

CONTINUATION/END OF SKIT

Martha: (Sings “June di cam-oh; mbonga go cheap-oh ... eh mon ami eh mon ami ... I cook foo-foo, e turn to starch ...”) Hmm! June is really just right around the corner-oh, which means G.C.E. is only a few months away! We have to start jarring seriously. I am just waiting for the coast to be clear and then I’m going up to **Banga Bush** to study. Priscilla has promised to lecture me in World Affairs and I have to also finish Mr. Nsere’s Econs homework.

Constance: (Sings “Te revoir c’est mon désir, j’ai assez souffert de ton absence ...”)

Mercy: We all know that you are a Yaoundé pikin! You don’t have to saturate our ears with your French song. Save it for **Monsieur Ndame**, **Mr. Nyamboli**, or **Mr. Eyong-Tatah!** By the way, are you coming with me to **King House Annex** to study? I have my half bucket of water ready to soak my feet in so I don’t fall asleep. If I don’t finish the entire chapter in our Math textbook which **Mr. Nkeng** assigned, call me Dog!!!

Constance: Boh, I am not coming with you. What if **Baba** or **Aunty Clo** decides to come “snooping” around? I am going to stay right here and jar in my tent with my *torch*.

Justine: That’s just like you Mammy fear-fear. I hope you get the **Anna Forbang Award** you are looking for, Miss **Goody-Goody!** For your information, you are afraid for nothing. Anna already “spied” outside and saw Baba returning late from town with **Mr. Elias**. It is clear that he has gone to sleep and will not wake up until Morning Devotions tomorrow. Not so Anna?

Anna: I think so. The only person likely to be roaming out there now is **Mr. Manfie** with his spear in hand. Even if he sees us, what can he do? He does not know anybody’s name so he cannot report us. I am surely following Martha to Banga Bush but I am really hungry and since all the wicked foxes in this dormitory are hiding their garri, I am going to dash to **Glassnap** and get some from my intie.
(Opens the door, steps out, is gone for a short while and then she sees Ms Binder a little way off. She comes running back into the dormitory, banging and locking the door behind her.)

Constance: (In a loud whisper) What is it? You really look like the Nyongo Man in one of those Musinga Drama Group plays; did you see a Go-Go?

Anna: Wuna take cover! Ah don die my own-oh! It’s Wilma! It’s Bindie!
(Knock on the door)

Ms Binder: Anna Nwazouke! Get out here, ONE TIME! I just saw you outside so I know you’re not sleeping.

Anna: (As she opens the door, dressed differently, pretending to rub sleep from her eyes.) It wasn’t me Ms Binder. You just woke me up from sleep.

Ms Binder: Save it Nwazouke! I only knocked on the door to give you the headtie you dropped as you ran. I know it's yours; you've had it since Form 3.

Anna: I swear, Ms Binder, I have never seen that headtie before!!

Ms Binder: Suit yourself, Nwazouke; if you won't claim it, it will be going to **Mbingo Baptist Hospital** along with the rest of the unclaimed missing items in the Dining Hall. Be careful now, Nwazouke: 2 **palaver letters**; branching off to the market on the way back from church; and now, loitering around after lights out, all that in 1 week! Very bad! One more thing and you're going home, ONE TIME!

Anna: Hmmm!

Ms Binder: Don't go making Humm! Behave yourself!
(She leaves, closing the door behind her)

Justine: Massa, that Ms Binder-eh, with her strong back foot!

Ms Binder: (from outside) Like your own too, Constance Ebot! Now, go to bed, ONE TIME!