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July Issue

Liberian Literary Magazine

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**Josiah  
Joekai**

*Author of  
the Month*



Duke  
Ellington's  
Liberian  
Suite

**Book  
Review**

University of  
Liberia and the  
Ward Foundation  
15 years on:

Poetry Series  
Short Stories  
Forgotten Hero

Empowering  
Girsl & Women

Children's  
Story

Ebola  
Round  
Two



*Promoting Liberian Literature and Creativity*

# Liberian Literary Magazine

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### Overview:

#### *New Look*

Hurray! You noticed the new design as well right. Well thanks to you all, we are here today. We are most grateful to start our print issue. This would not have happened without your dedicated patronage, encouragement and of course, the belief you placed in our establishment. We look forward to your continual support as we strive to improve on the content we provide you.

#### *Our Commitment*

We at Liberian Literature Review believe that change is good, especially, the planned ones. We take seriously the chance to improve, adopt and grow with time. That said, we still endeavor to maintain the highest standard and quality despite any changes we make. We can comfortably

make this commitment; *the quality of our content will not be sacrificed in the name of change.* In short, we are a fast growing publisher determined to keep the tradition of providing you, our readers, subscribers and clients with the best literature possible.

#### *What to Expect*

You can continue to expect the highest quality of Liberian literary materials from us. The services that we provided that endeared us to you and made you select as the foremost Liberian literary magazine will only improve. Each issue, we will diversify our publication to ensure that there is something for everyone. as a nation with diverse culture, this is the least we can do.

We thank you for you continual support.

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## Segment Contents

### *Editorial*

In our editorial, one should expect topics that are controversial in the least. We will shy away from nothing that is deemed important enough. The catch theme here is addressing the tough issues

### *Risqué Speak*

This new segment to our print covers the magical language of the soul, music. It will go from musical history, to lyrics of meaning to the inner workings of the rhythm, beats, rhyme, the way pieces connect and importantly, the people who make the magic happen. Our host and or his guests will delve into the personal life of our favorite musicians, bands and groups like we have not seen. This is more than their stories, it is more like the stories behind the stories. They'd shine the spotlight on the many people that come together to make it all happen on and off stage. Watch out for this segment.

### *Kuluba's Korner*

The owl spills out wisdom like no one else won't you agree. Our own KLM hosts this corner and she shies away from nothing or no one with her whip- the **truth**. They say fewer things hurt more than the honest, uncoated truth. Well, she does that but with spices of humor and light-heartedness like only her can.

### *Authors of the Month Profile*

This is one of our oldest segments. In fact, we started off with showcasing authors. It is dear to us. Each month, we highlight two authors. In here we do a brief profile of our selected authors.

### *Authors of the Month Interview*

This is the complimentary segment to the Authors of the Month Profile one of our oldest segments. In here, we interview our showcased authors. We let them tell us about their books, characters and how they came to life. Most importantly, we try to know their story; how they make our lives easier with their words. In short, we find out what makes them thick.

### *Lead Article*

Our Lead article is just that, a major article by a staffer or a contributor.

### *Book Review*

One of our senior or junior reviewers picks a book and take us on a tour. They tell us the good, not-so-good and why they believe we would be better of grabbing a copy for ourselves. Occasionally, we print reviews by freelancers or other publications that grab our interests.

### *Education Spotlight*

Our commitment and love to education is primary. In fact, our major goal here is to educate. We strive for educating people about our culture through the

many talented writers- previous and present.

In this segment, we identify any success story, meaningful event or entity that is making change to the national education system. We help spread the news of the work they are doing as a way to get more people on board or interested enough to help their efforts. Remember, together, we can do more.

### *Artist of the Month*

We showcase some of the brilliant artists, photographers, designers etc. We go out of the box here. Don't mistake us to have limits on what we consider arty. If it is creative, flashy, mind-blowing or simply different, we may just showcase it.

We do not neglect our artist as has been traditional. We support them, we promote them and we believe it is time more people did the same. Arts have always form part of our culture. We have to change the story. We bring notice to our best and let the world know what they are capable of doing. We are 100% in favor of Liberian Arts and Artists, you should get on board.

### *Poem of the Month*

Our desire to constantly find literary talent remains a pillar of our purpose. We know the talent is there, we look for it and let you enjoy it. We find them from all over the country or diaspora and we take particular care to find emerging talents and give them a chance to prove themselves. Of course, we bring you experienced poets to dazzle your mind!

## Editorial



### *Knock Out Round 2 Ebola vs Liberia*

*D. Othniel Forte*

Boxing is exciting for quite a lot of people. The rounds are loaded with anticipation and the fighters are armed with experience, gloves, protective gear and of course, their punches.

In an expected twist, Ebola resurfaced in Liberia. The disease returned from a last minute KO in the first match to launch a new challenge this time, intent on taking home the title. However, the government of Liberia, embolden by her bounce back from the sucker punches in the early rounds of that match and her eventual win, feels invincible. She took the latest attack head-on and is being proactive. Judging from the early response and other factors enumerated below, we are convinced that this fight is already lost to the challenger-Ebola.

There are many reasons for this fight to go the way of the government of Liberia. For starters, the conditions that ensued about a year ago are no longer present now. Here is how:

**Unfamiliarity-** people are quite acquainted with the disease and its signs. Many people know the signs of all stages of the disease. In fact, they are so suspicious that any other illness that exhibits similar signs are treated

cautiously, yet they are not paranoid about this, which is a good thing. It is a plus for us in this round. This means that the situation where many people died from other treatable diseases or ailments will not occur, at least not at the level of the past. Hence, where unfamiliarity hindered, familiarity prevents to some extent.

**Misdiagnosis-** post Ebola, many people reported cases of misdiagnosis during the hay days of EBV. Misdiagnosis meant possible death one way or another. Those that had Ebola and were sent home believing themselves to be safe, infected their loved ones, relatives and community. They were walking death traps. On the other hand, those that did not have Ebola but were told they had it, were most likely quarantined and got infected. We will never know the precise number of people that suffered this fate, but now, we are better prepared. The methods in place for early testing and discharge or treatment have reduced this risk vastly. Will people be misdiagnosed, most likely, but the number would be far lower than in the past.

**Clusters-** Ebola hit the poorest communities with large clusters. These slums, with bad sanitary conditions and many people who believed that Ebola was some hoax, also encouraged the spread of the disease. They were perfect breeding grounds for Ebola. This time however, it hit an isolated area outside of the city. The ministry's early quarantine measure is not only proactive but better suited for such environments unlike in the case with West Point.

**Traditional Practices-** in the first outbreak, Ebola hit largely Muslim communities in Lofa. Then, unawares of the deadly nature of the disease, some people still performed the traditional practice of body washing. This is a respectful, personal act, however, it puts at risk those who perform it since they wore no protective gear and were touching bodies that were at the most risky stage of transmission-just before and or after death. We remain doubtful of the full effect this had on the spread, but it did contribute. Also, many in these communities prefer getting treatment from local herbalist or traditional healers. It is not as if they have better options laid out before them and they refused. Therefore, as healers got infected, the spread increased. Again, this is not the same situation.

**Awareness-** One of the ways Liberia beat Ebola was to develop community-based approaches of defense. This included detection, isolation, reporting and monitoring. Communities owned their responses. If they detected an outbreak, they rallied around and on many occasions, provided food and water for the infected until the Ebola team arrived to take them away. This was a form of containment. With the high level of awareness, it is unlikely that Ebola will spread like before. People are concerned but not panic. They have reactivated their preventive measures and are going about their businesses as much as is possible. Unlike before, it took a long time and only out of necessity did people leave home. Schools have not closed yet nor have mass public gatherings been

banned because this time around, the people have more confidence in the handling of the crisis by the authorities and themselves.

In addition, health workers are more aware of the effects of the virus to them personally and professionally. The virus, sometimes referred to as the *caregivers' disease*, because it was usually only passed on to those who treated the sick—loved ones, family members or health workers, dented their ranks. They are taking awareness to the next level.

Unlike previous times when many hospitals paid little attention to strict procedures like how they disposed of their hazardous wastes in less than proper fashion. They laundered their laundry by hand, cut or had little budget for maintenance staff, they crowded people together in their general wards etc. but now, they know better.

The staff also partook in their fair share of sluggishness. It was always amazing to see how medical professionals treated patients without obvious infectious signs. Everyone that walked in was treated or tested in unprofessional manners. Nurses almost never wore gloves, masks or any other protective gear. And if they did wear a glove, they used it on as many patients as they wished or could. Patients, did not care nor seem to know that they could easily be receiving some infection from the previous patient. They seemed only interested in being treated and then sent on their way. This was the standard practice in public health centers and hospital.

However, for all the bad Ebola did, it did do some good. It forced



*Abbas Dulleh – AP Health workers wash their hands after taking a blood specimen from a child to test for the Ebola virus in an area where a 17-year old boy died from the virus on the outskirts of Monrovia, Liberia, on 06/30/15.*

medical practitioners to take the safety of their patients and themselves seriously. On any given day, nurses are masked, and or fully gloved. They treat almost anyone with suspicion. In many ways, they are more suspicious than the security personnel. This is good right? It has also forced the hospital or health center administrators to take precautions from waste management, to fresh tap water and better sterilization methods. They know that any misstep could well mean danger for them and or their families and they are not taking any chances. Too many of them died in the first round of the Ebola outbreak for them to do any differently. They are still understaffed and sore from the loss.

Therefore, with the recent outbreak, we see that they are far too conscious to give Ebola the break she had early on in the first fight. They are watchful and prepared as much as they can be with the limited resources.

Perhaps the more encouraging of the responses is that of the government of Liberia. Unlike before, when the Ministry of Health was in denial and doubtful about the presence of Ebola in the country, this time, they appear to be on top of this situation. By this

time in the previous outbreak, the ministry had held a few press conferences and denied, confirmed and denied again the presence of Ebola. They ruined the public confidence in them and anything they had to say. What little credibility they had went along with their indecisiveness. But this time around, we see that she is stepping up to the plate. She has taken control of the information release, set up a quite decent PR mechanism and seems forthcoming with the public. In short, she is doing everything she should have done before and better than expected. This implies that some people there have learned important lessons. This is better than great news.

For example, within 24 to 48 hours of the new outbreak, the authorities knew the identity, location, and situations surrounding patient zero—Abraham Memaigar. They had dispatched the Ebola rapid response team who had conducted inspection, taken samples, exhumed the teenager and began the critical task of contact tracking. She had placed on her watch list thirty persons and extended that list to include a total of over a hundred persons.

Furthermore, Abraham is believed to have come in contact with far less people at the time he died— the most critical stage of the viral transmission. This means that the possible infection and spread could be well less than originally feared.

Of particular interest is the Redemption Hospital. This was arguably the epic center of Ebola and its spread in central Monrovia during the early days. This is the only free general hospital hence,

she hardly turned away anyone.



*The home of 17-year-old Abraham Memaigar, one of two persons confirmed to be infected with the Ebola virus, is seen in Nedowein, Liberia, July 1, 2015. Reuters/James Giahuyue*

They overcrowded the patients in the same general ward, doubled them per bed, placed them in close proximity and had a horrible waste management system. They barely had enough pipe born water within a week. They had a small incinerator incapable of handling the load they received.

But in late March, something dramatic happened that turned the tides of things making Redemption a case study of failure to success by will power. One woman arrived showing all the signs of Ebola. Those on duty recognized the signs and took immediate action. They isolated her and contained the virus she brought with her. This was the last Ebola victim in Liberia's battle with the disease. This was more than just symbolic, it was a testament to the hard work and determination by the medical practitioners, health workers, donors and mostly the Liberian people. In communities, villages and towns, they rallied and fought this killer away. It would not have happened any other way. No one can say otherwise either, this was a Liberian solution to Liberia's problem. Yes, our partners helped and we appreciate this but this was our victory and we should

savor it, and more so repeat it this time around.

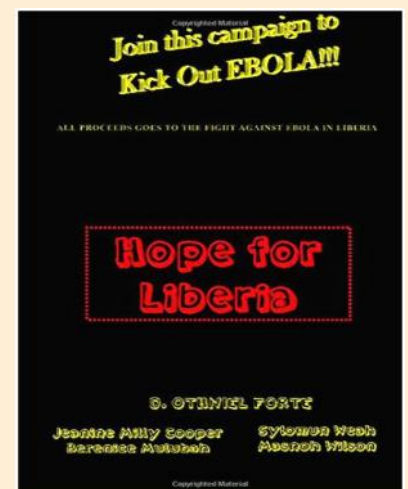
This sounds miraculous now but it came at great expense to this small hospital and the many people that did not make it through its doors. Redemption that had once played a lifesaving role during the war, turned into a death trap. Many nicknamed her the *death-zone* because gaining admission was almost certain death. She lost about twelve nurses in the last round of Ebola. So yes, she paid heavily to attain this standard. Thanks to the USAID and other donors, she received the much needed attention so whilst they battled Ebola, they transformed themselves into a state-of-the-art facility inclusive of:

- *An isolation unit next door to hold suspected cases until proper measures are taken;*
- *A rigid testing and checking in procedure; one that detects Ebola with accurate success rate.*
- *It has an active triage system to screen all patients [not only for Ebola] before allowing them into the general population.*
- *Fresh running water daily.*
- *Chlorinated hand-washing stations set up at multiple points.*
- *New set of washing machines for laundry.*
- *Proper disinfectant protocol.*
- *A well-stocked inventory of rubber gloves, which nurses and other practitioners use always with each patient.*
- *Stocked pile of face and surgical masks that are also used everytime.*
- *A reordered ward where beds are nicely spaced and hold only one patient.*

- *A protocol to ensure that waste are properly disposed of daily.*
- *It has decontaminated all its old pits for waste.*
- *Redemption now has an industrial incinerator capable of handling all her waste.*

But perhaps, the best of all these improvements is the one made in the human resource section. Nurses, doctors, cleaning staff, administrative staff and all employees have undergone the necessary training in preventing such disaster from taking over their hospital. They are still conducting training to keep their staff on top of their games.

We suggest that these steps remain in effect always as in any other decent hospital. We believe that it is imperative that this model be replicated in all other hospitals across the country. We may not have a healthcare system comparable with other nations, but we can do this in all the health centers and hospitals we have. This way we can stop most outbreaks and we could build an effective healthcare system nationwide. It will not be easy, but we have shown that it is more than possible. It is achievable.



## Rique Speaks

### *I Like the Sunrise: Duke Ellington's "Liberian Suite"*

William V.S Tubman assumed the Presidency of the Republic of Liberia in January of 1944 with the end of World War 2 still over 18 months away. The nation was 3 years away from its Centennial, which was no meager accomplishment. The small nation with its delicately balanced population of repatriated peoples of African descent and Africans indigenous to that land had struggled to maintain its reason for being, black political independence, on an African map that featured a mere two shapes not administered by the English, French, Portuguese, Dutch or Germans : Liberia and Ethiopia. And Ethiopia itself had just been mired in a tragic yet heroic battle with fascist Italy. Only Liberia and Haiti existed as Black governed constitutional republics.

