

## CHAPTER 1

*(Forty years later)*

*January 2011*

### *Marina*

It was seven a.m. and Peter Anadre relaxed in the owner's corner of his new BMW X6 Jeep. He loved this car, particularly for its tasteful interior, its comfort and its excellent engine performance. To him it was truly 'the ultimate driving machine'. However, he hardly drove the car these days; the more he climbed the ladder of success, the more he had to depend on Usman, his chauffeur, for his travels. Most often he made use of the few hours in the car to study reports and memos, to catch up on some reading or to meditate in preparation for major decisions that he would have to make during the day. The pressure of his work on his thoughts was not so stifling this morning and so he decided to browse through the day's paper to keep him abreast of developments around the globe.

The traffic was bad as usual. He realised that they had been at a standstill for a few minutes, and looked up. The car was on the outer lane of the road and he had a clear view of the few ships docked along the Marina. They were giant vessels but looked forgotten and derelict. He wondered if they were really safe to ply the waters.

Something else caught his attention. Along the harbour was a grown man taking his bath. He had soap lather all over his body, and didn't seem to care that he was naked. The man bent over to pour a little more water over himself before continuing to scrub away. Peter couldn't believe his eyes. Was the man mad? He looked further down the pier and noticed that there were more of them. He

counted; about twelve naked bathing men dotted the shores, not caring that the world was watching. One more joined them. He dropped the bucket of water he was carrying onto the grass, and began to strip. Obviously he planned to take a bath too.

Peter's heart sank under a sudden weight of sadness. Did these men not have a home, a place where they could take a bath in private, as every adult deserved? Even though he was seeing this tragic spectacle for the first time today, it looked like it might be an everyday occurrence.

As the traffic eased and they moved along slowly, he was faced with another sober sight. Two grown men squatted with their trousers down to their ankles, obviously emptying their bowels, again in broad daylight. He decided to look away and render them some privacy. His expression was grim and his heart heavy as he folded the newspaper away, and withdrew into his thoughts.

However, this was a day where he was not to find that kind of retreat. A tap on the car window drew his attention back to the outside world. A young disheveled girl of about thirteen, alternated between praising him, praying for him and begging him for 'some loose change'. Beggars of all ages were a common sight in Petat, and he was about to return to his reading, when something else captured his attention for good. The girl had a baby, who couldn't have been more than eighteen months, strapped to her back. The baby was also staring at him with pleading eyes and had her hand upturned in a beggarly fashion. Obviously, she couldn't understand what she was doing; just that it made sense to mimic the only rewarding action she had observed in her world.

Peter's grief deepened.

### ***Petat Central High School***

Thomas Echinacea was a thirteen-year-old, form one student. He walked into his school, on this bright morning,

at about seven-ten a.m. He was neatly dressed in his school uniform, which was clean enough, but which was dotted with numerous patches both on his shirt and on his trousers. The few books he had, were in the yellow cellophane bag he was carrying. He kept his writing materials in his pocket because he couldn't afford for them to be stolen. His parents were very poor and would not be able to afford another set. On his feet, he wore bathroom slippers.

In Petat Central High School, it was an offence to wear anything other than brown sandals to school. Two days before, Thomas' sandals, which usually visited the shoe repairer once or twice every week, became damaged beyond repair. He didn't realise how bad things were, until all the shoe-repairers he took them to, told him firmly one after the other, that they could not help him any longer. He had begged his father to buy him another pair, but the man sadly told him that he couldn't afford it now and asked for more time.

Yesterday he had come to school in bathroom slippers. The teacher at the gate instantly told him to go back home. Thomas begged and begged, and explained that his father had promised to buy another pair of sandals soon. The teacher lost his patience and was about to cane him, so Thomas had to leave.

He cried a lot yesterday. He was from a very poor home with a poor mother, a poor father and six poor brothers and sisters, all living in two small rooms. Even though he was young, Thomas had heard that the only way he could put poverty behind him was to go to school. He wasn't naturally brilliant, but he read very hard and came out tops in all his exams. He had sworn to himself that he would never miss a day of school. As he cried yesterday, a thought came to his mind. The plan was wonderful and ultimately made him dry his eyes.

