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[Ikani's Homestead](#)

THE DASH

3 Stories

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from the author

Well, here it is - three stories featuring my most popular super-hero, The Dash.

I actually wrote these more than a decade ago when I was young and thought I'd grow up to become a famous author (these things happen). I just dug them out again and re-wrote them (nah, you don't want to see the original scripts - that was my first ever attempt at writing a book in Secondary School, usually I made only comics).

The Dash has come a long way over the years - I'm too broke to start producing his comics, books and related fun items commercially (I just still might do that one of these days then it's on to The Dash TV cartoon series, The Dash feature length cartoon, The Dash movie...) - it was really surprising how a 12-year old, powerless nutcase... ehem, genius, of a super-hero who was Nigerian could take on guys like Superman, Batman and Spider-Man in terms of popularity amongst readers back then in Secondary School. I had big plans for him.... They are yet to materialize.

Anyway, you'd better enjoy these stories while they are still free.

Enjoy.

- Ikani

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Enter The Dash

Chapter 1

Enter The Dash

You have all probably heard about various super-heroes, but here is one you have definitely never heard of: 'The Dash'. He is just absolutely crazy!

Ever been to Africa? It all began in a small town, called 'Garinmusabo', located somewhere at the boundary between Nigeria and the neighbouring country, Cameroun. Don't ask, it's just there somewhere!

Not many people know about the town ("Who's this crazy tourist going about some town with *garri*. People read these adventure-fantasy magazines then come around asking for all sorts of treasures and maidens with fair eyes and bloodstained fangs"... NOTE: 'Garri' is a local meal made from dried and fried cassava flakes, now that's a treasure I can tell you!) because of its location being so far away from other towns, cities or villages. Though the town remained unknown, legend has it that Garinmusabo was founded by a group of treasure-hunters who were seduced to this land years ago by maidens with fair eyes and bloodstained fangs out to trick innocent travellers into doing the dishes at home before their parents got back from work while they simply lazed around speculating about the price of garri. Haha, of course not, I'm just joking. No, it was said to have been founded by some Hausa, Yoruba, Igbo, Igala, Fulani, Tiv and other (there quite a number of Nigerian tribes and ethnic groups, you know) tribesmen and women (and children) who had left their own native lands and decided, oh well, might as well settle down here. And so, that was how Garinmusabo came into being.

Now that we know Garinmusabo's origin, our story may now begin. It is ten o'clock in the morning and at IOA Abinci Street, a certain Adamu Mohammed is just being woken up for the seventh time by his mother. "Will you wake up, you lazy child?!" she shouted furiously, "you are already an hour and a half late for school! Wake up, my friend!"

"Mmmm, I'm coming mother, mmm, I'm coming." Adamu replied sleepily. He had really been enjoying his sleep and, in fact, did not even feel like going to school today.

"It seems like that '*koboko*' (a small sort of whip used for threatening children and actually used by war criminals who believed in corporal punishment at schools as well as by aggressive salesmen tired of being 'so nice to customers') of mine will come in handy here". On hearing his mother mention the word *koboko*, Adamu immediately jumped out of bed and ran into the bathroom to have his bath.

The boy was already twelve years old and still occasionally enjoyed missing school, though this tended to only occur when he was ill or had to travel with his parents on a day he was supposed to be at school. He was a rather slim boy, and normally, looked younger than his age. He had very dark and short hair, his mother liked his hair cut short and neat, and she strictly saw to it that his hair was kept that way.

Adamu usually wore a t-shirt, or sometimes a katfan, blue trousers and a pair of canvas shoes.

His friends nicknamed him 'Adamisco-Adamu'. He was well known for his love of comic books. He had hundreds of them: superhero comics, funny comics, sad comics (because you could break down into tears when you read the pitiful things and realized you'd probably been duped), World War II comics and even 'How to cook...' comics. He would often be seen acting as a superhero from one of his superhero comic books. "Hand over that destructo-weapon, vile one, or I shall use my eye-beams on your behind!"

"That's it, it's detention for you!" the Arts teacher would snarl at the day-dreaming boy, pointing his eraser like a real destructo-weapon. It was easy to see Adamu was more fond of super-hero comic books than any of the others. You can say that again, scaring a policeman out of his wits one day by putting a mask on and appearing in a bank with his mother with red shorts on his trousers. The officer thought Martians had succeeded in accurately locating Garinmusabo on the map where humans had failed and they were celebrating by first invading the bank where he had been stationed on guard duty. Needless to say, the man was a well-known *Star Trek* fanatic who made it into the police force because someone high up had been very impressed with his cooking skills.

Yes, Adamu had promised his friends, so many times, that he too would one day come up with his very own super-hero and then he would be off for a grand new life in the publishing industry.

Let's now head over to Garinmusabo Secondary School where a furious English teacher, Mr. Krazi Harris, was waiting impatiently for a certain student of his who had never been as late as he was today. Mr. Harris was a short and stout fellow. The top of his head was bald and he had hair on the sides and back of his head only. His face was usually clean-shaven and he had a large bulging stomach which looked like the result of a nasty accident from his younger days as a football player. Mr. Harris always believed in things being done the right way, though you could catch him sometimes eating in the Staffs' Room while students in his class rejoiced that the 'Grammar Phone' had finally been transferred to another school.

"Kai, that boy will get fifty strokes of my most painful cane," he concluded after the first five minutes of waiting outside in the cold dry dusty winds characteristic of the present Harmattan season.

He suddenly spotted a short figure jumping over the school fence and running round the corner towards the classroom area.

"Adamu! Adamu! Come here! Did you hear me? I said come here! Okay just you wait, you silly boy!" And with that he picked up a long stick and ran towards the classroom area. (Slow motion... and maybe some *Mission Impossible* music as well) Mr. Harris swerved round the corner. His belly bounced up. It bounced back down. His mouth was pulled downward revealing only the top teeth. His nostrils flared. This was the face of a determined man. A man without fear, *oh nyeah baby!* Without looking, yet fully acknowledging the presence of the 'enemy' just around this corner, he swerved with his stick and 'GBAT!' He let out a roar of victory.