Liberia's position in this reshuffled deck of cards was a vital one that was growing in importance, with Firestone National Rubber already on year 18 of a 99 year lease by 1944. Because of that lease agreement and the low cost rubber it afforded the Allies, Liberia and her underpaid rubber tappers



were a part of the American war effort just as surely as the soldiers on the battlefield and the industrial workers cranking out tanks, planes, guns and bombs in the repurposed American factories.

The weakness of the European world powers in the wake of the calamity would pave the way for the United States position as the dominant world power. The inability of these colonial powers to maintain their possessions would also pave the way for the anti-colonial movement and the creation of new African states. President Tubman understood these forces and sought to take advantage of them in order to move Liberia forward.



Liberia's position was unique, being more closely aligned to the new world power than any other African nation. For the preceding 100 years of Liberian independence this relationship produced little of tangible benefit, as the white supremacist guardians of power in the States had no interest whatsoever in assisting Black governance's viability. Ironically, the new countries that had suffered the indignities of colonial domination would receive more in the way of roads, hospitals, schools, health care and education than Liberia ever would from the U.S.

But President Tubman more than understood the game. He sought to invite U.S development not through the humanitarian missionaries who had always rendered brave and selfless service to Liberia. He sought to open up Liberia to foreign business

investment, which would sky



rocket in the new post war business investment climate. Part of this outreach to Liberia's "step mother", the United States, would be directed at the sons and daughters of Africa in America. There is a famous Jet magazine with an open letter from President Tubman admonishing Black Americans to remember Africa. And for the 1947 centennial he would commission two great black artists to produce works to represent the history and the potential of the Republic, Melvin B Tolson, the famous black poet was commissioned to write an epic poem on the founding of Liberia he titled, "Libretto for Liberia." Liberia would also commission a musical suite from a man who'd already been recognized as the most advanced composer and progressive practitioner of African derived music in the world at that time, Edward Kennedy Ellington, the "Duke".

The Duke was already recognized as the most original and diverse Black composer in American history to this point, and was also beginning to be recognized as the greatest and most original American composer



of all time, a position that increasingly became chapter and verse as his career progressed. His music was seen as a totally original combination of Afro Diasporic rhythms, Black traditional melodies, Afro forms like the Blues and the rhythmic vamp, blended with European harmonies, and forms like the musical suite.

Yet, even his advanced harmonies often contained notes of dissonance, and it seemed everything he did musically, including his percussive piano style, retained a strong “Negro”, African origin. By the time he received the commission to do “The Liberian Suite”, he’d already been in the music industry almost 25 years, with his hits, “It Don’t Mean A Thing if it Ain’t Got That Swing”, “Black Beauty”, “Black and Tan Fantasy”, “Creole Love Call”, “Caravan”, “Don’t Get Around Much”, “Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me”, “Take the A Train”, and many more already staples of jazz and pop music, as well as American life.



Ellington in particular had a reputation for the specific ability of his music to represent African American life, from the disembarkment from the slave ships, on through cotton, tobacco, sugar cane and rice fields, through the black triumph of the Civil War on to the position of Black people in the cities in the modern era. His titles and music, “Black Beauty”, “Harlem Air Shaft”, “My People”, “Black, Brown and Beige”, “Drum



is a Woman”, Creole Rhapsody”, very specifically covered topics of Black pride and what was then called “Negro life.” Ellington was what was known in the ’20s as a “race man”, an individual who had devoted his talents and voice to the sophisticated, deliberate progress of the Negro race, all over the world. He had been raised with this strong sense of racial pride by his parents in Washington D.C, where there was a strong educated black community even in the years after the Civil War. During his 1920s residency at the Cotton Club his orchestra provided the music for scandalous dance shows featuring lightly tanned female dancers doing dances in jungle outfits and settings for Jazz Age white patrons. He came up with an imaginative style called “Jungle Music” by some, featuring the powerful growls of trumpeter Bubber Miley. This music with its reimagining of Africa was hailed as a major musical innovation.

Make no mistake, getting Ellington to compose music for the Liberian centennial was a major coup for the nation that deserves more attention. Liberia was getting possibly the freshest and most original composer recording music at that time. It was also however, a special opportunity for the Duke. Ellington premiered his extended suite “Black, Brown, and Beige” at Carnegie Hall in 1943 and it was met with

condescending criticism, mainly of the sort that jazz was not a music suited to demanding longer forms. “The Liberian Suite” would be not only Ellington’s first international commission, but also his first commission from a Government of any sort. The suite was performed at Carnegie Hall twice, but to my knowledge has yet to be performed in Liberia itself.

The suite begins with the beautiful hymn like ballad “I Like the Sunrise”, performed by the Ellington bands velvet voiced Baritone, Al Hibbler. The song was meant by Ellington to invoke the yearning for freedom and independence of an enslaved person in America, with the land of the rising sun, Africa and the east, being the symbol and focus of hope. This song is therefore a theme song for those hoping to find freedom in Liberia, which if we study history closely, includes many more people than the Americo Liberians of the 19th century. It also includes tribes like the Fanti, Mandingo and other tribes, West Indians, many people from other parts of Africa during the times of colonial domination, and many other Black Americans who came to Liberia in the almost 170 years since its original founding. Ellington is writing of Liberia as a land of hope, promise and freedom from soul draining bondage.

The song begins with a beautiful trumpet obbligato and features quiet restrained backing as Hibbler sings of the promise of Liberia. This song has also been interpreted over the years by





people such as Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra.

The rest of the suite is instrumental, organized around 5 "Dances". Ellington here uses the motif of rhythm and dancing as both a vital connection to Africa, her music, and the idea of freedom contained in the Liberian story. The music is a combination of bluesy themes, solo's from his band members, and Afro Diasporic rhythms channeled through Latin America and the Caribbean. My personal favorite is "Dance No. 5" which has the most infectious, funky bass figure of the whole piece.



Michael Ochs Archives/Getty Images

"The Liberian Suite" is a unique musical accomplishment for Liberia, Duke Ellington, and the African diaspora as a whole. Here a small black nation, as old as a long lived human, recognized and commissioned an extended work from an American Black artist who'd go on to be recognized as one of the greats of all time. Liberia proved here to be a sponsor of black talent from all over the world, it was a small symbolic glimpse of the grand dreams the nation has always nurtured. "The Liberian Suite" then should by no means be confined to the margins of history, but it is up to Liberians to embrace it and make it their own. For instance, it would really be an honor to have Wynton Marsalis, an artist who considers himself the heir to Duke's musical legacy,



perform this suite with his Jazz At the Lincoln Center Orchestra at a gala affair in Monrovia in the near future. It would also deepen the piece if it's performed in collaboration with African musicians, as Marsalis did with The Ghanaian musician Yacub Addey in his "Congo Square" suite. It would also be a point of pride if this suite were added to the music curriculum in Liberian schools, it could be studied and integrated with indigenous music to form a kind of classical musical language for Liberia.

Because my fondest hope of all is that the Liberian bicentennial, Liberia itself would have produced it's own Duke Ellington to compose music that reflects the nation and where it will be in 2047. That Liberian musician will be faced with a great task I hope they are well prepared for, both honoring the nation in sound and following in the footsteps of the great Duke Ellington!



By Henrique Hopkins  
Hosts Rique Speaks

### Compositions by Duke Ellington

*The Liberian Suite: I Like the Sunrise -*  
4:28

*"The Liberian Suite: Dance No. 1" - 4:50*

*"The Liberian Suite: Dance No. 2" - 3:26*

*"The Liberian Suite: Dance No. 3" - 3:45*

*"The Liberian Suite: Dance No. 4" - 3:04*

*"The Liberian Suite: Dance No. 5" - 5:08*

*Recorded at Liederkrantz Hall in New York  
on December 24, 1947*

### Duke Ellington – PIANO

*Shorty Baker, Shelton Hemphill, Al  
Killian, Francis Williams – TRUMPET*

*Ray Nance - trumpet, violin  
Lawrence Brown, Tyree Glenn –  
TROMBONE*

*Claude Jones - valve trombone  
Jimmy Hamilton –  
CLARINET, TENOR SAXOPHONE*

*Russell Procope- alto saxophone,  
CLARINET*

*Johnny Hodges - ALTO SAXOPHONE*

*Al Sears - TENOR SAXOPHONE*

*Harry Carney-baritone saxophone*

*Fred Guy – GUITAR*

*Oscar Pettiford, Junior Raglin – BASS*

*Sonny Greer – DRUMS*

*Al Hibbler - VOCAL (TRACK 1)*

## **Authors of the Month Profiles**

**Josiah F. Joekai, Jr.**



**Josiah F. Joekai Jr.** is a Liberian born to the union of Mr. Barkolleh K. Joekai, Sr. and Ms. Kolu H. Flomo at the Curran Lutheran Hospital in Zorzor, Lofa County. He is currently writing his Thesis for a Master's Degree in Conflict Transformation from the Kofi Annan Institute for Conflict Transformation of the University of Liberia. It's titled "A Critical Look at Democratic Elections as a Dimension of Peace and Legitimacy: The Case of Liberia".

Mr. Joekai has a Bachelor's degree in Political Science with emphasis on International Relations from the University of Liberia. He has also earned diplomas and certificates from national and international professional development programs in election administration, public sector management, practical disarmament and peace building, strategic planning and project management.

Mr. Joekai is an author, educator, election administrator and a highly development-oriented person. He has worked extensively in the public sector in the areas of education, democracy and governance in Liberia over the last ten years. He worked in key institutions in Liberia to include the National Legislature, Ministry of Education and now the National Elections Commission.

Josiah has three books "*Essential Elements for Liberia's Post-Conflict Recovery*", "*From Refugee to Prominence: A Memoire*" and *Emergence of*

### *Democratic Governance in Liberia: Challenges and Prospect.*

These publications have generated much interest both at home and abroad. He has also written several other reading materials including published articles, poems and papers he presented at national and international conferences. He has delivered speeches and papers at national and international forums including the following:

1. "***Good Citizenship: the Foundation for Nation Building***", speech delivered at the National Inter-High School Drama Competition in Liberia, 2014
2. "***You are more than Refugees***", speech delivered at June 20, 2014 World Refugee Day Celebration in Liberia
3. "***Structures and Systems of Electoral Commissions and how do they relate to Electoral Violence***", paper presented at the Mano River Union Electoral Commissions' Forum in Freetown, Sierra Leone in 2012
4. Declared the Official Position of the Mano River Union on the General and Presidential Elections held in Sierra Leone in a nationally televised press conference in Freetown in 2012
5. "***Youth and Armed Violence***" paper presented at the Regional Conference on Developing a National Strategy on Armed Violence in Liberia in 2006

In 2014, he was recognized and honored by Liberians for Democratic Advancement (LIDA) as "***Author and Servant of the Year***".

He has also played a pivotal role as member of ECOWAS and Mano River Union Elections Observation and Technical Missions to Guinea, Sierra Leone, Cote d'Ivoire and Ghana to contribute to the delivery of peaceful and credible elections in those countries. He is presently the Director of Civic and Voter Education at the National Elections Commission (NEC) of Liberia.

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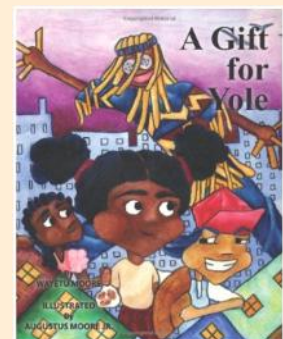
### **Wayétu Moore**



**Wayétu Moore** is a writer and founder of One Moore Book ([www.onemoorebook.com](http://www.onemoorebook.com)), a boutique publisher of multicultural children's books. She graduated from Howard University with a degree in journalism, received her Master's degree in creative writing from University of Southern California.

Moore is a former special correspondent to the National Newspaper Press Association. Her writing can be found in the Atlantic Magazine, Guernica Magazine, Gawker, The Huffington Post, Sea Breeze Journal of Contemporary Liberian Writings and various literary journals.

She has been featured in The Economist Magazine, NPR, Uptown Magazine, NBC, ABC, BET, among others. Her company, ***One Moore Book***, has published 19 books to date that feature the cultures of Liberia, Guinea and Haiti, including the 2<sup>nd</sup> children's book by American Book Award winner and National Book Award finalist, Edwidge Danticat. She is also currently an adjunct professor of writing at The College of New Rochelle - Brooklyn College.



*In our Spotlight of this issue, is a promising son who is brilliant, energetic and has come so far.*

## Author Interview



**LLM:** Tell us a little about your early childhood, upbringing, education.

I was born in Liberia to the union of Mr. Barkolleh K. Joekai, Sr. and Ms. Kolu H. Flomo at the Curran Lutheran Hospital in Zorzor, Lofa County.

**LLM:** What inspires you to write generally?

**Response:** I felt challenged by the fact that books of other Africans were seriously considered important than Liberian books. This is manifested by their consideration as requirement in our own schools. Additionally, writing is a passion for me. We are just inseparable. No matter what I have come to realize that nobody will write our story better than we can do. .

**LLM:** Who are some of the people/things that influence you?

**Response:** The President of the United States of America, Barack

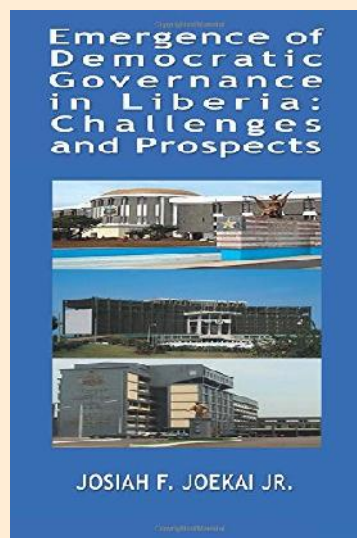
Obama is my role model. He inspires me so much by the qualities he's made of. A great public speaker, dynamic leader and a distinguished author. I don't only admire him but want to be like him. Conversely, the whole idea of role model has eroded in Liberia over the years maybe due to the violent crisis we experienced. It is very difficult to find people whose lifestyle can impact the younger generation.

**LLM:** What role does your family play in your writing?

**Response:** The time given me during the entire writing process is an important support.

**LLM:** Why did you choose your profession? When did you know you wanted to do that?

**Response:** Writing is an added advantage for me because I am a career person with more than ten years of professional service in the areas of education, democracy and governance in Liberia. I have worked at the National Legislature, Ministry of Education and now the National Elections Commission.



**LLM:** All things considered, do you wish you had chosen differently?

**Response:** No! I feel so pleased with the decision of becoming a writer. It makes me to see things differently and shapes my thought process in a way that enables me to contribute to the growth and development of my country. I am proud that I can give back to my country.