Today, he walked into the school very early and was glad to see that none of the teachers had arrived. He rushed

into his class and put his books inside his desk, which thankfully was on the last row of the class. Then he curled himself under the table in such a position that no one could see him unless they actually bent over. So far, so good! He closed his eyes and tried to relax. No one would take notice of his slippers if he stayed away from the assembly. After that, he would just come out of his hiding place and sit at his desk, with his feet under the table. Wonderful plan! He tried to adjust to a more comfortable position when he heard a couple of his classmates come in. He sat very still.

Nothing would stand in his way of attending school, not even a pair of bathroom slippers...

### *Between both ends*

Esther lived in Timer square. It was one of several densely populated and poorly developed communities in Petat. Most of the houses were either shacks or old colonial bungalows. There was no pipe borne water, and everyone depended on wells for their needs. Electricity supply was epileptic, evidenced by crudely connected electricity wires, which hung between tottering wooden poles, littered across the square. Most of the roads were untarred and were cluttered with potholes and bumps. Public transport was sparse, due to the conditions of the road. Up to three years ago, residents of Timer Square had to trek the two to three kilometers that would take them to the nearest bus stop on the outskirts of the square. However, commercial motorcycle riders spotted the opportunity available in providing transportation within the area and soon enough saved the people from the need to make those daily long treks.

Esther was a trader in dry foodstuff with a stall at the city central market. She had three children aged six, three, and one and a half. Everyday, she would drop the two older ones at school before going to her shop with the baby. This morning, was no exception as she stood in front of her house with the baby strapped to her back while she held the other

two on each hand, waiting for the next motorcycle to arrive. She sighted one and freed a hand, motioning for it to stop.

“Where?” the rider asked.

“Main Road,” she responded. He immediately nodded, giving consent for her to climb behind him.

He didn’t seem surprised when she got on the bike with the baby on her back; when she lifted the middle child and deposited him between herself and the rider and when the eldest child climbed in between the rider and the handlebars. He wasn’t surprised because he was used to carrying two to four people at once, on his bike.

Once they were settled, he started the engine and drove off at full throttle. No one who saw them was worried that none of the riders had on a helmet; that if there were an accident, they would probably all die or have grave injuries. No one was bothered, because in Timer Square, there was no alternative...

### *Grace Children’s Hospital*

The massive reception area of Grace Children’s Hospital was immured with a high ceiling and smudgy, light grey walls. On the other side of the oval entrance was the nurse’s area. The whole of the right wall was covered with dusty cupboards containing thousands of tattered patient’s files. At the centre of the room were about ten long benches facing the dusty cupboards, filled with anxious men and women embracing their children and wards, waiting to see a doctor. The hospital was grossly understaffed and the wait was often very long. The sound of crying babies filled the air.

Lola carried her two-year-old baby girl and together with her husband rushed into the hospital reception, right up to the counter, at the nurse’s area.

The husband was short of breath and spoke in a high-pitched wavering voice. “Help us please; this is an emergency.”

Lola could not take her eyes off her baby's face. "Yeah! Yeah!" she moaned. "God help me oh." Her baby's eyeballs were rolling back and forth.

One of the nurses stood to attend to the couple. "What is the problem?"

"The baby became feverish four days ago. We were treating her at home and she was getting better. But this morning, she started convulsing, so we rushed her here."

The nurse was clearly irritated. "That is the problem with you people. Why did you have to wait four days, and until the situation became an emergency, before bringing her?" She hissed and eyed the man up and down for a second, before asking grudgingly, "Are you registered here?"

In his anxiety, Lola's husband barely noticed her anger. "Yes Ma."

"Where is your small card?"

He spread out his hands in despair. "I am sorry, we didn't bring it. We were in a hurry."

The nurse shook her head. "You people are so exasperating. So what do you want me to do now?"

All of a sudden, Lola screamed when the black pupils on her baby's eyes turned inwards and her eyeballs became completely white. She shook the child and called her name insistently, "Mary... Mary... Mary..."

Fortunately, that prompted the nurse into action. "Follow me." She briskly led the way out of the reception.

The emergency room was more of a disaster. There were only three doctors attending to child patients, all in critical condition, with their parents standing round, watching and praying. Another four parents sat waiting for their turn, fidgeting on a wooden bench just inside the doorway. The nurse asked Lola and her husband to wait with them.