Well, he'd just hit the school principal, Mr. Patrick Maddogg. When angry, Mr. Maddogg did resemble a mad dog! He had just caught Adamu trying to sneak into class and was questioning him, when he was suddenly hit on the head with a stick. (Very fast motion) Maddogg clenched his head with those massive hands of his and danced around for some time going "Ee-ee-ee! Waa-wee-yee-yee! Aaaaahhh!"

"Er... en.. oh sir! En... en... sorry sir, sorry sir! Oh my..., sorry sir," Mr. Harris stammered as he dropped the stick and tried to soothe the other man's pain by rubbing his head with a handkerchief. He was terrified. Mr. Maddogg was the meanest, ugliest principal with a massive body packed with muscle upon muscle Garinmusabo Secondary School had ever had.

"Sorry? Sorry?" snarled Mr. Maddogg. "Just you come with me to my office and explain yourself! Consider yourself lucky if I don't give you a few strokes of the cane myself!"

Adamu was extremely thankful for this incident, he had been saved him from some horrible punishment (you could be sentenced to thirty minutes hard labour in the toilets for such an offence as scaling the school wall and sneaking into class late). He swore never to come to school late again.

After school, as Adamu was heading home, his friend Olu, ran over and stopped him. Olu was the same age as he and was a little taller than he though lighter in skin complexion. They both were comic fans.

"Adamisco-Adamu", said he, "you told me yesterday that today would be the day you would tell me about the new super-hero character of you were working on. You kept on pestering me about creativity, design, development and the unveiling..."

"Ah, Olu, I'm sorry, but you see I've been rather busy and..."

"Yes, what's your excuse?" interrupted Olu, "Look, if by tomorrow you don't show me that super-hero of yours, I'll ..." and here he stopped and shook his fist, then ran off to join some other other friends on their way to purchase some roast groundnuts.

"Look, if by tomorrow you don't show me that super-hero of yours..." Adamu mimicked Peter's words while doing 'look-at-my-stupid-hairstyle' pose. "What was that?" came Olu's shout.

"Er... er... nothing, I... er... was just saying that tomorrow... I... .. might be having some delicious supper." And, without waiting for a reply, Adamu ran off.

Later on, Adamu finally decided that he would create his super-hero that very afternoon. Not just a super-hero for his planned comic books, oh no, he was going to become that super-hero himself!

"After all, we must breast the storms of life, I'm already tired of being teased by my friends." he muttered to himself as he brought out some black pieces of cloth to sew what he called a super-hero's mask!

After that, he got his black shorts, and his red T-shirt his father had got him on a trip to Egypt and which Adamu had never worn. He cut off the sleeves.

He had learnt quite a lot from watching his elder sister and mother when they were sewing. He also brought out some old, funny looking pair of yellow boots he had retrieved at the nearby dump and hidden under his bed. He tried on his new costume: the black mask and pair of shorts, the red, now sleeveless, T-shirt and the pair of yellow boots. He ran over to his parents' bedroom and stared at the mirror standing against the wall (no-one at home to laugh at him). Proudly, he proclaimed himself a new and perfect super-hero. Some thirty minutes later, he was strolling down a dusty road. His mother had sent him on an errand to buy some cow's butter from the Fulani nomads who had settled just down the road. On his way, he came past the dump and gasped. "What a lucky coincidence", he thought as he spotted a pair of yellow gloves, obviously thrown away by an electrician who no longer had any use for them. He stomped through the heap of rubbish at the dump, and scooped up the gloves before continuing on his way. Returning from his mother's errand he began to wonder if it wasn't a bad idea to add a few changes to his black mask. He had left the top open to make combing his hair easier in case it got all messed up after a gruesome duel with a super-villain. Now he was having second thoughts.

"It would be better if my hair were disguised as well, you know. Someone might just recognize me from my hair..." He thought and then came up with a marvelous idea. "Yes, I know! I'll patch up the

top of my mask so that my hair no longer shows there". And so he did, and wearing his super-hero costume, together with the gloves and new mask, he became an entirely new super-hero. But there was still one more thing: what would the super-hero be called?

The next day at school, he sought suggestions from all his friends. He never mentioned that he was actually the super-hero. He simply told them that the new hero he had created was for a new comic book he was writing and he certainly did get a list of silly names, some of which were Happy Belly, Captain Groundnut, Football Power, Fatfish, Nomeat, Thinny, Small rat, and so on.

Sadly, he considered all of the names on the list he got as unsuitable. Soon Adamu began to feel discouraged and he even started considering throwing away his costume and forgetting about the whole thing, as he just could not get the right name for his super-hero. But as fate would have it, he was coming home from school one day when suddenly he heard someone shout:

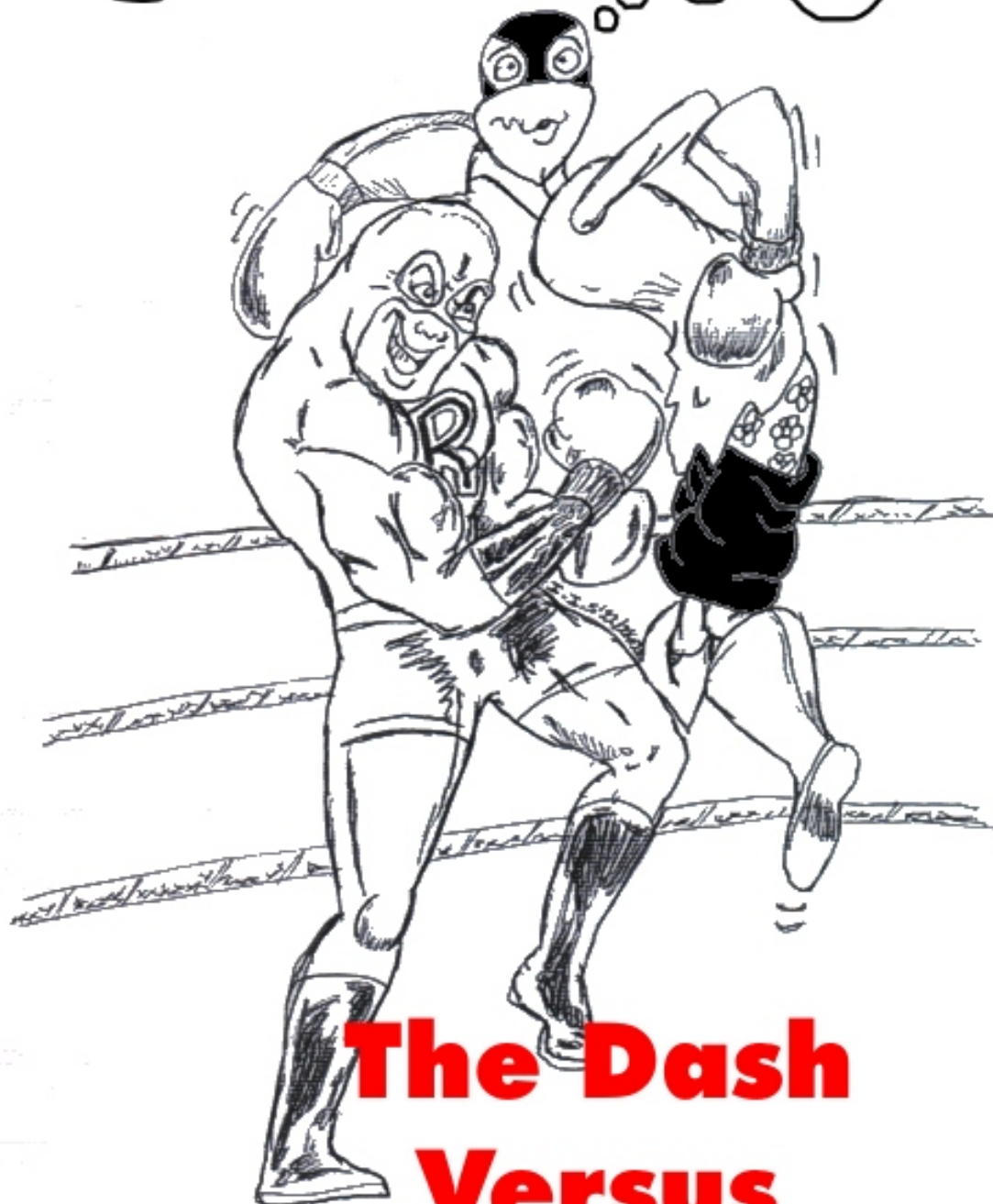
"Everyone make a quick dash for it! There are hundreds of wild dogs after me!" It was Mr. Harris, the English teacher, and he was being chased by wild and angry looking hounds!

While running to safety, as fast as his legs could go, an idea hit Adamu.

"I will call my super-hero: The Dash!" he shouted out with glee. As soon as he got home, he quickly changed into his super-hero costume, and, while no one was watching, ran out to 'show off' to the public. As people gathered round him, he proudly spoke out.

"Do not be baffled, my dear good people, I am Garinmusabo's new super-hero, and I promise to help and risk my life for the poor, the needy, and the endangered. My name: The Dash."

Oof! Yeyh, Mama!
And there goes my supper!



**The Dash
Versus
The Rock**

Chapter 2

The Dash Versus The Rock

Friday, the 18th of November, was one of those very special days for the students and members of staff of Garinmusabo Secondary School. The school was closing for the Christmas holidays. All students were given their report sheets just before the school was to close.

"I wonder whether the Christmas break will be enjoyable as the Sallah break we had earlier on this year?" The muslim 'id festivities are also referred to as 'sallah' in Nigeria.

"It will. Hey-yah-yah, no school, baby!" Mr. Harris assured Adamu. There was a large stain on his white shirt obviously caused by okra soup, the soup with which Mr. Harris enjoyed eating pounded yam.

"And, congratulations my boy", he shook Adamu's hand. "Well done, I heard you took the third position in your class, ...for once".

"Thank you, sir", replied Adamu. He himself had been quite astonished when his teacher had handed him over his report sheet in class. Never, in his two years of being a student of Garinmusabo Secondary School, had he attained such honour, dignity and teacher's what-how-did-you-pull-that-one-off stares in class. Usually he would have made it successfully to the thirteenth or fourteenth place in the classroom academics charts, much to his father's disappointment. But Adamu's father, being cunning fellow, began to make sure that Adamu studied extra-hard so he could get better results.

"From now on the saying shall be: 'All play and no work makes Adamu a sad, sad boy with no pocket money for comics!'" Mr. Mohammed would say. Mr./Mallam Abdullah Mohammed was a tall, slim and bespectacled man in his early thirties. He was quite a gentleman and loved helping others who were in need. He looked exactly like his son, but for the fact that he was bespectacled and much taller. "...And I did well at school, now I have a job..!" Mr. Mohammed was the managing director of an agricultural firm called 'AGROID', which dealt mainly in the supply and distribution of farm tools and equipment. He had attained this position through hard work and determination, and that was exactly the same thing he expected of his son.

"Well I'll be leaving now, Adamu. My wife is waiting for me in the car. Enjoy the break!" Mr. Harris interrupted Adamu's thoughts on how he had worked hard to please his father.

"You too, sir!" he shouted back to Mr. Harris who was running off to his car, a battered old Peugeot 505 station-wagon.

As Adamu turned to leave, he caught a glimpse of a schoolbag disappearing round the corner into a classroom.