**LLM:** If you could change/improve one thing about you, what would it be?

**Response:** The tendency of sometimes being forceful. This is something I am grappling with and I think that is my limitation. Sometimes I don't seem to tolerate others ideas or views as I should do.

**LLM:** What's the biggest mistake you almost made?

**Response:** I almost took a job in Conakry following the completion of my first post-high school studies (Two years solid diploma in administration).

As a bilingual, I was tempted and I now understand that I could have just gone for money and don't advance myself educationally to reach this point.

**LLM:** What character traits do your friends use to describe you?

**Response:** I am resourceful, engaging, dynamic, forceful, charismatic, etc.

**LLM:** How would you describe yourself using five words? I know it is not much but...

**Response:** Developmental, dynamic, Charismatic, approachable but imperfect

**LLM:** Tell your fans two things about yourself they don't know about you.

**Response:** I am bilingual (speak French and English) I learn faster by both auditory and visual.

**LLM:** *There's no right or wrong answer, but if you could be anywhere in the world right now, where would you be? What would you be doing?*

Hahahaha.....IN LIBERIA OF COURSE! I love my country. It doesn't suggest that I don't travel. I am always coming back home with new ideas and the burden has been how such ideas can help in the attainment of the "Liberia" we all envision.

Oh in Liberia right now I am doing just what I could have done in that case "doing a national duty" I love working to impact society. I will not stop doing it....

**LLM:** *Let's talk books. What are your favorite Liberian books? Why do you love them?*

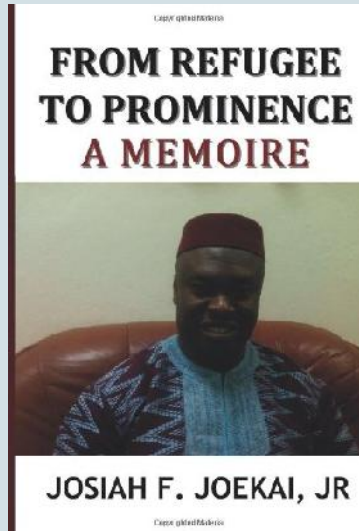
**Response:** I like some of the fictional stories like *Why Nobody Knows When He Will Die*, *Murder In The Cassava Patch*, etc. But I like *Pray the Devil Back to Hell* by Leymah Gbowee.

**LLM:** *Can you talk a bit about the inspiration for your books? Why those titles? What were some of the things that motivated you and kept you going?*

**Response:** My books are about people and society. So, I take great pleasure in them since they all point to the cultivation of good citizenship, improved governance for the attainment of a life of good quality. I don't see and believe in anything valuable more than guaranteeing the rights and liberty of the individual.

My titles are always derived from exploring national issues of concern and discussing them with people of diverse backgrounds. Their thoughts and opinions always matter. I am always

motivated by my own determination and courage to be a part of the recovery and development process of my country. But firstly, writing has always been a passion for me. This energizes me.....



**LLM:** *What is your writing process? How do you do it? How do you pick your topics?*

**Response:** I am always discussing national issues of concern with people I meet and get their views. Most times when I put them into proper perspective, they give me a volume of things to write about. So, I am always exploring and this has been an effective tool in my writing career.

As an election administrator, I am always busy with both field and office related task. So, the best time for to soberly reflect and write, is late evening and early morning hours.

I always start by just writing freely anything related to my subject of reflection....oops and then, I am there! However, not fully until it is validated (Edited) by resourceful people though.

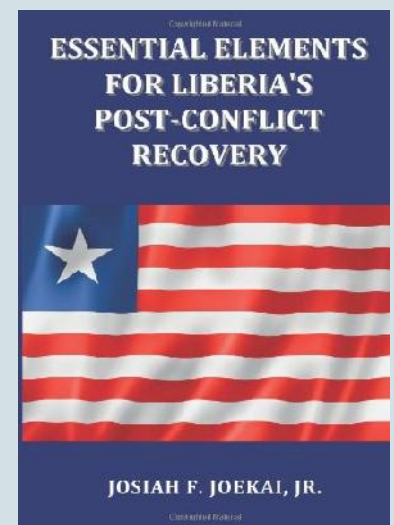
**LLM:** *As a Liberian author, what advantage/disadvantages are there?*

**Response:** I am privilege as an author based on the knowledge and understanding of the Liberian society, I can champion positive change through the "pen and paper". I can provide leadership in my little corner through the "pen and paper". The biggest disadvantage I have like many of you, is the high rates of illiteracy which makes my outreach challenging.

**LLM:** *How has Liberia influenced your works, and what do you think of the future of writing in Liberia? Where do you think it is headed?*

**Response:** The fact that Liberians generally are not supportive of each other. This is evidenced by the struggle that successful people have to endure to complete few steps of the ladder. Envy and mediocrity has engulfed the society to the extent that contributions and efforts are not appreciated.

Ironically, foreigners get the best of support in every way. That's one major reason why I elected to publish my materials abroad. So, that they get international acclamation and also generate interest back home to make the impact they deserve. Like I said earlier, we are making the transformation o that writing



takes its rightful place in the Liberian society.

**LLM: What is your impression about Liberian women author? Who are some of your best?**

**Response:** I like Pray the Devil back to Hell by Leymah Gbowee maybe because I followed her activities very closely since I live in Liberia. Actually, it is a reflection of our crisis situation.

**LLM: Are you working with any Liberian literary group [home/abroad]? Or any Liberian author?**

**Response:** Not really for now because my association with the Liberia Writers Association is not profound. I wish to deepen it a little bit.

**LLM: We have a female president and women have made up strides in Liberia, but in hindsight do you think we have done enough for girls all things considered? Or could we have done more?**

**Response:** The stage has been set and set well just by electing a female President and having a significant number of females in senior government positions. However, we have a lot more to do in spite of this milestone achievement.

Gender is still a misunderstood phenomenon. To make further progress in attaining gender parity in all spheres of life as it should be, there has to be a clear understanding of the differences between gender and sex. Gender which is basically about roles, rights and responsibilities just as attributed to their male counterpart has been misconstrued on the basis of sex. Sex is simply the human characteristics of a being that make them either a male or female. Thus, it must not be used

as a reason in any manner or form to limit the role, right or responsibility of any one person or persons. This clarification or information is so vital and required in any gender equity endeavor. I think this is one dimension that writers need to factor into their materials. In essence, much more need to be done.

Additionally, we need to embark on a campaign that promotes and enhances the attainment of gender equality in Liberia like the folks in Rwanda. They were very successful because of the influences important stakeholders like the writers had on policy makers to tailor and enforce measures such as quotas and special preferences for females in their national conversation.

**LLM: What are the greatest challenges for a modern Liberian writer especially in terms of publishing, distributing and promotion, in just getting out there?**

**Response:** Obviously, the poor readership in the Liberian society is largely contributing to the less interest people have in writers and their publications. Thus, there is limited or no support for writers. However, it has to be underscored that the culture of reading has not been cultivated in any significant way in the Liberian society.

By this, I mean, there has not been adequate policies developed and enforced in this regard. Besides, the long standing tradition of using foreign books in schools in the country is an incentive that is keeping Liberian Authors in an unknown state in their own country and has further made their publications grossly insignificant. Thus, the absence of the necessary equipment and platform for publishing,

distributing and promoting is really a nightmare.

**LLM: What do you think of the future of writing and publishing in Liberia?**

**Response:** In spite of these colossal challenges, I am optimistic that writing and publishing in Liberia has a promising future. This is however, contingent upon the resolve of “writers to get all out” and make it happen like you are doing now through this medium.

**LLM: What do you think of digital media in general?**

**Response:** Another way to go in this important excursion.

**LLM: What advice would you give aspiring writers?**

**Response:** They need to cultivate the spirit of self-motivation once they made up their minds to join us in the art. This is key. Once they persevere with the determination that drives them, success is certain. Like you know, they must have the passion it takes!

**LLM: What are you currently working on? What are some of your future projects?**

**Response:** I am currently writing my thesis for a Master’s Degree in Conflict Transformation from the Kofi Annan Institute of Conflict Transformation of the University of Liberia. The research is titled “A Critical Look at Democratic Elections as a Dimension of Peace and Legitimacy: The Case of Liberia”. The research seeks to unravel the veracities of democratic elections and their impact on development especially in a post-conflict country like Liberia.

*Ebola, Your Time is up!**By Josiah F. Joekai, Jr.*

*You come like a thief in the  
night,  
Creeping in deep silence,  
Evading every semblance of  
light,  
With your wicked intent,  
You use your merciless claws,  
To infect and destroy your  
innocent prey,  
Ebola, your time is up!*

*Ebola, you waged your invisible  
war,  
Massively taking the lives of  
vulnerable people,  
With your shameful virulence,  
You ravaged their nations.  
In their state of confusion and  
weakness,  
You displayed your cruelty,  
Surely, your time is up!*

*Ebola, your time is up....  
In your so-called battle,  
Your mysteries have been  
unraveled,  
And your weakness exposed.  
With courage and  
determination,  
The end of your terror is in  
sight,  
Indeed, your time is finally up!!*

*Ebola, the Invisible Killer**By Josiah F. Joekai, Jr.*

*Oh Ebola, you are invisible and  
deadly,  
You roam the world like a  
roving evil spirit,  
You have no specific target,  
Destroying the provider and the  
dependent,  
Sentencing them to death  
unjustly,  
Casting fear and despair,  
Ebola, you are an invisible  
killer.*

*Your reign is undesirable,  
For you are synonymous to war.  
In your heartlessness,  
You shoot your silent gun  
devouring your blameless victim,  
Your presence is forever  
forbidden,  
Oh Ebola, you are merciless!*

*In your cowardice,  
You creep on the poor and the  
rich,  
Manifesting your shameful  
prowess,  
Destroying the fabric of  
societies.*

*Yet, as invisible as you are,  
You are not invincible!  
Ebola, you are demystified,  
Your reign is in crisis,  
Your time is up!  
With courage, faith and  
perseverance,  
You will soon become history,  
And our land will be freed.*

**Village Tales Publishing**  
**Liberian Owned Publisher**

*Ebola, Our Common Enemy**By Josiah F. Joekai, Jr.*

*Oh Ebola, you are a seed of  
discord,  
You blamelessly kill the rich  
and the poor,  
Tearing families and nations  
apart,  
Breaking relationships and  
breeding animosity,  
You have no borders.  
In your covertness, you are  
strongly rejected,  
Ebola, you are our common  
enemy!  
Maintaining your agenda of  
backwardness,  
You disrupt and undermine  
progress,  
Destroying economies and  
solidarities,  
Ebola, you have no conscience.  
In your silent brutality,  
You inflict pains and sufferings,  
Oh Ebola, this cruelty must  
stop!*

*The final battle lines are  
drawn,  
You now face a whole nation,  
A united army ready for battle.  
Firm with a common purpose,  
To pursue and destroy your  
existence,  
Courageous and determined,  
Ebola, the battle is  
irreversible!*

**One More  
Books**

**Liberian Owned  
Publication**

## *My Journey from Montserrado to Grand Bassa County: Few Observations*

### Introduction

We have a solemn duty to advance a common agenda for Liberia. There is a widespread demand for inclusive transformation. Our people are really going through tough times, while so-called policy-drivers and political architects remain insensitive to their plights.

The hope of thousands of our countrymen is crumbling. Their hearts are bleeding profusely as tears continue to roll down their faces each day due to extreme poverty and misery. The struggle for survival has intensified in slum communities, cities, towns, and villages.



Eating a meal per day in Liberia has become a meaningful achievement for most citizens after almost 10 years of democratic rule under Madam Sirleaf. After visiting Grand Bassa County for three days, permit us to update you with few observations during the course of our journey:

1. The road between ELWA junction and the Robert International Airport is very narrow, even though there has



been some minor rehabilitation. In order to avoid potential risks, road expansion is a matter of urgency.

2. The road passing through Firestone Rubber Plantation is no different from

3. a 'footpath' even though this multi-million company has spent 89 years in Liberia exporting tons of rubber every year.

4. The Du, Farmington, and St. John Rivers lie in ruin as the Ministry of Information Cultural Affairs and Tourism (MICAT) remains a propaganda hub for President Sirleaf, her family, and the entire Executive branch of government. Huge forest is gradually consuming these beautiful rivers and sites. The need to establish a National Tourism Authority or Ministry cannot be overstressed. I hope the new NIC boss (Madam Etmonia Tarpeh) in concert with MICAT will engender a tangible framework in order attract investors into our tourism sector.

5. Law Enforcement Officers are not frequently found patrolling or conducting security surveillance along the highways. Some of them are still begging drivers for money, while others are creating unnecessary crimes to harass peaceful citizens. We are also under obligation to appreciate those police officers who continue to dutifully serve Liberia in keeping with ethical standards.

6. Thousands of our people still live in shacks and huts from ELWA junction to Buchanan city. They sleep under leaking roofs

(palm thatches) and drink from unsafe wells and creeks.

7. Most of our children live in unhealthy environments especially on Grand Bassa highway. Access to quality primary education is a nightmare. Some kids are found along the road selling cold water, meat, corn, chewing gums, etc. Sometimes, they are beaten by heavy rain. The road from cotton tree to Buchanan city is good, but huge forest is gradually overshadowing it. The Ministry of Public Works, Internal Affairs, the National Legislature and local authorities need to intervene.

8. The people in Grand Bassa are experiencing multiplicity of health crisis as a result of financial limitations, inadequate medical facilities, and manpower. The health sector of our country remains very weak even after Ebola. What is the Ministry of Health doing?

9. Almost all high school graduates have become motorcyclists and street peddlers especially in Buchanan city.

10. Our young brothers and sisters are becoming professional gamblers, prostitutes, and beggars.

11. People with mental impairment are found on various streets in Buchanan. I thought access to social welfare is a right. Our government needs to engender an effective national psychiatric program to cater for our brothers and sisters who have mental problems.



12. Persons with disability remain,



vulnerable with little or no assistance. Some of them, especially the visually-impaired are found begging every day for help (money).

13. Buchanan city is gradually turning into an evergreen forest. The city mayor needs to stop sleeping. The road condition in the city is very deplorable as gully erosion takes precedence. The city is dark at night hours (no electricity).

14. Sea erosion is fast eating up Buchanan as sand mining remains high. The entire Grand Bassa County stands to risk a lot if immediate action is not taken against illicit sand miners.

15. Primary and Secondary institutions in Grand Bassa are struggling for financial and logistical support. Public playgrounds for children are almost invisible.

16. The Grand Bassa Community College is faced with serious budgetary impediment as public appetite for tertiary education increases. The Department of Engineering does not even have a Director.



17. Hundreds of our people are hopeless due to recent decision taken by Arcelor Mittal to layoff over 16% of its workforce. The road leading from the residential lodge to the operational site of Arcelor Mittal in Buchanan is very bad.

18. Youth unemployment is on the increase, while labor/child abuse remains visible. Agricultural productivity is also very low!