Lola kept on calling her daughter's name, "Mary... Mary..., please don't go. Have mercy on me, you are my

only child..." In despair she looked up and sighted a sink close by. She rushed over, opened the tap and with her hand guided the flow of water over her baby's head. The shock treatment worked a miracle and Mary's eyes suddenly focused again. Lola wiped the baby's head with her wrapper and went back to sit down.

The nurse walked up to one of the doctors who was trying to set up an infusion drip onto the shaved head of an emaciated two-year-old child, and interrupted him. "Doctor, one of the patients I brought in now, seems to be on the verge of death. Can you take a look?"

The doctor was intent on the task at hand and could not look up. "Just give me a minute. Let me finish here."

The nurse took a step backward and waited.

There was panic everywhere and death greedily loomed near.

One of the parents of a patient who had been attended to, but was now under observation, suddenly let out a scream that pierced the air. "Doctor, come o!"

The doctor trying to set up the drip, immediately left what he was doing and rushed over. He checked the child's eyes, took a pulse, but it was too late, the child had died suddenly. A nurse took over and covered the dead child up with a white cloth. The doctor went back to setting up the infusion. That child was gone; he would try his best to save this one.

Lola became hysterical and wept aloud. She really hoped her little baby would not die...

### *No Man's land*

Everyone recognised him but no one knew his name. The nameless man walked the streets daily, doing his own thing and no one stopped him. Today he walked slowly staring at the sky; no one knew why. What was he searching for? His tattered trousers offered no covering for his bum, yet one hand held them together religiously at the waist. He

wore no shirt. Suddenly he used his other hand to scratch his head vigorously; his head, full of dirty black dread-locks. His face too was black and he stank abominably, obviously from months of not taking a bath.

He did not have many needs, so why did he search the sky? When he needed food, he would beg or snatch something from the wayside food sellers. When he needed water, he would drink from the gutters. When he was cold, especially at night, the numerous cloth banners hung up by advertisers abounded for his grasp and came in handy. Rain didn't bother him, he wasn't like other mere mortals; he could sit it out. Transportation was not a problem, because he never had to go further than his legs could carry him. Thank God, breathing too was not a problem, because air was free. And recognition, that one thing that humanity thrives on, he had it! Everyone who passed that stretch of road on a daily basis knew him.

No one spoke to him though, there was no point, he was a mad man and his place was to roam the streets. There were many like him, and like him, their place too, was to roam the streets... day in day out. They did their own thing and no one interfered...

### *City Bus stop*

Junaid was a factory worker at Prima Ventures. Production started at eight forty-five a.m. and the day before, Junaid had received a strongly worded query for getting to work twelve minutes late. It didn't help matters that he lived on the other side of town. The job was his mainstay. Even though the salary package was way below the government approved minimum wage, it was all he had for now and he couldn't afford to lose it.

This morning, he got out of bed thirty minutes earlier than usual to make sure he wasn't late again. In good time, he alighted at City Bus stop, which was the penultimate stop



before his office and was confident he would make it this time.

However, his confidence started to wane when he made several unsuccessful attempts to join the next couple of Kombi buses that came along. The rush was too fierce. Another five minutes passed and no bus came along.

Junaid considered walking. A glance at his watch made him realise that wouldn't work. If he was to be on time, he needed to take a bus, now! As if in answer to a passionate prayer from his heart, an empty bus suddenly came along. He took a few hurried steps forward and urgently flagged it down, but the bus passed him and stopped some yards away. The doorway immediately became cluttered with passengers, struggling and fighting to join the bus. Junaid became desperate. Missing this bus meant losing his job. As he ran towards the bus, he tried the boot; luckily, it was open. He scrambled inside and quickly found a seat at the back. Other passengers, who witnessed his novel approach to bus boarding, also rushed to the boot and successfully joined him inside ...

### *The Rubbish Dump*

Not far from city bus stop was one of the largest rubbish dumps in Petat. The dump contained five large containers and the local government refuse collectors came over once a week to clear out the rubbish. The routine didn't seem to be adequate, because within three days the bins would overflow unto the streets again. The stench from the dump filled the whole area and was a constant source of irritation to the residents close by. Flies and rodents mercilessly alternated between visiting the dump and their homes. They made several complaints to the local government, but the officials explained that funding constraints would not allow them to clear the refuse more than once a week. They calmly advised the complainants to move out of the area if the stench was too much of a

problem. The residents remained, because they had no choice.