"That's funny", his 'action *bobo*' senses heightened as he edged closer

to the corner. Any boy could be a *bobo* which is a slang term for 'guy', but not all boys could be 'action *bobos*'. You needed years of training to get that "hey don't mess with me baby, now give me that plastic rattle" look. Adamu had mastered that look that's how he could tell when a teacher left a class mysteriously, he was sneaking off to the toilet for some smelly business or the class was over already. Right now, his instincts were telling him some student was up to no good hanging around classrooms when everyone was off to enjoy the holidays. He pressed himself against the wall and slowly made his way toward the classroom he had seen the schoolbag disappear into. Perspiration. His shirt was getting soaked. He breathed in deeply as the suspense mounted within his chest. Someone was definitely up to no good. There was no telling the terrifying personality who lay in waiting within the dark confines of the room filled with chairs, desks, a blackboard and the picture of some African state's first lady sporting a penciled on beard. Someone was in there, probably engaged in some despicable act finishing Mrs. Hadiza's Home Economics homework due for submission after the holidays. *No, Home Economics!* Horrible.

He bit his lip, squinted his eyes and got ready for action! He stormed into the classroom just as someone stepped out. The older student had picked the pen he had forgotten in class and was now on his way home when Adamu suddenly came crashing into him with terrific force that he imagined he had heard a sonic boom, but that was some other noise caused by eating too much boiled beans the night before. The impact of the crash was so great Adamu was sent flying through the air and into a nearby dustbin.

"S... Sor... Sorry, S... Senior Jones", he stuttered. An older and more senior student and always addressed with the rank of 'Senior' by the younger ones as a mark of respect. The older boy, Jones, just lay on the floor, too dazed to speak. He burped once though.

Suddenly there was a scream for help. Such a shrill scream like a maiden who had spilled palm oil on her new velvet blouse. It caught Adamu by the chest and really shook him to the bone... Senior Jones burped again. With a disgusted look on his face he pulled his shirt open there was the red sleeveless one underneath. The dustbin was big enough to completely hide Adamu from Senior Jones view. All the older boy could make out from his position on the floor were the shirt, trousers, underwear and shoes that can flying out of the bin. The underwear was raked back into the dustbin by some unseen hand. The boy watched as a strange creature in red and black with yellow gloves and boots stepped out of the container. "The Dash is here!" it announced as it bounded off towards the classroom door, tripped and fell right on top of Jones. There was another 'sonic boom' and both boys dashed out of the room with their hands covering their noses.

Outside, Dash stood leaning against a mango tree gasping desperately for fresh air. There was the scream again. Who was this girl or woman in distress so? A Volkswagen Beetle was zigzagging wildly across the school grounds headed straight for the little hero bashing into walls and some shrubs as it did. The car had a frightened Mr. Maddogg's head sticking out of the window on the driver's side. He was screaming. "Wo-onder-r-rful!" the hero managed to utter. He was gripped with shock wo-onder-r-rful, Mr. Maddogg, the muscle factory, was screaming like a little girl. For a moment Dash did nothing and stared at the car racing onward. Then it was almost on top of him! Dash hesitated at first, but in the nick of time, he jumped up, curled himself up into a ball and went smashing through the windscreen. Sounds of leaves smashing against metal, stones being crunched, shrieks and bone jarring bumps. More screams. Slowly the Dash opened his eyes. Mr. Maddogg was sitting upside down grappling with a steering wheel and screaming so much his tonsils were clearly visible. No, Dash realized *he* was the one sitting on his head. The wild motions of the car tossed the boy right back up and hung on to the dashboard for dear life.

"What is happening, sir!"

"Sabotage! Some disgruntled pupil has done something to my Volks because of lollipop o!" the panic-stricken principal screamed some more, "My breaks gone, the key stuck in the ignition, the handbrake broken... Yeyh!" He twisted the steering wheel so they narrowly avoided head-on collision with a mango tree, but the vehicle still bashed against it on one side that Dash was thrown out of his seat. The speedometer read 90. A piece of paper on the floor of the car caught his eye and he picked it up to look at the words scrawled out untidily across it. The Volks chased after the school gardener and his wheelbarrow for a few minutes before Mr. Maddogg managed to steer his car away from the petrified man. Tyres screeched awfully. Dash was flung sideways and he had to pick himself up again. He still clutched the piece of paper and he read the message on it:

'THIS IS FOR SEIZING MY LOLLIPOP SILLY PRINCIPAL.

SIGNED: NAUGHTY-NAUGHTY STUDENT'

"It wasn't until I had started the car to go home and this rampage began, that I saw the note on the windscreen". Mr. Maddogg was in tears, "Oh dear Lord, I'm going to die without even having my lunch o! Oooh! help me... er...en.."

Now he noticed his young companion was wearing a mask and dressed funny.

"Ada. .1 mean Dash, my name is Dash, sir. Don't worry sir, I'm a super-hero and I shall save you".

"Adadash?" Mr. Maddogg muttered.

"No, no! Dash, my name is Dash! Dash, Dash, Da...Aaah" It was his

turn to scream in terror as the car swerved into the school's administrative building and bounced roughly up the stairway of the two-storey building. After wrecking a table, two filing cabinets and some crates of soft drinks lining the corridor connecting the various offices on that floor to each other, the school principal lost control of his crazed vehicle. The car spun round a semi-circle and then went crashing out through a window. It shot out of the building into the air like a missile just launched. Its two occupants were screaming their lungs out as they were gripped by the nauseous feeling of their stomachs slowly rising to their chests and then falling down to their knees.

Down, down, down - the descent began.

The end was near, Dash was sure of it. Crushed up in this ancient Volks with no air-conditioning. Thoughts of his mother, his father, loved ones, friends and the fact that he had forgotten to tell Olu to return Ifeoma's FunNana comic danced through his mind. "But what's that guy's problem? I never asked him to take the comic, why is he waiting for me to tell him to return it? *Tchew* (hiss)! That's the last time I leave someone else's comic on my desk like that. Ooh, Ifeoma is going to bend my neck in all directions when she..." Hmm, fear could make a car plunge downwards in slow motion... No, wait a minute the car was coming down very slowly!

"What in the name of rats and mice is going on?" Dash said in a surprised voice as he peered out of the window to see what was happening. He sighted the shape of a very muscular arm when he looked downwards and it seemed the arm was carrying the car!