19. Access to safe drinking water is a major challenge. The sanitary condition in Buchanan is poor. Pit-latrines and drainages are unseen.



20. Citizens from ELWA junction to Buchanan City are no longer observing zonal laws and city ordinances as a result of ineffective enforcement and monitoring by Ministry of Land and Mines, Public Works, and LNP.

21. From initial investigation, disintegration is invading the Grand Bassa Legislative Caucus. The Caucus needs to unite in order to ably represent 221,693 inhabitants of Grand Bassa County.

These situations can change if our leaders become honest to themselves and the people they serve. We (citizens) must also get actively involved in charting a new course for ourselves and unborn generations. Besides Grand Bassa, residents of my county (Bong) and other sub-regions are experiencing myriad of similar difficulties.

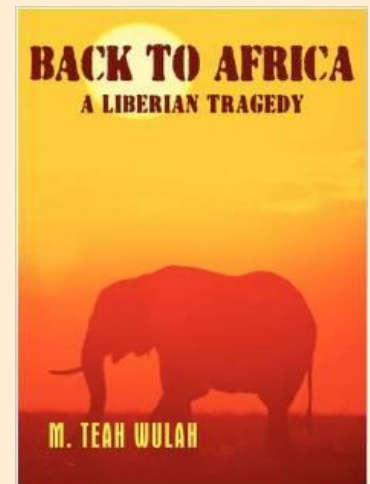
It is time to rescue and redeem our people from Montserrado to Maryland. It is time to fight poverty through genuine national development, transparency, and accountability! It is time to uproot and expel economic vultures and vampires from Liberia.

In conclusion, if these lessons are put in place, Liberia will remain a peaceful nation even if UNMIL leaves next year.



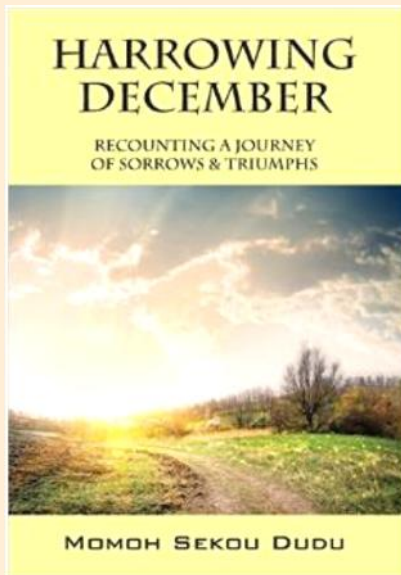
*Martin K. N. Kollie is a Liberian youth activist, student leader, an emerging economist, and a young writer. He is currently a student at the University of Liberia reading Economics and a member of the Student Unification Party (SUP). His passion is to ensure a new Liberia of socio-economic equality and justice for ALL. He can be reached at:*

[martinkerkula1989@yahoo.com](mailto:martinkerkula1989@yahoo.com)





## Book Review



### *Harrowing December: Recounting a Journey of Sorrows & Triumphs*

The Liberian civil war has given us narratives ranging from fiction to memoirs. These works are attempts to capture the various experiences and atrocities committed during the war, to inform us or remind us never to forget. One of the recent offerings is the memoir written by Momoh Dudu entitled *Harrowing December: Recounting a Journey of Sorrows & Triumphs*. The title alludes to Charles Taylor's crossing of the Liberian border from the Ivory Coast in December 1989, and the onset of what would turn out to be the bloodiest war in the country's history.

*Harrowing December* tells the story of Momoh's early years in Liberia before and during the war, and his flight first to Sierra Leone, Guinea, and then the United States. Passages about the farm

where he went with his family are nostalgic in tone, reminding us of the Liberia before the war. It's a story of man's dependence on the soil, on its yields, and of the pride that swells the farmer's chest as he gazes at golden stems of rice ready for harvest, the product of his labor. Momoh grows up within this secure environment, in a world that embraces both tradition and modernity.

In his village Gordorlahun, deep in the forest of northern Liberia, he hears echoes of a distant city called Monrovia, where his uncle lives. He captures this peaceful world in prose that borders on the sentimental, but that is appropriate in context. But Momoh is eager to leave this world behind. Soon he trades his village Gordorlahun for Monrovia to live with his uncle. Here the war meets him.

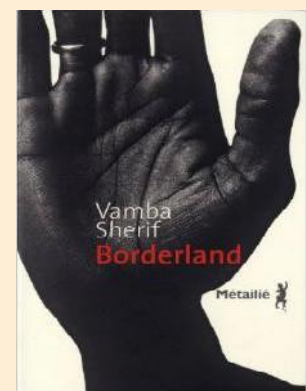
The havoc that war wreaks is so horrifying that Momoh flees, first to Sierra Leone, and then to Guinea, where he's confronted with the corruption within the ranks of the various NGOs that were set up to help refugees. The passages here make for uncomfortable reading. But there's a spark of hope. Momoh is awarded a scholarship by a Jewish lady, Mary Anne Schwalbe, on the strength of an essay he wrote to pursue his studies in America. In a country such as Liberia where at a certain point during the war a Muslim name and affiliation were reason enough to be gunned down, a Jewish woman who did not share his faith, but who believed in common humanity and the ties that bind us, saw beyond his name and the color of his skin, and stretched out her hands to help him.

The chapters could have been better arranged, the narrative

more lineal. The writer should have dwelled on life in war-torn Liberia, on his communication or lack of it with the wife and child that he left behind, for that would have given us more insight into his struggles in America, as he tried to wade his way in the stormy waters of exile. Nevertheless, *Harrowing December* is a well written memoir that reminds us that in the end ethnicity is an illusion, that we have it in us as humans to reach out across those lines that tradition and various narratives have imposed upon us, and to break them when necessary. It's a lesson for Liberia.

*Harrowing December:  
Recounting a Journey of Sorrows  
& Triumphs,*  
By: Momoh Sekou Dudu. Denver:  
Outskirts Press, 2014. 222 pages.  
Reviewed by: Vamba Sherif

Vamba Sherif



*Victor E. Ward  
Memorial Educational  
Fund: A Profile*

*By: Vickie Ward*

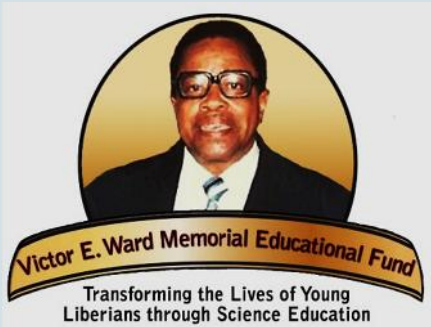
## Education Spotlight

### Thirteen Years of Promoting Science Education

Since 2000, the Ward Educational Fund has provided educational programs to hundreds of students in Liberia, West Africa and the United States. Beginning with 24 college students, the Ward Fund now serves over 700 students ages 3 to 30. The Fund has grown into a multi-program organization that delivers services through the University of Liberia, the Ward Academy, the Ward Early Childhood Development Program and the GEMS (Girls Empowered through Mentorships) Program.

### College Scholarship/Resource Center Programs

The Ward Fund fulfills its mission by providing scholarships and internships to students pursuing a degree in the sciences, particularly in chemistry. Additionally, we provide educational aids, including textbooks, notebooks, reference books, and graduation fees to graduating students. We have been at the helm of science education at the University of Liberia since our inception, providing lab supplies, scientific calculators and solution manuals for the chemistry department. We have provided lab equipment valued at more than \$25,000 and over 8,000 books, and we operate a small Science Resource Center on the Fendell campus of the



University of Liberia. Through our professional development program, we send college graduates to the US and African countries for conferences and workshops.

### The Ward Academy

The Ward Academy of Science and Technology for Girls is a vibrant elementary and early learning School that offer classes from Nursery through 4<sup>th</sup> grade. Our mission is 3-fold:

- To teach girls to become critical thinkers and problem solvers by giving them a strong academic foundation that focuses on math, science and reading
- To prepare girls for the world of technology at an early age
- To produce young leaders with moral character who believe in democracy and are tolerant of others

We have up to 85 students in any given school year and employ a staff of 13 persons.

### GEMS

The goals of the mentorship program are as follows: Increase girls' sense of self-worth; improve girls' perspective toward education, especially in the science fields; help girls develop and define their short term and long term goals; encourage social awareness through community service projects; build positive relationships and support networks with adults and peers.

[www.wardfund.org](http://www.wardfund.org)  
(703) 944-9725  
[contact@wardfund.org](mailto:contact@wardfund.org)

The year (2014), the Victor E. Ward Educational Fund marked fourteen years of promoting education in science and technology. During a time of extraordinary change in Liberia, Africa and the world, the Officers and Directors of the Ward Fund believed they had a rare opportunity to continue to transform lives for the better through the power of education.

**2000** - Vickie E. Ward, daughter of the late Professor Victor E. Ward founded the Victor E. Ward Memorial Educational Fund

**2001** - The first scholarships awarded to 25 students pursuing a degree in Chemistry Department University of Liberia. We also provided Chemistry students and faculty with Texas Instruments scientific calculators.

**2002** - Continued to give Scholarship and sent \$350 to Professor Kekulah (deceased) to purchase chemicals for the UL Chemistry lab. UL tuition increased to \$2800 Liberian dollars.

**2002-2003** The following Ward Fund sponsored students graduated with a BSc in Chemistry

**2003** - War broke out in Liberia but the Ward Fund transmitted funds in the amount of \$400 through Leon Banks (Ward Fund Grants Administrator) and

**PROMO!!**  
*Advertise  
with us for as  
low as \$15*

employee at UNHCR to assist students who needed financial assistance.



*400 boxes of books, lab and computer equipment shipped to the University of Liberia by the Ward Fund in 2011*

**2004** - The Ward Fund established the Peer Tutorial Program and WINS (Women in Natural Science) Program to attract more females to the Sciences. UL female students in Chemistry, including Alice Seton, Plenseh Paye and others visited 2-3 high schools in Monrovia and assisted girls with their science homework and encouraged them to pursue Science as a major in college.

The Peer Tutorial Program matched a student failing Chemistry with an Honor Roll student for private tutoring.

#### **2004-2005 U.S. Ward Fund Activities**

Vickie Ward, Chair of the Ward Fund attends fundraiser program in



**2010** – Dean of the UL College of Science and Technology, Fendell Campus receives Analytical Balance from Ward Fund Director of Programs, Liberia-Franklin Bundoo Philadelphia and meets President Al-Hassan Conteh, UL President, the Dean of A.M. Dogliotti College and Sedia Massaquoi Bengura,

Former Deputy Minister for Labor. President Conteh promises to designate a place on the grounds of the University of Liberia Fendell campus for a Memorial Wall to commemorate the late Professor Victor E. Ward.

**2008** - The Ward Fund expanded its programs in 2008 by establishing an Elementary School and Nursery, The Ward Academy for Girls at 96 Clay Street, Monrovia, Liberia. We hired Franklin Bundoo, a UL graduate with a BSc in Chemistry to teach science classes and direct our programs. The Ward Fund has hired UL graduates in Chemistry to work as teachers of science and math.



**2009** - Immediately upon her return to the U.S. Ms. Ward put together a team from Nairobi, Kenya to travel to Liberia to assess the Chemistry Department. They arrived in March 2009. Their report was submitted to Dr. Emmet Dennis, the new President at the time.

**2009 - 2011** The Ward Fund sought support from UNESCO for a travel grant for the professors and provided each professor with a \$1,500 stipend. The University of Liberia provided transportation and housing.

The Assessment Report provided by the 2 Kenyan PhD, professors was used in 2009-2011 to solicit funding for the University of Liberia. The following were donations received because of the Assessment Report:

1) A 20-ft container of University books from International Books for Development in 2009.

Received by Dean Sunni, UL Vice President for Administration, 2010. The books were placed in the UL Library, Main Campus.

2) 4,000 books and lab equipment worth over 10,000 from Mr. Mulbah Dwanah, former student of Victor E. Ward in 2009. Donated to Chemistry Department 2010.

3) An analytical Balance worth \$10,000 and

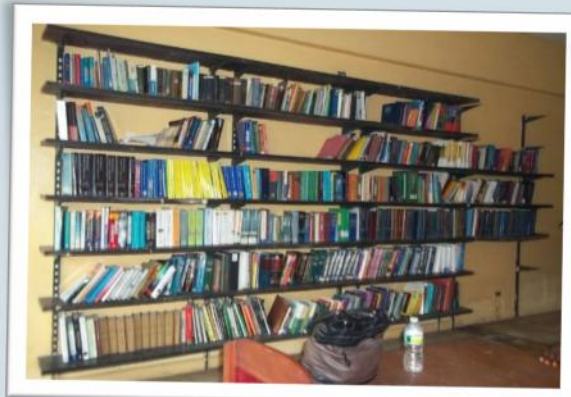


*Chemistry majors watch a scientific film via a projector at the Ward Resource Center*

Chemistry textbooks and lab supplies (glassware) valued at \$2,000 secured from the University of CT in 2009. Donated in 2010 to Dean of Science College, UL.

4) 1,000+ textbooks valued and chemical kits valued over \$8,000 secured from the Royal Society of Chemistry, London, and Syngenta arrived in Monrovia August 2010. Mrs. Tipoteh received these items for the University of Liberia.





5) Lab supplies, including glassware and plastic beakers worth over \$3,000 donated by Dr. Thompson Gbatu, former student of Victor E. Ward, presented to Professor Alexander George, Chemistry department, UL in 2010.



6) A donation of 5 electronic scales for the Chemistry department and 4 microscopes for the Biology Department.

7) The University of Leeds also donated 1000 Chemistry books and were shipped to Liberia 2011 - The Ward Fund initiated its International Professional Program, sending 2 of its scholars abroad; one to Accra for a Conference and Workshops in Chemistry and Grant Writing and another to the U.S. for a conference hosted by the American Chemical Society.

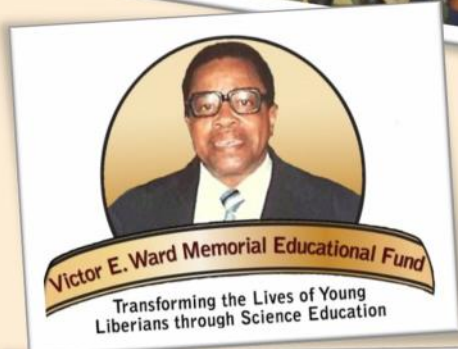


Ward Fund sponsored student, Franklin Bundoo, attends a Chemical Conference in the

United States paid for by the Ward Fund in 2012.



See a cross-section of pictures of from 2000-2014



## Kuluba's Korner

Hi Everyone! Welcome to Kuluba's Korner.

My passion for the Arts, Writing, Empowering and Motivating is who I am. While I am not an Advice Columnist...I hope you're enlightened and at times, simply put your feet up and chuckle or may we be forced to THINK!!!.