However, the dump wasn't such a curse to everyone as it also played host to visitors who came by regularly to see if anything valuable could be salvaged for use or for sale.

Most of the visitors were unemployed adults, some of whom had made up their minds not to go into crime and practiced 'rubbish scouting', as a way to augment whatever other monies they made from other sources. All they had to do was dig deep enough and luckily, they were often rewarded with amazing booties - local and foreign currency notes, fairly used shoes, jewelry, electronics that could still be repaired...

### *Dolphin Road*

People who happened to venture through the two-kilometre Dolphin road in the mornings with a joyful mood, often swapped their joy for a heavy heart by the time they branched out to their destinations at the end of the road. Three quarters towards the end was an intersection where two major roads met, creating a bottleneck especially when traffic was heavy in the mornings, with people rushing here and there to get to work.

Dolphin road ran through Simbad, one of the affluent residential and commercial centres of Petat. Most of the people, who drove through, were assumed to be either financially buoyant or connected with someone who was financially buoyant. A few sick people, with major medical problems who apparently could not afford the expenses necessary for medical attention, took the opportunity of the solution they believed the traffic on Dolphin road presented. Today, three of them put up mini tents at different strategic positions on the road island and exposed their ailments for all to see. A few friends with loud-speakers, wriggled through the cars with collection bags, explaining the nature of the ailment, how much was needed for the treatment and

asked for contributions from sympathetic looking occupants of the passing cars.

The first man had a growth, about half the size of his head, over his eyeball. He was clearly in pain, as he bravely bore the challenge of facing the hope of this only alternative to death.

About two hundred metres further down the road, sat a man with an enlarged scrotum. His shame at exposing his genitals to the public was evident as he covered his face with a newspaper.

At another equal distance, sat a man with a clear case of elephantiasis. He must have been a naturally good-natured person because he sat there chatting away with a friend while other friends received donations on his behalf.

The sight of these three, possibly terminally ill patients moved the people. Nervous hands instinctively glided into purses or pockets, fishing out money for the collection bags. However, some just turned their faces away today, having put in money yesterday.

From his vantage position beside the window, as he sat at the back of the bus, Junaid could see that the cases on display were most pathetic. He turned to a new friend, who had earlier expressed admiration for his strategic approach in boarding the bus through the boot. "Just imagine this; these people are definitely in no condition to be on the street like this, begging. They should be in a hospital somewhere, being taken care off."

Junaid's friend couldn't agree more and hissed sympathetically. "It's really a pity. That's why I pray to God that I never get sick. This country of ours does not provide any reasonable medical support for the people. If you fall sick, you are on your own. These people are lucky because they have friends who can bring them out here and collect money for them. I can assure you that some others, somewhere, are dying on their beds right now without any hope."

Junaid shivered. "I can't face this sorry sight everyday. Tomorrow, I will probably take another bus route to work."

His friend stared ahead.

### *Pere Bus stop*

At five p.m., that evening, storms gathered in the sky and the evening darkened a bit earlier than usual. A young man, on his way home from work, disembarked from a bus at Pere Bus stop along Long Avenue. He had just one more bus to take, to transport him to his home for the night but that would still take him another thirty minutes. The major problem he had with this, was that he was quite hungry. All of a sudden, the image of fresh roasted corn filled his mind. He looked around briefly, but there were no corn sellers. *Oh no!* He was disappointed.

He was about to buy some local groundnuts when he sighted a corn seller on the opposite side of the road. The only thing that separated him from her, was the dual carriage expressway with four lanes on each side. Even though there was an overhead pedestrian bridge close by, many people successfully sprinted across. For a moment he considered the options of either taking the bridge or taking a chance with the expressway. But then, the bridge could take him a whole twenty minutes to climb, get to the other side and return; that was too much time. True, he wanted to satisfy this hunger but he also wanted to get home as early as possible. He decided to cross. He watched, then wove himself between the speeding cars, sprinted a bit, walked a bit and soon he was on the other side.

*You didn't do too badly,* he praised himself. The corn was worth the effort. Very soon, he was armed with two large, soft and succulent ones, wrapped in a black cellophane bag. As he contemplated the return trip across the road, he noticed that the traffic was much less and the cars were speeding a bit more. *Should I take the overhead*

*bridge? No! I did it before I can do it again.* He assessed the road and then started to run across.

