

gave her a huge hug fit for the fikifiki if only there was time. Pogo chopped early-morning fufu by his golden robes, golden reins, golden horse, golden koko, and golden handkerchief. And the sun changed to the colour of his horse, so that even the sky was ready to make gold for him. For some seconds he couldn't move for the sparkling.

As for Torro, he began the morning with a snarl because the dawn wouldn't wait small for him to rise; and he continued it with beef, plus an extraordinary amount of sheabutter on his neck, quick quick. If you were to hear his breakfast you would think he ate curses, the way he threw them around the table. He had recently become so suspicious that he used a computer to map the route of food from his fork or his hands to his mouth: he couldn't trust what could happen in that tiny interval of oral travel. Bianca was around to calm him, but he exploded her calm by cursing her for not arranging for his children to come to the house to give him support. He wanted innocent support, not the rehearsed support of his soldiers. But his children were busy eating breakfast in the house of Major Gentl and Ama Three; and thus in a compensatory fashion, he suddenly missed his runaway camel, and his silver owl. His bosses seemed to be communicating with him less and less, though this didn't mean they didn't know what was going on; indeed, they were probably disgusted with the use of the brain machine on his own head, just because of a desire to stay longer in Achimota City. And his threat of being master over time was yet to be seen.

In order not to let the occasion stand still, Major Gentl had arranged for three old steam trains with one carriage each to move all over the battlefield, whistling, steaming, and rolling among the people. They were the type of trains that automatically laid out their own tracks as they moved, and then picked them up from behind to reuse in the front again. Train, train, train the duellists, for the engines gave an atmosphere of past and present that brightened the future immeasurably. Birds were on the trains, and so were rabbits; and arrogant at the controls of the second engine was the old crow, now appointed Government Crow, flapping about with black-and-white impunity and throwing insults and felicitations at everybody. The brass bands, headed by the indomitably drunk Abomu Kwame, played to the rhythm of the trains.

'Aluta continua!' shouted Government Crow, 'This aluta too, it continua paaa, provided you chop enough abooloo! All of you protect

116
major gentl & the achimota wars
 (from 'Zone 12')