In this corner, the shift is not to scare you, but to endear or cheer you up. When necessary, we'll make wakeup calls; offer up advice to enhance our lives or enable us to become an extension of ourselves in service to others.

However, since I believe in the brutal honesty of truth [as I see it], I might just step on some toes. In such case, just remember, it is in good faith and not intended to offend. The underlining hope is to help make this world a better place using social media. Since I believe social network is a wonderful medium to inspire. I'm going to try and do just that.

Enjoy the ride. ~ KLM



Cynics will speak of jealousy, paranoia, insecurity, craziness...sometimes, true.

But more often than not, you're only seeing what you're doing and feeling, yourself.

You cause, you feel the effects!

Momma said the truth will set you free...

Save me with the truth, lest...you'll kill me with a lie.

Just "K"

I THINK I  
THINK TOO  
MUCH.

By Kuluba Mucorlor

## Liberian Proverbs

*A fly that has no one to advice it, follows the corpse into the grave. Some people end up in trouble because they don't know any better or heed bad counsel.*

*A frog has no teeth, but if you put your hand in his mouth, it will bite down. If you take advantage of the weak, one day they end up fighting back.*

*A full stomach does not last overnight. Nothing lasts forever, be it good times or bad times, one-day it comes to an end.*

*A hungry traveler will eat even a fig tree to keep him from starving. Some situations in life force/cause us to do things we would not normally do.*

*A happy mouth can't blow a fire. Two thing can't occupy a space at the same time.*

*A love from the heart can be read on the face. True love can be seen, felt from afar. It is in the actions and deeds of the person who loves.*

*A man does not wander far from where his corn is roasting. We protect the things and people we love dearly at all cost, even if it means doing things we do not like.*

*A man that does not provide food for his family does not really want to eat. A lazy man only starves his family.*

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## Women Empowerment and Girls' Education are Crucial to Genuine National Development

Martin K. N. Kollie



It really does not matter where you are, who you are, or what you have before making impact in society, but what matters is your selfless demonstration to ensure better condition for vulnerable people. There are many citizens today living in desperate conditions who are in need of help. We must go beyond words and act rapidly to intervene before it gets too late. All through my life, I have not seen any one group of people that are so vulnerable than women and girls.

According to history, women and girls have been mostly exposed to countless number of risks and dangers. In some quarters, they are usually seen as non-entities and immaterial characters simply because of their gender or sex. They are overlooked, marginalized, trafficked, and suppressed every other day around the world as a result of improper

cultural practices, low self-esteem, poverty, economic inequality, and insufficient opportunities.

It is about time we begin to exhibit a strong sense of willingness to rescue all women and girls who are mostly abused and harassed by cruel elements. The need to protect the rights of girls and women is an unavoidable reality for any productive society. Women and girls are like precious jewels and if we intentionally fail to create the necessary opportunities for them, we hurt ourselves as a nation and harm our future as a people.

For too long women and girls have been seen as backyard gardeners, caregivers, babysitters, and domestic workers. How long will this continue to happen? How long will this perception live on? The days of the 15th century are no more and we must live in accordance with this time and age. What happened yesterday must not be allowed to happen today. The world must understand that we are in the 21st century.

A century where girls and women rights are supposed to be fully protected under international legal instruments. A century that prohibits discrimination, degradation, and segregation against women and girls. A century that disallows rape, genital mutilation, sexual harassment, trafficking, and all forms of abuses against women and girls. A century that promotes gender equity, socio-economic equality, and political inclusion.



A century that guarantees the fundamental rights of all human beings regardless of gender, age, status, religion, and nationality.

We are talking about the 21st century and not those primitive years when women and girls were subjected to modern slavery and all forms of inhumane treatments.



The time for women and girls to take charge of their own destiny is now. Women and girls must work towards reclaiming a different hope for a better tomorrow. It may seem impossible to some of them, but it is not unachievable if they truly believe in themselves and their potentials.

I am one of those who strongly believe that women and girls can bring down mountains and transcend valleys. I am one of those who believe that women and girls can perform even better than their male counterparts. I am one of those who believe that women and girls can make the difference by providing great leadership in this age and time. It makes no sense for anyone to underestimate the unparalleled abilities of women and girls.

The endless contribution of women and girls around the world is not only esteemed, but extraordinary. If this assertion is an unarguable reality, then why must we continue to abuse women and girls? Why must we continue to deny women and girls from accessing equal opportunities? I thought gender equality is the cornerstone for mutual existence. I thought justice is the basis for global peace and genuine development. If this is true, state



actors must begin to invest more resources in women empowerment and girls' education. The time to empower all women is now.

There is no developed nation that has succeeded without the full participation of women and girls. The United States of America



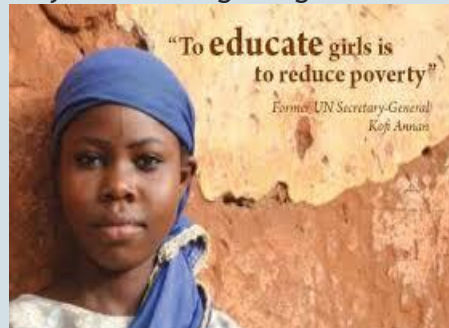
is the world's superpower today because of the immense contribution of women and girls yesterday and even now. We must not continue to ignore the impact women and girls are making around us. They are shapers of global modernization, transformers of civilization, shakers of politics, and trendsetters of economic growth.

The role of women and girls in society is essential to development. Empowering women and educating girls accrue opportunities for families, communities, and society in general. The days of considering women and girls as babysitters and house wives are over. The days of viewing women and girls as secondary creatures are over. Those days are no more, because the chain of self-pity and lowliness has been broken. For those of you who still hold to the traditional belief that women and girls are inferior beings, you must be existing on a different planet because your mentality is dead wrong.

Our society must now realize the fact that we can no longer go back to those ancient times where women and girls were seen as

nothing and were always left at the back for men to take the lead. Women and girls are taking the lead now through actions. Women and girls were not made to always be at the back. They are not followers, but leaders!! They are not second in motion, but first in motion. The power women and girls have must not be devalued today and even tomorrow.

The qualities most women and girls possess are unimaginable. Some of them have exceptional talents even more than their male counterparts. Their contribution to national economic development has been and continues to be crucial. Brigham Young was right when he said "when you education a woman, you education an entire generation". In addition, Lawrence Summers, a former Harvard University President was also very farsighted in his assertion that "Educating girls may be the single highest return



investment available in the developing world. These statements surely strengthen the need for governments around the world to build the human resource capacity of young girls and women.

We believe that girls' education and women empowerment are the best weapons to eradicate poverty, illiteracy, inequality, and economic disparity. With these two powerful weapons, Liberia and the world at large can become a better place where peace and security can prevail forever. When women and girls are empowered

and educated, the society makes



unhindered progress in terms of genuine development and inclusive socio-economic growth. We express this as a caution to those of you, young women and girls to now embrace the present and do away with the past. Women and girls must begin to see themselves as potential presidents, ministers, commissioners, ambassadors, judges, engineers, pilots, prelates, economists, lawmakers, superintendents, etc. The power is in their hands to invest more time to hard work in order to become who they want to become.

Women empowerment promotes gender equity and equality and girls' education breeds great female leaders who are borderless in their words, thoughts, and deeds. The world today especially Africa is hungry for great leaders. Liberia for example is suffering from serious leadership deficit. The gap is too wide to an extent that vast majority of the citizens are losing hope and confidence to embrace a new future.

We cannot continue to preach the gospel of gender equity and equality through words and rhetoric. It comes with policy measures and implementation. There is no development without girls' education and women empowerment. Women and Girls deserve equal opportunities like boys and men because they are tax-paying citizens as well. The days of prioritizing men over women must come to an end. The

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ANOTHER.

days of giving more opportunities to boys and forgetting about girls must cease to exist. Women and girls are not statues, but strategists. They too deserve better living condition and social upliftment.

Women and girls must be given a friendly space to compete with their male counterparts. If this is done, Liberia will regain its rightful status among comity of nations. Until we can understand that women and girls have extraordinary abilities to make positive impact in society, our nation stands to risk its destiny. Have we forgotten about great women and feminists around the world whose legacy is unmatched even today? It is our obligation to always remember the priceless contribution of Marie Curie, Florence Nightingale, Maggie Andrew Thatcher, Rosa Park, Queen Victoria, and many other feminists who changed the world. Certainly, the mark of these women on mankind will always be cherished even beyond this generation.



The role of women and young girls in leadership is critical to the forward march of any nation. It has been proven around the world that women can provide better leadership even more than men if they are empowered and educated. Women too have the right like men to become whatever they want to become! In fact, there are female scientists, lawyers, entrepreneurs, engineers, doctors, and politicians who are even making meaningful impact than most men. If this is a fact, then why must we continue to overlook them?

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The government of Liberia and all governments around the world must take genuine steps to ensure the fullest participation of women in leadership. It does not make sense to have less than 30% women representation in our governance structure. This is the highest form of injustice any one groups of gender can endure. Women and Girls themselves have a responsibility to work very hard in order to turn this ancient story around. The road to achieving this target may seem rocky, but it takes the collective energy and courage of all State actors especially women to realize this milestone. We are getting there gradually and nothing should shift our determination!!

Policy-makers need to create a conducive environment for women and girls to compete with their male counterparts. This can only



happen if girls' education is seriously prioritized and more resources are invested to empower women. The campaign to transform the socio-economic statuses of women and girls cannot be overstated. If this generation fails to act now, future of generations to come will be jeopardized.

Buy Liberian Books  
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**Martin K. N. Kollie**

is a Liberian youth activist, student leader, an emerging economist, and a young writer. He is currently a student at the University of Liberia reading Economics and a member of the Student Unification Party (SUP).

*In House Poet*

**MY BODY IS GOLD**  
 {Poem to End Violence  
 Against Women}

By: Lekpele Nyamalon

Ever tried to break gold?  
 With your bare hand?  
 Did you feel the stiff?  
 Would you trade gold for brass?  
 Or try to sweep it like some  
 grass?  
 Gold is a precious shiny stone-not  
 a straw  
 My body -this body you see, is  
 gold

I may be short, small or huge  
 With my lappa stained with red  
 palm oil  
 Swamped by crying babies in the  
 kitchen  
 Or, I may be carrying my bucket,  
 Filled with pepper, okra, and  
 corn  
 But with these, I put food on that  
 table  
 Can't you see my courage shines  
 like lightening?

I may be walking in mud down  
 waterside  
 But I smile like the bright  
 morning sun  
 Does that make me a cow that  
 you beat to move?

Why do you knock me down and  
 gang rape me like hungry thirsty  
 leopards?

Am I sweeter than honey?  
 And you laugh like its funny?  
 You are a coward, cruel and  
 shameless

Why do you keep me dirty,  
 barefooted and broken?  
 Are you afraid of the radiance in  
 my eyes?

Do you fear the glamour of my  
 beauty?  
 Are you struck by the size of my  
 hips?  
 Are you intimidated by the glow  
 of my breasts?

Now, hear me young man  
 This body you beat is gold  
 Are you a beast, built to beat a  
 woman?  
 If you're Hercules, why not jump  
 on a lion in his den?  
 Is your prowess fixed for women?

But, you don't know gold  
 Someday, you'll see a real man  
 A man with arms thicker than  
 yours  
 And chest wide for my body  
 With voice that vibrates like  
 thunder

And hands stronger than oxen  
 But, he, like a knight, guards me  
 like a queen  
 And guess what?  
 This man, my man, is a real man  
 Like a miner, he knows gold,  
 even in dirt  
 And he cleans it up and sets it in  
 a jar

And marvels at the splendor-  
 enjoying his treasure  
 But, you poor man  
 You were blinded by a ghost  
 Never knew the gold you had  
 And boy, oh boy, when you know  
 this

I'll flee like a bird and be gone  
 When it hits your door, you'd be  
 done

Left with your over grown ego  
 Chained in a cage



Stuck with your rage

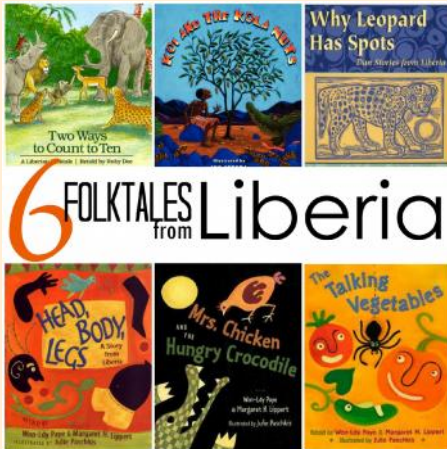
Did you think you could dim my  
 bulb?  
 And blow my lamb  
 I'll still be on fire  
 When we pass you by  
 Rolling your wheelbarrow on the  
 outskirts of duala  
 You'll hide your face behind the  
 mountain's back  
 With your torn-out trouseurs,  
 asking in your colouqua-da my  
 woman there?

This face you bruise is gold  
 This nose you punch is gold  
 This arm you twist is gold  
 This leg you sweep is gold  
 This body, my body is gold.



**Lekpele M. Nyamalon, is a gem.**  
 He has talent and we are proud of  
 in many ways. He is an up-and-  
 coming writer and poet who has  
 started a village-writing program  
 entitled "The Moonlight Series".

## Tamba and Ginah



Way back, God visited the earth personally to water it. At times, the water would be too much in some areas so man built bridges to get across. In Lofa, they build a particularly large bridge across the Lofa River. Everything seemed fine and people went about their normal businesses. However, in one of the rocks beneath the bridge, there dwelt a Ginah who was most annoyed with this situation.

The Ginah complained to God often, but on this day, he was just livid. “God,” he said, “The constant movement above my head is a bother and something should be done about it.”

“You have said your mind, but could you just be patient with humans, they are troublesome but they have some good in them. Can you bear this a little while?” God asked.

“I can’t bear it anymore. I am pleading with you God do something about it.” The Ginah

entreated God. “It is annoying me and unfair.

“What do you wish me to do about this matter?” God asked.

“Maybe you could stop watering the earth or simply get rid of humans.” The Ginah said, after all this was his goal.

Of course, God listened patiently, and then He explained, “If I stopped watering the earth plants would die and so would all life forms.”

“If that will solve the issue, then I have no problem.” The Ginah blurted out. The Ginah did not really mind for it is a spirit being and would not be affected by that, or so he thought.

This went on for a while, eventually God decided to reduce the amount of water used on the earth. This seemed to work for a while, and then Ginah came back complaining.

“Look God, the situation is occurring again, your solution was temporary. Therefore, I suggest that you allow humans and me to sort things out by ourselves.

God did not like the idea. Baffled, he asked. “How can you think that will solve the issue? You are a spirit against human. You have an unfair advantage.”

“I swear God it will be fine. Whatever solution we arrive at, man must fully agree otherwise we will not proceed.”

God agreed reluctantly but on the condition, “You can’t ever use magical powers. If you deal with man, you must do so without any of your powers.”