He avoided the first car but suddenly realised that he had miscalculated. He hadn't seen the car on the second lane...

The car hit him badly, lifting him almost eight feet off the ground. The car didn't stop; it hit and it ran. The two pieces of corn landed on opposite sides of the expressway. The man landed quite close to the corn seller. It all happened so fast, the woman couldn't believe her eyes. She left her corn and ran, in the opposite direction. People started to scream, others started to cry. A crowd gathered round the dying man. The corn seller wondered why she was running, then stopped, and retraced her steps back; she joined the growing crowd.

"The man is not yet dead," a man in the crowd remarked, "we need to take him to hospital."

Another man immediately agreed with him. "Please take him quickly, so that he doesn't die."

"I am not the one to take him," the first one replied. "I don't have a car."

"You know that the hospital will ask for a police report or else if you take him there in a car they will assume that you hit him and they will arrest you."

"The man is dying o," someone else commented.

"The man that hit him is wicked. He didn't even stop."

"Maybe he is afraid that they may lynch him."

"Ha. May God punish him!"

A woman was crying bitterly. "These young people are so impatient. Why did he not use the pedestrian overhead bridge? He just wasted his life for nothing."

A young woman in her early twenties had some information for them. "He was buying corn. Just now oh, I saw him. So hunger can lead a man to his death?"

A dark skinned middle-aged man dressed in a suit that had seen better days and carrying a tattered briefcase could bear their inaction no longer. "Is there no one here that has a car? Will we all watch as this man dies?"

Another man standing by looked him over curiously. "Do we look like car owners to you? If we had cars, would we be standing around like this?"

The crowd around the dying man grew larger. The man with the tattered briefcase ran to the side of the road and tried to stop passing vehicles. No private car stopped. However, an empty commercial bus soon pulled up. "Where is the man?" the driver asked. The crowd parted to give him room. He looked at the man on the ground and said, "This one is dead. I cannot carry a dead man in my bus. I don't want trouble." He turned to walk away.

"Please don't go, he is not dead yet. If you hurry..." the crowd echoed.

He returned to his bus and sped off.

Suddenly, the dying man breathed his last. Someone in the crowd must have known he would die, because a large cellophane bag appeared from nowhere, and with it they covered the man up.

"Ah, so, this man just die like this," a middle-aged man said in agony. One by one, the crowd dispersed, shaking their heads in sadness.

By twelve noon the next day, the covered dead body was still there and passers-by covered their noses with handkerchiefs, to avoid the smell of death.

### *All night Party*

Right at one end of Long Avenue, was the magnificent home of forty-five-year-old Chief Bakar. It was ten thirty p.m. and more guests were arriving for the burial party of his ninety-year-old father, who died a few months back. The elder Bakar had been buried earlier that afternoon

and the all-night party had started at about seven that evening.

Canopies, chairs and tables were beautifully arranged to accommodate about two hundred and fifty guests on the spacious lawn in front of the house. The guests were being served an assortment of food, soft drinks and an abundance of alcohol. At one corner, a prominent live band that had been invited for the night was playing music and singing the praises of the dead man and his children. Some of the guests were dancing, swaying their hips at the bandstand and singing along to the music, obviously enjoying themselves. Others still were spraying the musicians with money as their praises were being sung. It didn't take long for the currency notes to carpet the stage; the musicians continued their performance regardless. No one cared if the neighbours were disturbed by the noise of the party. It was going to be an exciting evening and the night was still young.

More guests arrived...

### ***Back at the window***

Henry was a construction worker at Corpo Construction Company. His wife had been feverish for the last thirty-six hours and wasn't getting better. He decided to take her to the General Hospital. He knew he had taken the right decision, when he observed the deeply worried look on the doctor's face, in the consulting room. Her temperature was high and she looked very pale. The doctor asked that she be placed on admission immediately.

Initial tests showed that she was suffering from acute malaria fever and severe anaemia. She was placed on saline and glucose intravenous infusion and was given malaria drugs. The doctors also recommended that she be given two pints of blood to shore up her low PCV levels.

As soon as she settled in, Henry went to the blood bank to pay for the blood needed.

“Good afternoon madam,” he said, as he handed the doctor’s prescription to the attendant on duty, through the window.

