histories that may rise afterwards. Constitutionally, raping a school girl is just thirty years imprisonment. That is a total of thirty-five years for each of the accused.

LAWYER 2: Objection my lord! Proper calculations would ensure that if seven men felt the niceness of Chrecho's feminism, I opt we share the penalty so it reduces to five years imprisonment for each of us. (*Whispers to Jamaranda*) Sir, your case is very hard. If you see me walk out, just follow me and run away.

ONJINYO: Exactly! (*Shaking but pointing around his waist*) That was just a mistake of my lower appetite not the whole Onjinyo. The abdomen has neither an eye to read nor ears to hear. How then could it be informed of the law? My waste is oblivious of the law...

MR. HATE: Your body is the temple of God with mind as the sanctuary. What happens in the mind affects the whole body. The whole Onjinyo messed the law. Now using the favourable scenario of your lawyer, I will not deviate far from the logics. You planned in a common thought of crime and did it one after another. This added your irritating tastes on one girl. Using the logics, years should be the sum of products of persons and the penalty. Justice is for the lady and penalty waits for the rapists. I hope you will be comfortable with one hundred and eighty-five years in jail each. To that level we are logical. (*Writing to make changes*) Or else, save us your wastes without you.

JAMARANDA: (*Shaking*) Speaking beyond my expectations of drama. My sinecure can't help. I'm spoilt!

MR. HATE: For all those allocations done in disregard of the law, the public officers responsible are charged under section thirty-one of the penal code for disregard of statutory duties. They are disqualified from holding any public office whether elected or bureaucratic. This court also order for the lustrations of individuals involved in public land grabbing. (*Points at proud losers*) None of you is excluded in this. (*Reads again*) While limited companies form of business organisation serve many important and legitimate roles in the commercial set-up, some provided for a cloak with which they were misused for illicit purposes perpetuating corruption, and in the process hide from the law. Such must be disbanded following an order from this court, to fund critical sectors in our economy.

JAMARANDA: (*Faints to the ground as his men hold him then shout and shake before becoming straight on the floor dead*) Move away from me! Can't stand the last bounty harvests of shame! How I wish no one follow my footsteps! Worst role model ever...!

ONJINYO: No uncle! We misled one another and now you're going.

OLD MAN: Big problems never show up in good time when you're strong enough to entangle them. His intercostal muscles are not moving! (*Stands up from his seat and point at Jamaranda's lying corpse*) You've been busy solving smallest of all problems while your big ones pretended supportive. Totally spoilt! (*To audience*) Same fate -and even more to come -waits for anyone taking lightly the blood, sweat and tears of our ancestors that freely trickled to liberate and build this honourable nation, whose footsteps we have followed this far, making their steps bold for our descendants into indefinite future. Free fighters they were as we are now. So, will our generations be, provided life goes on here. Truth is not meant to kill anyone except when they fight it. Obnoxious!

MUMBO: Rule in hell our prolific enemy! Master of punitive policies!

MR. HATE: He has taken unexpected course of justice recorded before his name by dying of shame and cowardice. (*Resume*) Feeble criminal!

MUDHO: (*Addressing the corpse*) Public curse as you referred to assassinations in your regime. And killed your only begotten son, Lwanda for demanding to know his true roots. Hell will be your best jail. (*Turn to audients*) I wonder why people struggle to loot the public greedily then die when best expected to account for their mischief. Piny osiko to oksikie! (*Pointing*

at Jamaranda's lifeless body) This thing acted as a tall fetching machine to cronies but, oppressed to death all who demanded for competency in service. Those who revealed his filthy deeds died in the name of public curse. *(To Jamaranda)* You were wrong and trusted vaguely! The best way to fight you back and deliver Anyuola was internal war strategy. I was an eye through every window for the sleeping public. Justice will never give up and I'm sure that the very justice still waits for you tirelessly in hopelessness.