Ginah paused, but he feared that taking too long might make God change his mind, so he greed. He left feeling elated. He was sure this was his chance to get rid of those disgusting creatures called man.

Early that morning, when a group of villagers approached the bridge they saw Ginah perking on the stone just off the entrance. He

informed them, “There are new rules from now on. The only way anyone of you can cross the bridge is if you submit to a challenge.”

“What! You are joking right?” Jummai asked. They were all puzzled and somewhat frightened. It was common knowledge that Ginah hated man, but endured them because God forbade him to harm them.

“In case you are wondering,” he further explained, “I have God’s approval. All you have to do is freely participate in the test. Otherwise, find another route or return to where you came from.”

Now the only other routes available were extremely long and one still had to pass through the dangerous evil forest. This was not an attractive prospect not when the bridge was safer and faster. One person in the group asked Ginah, “What exactly is the test?”

He explained, “I will lie face down and each person wishing to cross the bridge had to lash me a hundred times.

Once done, he will in turn give just one lash. While lashing, if I run or don’t remain in the same position before a hundred lashes are over, then the person could cross.

However, since you humans had many lashes, I will be able to turn over thrice before you end you beating but nothing more. If more, then you are free to pass. If I make it to the end without breaking the rules, then I will give you just one lash.”

This seemed good to them. Some figured surely he could not expect to win this challenge. Furthermore, they needed to get to the other side of the bridge and conduct their affairs.

Foolishly, they agreed. Ginah asked them to pick their stick of choice. “Remember, it can be any length or size. You must hit me with the same amount of strength

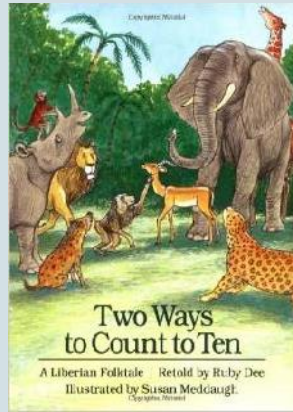
or higher but never with lesser force.” He repeated that once a person swings, they could not swing with less energy than the initial swing. You can only swing with the same force, higher strength or harder force. If you fail, I will eat you.”

Most of those present that morning agreed to the challenge. Mr. Ginah lay on his stomach and covered his face ready for the blows. One after the other, those that agreed, struck him but midway they failed the test. Those that made it to the end did not survive his one blow.

What they did not know was that Ginah knew man and their ways. He reckoned that many would go for large, heavy pieces of wood. He believed they could not steadily swing a hundred deadly blows. Moreover, if they opted to swing slowly by the end they would be exhausted and unable to hit him with any force that could cause him significant damage. Either way, once a person agrees, the Ginah felt he would have himself a meal.

By the end of the day, the news had spread to all the villages on the other side of the river. Those on the market side were shocked that almost no one from across the water came to sell produce that day. This was highly unusual since this was a major market day that opened once a week. No one could afford to miss this day.

By the next day, few braved the evil forest to get on the other side. Of those that did, even fewer made it through the forest. By the time they reached to the safety of the other side, they learned that many chiefs and family members, concerned about the wellbeing of their loved ones, had gone towards the bridge. They wanted to know what had happened. It was late evening and many had not returned so the villages were



worried. When the men broke the news about Mr. Ginah and how he had possessed the bridge it was too late for them to help. It dawned on them that their loved ones had walked right into danger and possibly their deaths. Gloom took over, women wailed and anxiously waited for news, any news.

The situation continued for a while seemingly with no end in sight. The Paramount Chiefs on both sides of the river offered rewards and the hand of their favorite daughters to anyone who would defeat the Ginah and free the bridge. Sadly, none that braved the challenge survived. Others went to seek revenge for their loved ones and did not come back. Soon, the chiefs decided to offer up half of their kingdoms and the right of succession in addition to their favorite daughters. This drew some brave warriors but the end was the same.

Initially, the Ginah believed his plan flawless. It had worked perfectly. After a while, he realized that men were simply avoiding the bridge. Some braved the river and few took the forest route. He had grown accustomed to human meat, but he was simply not getting it. The small he got came far in between. He began roaming into the forest around the edges of the bridge on both sides hoping to see a human he could con into accepting his challenge.

Word spread about the land that a Ginah wandered away from the bridge into the nearby forest and towns. People soon ceased to

pass that way. They abandoned the villages close to the bridge and ran away.

Pretty soon, the Ginah began roaming afield in search of human flesh. The chief announced that he would give his daughter and half his riches to the man who would defeat the Ginah but few men were brave enough to try. Sadly, those who did, the Ginah killed.

Over in a small village, far from the bridge, lived Tamba. He was a blacksmith who lived with his mother. He was a well-built young man. His arms were huge and he was strong from the toughness of his work. He came to the town intending to sell his wares in the market. Because his village was so far, he made this trip once in two or three months. When he reached the town, he heard the news and was upset. He could not return without selling his goods. This was not an option. He began to think of a way around the problem when he found out that both Paramount Chiefs had offered half their kingdoms and their favorite daughters as reward. He was thrilled. The thought of marrying a chief's daughter was beyond his wildest imagination, not to mention half of a chiefdom.

He decided to take up the challenge. He told no one of this for obvious reasons. He set out to get a few things before his quest. He went into the forest and when he had found what he needed, he headed back to town where he made his intentions known.

“My son, why are you wasting your life?” one asked him. “Don't you have a family maybe a mother, wife or children?” another asked.

“I have an old mother that I look after,” he replied.

“Then go back to her and take care of her. Do not try this Ginah, he is dangerous and will only kill you. Do you really wish your

mother to lose her son?" a woman asked.

"No Oldma, I do not want my mother to suffer like that." He replied.

"Then just go home," pleaded the woman.

Several older women tried to persuade him, whilst some of the younger people thought he was crazy. When all failed, some of the younger maidens escorted him to the Paramount Chief's Palace. He expressed his desire to kill Mr. Ginah.

After some dialogue, the Chief assured him that if he succeeded, he would be a wealthy young warrior. "I will give you my pretty daughter. She is my most favorite and is still a virgin. I hope you get rid of this nuisance for all our sakes." The chief then gave his blessings and Tamba set out to meet the Ginah.

He boldly approached the bridge carrying his sac on his back and a stick attached to it. Some of his goods were in his hand. Mr. Ginah could hardly believe his luck when he heard and smelt the person approached. He jumped on the bridge to challenge the person. He was shocked at what he saw. There before him stood a Tamba, barely old enough to be a warrior but there all the same. He was food. Meals came so far and few in between that he dared not complain.

"Oh young man, only fools come to this bridge, and I eat fools for supper. Let us not waste time. Lash me a hundred times with your stick or any other wood and I will lash you once," said Mr. Ginah as he stretched his hands.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" asked Tamba.

"Forgetting what?" Ginah asked.

"The part about lying down and covering your face," said Tamba.

"Oh that," Ginah feigned ignorance. The fact was he was in a hurry to eat.

"Yes that," Tamba insisted.

"Ah, very well, I will lie on my stomach and cover my face but see that you beat me well, for one of us must die," Ginah said as he lay on his stomach and covered his face.

Tamba removed from his bag the stick and swung it with a powerful blow. When it landed on

the Ginah's skull, he said "One."

Ginah cried out in a loud voice, "Aieeeeei!" Tamba swiftly switch

sticks as the Ginah quickly turned over, sat on his tail, and held his hands to his head. He moaned and rocked himself back and forth. He looked at Tamba in disbelief. He let out a grunt and said, "Eeeeeyaaaaa!" as he continued to rob his head.

Tamba raised his stick as if impatient then he said, "Are you ready?"

"Who are you, young man?" Ginah asked.

"I am Tamba," Tamba replied.

"Why have you decided to swing this hard knowing you must keep up this amount of strength or more until you finish?" Ginah asked.

Tamba replied, "I know that I can't swing any less but I do not intend to swing any less. In fact, I expect to increase my swings as I go along, take a look at me if you doubt."

"From what village do you come?"

"I come from a distant land where man is brave and strong. Remember that you have turned over once." Tamba said.

"What is it you use to hit me with?" Ginah inquired.

Tamba said, "It is my walking stick and nothing more."

The Ginah looked at him uncertainly, and asked, "Are you sure of that. No one has swung this hard before."

"I am sure. Do you wish to see it?" Tamba offered the stick for inspection.

The Ginah considered Tamba a little and thought, "But he is only a simple young man."

"Here, have a look." Tamba interrupted his thought.

"Okay! Try again; you were lucky. You must have been." Said Ginah as he went back on the floor, braced himself for the blow, and covered his face.

Tamba switch sticks raised it over and above his head and knocked the Ginah's head as he said, "Two!" Just as before, Tamba hurriedly hid the stick behind his back.

Ginah shouted, "Oooohhh! Yayayaya!!!" The Ginah rose to his feet and staggered. He looked at Tamba as if drunk. "I need to enter the forest and get break. In fact, it is unfair. I can't just allow you to beat me up like this. This is too much. I must have a break or we will not continue otherwise!" whined the Ginah.

Tamba said, "You can't! This was your idea. You alone planned this so you must go through. Are you so cowardly and scared of a few blows from a simple young man?"

"Very well, only a few more blows then, I am not scared of you. You are a kid. I have conquered great warriors why would I be scared. This time around, I will not lie on my



stomach. I will turn over and lay on my back,” said the Ginah.

“Hahahahaha,” Tamba laughed so loud.

The Ginah was confused. “What is funny?” He could not figure out what was funny.

Tamba said, “You are funny Mr. Ginah. Ninety-eight more blows, not a few more. Are you this scared or should I tell everyone how worthless you are and can’t stand a youth? You will lie down on your stomach with your face towards the ground as before. If you do not want to, I will agree under one condition; that you allow me to start all over and this time I will choose only your eyes or the area just below you navel.”

The thought of Tamba striking him below the waste or the eye horrified the Ginah. He reluctantly resumed his position, “But I am not closing his eyes.”

“You will close your eyes,” Tamba had to remind him. “You set the rules so you must follow them exactly as you planned them.” He had no choice but to oblige.

This time, Tamba, raised the stick even higher but just before he could swing the Ginah sneaked a peek and shouted. “Do you have to raise it that high?”

Tamba pretended to be angry and insisted, “Why are you turning around and opening your eyes? You better just close your eyes and forget about how high or low I lift my stick. After all, it is his business and when the time comes, you Mr. Ginah can swing as you wish, but for now, you must close your eyes and await my blows.”

As soon as the Ginah closed his eyes, Tamba who had raised the stick even higher, let down a crunching blow smashing the Ginah’s head with a terrible, crunching crack.

This time the Ginah shrieked in agony. “Aye yayayaya! Oooohhh! Ma-ma-ma-ma. He struggled to his knees; fell over the edge of the bridge into the water and under his rock. He disappeared below it.

Tamba leaned over the railing calling after him. He sang a mocking song:

*“Beat a Ginah,  
Beat its head  
Thrash a Ginah,  
Crush its head  
Make a Ginah suffer.  
Bash its head ‘till it’s dead,  
Then eat it for my supper!”*

Below it, the Ginah trembled, and crouched fearfully under its rock. Tamba called but it refused to get out and continue. What it did not know was that when Tamba went into the forest in preparation of the challenge he had made a secret weapon. He hollowed out a termites’ hill, put in raw iron ore and charcoal and added glowing coals, pumped in air with leather bellows to make a roaring fire, and smelted iron into a heavy ball. He affixed the iron ball to the end of a long, strong stick, which he used to hit the Ginah.

After it became clear that the Ginah was not going to return, Tamba went to the town and reported that he had passed the Ginah’s test. No one believed at first, but upon investigation, the Ginah was nowhere to be found. They asked him to show them how he did that. They stood afar and watched Tamba get closer to the bridge.

Just as he got on the bridge, Ginah shouted out “Who goes there?”

They shuddered in their hiding places but Tamba calmly called out, “It is I, Tamba” and he began singing.

*I beat the Ginah,  
I thrashed the Ginah,  
I made the Ginah suffer.  
I’ll smash his head until it’s  
dead,  
And eat him for my supper!*

With that Ginah screamed, “Pass on, Tamba! Move on, be gone, for I seek no trouble from you.” That is how he passed over to the other side.

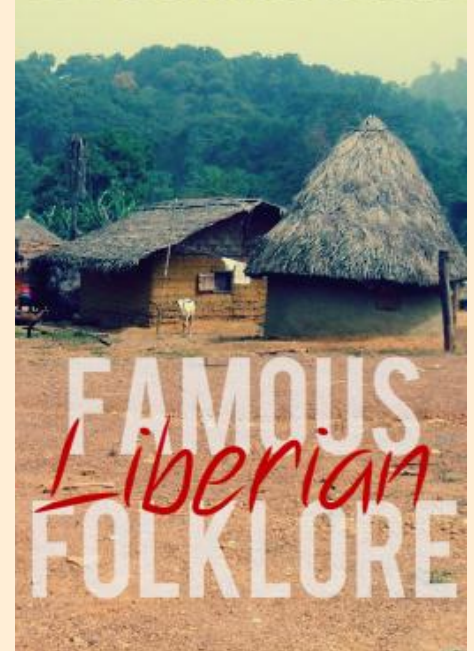
From that day on, anyone who passed the bridge would sing that song when the Ginah asked after him or her. Regardless of which name they called, the Ginah would not come out because he feared that it was Tamba trying to trick him into smashing his head.

He would shout out, “Pass along Tamba; I know it is you playing a trick on me.”

Thus, the bridge was free again for all to pass and Tamba received half the kingdom and married the chief’s daughter. They had many children and lived happily.

## A COLLECTION OF FOLKTALE

D. Othniel Forte



D. OTHNIEL FORTE

## The Forest with Eyes and Hands

Berenice Mulubah



Once upon a time. There lived a forest. Yes, there lived a forest. The trees had eyes, hands and legs. The river would sing in the night. The people in town knew but pretended not to know. It was the town best kept secret.

One day, a stranger came to town. He had lost his way, at least that's what he claimed. He stopped by the first house along the road. He asked the little girl playing in the yard for some food and water. The little girl said, "I'm not allow to give out food and water, sir. I will love to give you some food and water but you will have to wait for my parents to come back."

"But, I'm so very thirsty. Where are your parents, and when are they coming back?"

"My parents are in the forest, they will be back before it's time for the forest to party."

"For the forest to party?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"Every Thursday night, the forest dances to the sound of the river. On Thursday mornings, the people of the town take the forest supplies for the party and in return, the forest heals the sick, wounded and broken hearts."

Immediately, his thirst quenched, his hunger disappeared. He became curious.

"And you believe that, little girl?"

"I do. I do. I do."

"Why would you believe something like that? Never mind, I know why, you are just a child. Your imagination is wild."

"If I'm just a child, and my imagination is just wild, why did you come here?"

"I was on my way somewhere else and I got lost. That's why I'm here."