"What?!" Dash exclaimed and brought his head back into the car. "Mr. Maddogg we're safe. Yoohoo!" He shouted in glee at the principal, but in vain, for the poor man had fainted. Once the car had been gently placed down and was stationary again, Dash jumped out and at once stood face to face with an enormous and very muscular man. The man wore red tights, a red mask, red gloves and boots. On his chest was a large, brightly coloured and shiny capital letter 'R'.

"He must be a super-hero himself", Dash concluded, quite astonished to be looking at another costumed person standing right in front of him. The stranger seemed surprised to see Dash too. For a moment they stood there looking at each other, neither saying a word. A soft moan broke the silence.

"Ooooh, where am I? Aren't I dead yet?" Mr. Maddogg groaned. "Who may you be, my dear sir?" he asked as he looked up to see the muscular figure standing over him.

"My name is 'The Rock', sir. Here, let me help you up".

"Thank you very much, Mr. Rock, but can you please explain to me why I'm still alive?" Mr. Maddogg was a little more than puzzled, "I thought my car had taken off from this building here to crash and

become an ugly bundle of twisted and charred metal with me in it. What's going on? Why aren't I dead?"

"Calm down, sir. I, Rock, the greatest of all heroes, saved your life by catching your car as it came plummeting down. Now would you mind answering my question; how could you be as silly as to park your car upstairs in your office? Had too much of the drink?"

"Well I... would you believe... en..?"

"I doubt it". Rock replied, not allowing Mr. Maddogg to finish his sentence and then pointed at Dash. "Is that your son? A clown is he?"

"Just a moment, I'm not a clown!" Dash snapped out angrily, "I happen to be a distinguished super-hero here! I am, I tell you!"

"Oh really? Do pardon me, Honourable Sir Hero," Rock laughed, "Well, now that everyone's safe again, I might as well be off. Goodbye". And with that, Rock flew off right into the bright, blue sky.

No sooner has he left than a crowd began to gather round the still very shocked Mr. Maddogg, and the very resentful super-hero, Dash standing next to the Volks that had gone bad. Very soon, news began to spread about how people had seen the Rock rescue the principal of Garinmusabo

Secondary School and the helpless Dash from certain death.

At IOA Abinci Street, Mrs. Mohammed was pacing up and down in the kitchen, waiting impatiently for Adamu to come home from school or wherever he was.

"Where is that boy? He should have been home a long time ago. That's my son, first he goes to school late and now he wants to leave school late." She was just about to give up waiting for him, when a horrible thought struck her. Could someone have kidnapped Adamu? She had heard of how children were being kidnapped lately in Garinmusabo. The thought of her own son kidnapped filled her with fear.

"I hope nothing has happened to my son", she thought. The door burst open.

"Adamu! There you are, you foolish child. You had me so worried!" Mrs. Mohammed called out and ran towards the door, but to her greatest surprise there was only a little girl standing there with a tray on her head. On the tray were some small tins cooked groundnuts.

"You're not Adamu." said Mrs. Mohammed. "I know I'm not." replied the girl. "Would you like to buy some cooked groundnuts, madam?"

"Would you like to get out of my house, before I..."

"Yes ma!" the girl didn't need to hear the end of Mrs. Mohammed's sentence, and quickly ran out of the house when she saw Mrs. Mohammed reaching out for a stick which was resting on a nearby shelf.

It was a few minutes later when Adamu came in, looked around, and began to creep towards his room. He failed to notice a hand moving

from behind him, getting ready to grasp the collar of his shirt. By the time he had realized this, it was too late - he was dragged into the kitchen by the collar.

"Oh, hello mother," Adamu greeted her as she hurled him to one corner of the kitchen. He looked like a rat cornered by a cat as his mother stood in front of him, hands akimbo.

"And where have you been for the past one hour?" she asked, her eyes burning with anger.

"Well you see... you see mother, I..." Adamu stammered, not sure of what excuse to give, "I was... watching the super-hero Dash... you know, Dash, that new super-hero in town?... Well I was watching him rescue Mr. Maddogg and another super-hero; 'Rock,' who were both trapped in an automobile that had turned over."

"Oh, is that so? Then, why were you creeping about?"

"I didn't want to wake the...er... pussy cat who was sleeping next to the door."

"How nice of you, now you listen here," Mrs. Mohammed pulled him towards her, "there shall be no more going to and coming from school late again in this house, do you hear?!"

"Yes, mother. How about in my friend's house?" Adamu asked (though not saying it out loud for his mother to hear), trying to make a joke.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing mother."

"I hope so." his mother said, her temper now cooling down. "Your lunch is in the refrigerator. Now go remove your school uniform and come and eat."

"*Nyama*," Adamu did not like the thought of having cold food for lunch one bit.

Mr. Mohammed looked very tired and hungry when he got back from work that evening. He dropped his briefcase on his bed and kept his newspaper on the nearby table. The newspaper was called 'The CHEI Newspaper'.

"I think I'll have a shower first before having my supper". Mr. Mohammed told his wife.

Adamu, feeling bored, chanced upon the newspaper, picked it up and started looking for some interesting news to read. He saw one that made his mouth open wide and his eyes looked as though they would pop out of his head. The headline he saw read:

'MIGHTY SUPER-HERO, ROCK, APPEARS IN TOWN AND MAKES DASH LOOK HOPELESS'.

"What?!" Adamu cried out in rage, throwing the newspaper on the floor and stamping it with his foot, "What?! Dash? My own Dash?!".

"What?! My own newspaper?!" Adamu's father also shouted coming out of the bathroom to see what Adamu had done to his newspaper.

"Sorry, father," Adamu apologised and ran off. "I'll show these newspaper people that Dash is much better than that so-called Rock!" he thought, still feeling very angry.

The following day, the headline of the CHEI Newspaper read: 'DASH SAYS: I WAS NOT READY, THAT'S ALL!'

But as days came past, various newspaper headlines read: 'DASH SAVES OWNER'S CHICKEN, ROCK SAVES CHICKEN'S OWNER'. (CHEI NEWSPAPER).

'ROCK, HARD AS A ROCK AGAINST ROBBERS, DASH MAKES A DASH FOR SAFETY'. (TELLUSPLIZ NEWSPAPER).