MR. HATE: Five living criminals be where they best belong. *(Led through side doors)* I hope Anyuola will be safe henceforth. Other regions require me too for corrections of their misdemeanour. If we must joke, let it be in the dance halls. *(Closes the files)*

DR. DANDORA: That is tragic, melancholic and comic at ago. Our unity is not to maintain any royalty which is still less compensation for the competence they killed and denatured.

(Curtain closes and a native music play and the curtain opens. All are dancing except proud losers. Some faces are strange. Proud losers are dressed in black garments and kneeling while humble heroes are in white garments celebrating)

MR. HATE: *(Pointing at Proud losers as he dances towards audience)* Don't you remember those faces? They thought all was ending there on Earth but they were mistaken. Their injustices have followed them this far. They could be helped down there on Earth not now. The super master is in control here and there is no need for the articles and files in my library. There is no longer the best party. Be human by choice not by chance. We enjoy abundant freedom hence fighting for freedom is no longer necessary here. Amen and amen!

Humble Heroes

(Humble heroes make three lines on stage facing audiences with Ms. Dandora leading the first team from right, Scope leading the central team and Aballah the left team; in a column. The music switches to regular beats and they march forward then stand attentive as Scope narrate to the audience)

SCOPE: In the world of fiction, a competent hardworking farmer had selfish, lazy and careless baboons as her only close neighbours. She was not pleased with the way baboons destroyed crops in their only community garden. This compelled her to always be in quarrel with them, and she became consistent in chasing them away from that garden. *(Curtain begins to close)* She meant good for their future. One evening, the baboons decided to kill her so that they could have peace within the community farm. Thought and thought, then they hired a killer that faked the whole plan. The farmer was taken into a protected wilderness full of fruits before allotted another fertile land far from the selfish, lazy and careless neighbours. The baboons depleted everything then another season came! Yes! Another season came! *(Only Scope is seen on stage through the central slit of curtains)* Justice prevailed and all the baboons died due to hunger.

MS. DANDORA: *(As she replaces Scope)* what a hopeless gain filled with emptiness. The incorrigible illiterate fatalists are irreversible and stoic!

ABALLAH: *(As he replaces Ms. Dandora)* The vacuum compels and grows. I wish they were genuine! Accept the pain of discipline and correction, or expect doubled pain of regrets! Now I know life is karmic.

(Curtain closes)

THE END

Glossary

Japidi -maiden

Sheng - mixed language trending among Kenyan youths

Umoja ni nguvu na maendeleo -unity is power and development

Piny osiko to oksikie - world is eternal but none is eternal in it.

Sawa - okay

Ero -yes that

Mana kanyo -Exactly/ just there

Anyuola – clan

Jaber -Beautiful one

Free Fighters by Odongo Peter Ouma is a captivating tale of resilience set in the Anyuola region, where the cunning Jamaranda seizes power by impersonating his twin brother, Ochenglo, the rightful governor. His regime plunges the region into a neocolonial nightmare of corruption, oppression, and deceit. Amidst the turmoil, the courageous Free Fighters, led by the visionary Mr. Hate, rise to expose the truth and restore justice.

With Ochenglo's unexpected return and the unraveling of Jamaranda's tyranny, the play unveils a gripping journey of redemption, transformation, and the enduring fight for freedom. Rich in themes of leadership, youth empowerment, and the quest for justice, **Free Fighters** is a powerful narrative of hope and change.



Odongo Peter Ouma is a talented playwright whose work delves into the socio-political challenges of postcolonial societies. Known for his thought-provoking themes, he explores conflict, leadership, youth roles, and justice through compelling storytelling. His acclaimed play, *Free Fighters*, highlights the struggle against oppression and the resilience of the human spirit.

A passionate advocate for societal transformation, Odongo uses his art to challenge injustice and inspire change. His narratives celebrate professionalism, education, and collective action, establishing him as a powerful voice for equity and progress.