"You didn't get lost, sir. You were on your way somewhere else but you didn't get lost. Strangers don't come to this town. You are here because you belong here."

"Excuse me? Little girl, I'm a city boy. I was born and raised in the city. Wait a minute, why am I having this conversation with you. How old are you?"

"Don't worry about my age. Just listen to your heart and follow my lead."

"Follow your lead?"

"Yes, we have to go and get what it is you came for, before it is too late."

"I didn't come for anything. I'm a lawyer, I was on my way to the next city, when my car broke down. I tried to walk to the nearest gas station when I got lost."

"Hmm. No dear. What you are is heartbroken, lost and confuse. You came to mend your heart. See, your real name is Tamba Sawo, born in a little town called Swacoco. You were adopted by those who you now called your parents. They were missionaries to Liberia. They took you across the ocean, changed your name and never looked back. But, in your heart you always knew. You knew that you came from the town with the trees have eyes, hands and legs. You always knew that you was born to dance to the sound of the river. All you need is one dance with the trees and everything will make sense. Hurry, let's go, before the party starts."

Even though the man was hesitant, he decided to follow the little girl. When they got closer to the forest. The little girl pointed to a little path into the forest. Follow that path, listen to your heart and dance to the familiar sound. You will see the people from the town on their way back. Don't speak to them, don't say a word, even if they try to talk to you. Just keep going, until the right tree hold your hand for a dance.

"Are you not coming," he asked the little girl.

"This is your journey son, you must travel it alone and be free."

"Son? First of all...." And then, he realized that the little girl was no longer there.

So, he follow the path. He met the people from the town on their way back. He didn't say a word. Few steps later, he heard a soft whisper. A wind brushed him



gently on his shoulder. A tree held his hand, then it took a step forward, closer to him. It smiled, “welcome home son.” Just before he could say a word, he heard the most beautiful sound, it was the voice of the river. She was singing. He started to dance, slowly and slowly. Before he knew it, he was partying. He was laughing, dancing and singing.

Then he heard his name in a distance, “Peter, Peter.”

He shouted, “My name is not Peter. I am Tamba Sawo.”

And then he open his eyes.

His mother give him a hug, while his father yelled, “call the doctor.”

“Oh my God, Mom. What happen?”

“Son, you got hit by a car. You was in a coma for three days.”

“You are right. I remember the accident.”

His father came closer and give him a hug. “Son, I love you. Don’t ever scare me like that again.”

“Ma, dad, I had the weirdest dream. I dreamt that I was lost in Africa.”

His mother said, “Let me guess. Specifically, Liberia.”

“Yes. How did you know?”

His mother looked at his father and his father nodded to his mother.

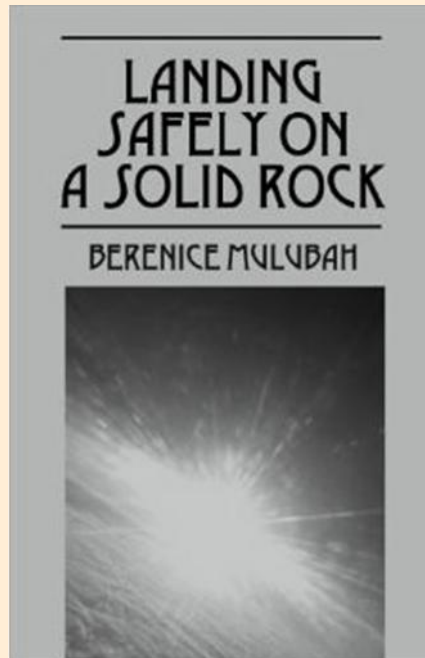
“Mom, dad, what’s going on?”

“Son, we love you so much but you are not our biological child.”

“What do you mean?”

Just then, the doctor walked in with the nurses. “Welcome back.” Said the doctor. They did few test. The doctor said to his family, “he is good as brand new.

We will observe him over night, if everything is good, you can take him home tomorrow.” The doctor and nurses left the room. Peter and his parents continued the



conversation. Peter found out that he is originally from Liberia and he was adopted. He learned that his mother was just a little girl when she got pregnant. Just a ten year old little girl who got raped by one of the elders of her town. It was his adopted parents who were missionaries to Liberia at the time, who took care of her until she gave birth. She named him Tamba Sawo and asked them to adopt her son.

“Yep Peter, I think the woman in your dream was your mother.” Said his adopted mom.

“And son, I think it is time that you go and find her. We are willing to go with you. Show her what a fine son she brought into this world.”

His adopted Mother held his hand, “Son, I’m sure she is waiting for you, so she can to be heal. Go

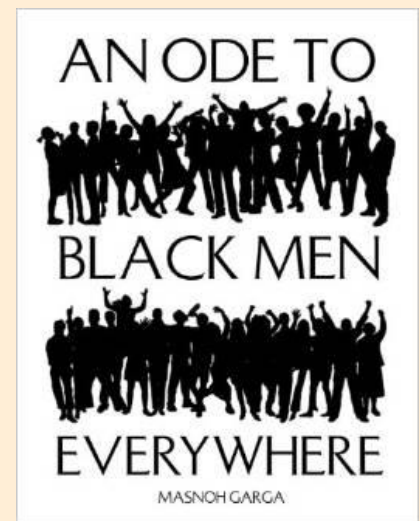
back home Tamba, go and heal your mama’s heart.”

“But, what if she is dead? Didn’t you say they had a civil war and they had Ebola crisis?”

“If she is dead, I’m sure she is waiting for you before she can cross over. But, I have a feeling she is alive.”

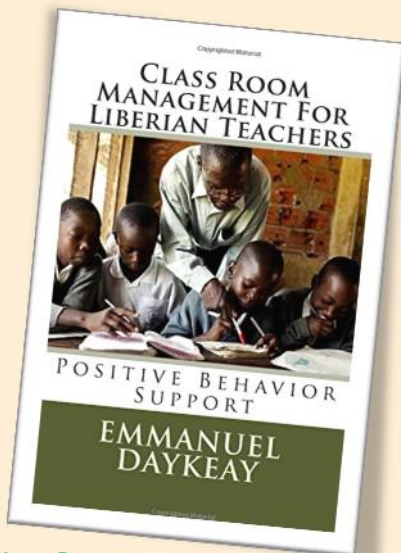
That day, Peter left the hospital a new man. He changed his named from Peter Williams to Tamba Sawo. His adopted parents gave him all the support he needed.

.....  
Berenice Mulubah



Ad  
Space

## NEW RELEASES



### Class Room Management for Liberian Teachers: Positive Behavior Support

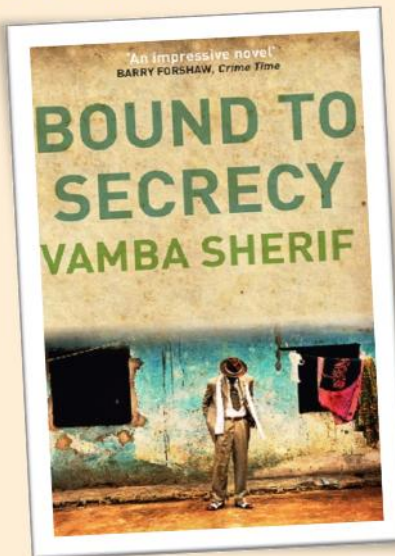
focuses on practical strategies to prevent and reduce behavior problems and enhance student learning, particularly Positive Behavior Support (PBS). This book discusses the mythologies and proofs of effective classroom management, provides an overview of the theoretical and pragmatic basis of Positive Behavior Support, and describes PBS interventions from peer-reviewed research, highlighted in easy-to-understand language to facilitate teachers' knowledge of evidence-based techniques. Real-world. Each year, thousands of new Liberian teachers head out for their first teaching job, ready to fulfill a lifetime dream. However, most teachers have nothing to prepare them for or support them on one of the most significant parts of their job: how to effectively run a classroom and handle the students. Class Room Management for Liberian Teachers is the first book to give Liberian teachers the skills they need to manage a classroom effectively. Liberian teachers are empowered to Lead, Inspire, and Change the lives of many Students.

### BOUND TO SECRECY

William Mawolo arrives in a small Liberian town with a secret mission: to investigate the mysterious disappearance of the police chief. The locals, however - police force and citizens alike - are far from happy about his presence, and their hostility is

increasing daily, threatening to boil over. At the same time, Mawolo is drawn to the departed chief's daughter, Makemeh, who for some reason doesn't seem to be too concerned about her missing father. Intrigued, Mawolo decides to stay longer than required - and even attempts to take charge of the town. Little by little, he starts to behave like the despotic man whose disappearance he came to investigate. His desire to uncover the town's dark secrets puts him in danger . . . but will his heart rule his head?

*Bound To Secrecy* is an exploration of power and the fear it generates; and of love in all its

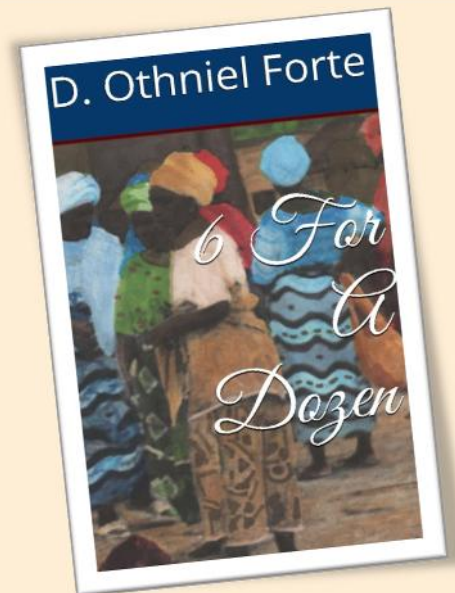


magical, addictive forms.

A rich mix of African tradition, classic crime fiction and the supernatural, Bound to Secrecy is a captivating account of the complexities of Liberian society and the inevitable clash between modern life and ancient cultures.

### ECLIPSED

It's best to work with the system, and right now - the system is war. 2003, civil war is raging in Liberia. At a rebel army base four young women are doing their best to survive the conditions of the war. Yet sometimes, the greatest threat comes not from the enemy's guns, but from the brutality of those on your own side. With the arrival of a new girl, who can read, and an old one, who can kill, how might this transform the future of this hard-bitten sisterhood?

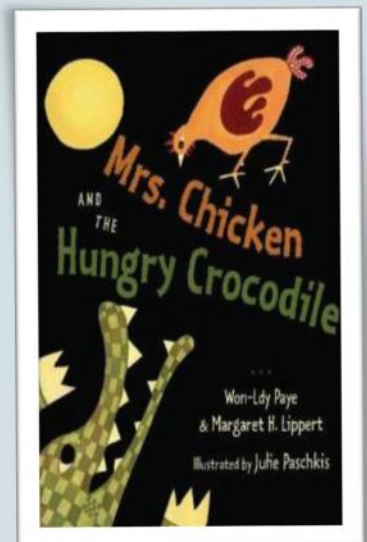
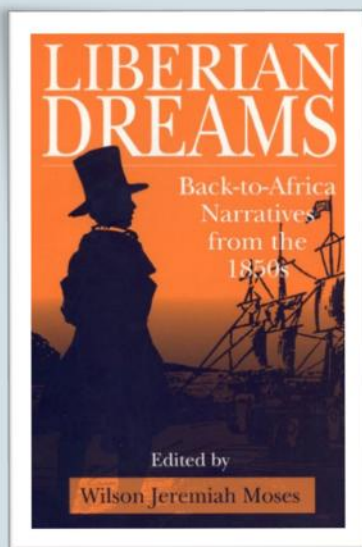
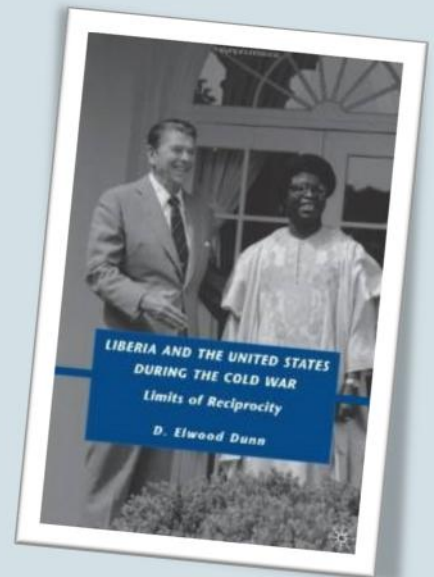
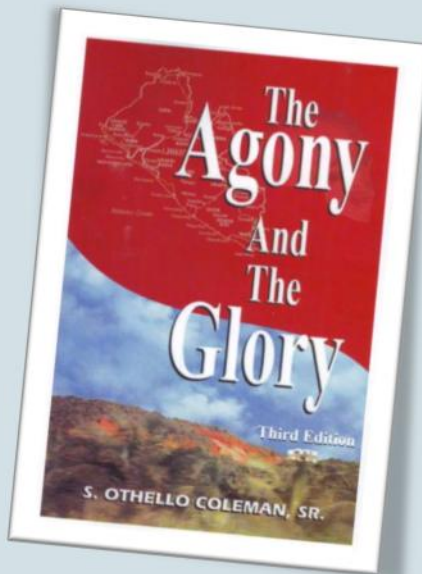
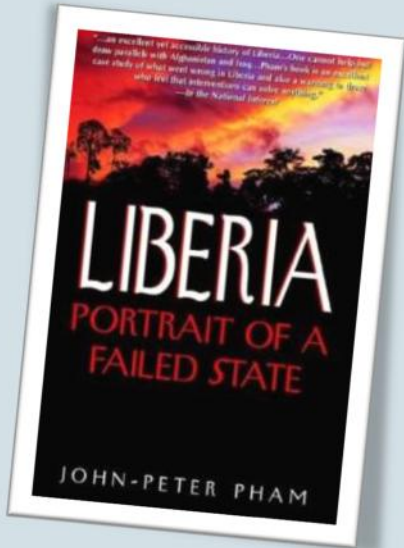
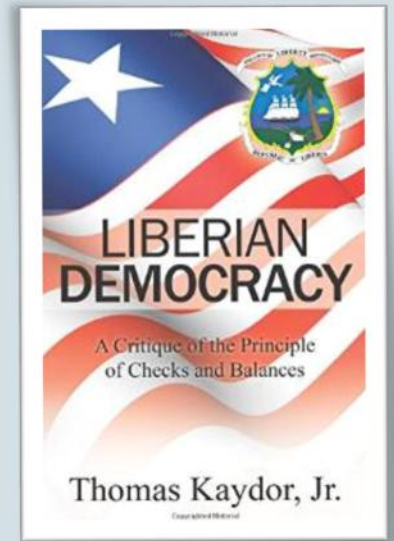
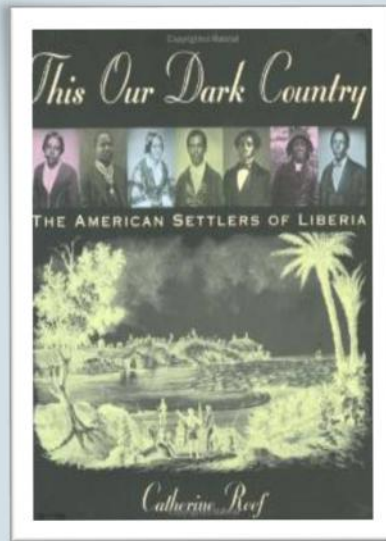
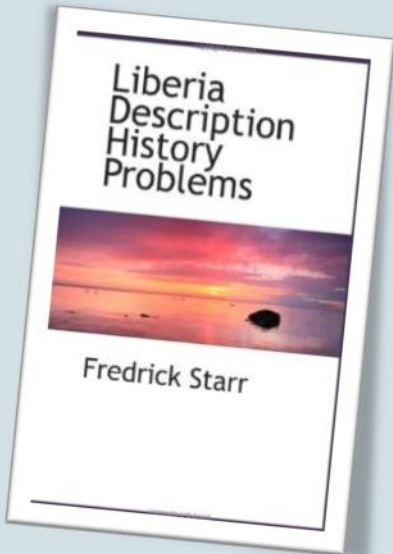


### 6 FOR A DOZEN

The telling of stories is a tradition in itself within the Liberian community. It is a skill, one reserved for a special class of people, storytellers. It is a culture within a culture. In many tribes, only trained people or the elderly told stories for educating or entertaining purposes. Anyone can tell a story, but only few can tell it well. This book follows in that regard. The stories range from personal to traditional and folklore. Within each story, the author embeds local customs, traditions and belief systems of various Liberian tribes. Readers will identify with characters on many levels because of the realness of their situations. 6 For A Dozen is a collection of stories from Liberia. It is an important addition to the growing body of Liberian literature written by Liberian authors.