She took a cursory look at it and handed it back to him. “Where are the two donors?”

Henry was confused. “Who? All I want to do, is pay for two pints of blood.”

The woman gave him an impatient stare. “Is this your first time here? We don’t sell blood. I am sure you are aware that there is no manufacturing company for blood in Airegin. If you need blood, you bring donors. We take their blood and put it in our blood bank after screening. Then we look for the blood type that you need from our blood bank and give it to you.”

Henry suddenly became apprehensive. “Please ma, I brought my wife here and she is in critical condition. She needs the blood now. I don’t have anyone here with me who can donate the blood.”

The woman turned away and started attending to other things. He had a brain wave. “Madam, I can donate now and then I will bring someone else to donate later.”

“Now you are talking. Turn round through the next corridor and enter through the side door. There is someone there who will screen your blood.”

Twenty minutes later another attendant had taken a sample of his blood and returned to him with the results. He took it. “What do I do next? When are you going to take my blood?”

“Go back to the woman who directed you here.”

Henry was soon back at the window. “Madam, I am back.”

She came to the window slowly with a bored look and glanced at the paper she took from him. She let out a sigh. “You cannot donate blood?”

“Why?”



She placed the screening result in front of him and pointed to a portion written in red. "See." He looked closely and read the word - *Hepatitis B*. "It seems as if you would need to go through further diagnosis, but one thing is sure you need to bring someone else for the donation."

He was dazed. "Me? Hepatitis? What is that?"

"I have not said you have hepatitis but I will give you this." She tore a page from a booklet and scribbled something on it. She handed it to him. "I have fixed an appointment for you to see a doctor in three days time."

Henry felt little waves of panic begin to take him over. "What is happening here? I brought my wife for treatment, I haven't even started treating her and now you are saying I am sick too." He slapped one hand to his forehead in frustration. "My God, what kind of trial is this one?"

His words stirred up some compassion in the woman. She felt the best thing to do was to jolt him out of his reverie. "If your wife is truly sick, then this is definitely not the time for self-pity. Go and look for people to donate blood for her, now!"

It worked, and he left immediately.

The next morning he was back at the window with a friend, a brother and a female distant cousin. The attendant recognised him and immediately detached screening slips for the three of them. The screening was done one after the other. In twenty minutes, his cousin's result was the first out. Henry accompanied her back to the window with the result sheet.

The attendant looked at it. "You cannot donate blood. Look here madam, your PCV is too low. You want to donate blood, but from what I can see here, you need blood yourself. I will fix an appointment for you to see a doctor next week."

The cousin was annoyed. "Me? See a doctor? There is nothing wrong with me. How can you say that I need blood; as fat as I am? I don't understand you, I am very healthy."

"Being fat has nothing to do with it. You had better listen to expert advice. These tests do not lie. If you were okay, the screening section would have taken you in for donation rather than sending you back to me." She left them and went back to her duties.

Henry rushed back to the other donors. By now, they both had their results and were waiting for him. Rather than going back to the window, he took the results from them. He was now an expert at this. Scanning the sheet he found that his brother also had Hepatitis B, while his friend had, wait a minute... he was H.I.V. positive!

His face was crestfallen as he stared ahead blankly for a minute. The two men were about to ask what had come over him when he spoke in a monotone. "They won't allow either of you to donate blood. They are going to ask both of you to see a doctor because you are both *sick*."

They exchanged glances and wondered if he was losing his mind. They watched him go back to the window. He tapped the windowsill and spread both of his hands in a desperate plea. "Madam, four of us have come to donate blood and we cannot, because we are all sick. Please do not let my wife die."

Again, she felt some compassion. She got up and walked to him. "I will give you one pint only, even though that is against the hospital regulations. But you must bring two healthy donors to me before I give you the second one."

He felt relieved; there was hope for his wife after all. "Thank you Ma."

### ***Party Pro***

Gabriel lived alone in a small room in a partially completed building in the deepest parts of Gerto. It was nine-thirty in the morning and Gabriel lay in his narrow bed

still, with his head snugly fitted into upturned palms, resting on his pillow. Even though his gaze was on the rotting ceiling above, his mind was elsewhere. Today was Saturday, his special day and the only time he had to reflect on what life was all about. He heard many people say, 'Thank God it is Friday,' but for him it was always, 'Thank God it is Saturday' ...