'ROCK THE RESOURCEFUL, DASH THE DUMMY'. (WATZDAT NEWSPAPER).

"He's asked for it!" Adamu muttered angrily to himself one day.

'DASH CHALLENGES ROCK TO A BOXING MATCH, ROCK ACCEPTS'. read the latest issue of the CHEI Newspaper.

"I had better start training seriously for this fight. I think I'll start paying daily visits to the gymnasium," Adamu decided. Actually, The Rock had had the same thought too. Though they trained in the same gymnasium, The Dash and The Rock never got to meet or see each other.

Now, if you and I had visited this gymnasium on a certain day, we would have been able to compare the methods of training adopted by each of the super-heroes and made such amusing discoveries. When it came to press-ups, one would observed The Dash performing this exercise very, very slowly and he would be counting: "One... Two... Three...", but on the other hand if we observed The Rock doing some press-ups, he would be doing it so fast and counting: "One thousand, six hundred and four... One thousand, six hundred and five... One thousand, six hundred and six..." Skipping was interesting as well. With The Dash he would be sweating so much and after six skips, wind up on the floor clutching his sprained ankle. With Rock the rope would go round fifteen times between each skip and no-one was sweating, that rope moved so fast it fanned cool air all around.

On the night of the big boxing match, everyone was excited and hundreds of spectators arrived to watch the fight, most of them, in fact, all of them, being fans of The Rock. The venue was at the Garinmusabo's Sports Complex. Everyone had been seated and all that delayed the start of the match was the arrival of Dash. Everyone was anxious for the young super-hero to arrive, even Rock was gritting his teeth impatiently.

Adamu was having a tough time sneaking out of the house to attend the big boxing match tonight as The Dash. Adamu's father was reading his newspaper in the sitting room, which was where the front door was, and his mother was in the kitchen, which also prevented him from using the back door. But finally, he got out through the open window of his room and he managed to get to the boxing arena just in time - before the audience got too impatient.

The big fight was ready to begin! In the ring, the referee gave them a set of rules which they were to follow during the match. Once the bell was struck, the fight began!

"I'm going to murder you, Rock-face," Dash snorted at his opponent. He threw a punch, but the Rock dodged it neatly and gave Dash a powerful punch which sent Dash flying backwards. He hit the floor of the ring with a large thump. Before he could get up on his feet again, Rock raised him up and his strong fist slammed down on Dash's jaw. For the first time, Dash tasted the salty taste of blood in his mouth. The rate at which the fight was proceeding, one would have been right to say that Dash was being massacred.

"He'll be knocked right out of his senses!" someone shouted out from the crowd and the person was only too right. Rock now gave Dash a mighty punch on the face. Then Dash seemed to go mad.

"I'm Rock! I'm Rock!" Dash shouted, "I'll kill you Dash!" What happened next was just absolutely unbelievable! Dash staggered forward and gave Rock a thunderbolt of a punch. Amazingly, Rock was sent flying out of the ring and out of the boxing arena itself. He landed in a tree. He got caught up in the branches and struggled. One of the branches ripped through the 'R' on his chest.

"No, no!, Not my 'R'. Nooo!" wailed Rock, and to everybody's astonishment, Rock seemed to have vanished and in his place was a tall, very thin and frail looking man. In fact, he was so thin that he looked like a dog in an elephant's attire. Down from the tree, he was asked who he was and he replied:

"I... am... The Rock!" Everyone gasped in surprise. "The 'R' on my chest," the thin and frail man explained, "contained energy cells which gave me great power, but now... now its gone!" And he began to weep.

Meanwhile back with the Dash, he just could not understand how he had won the boxing match.

"How did I do it?" he wondered, looking excited and confused at the same time. How very proud he felt as everyone cheered and praised him. Some hefty men had even carried him around on their shoulders

so everyone could see this amazing, little super-hero. Now if you asked one of the spectators how Dash came about winning the fight, the person would probably reply:

"I don't know either. He must have gone mad and didn't know what he was doing."

And if you asked a doctor or physiologist, he or she is bound to reply:

"Most certainly, his brain must have somehow caused increased production of adrenalin hormones in his body to such great levels as to make him super-strong. It is also interesting to note that teeth in rats tend to vary from..." Ehem, yes, were talking about The Dash here...

But if you asked Dash he would say: "Like I told you all a dozen times before, I'm a super-hero!"

How shocked and puzzled Adamu's mother was the next morning when she saw his swollen eye, but I should say he was lucky none of his bones were broken. Anyway, the CHEI Newspaper's headline that day read:

'DASH, THE SUPER WINNER!'

The End Of Dash?



Chapter 3

The End Of Dash?

"I have hate this place!" a voice echoed down an almost empty ward of the General Hospital of Garinmusabo. The new ward had only been recently opened for use and so far had only one patient in it. The patient was a young boy with a broken leg. The young boy was none other than the ever-unfortunate Adamu.

"This place is...so...so horrible!" he cried out in rage and his body shook in fury.

"Yes, I... can see that," his father replied, trying to maintain his balance as the chair he sat on broke into half. Maintaining his balance turned out to be the least of his problems now, for without warning the door suddenly came crashing down from the wall and banged on his head.

"Ayy, I don't want to be admitted here too!"

"Ooops! Emm.... Visiting time's over, Mr. Mohammed," a nurse politely informed him as she dragged the door to one side and helped him to his feet.

A few minutes later, Mr. Mohammed's car was screeching out of the hospital gates. "There goes father. Lucky him." Adamu wished, he too, could move about freely like his father. At the moment he had a heavy cast on one leg - standing upright was difficult much less walking.

Suddenly he could hear the sounds of terrified shouts and screams from the other ward. Limping towards the doorway, he peeped out one side of the now detached door leaning across to the wall. There was a lot of excitement in the next ward. Patients were murmuring and gasping some lying down on their beds, some sitting while others gathered around some doctors and nurses as everyone beheld a strange spectacle.

"Ah-ah!" Adamu witnessed a sight that was impossible to believe.

One of the patients was hovering in the air high above the others.

