

Addressing the African Rulers

I don't have to say dears because you are not our dears; neither do I need to say leaders because you are not our leaders. To describe your uniqueness in plain words, I dare to say, though, heinous rulers.

What is the need for this assembly, the uncalled-for guests? Do you really mull over that you represent Africans? Is this congregation a problem solver or agony generator? We should rather talk about your attires. Look at your ties! Nice ties; aren't they? Who purchased them for you? Look at your suits! Marvelous! Where did you get them from? What do the labels resting on your posterior necks read? They do not pronounce made in Abuja, Kinshasa, Lagos, Addis Ababa etc.; do they? While considering yourselves as "African leaders" you are promoting the commodities of France, Italy, Great Britain, USA and others, and you are proud of it; Aren't you? Anyways, who paid for these luxuries outfits? Look at your shirts! They are unequivocally classical; aren't they? *Allah wu a Kiber!* Look at your shoes! Astoundingly archetypal and shimmering! Am I not correct? How much you shelled out for these distinctive shoes? What percent of the people, you disgracefully claim to represent, don these types of ties, suits, shirts and shoes like you do? Representation by definition is symbolizing the whole. Yes, representatives are samples of the whole. Do you really consider yourselves as samples of the whole?

I request each of you to look at each other for one moment. I believe you observed pumpkin cheeks, chunky necks and distended bellies; Didn't you? I also demand that you compare the pictures you had before assuming your power with the current ones. May I ask what you regularly put in your plates in the palaces you luxuriously live in? Is it interfering in your personal life if we want to know the beverages you enjoy, the couches you park yourselves on and the beds you snooze in? What portions of the people in your tyrannical rule obtain access to one meal and a glass of water in a day? What portion of your general population is homeless? What proportions of the African infants, the young and the elderly die from man-made starvation? Unlike your mind, your flesh looks healthy; doesn't it? Where do you get your quality health care services? Ehi... that is right! Even when you have temporary indigestion from gulping down too much, you dash to Europe, America, and Israel by chartered airplanes; correct? On the other hand, what portion of African population has access to the minimum health care services even once in 25 years? What fraction of African population dies from communicable diseases, which basically are turned to history and locked up in museum in western countries? What segments of African population still utilize stone-age technologies to farm, communicate and travel? Despite this colossal life style discrepancy between you and ordinary Africans, you still think you represent destitute Africans; don't you? O lord! Even those of you who came from East Africa are raising your hands to profess that you represent your people! I shall say at this juncture that your conscience plates are either congenitally absent or surgically removed.

Please close your eyes and review your administrations (if you call them administrations at all), in silence. Do not your ministers, congressmen, senators and managers serve like water pipes that do not leak or rust whatever corrosive material you pass through them? Do not they convey your unholy orders and commands in their virgin format as long as you feed them? Do not you invest substantial amount of your

budget to spy your own people? Do not you bridle your people like horses and mules? Do not you place your peoples under nonstop restraining orders to deprive them of using their sense organs and processing brains? Do not most of you beg on behalf of your people and exploit the baloney you received to strengthen your dictatorial power? Who owns the mass- media? Will your mass-media speak the truth ever? Do people believe even the date and the time portrayed at the bottom of your TV screen? Are not your people suffering from supurative chronic ear infections as a result of your eternal lies and irksome voices? Is not your people sick of watching you acting like experts in economics, engineering, agriculture, public health, medicine, journalism and other professions while you, in fact, employ your muscles as solitary organs of thinking. Don't you hound, silence or put experts in exile if they don't agree with your callous and precarious behaviors?

Do you mind looking at your own hands at this moment, please? Aha! Your decorated wrists and fingers with diamond and gold trinkets look soft and clean! However; are your hands really unsoiled and shiny as they appear in this bogusly garnished African peoples' hall? How many of you have hands doused with blood? How many of you eliminated even your own colleagues and comrades, during your journeys and ascensions towards power? How often you direct your soldiers to kill your fellow Africans for no apparent reason? How many of you wreak ethnic fracas to stay in power? How often you coerce your flunky judges to rule in favor of your chair? How many million innocent people die, languish in jails, and suffer from torture under your wicked rules? How many children live under orphanage because you wiped out their parents? How many parents shed tears as we speak because you executed, arrested and locked up their children? Do people elect robbers, butchers and murderers? Do you still assume that you represent Africans? Shame on you!

I wish we had the opportunity to discuss concepts and ideas that foster development and annihilate misery in Africa. Unfortunately, however; what we see in this very African hall are collections of heads engorged with lusts of power and material treasure. Sorry for wasting your WHISKY and STEAK time. Enjoy the Africans' flesh and blood until the final call known as death-a natural conqueror that cannot be embezzled, tortured or exterminated.

With best disregards,

Belayneh Abate

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