

EBI: (*Paying tribute*) To the martyrs of our unflinching quests, the vanguards of our perilous journey to conquest. To captains of a ship stormbound, but is resolutely pushing for the shore, Scapegoats of the oppressors, but heroes of the oppressed. To the demised who, sincerely, fought for the benefits of survivors and posterity. May you, forever, rest in peace.

To rest in peace is to take hold of enduring rest and peace, but to enjoy both at once is elusive. Yes. After the earliest man lost it, No one ever took hold of both, together. It was always either or neither. the oppressed. To the demised who, sincerely, fought for the benefits of survivors and posterity. May you, forever, rest in peace.

(*To tombs*) Here is the sure means for rest and peace, down and down the grave path. To go down that way may seem like loss to humanity, but it is a definite escape from worries, want, fear, and all that makes rest and peace elusive. The *Owo* man says, “rest day begins with demise”. From the hour of birth, when yelling is greeted with joy, Man searches for enduring rest and peace, but finds both, only at demise. So, the utmost honour to the demise is simple- RIP.

Excerpt for male auditionee from *Actor's delight* (Isijola, 2023)