Standing before the petrified patients was a hooded figure.

"He made me start... start to float," the plump boy stuttered, fear filling his stomach and making his heart pound loudly in his ears. From where he was hovering, he pointed to the hooded stranger who stood motionless, watching the patients with an evil smile on his face. The boy shook his arms and legs about in the air. It didn't take long for him to burst into tears, for he really did want to come down again. In a sudden swift motion, the man raised one of his hands, revealing the tattered sleeves of the worn-out, light blue robe he wore. The robe had the shape of a diamond, drawn in white, in front. On each of the man's wrists was a golden bracelet. With his hood on, he had a round ruby on his forehead. The ruby was quite a small one and looked like a

red marble. Just below the man's hood, sparkled a red, triangular medallion.

"This is just one of the small wonders I can perform," the strange man announced, in a loud and clear voice. "I now bid you people, take me as your master, whom you shall be loyal to and dedicate your faithful lives to serving and obeying his every command. If you dare refuse, the next magic I shall perform will not just make you float high up in the air, of course not! It shall be a thousand times worse than that! I am a powerful wizard!"

A loud murmur broke out within the ward. This was a mad man! Of all the loyal slaves he could have chosen in the world, he wanted hospital patients? Well, he had actually tried getting some local gang members to be his slaves, but they refused pointing out that only a sick person would want to be his slave in this day and age with all the unemployment around. So he decided, sick people it would be then. This strange man was a wizard and he needed the patients to be his slaves! Adamu had heard enough. He limped back to his bed.

"This looks like a job for me!" He sat down on his bed. "But I've got this cast on my leg!"

The doctor had told Adamu he had fractured his leg when he fell from a tree and would have to have the cast on his leg for a while. His Dash costume lay hidden amongst the rumpled clothes he had in a suitcase under the bed. He pulled off the pyjamas he had on and got dressed for his super-hero duties. *The Dash!*... with a cast on one leg. It would have to do.

"My entrance is going to be so embarrassing!" The lad got that right. He made his way to one of the ward's open windows and proceeded to climb out. "Yaaaaah!" he struggled to balance himself on the windowsill but tumbled over backwards into the hedges outside.

"Being a super-hero is no easy job," he sighed and made his way to the adjoining ward's windows. He peered through the first one he got to observe the mad man looking for slaves from behind. He struggled once more to get up the windowsill. It wasn't easy with the heavy cast dragging him down.

"Why did I ever climb that mango tree in the first place? I knew there was a wild and ferocious dog in that house too." Yes, yes, yes, leave the dog out of this boy... You should have gotten permission from the owner of the house, first, to climb up and pick his fruits...Boys these days! In my time we'd use some meat get permission from the dog and get on with the business peacefully. Back to the story! The Dash jumped in through the open window knocking over a jug of water on a table, did a front roll across the ward floor and wound up flat on his back panting hopelessly as he tried to feel his injured leg.

"What the...?" exclaimed the startled wizard jumping back. A smile

spread across the wizard's face again as soon as he recognised the young super-hero.

"Welcome Dash," he said coolly, "to your death!"

"...To your death!" What a stupid line! Super-villains these days! In my time, situations like this called for a "Eh-e, so you wan' taste my trouble, ko?" or a "I will beat you ve-e-e-e-ery well!"... Suddenly the wizard's eyes became rainbow-coloured and began to sparkle. At once, Dash realized what the evil man was trying to do.

"I must act quickly, he's trying to hypnotise me. Ehe, I have an idea!"

He began to groan loudly in a shaky voice. "Oooh, oooh, my head... No, must resist... Youch, mosquito bite, aysh-aysh-ah!... Oooh... I'm now under your control and you're my lord and master. O, master!... You.... Your control over me... It's weakening, I can sense it. You'll have to come a bit closer to me. Make your power over me stronger. Oooh, I feel so dizzy!"

The wizard, definitely, looked very pleased and proud of himself.

He reacted quickly to his hypnotised slave's cautious advice for he didn't want to lose such a valuable asset. It's not often one gets to hypnotise a super-hero for one's evil purposes...

"Closer, closer. Ye-es, closer to me, baby. You're in my power, hnngh-hnngh-ha-ha," he gloated on in a deep, sickening voice (his idea of an evil *Dr. Love* voice). He took two hurried steps forward.

"Ah, that's good, my master. Master, you must stop using your magical powers elsewhere and concentrate all your power on me. Your hypnotising spell is weakening... Oooh, weakening... Quick, quick, I'm coming back to my senses... Do something, man, this is serious!" Dash moaned more horridly, his face covered with sweat. Not stopping to think first, the wizard did as he was told and a look of triumph came over his face. His hands flash forwards and backwards, mystical energy had to be flowing out them.

"It is done!" he screamed in delight. "You're now my super-slave! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now so, super-fool!" came Dash's rude reply.

"What!" Before the astonished, evil mad man and hypnotist in search of slaves knew what was happening, the plump boy (who had all the time been floating above the wizard) fell down right on his back with a loud '*BADT*'.

"Down at last", the boy sighed in relief.

It was now Dash's turn to triumph over his victory.

"You forgot about the patient you had floating about in the air using your magic. I tricked you, making you think I was hypnotized. I made you move forward, coming closer to me. Closer, closer, baby, to increase your 'hold' over me. When you stepped forward, you were

right underneath the floating boy. And when you stopped using your magic 'elsewhere', well...."

"Bah, you little brat of a super-hero, now look at what you're done to my poor back. I'll kill you for this!" the wizard threatened. The boy rolled off him and he tried to stand up. "Ack, I can't straighten my back. I can't kill you yet, but rejoice not, I shall soon be back to destroy you!"

And before Dash's own very eyes, the wizard began to fade away until he had totally disappeared!

The Dash stood still like a statue for a while, not sure of what to do next. The sound of running feet and murmurs as patients gathered round to welcome back the boy who had gotten back down from the sky, made him turn round and dive, head first through the open window behind him. His work here was done, better for the super-hero to disappear as well before the authorities got here.