RECOMMENDED READS



## Forgotten Heroes

**Anthony David Williams** (1799-1860) was a freeborn man who migrated to Liberia in 1823. It appears that he had traveled alone, what remains uncertain is if he had other relations in Liberia that prompted him to make the journey or he simply wanted to get away from America and start a fresh life in Africa. He was one of the few (actually only three) unmarried freeborn missionaries to come to Liberia -within the first thirty years- intent on spreading the word of God. In total, there were only seven unmarried missionaries to sail to Liberia then. He was 24 years old when he arrived. He had migrated from Petersburg, Virginia. He was a Methodist minister.

He served as Colonial Agent for the ACS during the years of 1837 to 1839. Under his administration, the colony of Mississippi-in-Africa was established. Supporters of the colonization movement had hoped that this would boost the colonial drive and bring in more freed blacks to Africa. It could also mean more money for the colony.

He owes his ascension to the Vice Presidency to the House of Representative as they ended up selecting him the winner of the most fiercely contested elections (in 1949) since independence. Three formable candidates each a seasoned administrator and politician contested and split the votes cast. After the original results failed to produce a clear out winner between the three candidates, the legislators made the final selection. He served as Liberia's second Vice President from 1850 to 1854.

He later married and had children, one of whom (Anthony D. Williams Jr.) served Liberia as Secretary of War and Navy. Much later, in 1891, the junior Williams

ran unsuccessfully for presidency. He ran as the candidate for the New Republican Party (the same party as his dad). His second attempt in 1893 was also unsuccessful as J.J Cheeseman of the TWP flogged him again. He tried to change his fortune when the opposition, by now under the name of the National Union Party, featured him as their candidate at the turn of the century's election-1899.

## Children's Story



## Why We Have Death



**L**ong ago, Sno-Nysoa made everything and then he made people. Before He went back to the skies to rest, He put Life and Rest in charge of the world, especially people. Soon, Life and Rest fell in love with people. They were too complicated and everything about them was hard to understand. However, people were very good. They behaved nicely and helped all other animals, plants and one another. Nothing else created were like them. Because of their good ways,

Life and Rest got into a palava. Life wanted to keep people; Rest also wanted the same thing. When people go to Life, he would not want them to go back to Rest.

Back then, Rest did not keep people forever. He kept the gates to the Other World opened. People could come and go as they pleased. They would spend some time in the Other World with Rest and then come to Life and spend time with him on earth.

Out of jealousy/selfishness, Life started making things on earth so interesting to fool people so that they should not go back to the other world. Sometimes, he even covered the way to the Other World just so they could get lost and remain here with him. Rest complained to him many times, but he did not listen so Rest took the matter to Sno-Nysoa.

Sno-Nysoa listened to both of them and decided that he was going to divide things. Life will keep the beautiful things- flowers, oceans, and all the wonderful creatures but only for a certain times. After each circle, plants will shed their leaves, which Rest will take. He created Death to be the mediator and to make things fair.

When it came to people, Sno-Nysoa decided that Life would have them first, when they are born. After a certain time, Death will come for them and take them back Rest. Rest wanted to avoid cheating so he asked Sno-Nysoa to remove the bridge between the two worlds; this way, if a person was with Life, they remained there until their time and then Death will come for them and cross them over. Life can't go to the Other World anymore, nor can Rest come to Life's world.

This was how Sno-Nysoa settled the matter. That is why we have Life and Death and Rest.

*Retold by:*  
**Harriet Agyemang Duah**

## Poetry Section

### TRISTE TROPIQUE

*One can hardly comprehend  
Africa in a thought  
let alone in a mythic river or two  
or in a splattering enjurement  
of legend and lore  
or in olympic mountains where  
simians play  
or stretches of beast inflected  
savannah  
or in old davidic gorges  
where bones sit as storytellers  
or in all the human beings that  
were bought and sold*

*one can hardly imagine Africa  
in a dance  
let alone in stilt walking prancers  
or dervishes whirling in a raffia  
ruse  
of roots gone down deep before  
or in masks that smile and talk in  
tongues  
or in drums that beat in linguistic  
meter  
or in rattles that shake in blood  
beat tones  
or in all the spirits that drift in  
and out  
of human trance*

*one can hardly conjure Africa  
in a scheme  
let alone in tribal tribulations  
or in god forsaken fever ridden  
wanderings  
of journeys without maps  
or in philosophies animistic in  
their nature  
or in curings medicinal in their  
charms  
or in desires to be left alone  
or in fear of strangers and  
strange forebodings*

*in a full moon dream  
of diamonds and gold  
one can hardly comprehend  
Africa  
Kpaiyea, Liberia*



Jack Kolkmeier studied English Literature/ Creative Writing at Ohio University in the 1960's where he developed a special interest in the Romantic, Imagist and Beat poets. He was the Editor of Sphere, the Ohio University literary magazine, from 1967-68. His writings have appeared in numerous publications including The Writers Place and have been broadcast on his popular Santa Fe radio programs, The International House of Wax and Brave New World, and presented with his performance group, The Word Quartet.

He was a Peace Corps Volunteer in Liberia, West Africa from 1969-72 and received an MPA in Public Policy/Urban and Regional Planning from Indiana University in 1974.

Jack moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico in 1975 to study filmmaking at The Anthropology Film Center and worked there professionally in education, broadcasting and the performing arts, journalism and urban and regional planning. He currently resides and writes in Delray Beach, Florida. His current writing projects include poetry, music and city planning topics and screenplays.

He recently completed Tribal, his first, full-length book of poems.

His writings have appeared in Sphere, Gulcher, Mothering Magazine, The Beat, The Santa Fe Reporter, The Writers Place, Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, Liberian Studies Journal, Crosswinds, and Practicing Planner

### EVERYBODY IS COLORED (A SONG)

*everybody is colored  
everybody's got tone  
everybody's got a mother  
and a bag of white bones*

*everybody is colored  
everybody's got hue  
no matter if it's me  
no matter if it's you  
everybody's got a mother  
and a bag of white bones*

*the color of the night  
the luster of gold  
the color of fire  
the swagger of bronze  
everybody is colored just right*

*flax among gamboges  
chromate tracks  
in the saffron sand  
flax among gamboges  
everybody is colored  
just right  
everybody is colored  
everybody's got shades  
from the Queen of Hearts  
to the Ace of Spades  
everybody's got a mother  
and a bag of white bones*

*everybody's got a mother  
and a bag of white bones*

Santa Fe



## Liberia - "The Before, During, and After Ebola"

Preston M. Tulay



### ~ One ~

I am a land, small and big in the eyes of many  
Of these I am the greenest of greens  
Bounded by four distinctions  
West of my narrow path is two nations of friends  
North of me is a land that stretches from west  
I fear not to call my friend  
East of my stretch greens is yet another  
For our greens see no boundaries  
As roots and branches crosses high and low  
No distance we travel as we flourish  
And, yes down south of me is my ocean friend  
As I stretches by her side down to my very south  
With beautiful white sands, I carried her shore lines  
In distance far and near for my dwellers

My ocean friend cherish my greenness  
In moments of time she breezes me  
Before, during, and after you Ebola

### ~ Two ~

A land of natural elements in abundance  
Yet, not as in the destruction of my people  
Unto earth as it in fertile land  
In water of rains, rivers, lakes, and ocean  
Like air, it hallows below and above my green pastures  
Even so, as it is in fire to restore the newness of life  
For in the state of my natural elements  
As to maintain my cool and moisten my greens  
For which my love is infinite, and dislike by few  
My state of natural beauty shall always remain  
For this is the land I am and always will be  
As I was before Ebola and so shall I be after

### ~ Three ~

I am the land you referred to as Liberia  
Yet, I am more than Liberia; not just a country as you claim  
I am the home of many, and many more shall be  
My dwellers are my precious inhabitants  
Choose them, not I, but He that knows no boundaries  
In time past I proclaimed their perpetuity with me  
That which you may call freedom - I know not of  
I confirmed, I am the land of perpetuity  
For that and my greenness, I am the envy of few

Even the few that called me home, and the travelers  
Yet, for love of land is my origin  
As I remain resolute even so in my naturalness  
As it is in my state of small, big, green, and blissfulness  
From my far west to my far south  
I give you true beauty of broad shore lines  
My beauties are the desires of many you called nations  
You have come to see and many shall come again in time  
As I remain to flourish before and after Ebola



Preston M. Tulay

Mr. Tulay, was born in Liberia, West Africa and moved to the United States of America. He attended Howard University where he received a Bachelor of Business Art degree in Computer Based Information Systems in 1991.

In 1999, he received his Master of Science in Computer Systems Management (IT) from the University of Maryland University College.

# Artist of the Month

## ART SELECTION



**Brima Wolobah**

I started drawing as a child, I was a refugee in Genie during the Liberian war, all my drawings was always conflict, war images, I will draw people carrying guns killing each other the air of violence was so much, art is a medium of communication so I was able to express my feeling and emotions through drawing and art. I came back to Liberia after the 1997



election, few months later a visited a couple of artist homes, they were so excited when they saw my drawings. I began to work with some artist, my drawing skills improved and I began to practice with water color, 1999, I stopped drawing I didn't have interest again as a career

something that could benefit my future so I left it, ten years later 2007 my daughter was born things got worse there was no means of survival, a dropped from college after three years, the only skill I had was drawing so I went back to drawing but this time with more energy, courage and passion a reason I named my daughter Courage, because her birth gave me the Courage to start again. I went to Child Art Liberia as an apprentice, I was learning how to

### BRIMA'S GALLERY

Paintings by *Brima Wolobah* of BRIMA Arts Gallery.



paint and teaching children how to draw, three years later I was good enough and bold enough to go out on my own.



MEET OUR TEAM



MOMOH SEKOU DUDU  
SENIOR REVIEWER/CONTRIBUTOR



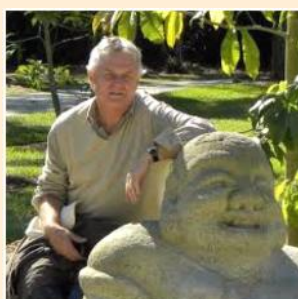
HARRIET AGYEMANG DUAH  
STAFF REVIEWER CHILDREN'S BOOK



REBAZAR FORTE  
IT/LAYOUT DESIGNER



HENRIQUE HOPKINS  
SEGMENT HOST/REVIEWER



JACK KOLKMEYER  
CONTRIBUTOR



KULUBA MUCURLOR  
SEGMENT HOST



MARTIN N. K. KOLLIE  
CONTRIBUTOR



TYWANYA C. NHAWAY  
STAFF CONTRIBUTOR



LEKPELE M. NYAMALON  
RESIDENT POET



JOSEPHINE BARNES  
ART CONTRIBUTOR

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS

- SAMUEL G. BENNETT JR.
- HAWA JANDE GOLAKAI
- BERENICE MULUBAH
- CLARENCE PEARSON
- VAMBA SHERIF
- SYLOMUN WEAH
- MASNOH WILSON



BRIMA WOLOBAH  
ART CONTRIBUTOR



**AROUND TOWN**



**Central Monrovia**

Broad & Buchanan Streets inbound traffic



**Traditional Dancers**

Traditional dances form a major part of life. It is free entertainment. Sadly they aren't paid.



**Fish Sellers Resting**

A group of young women selling fresh fish They get these from fishermen.



**Money Changers and Cash**



**Providence Baptist Church**



**Relaxation Time**



**Kids Playing After School**



**Cucumber and Banana Seller**



**Ariel View of the City**



**Loaded Taxi**

Cabbies moving their goods from one point To another. This is part of the average hustle



**Sunset- Relaxation Time**

White sand beach adorned with fully grown cocoa nut trees



**Beach in Paynesville**

Liberia has some of the best beaches in the region. Sadly, many are not developed

# Editor

## D. Othniel Forte

Here at Liberian Literary Magazine, we strive to bring you the best coverage of Liberian literary news. We are a subsidiary of [Liberian Literature Review](#).

For too long the arts have been ignored, disregarded or just taken less important in Liberia. This sad state has stifled the creativity of many and the culture as a whole.

However, all is not lost. A new breed of creative minds has risen to the challenge and are determined to change the dead silence in our literary world. In order to do this, we realized the need to create a *culture of reading* amongst our people. A reading culture broadens the mind and opens up endless possibilities. It also encourages diversity and for a colorful nation like ours, fewer things are more important.



PHOTO BY: CHITO REYES

We remain grateful to contributors; keep creating the great works, it will come full circle. But most importantly, we thank those of you that continue to support us by reading, purchasing, and distributing our magazine. We are most appreciative of this and hope to keep you educated, informed and entertained.

Promoting  
Liberian

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& Culture

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# KwEE

Liberian Literary Magazine

July Issue 0715

*Author of  
the Month*

**Josiah  
Joekai**



Duke  
Ellington's  
Liberian  
Suite

**Book  
Review**

University of  
Liberia and the  
Ward Foundation  
15 years on:

*Children's  
Story*

**Empowering  
Girls & Women**

**Poetry Series  
Short Stories  
Forgotten Hero**

**Ebola  
Round  
Two**