"Well, it's time The Dash was gone. Come on!" he yelled as he dived out the window.

There was silence. Then there was a loud crash. Dash landed in a dustbin. He tore his shirt and shorts as he tried to lift himself out of the smelly thing. Nevertheless, he was not the least hurt, his leg felt rather numb.

"If things go on like this, I shall be forced to resign from this super-hero job," hissed Dash, feeling very sorry for himself.

Soon, Adamu was lying, blissfully, on his comfortable bed again. The empty ward was very quiet and so peaceful.

"Phew! I managed to get back up here unnoticed. Now for a nice, little nap," he yawned. He was just about to shut his eyes and fall asleep, when two unruly boys burst into the ward, throwing punches at each other's faces. He sat up on his bed and yelled, "Hey, you can't fight in here. Stop!" But they could not hear him, they were far too busy rolling on the floor and tearing each other's clothes. Adamu stood up and limped towards them in an attempt to separate them. A misguided punch from one of the combatants hit him across the face. Dazed by the punch, he staggered backwards towards the window. Before he realized it, he lost his balance and fell out the window!

Down stairs a gardener barked furiously at one of the nurses just passing by. "Tell that patient of yours, to get off my farm-yard manure!" He pointed a stubby finger at Adamu who lay on the heap of foul smelling stuff gathered from fowls and cows in a wheelbarrow.

"Nice place for a nap at last. Oh, my stars." he moaned and counted the stars he could see dancing about in front of his eyes.

Elsewhere, in a secret cave hidden amongst boulders on a rocky hill,

the disgruntled wizard stood staring at the wall, thinking of his humiliation at the hands of the twelve-year old super-hero earlier that day.

"That troublesome Dash will pay dearly for what he did to my back this morning. But, how? Hmmm.." He sat down and thought about it. His face lit up as he had a marvellous idea.

"I've got it!" he bellowed, rubbing his hands with glee.

Two weeks pass.

'DISCO BOOGIE SEMINAR FOR KIDS AND YOUNGSTERS! TAKING PLACE TO-NIGHT, IT'S THE BIGGEST DISCO PARTY YOU SHALL EVER ATTEND IN YOUR LIFE. REMEMBER WHAT YOUR OLD PEOPLE USED TO ENJOY DECADES AGO! A TRULY FUN EXPERIENCE!

VENUE: BUSH CENTRE, VERY NEAR TO ARMED ROBBERS' AREA.

TIME: 7.30P.M.

DON'T MISS THE FUN!'

read colourful posters pasted on walls, trees, electric poles and even on cars, the following day.

Hahaha, such brilliance! No one would ever suspect anything sinister or suspicious about such an invitation to party! Hahaha, such evil genius!

"I'm going to that disco-party, how about you, Adamu?" Emeka asked Adamu as the two classmates stared at the poster on the wall of Mallam Shehu's shop.

"I'll have to ask my parents first. I've just been discharged from the hospital, you know". Adamu replied patting his friend on the shoulder. That evening, Adamu asked his father if he could go to the big disco party. He waited anxiously for his father's answer, squeezing his hands as he did. For quite a while, his father just sat there in his armchair, saying nothing, his head buried in a newspaper. Then he gave his verdict on the matter.

"Permission granted, Adamu".

"Nyaaa-yessss!" Adamu jumped up, totally overjoyed. "Thank you, father!"

"I'm coming along with you, Adamu. It's been three years when I last went to a party," a voice called out from behind.

"Who the...?" Adamu stopped short and his eyes opened wide as he recognised the owner of the voice.

"Cousin Wawa!".

"That's right, Adamu. Your dear cousin Wawa."

"I'm not going to the party with him. He can't even dance!" Adamu yelled, his sudden rude attitude surprising his cousin.

"What do you mean I can't dance, how about you? You don't even

have clothes of the latest fashion styles." Wawa also shouted, feeling very hurt by Adamu's words.

"And so what, nitwit? I like my clothes as they are, not like your funny-looking clothes!"

"I'm beginning to feel tempted to fix up your face with a hot pepper, thunderbolt punch!"

"There he goes again with his old fashioned slang expressions!" Adamu yelled, his temper now rising.

It was obvious Adamu had a very interesting and lively relationship with his cousin. Mr. Mohammed had had enough of the entire row going on. All he wanted was some peace and quiet so he could read his newspaper blissfully.

"Will you two start to reason with each other and stop acting like some childish idiots?" he yelled, not bothering to put down his newspaper and stop the two boys from tearing each other apart.

"That's exactly the reason I can't and will not go to a disco party with an idiot!" Adamu shouted, almost poking out Wawa's eye with his finger, but fortunately he had dark glasses on.

On the night of the party, Adamu just could not believe he was in his father's car on their way to the disco venue with Wawa sitting behind him. All he knew was that he could not move for he had been bound tightly with some very strong rope.

"Come on, Adamu cheer up. Look on the bright side of things, Wawa couldn't be all that bad to dance with," his father smiled towards him, his eyes firmly fixed on the road before him as he drove. They arrived at their destination after a long drive and Adamu was released.

"A word of advice: none of your stupidity!" Adamu warned Wawa in sotto voce, as they stepped out of the car.

"Be sure to be back at this spot, where I've dropped you, at half past eight. Hmm, that costumed dancer over there looks more like an armed robber to me, sticking a Magnum revolver at someone and collecting his wallet like that. Ah, you disco-maniacs, *hehehe*," Mr. Mohammed chuckled, turned the car round and drove off. In the darkness, Adamu could just barely make out the shape of a large dome structure ahead of them. The sound of loud music filled the air as the two boys reached the dome structure.

"This is it", thought Adamu, as he tugged the handle of what seemed to be a giant-sized iron door. The iron door creaked open and Adamu stepped through it, closely followed by Wawa, and they found themselves in a room flooded with bright colourful lights. Youngsters were all over the room, dancing wildly to loud music. They had on all sorts of clothes of different styles. Some of them, boys inclusive had crazy and funny looking hairstyles. There was even a 'punk' who danced like mad amongst them. Everything was set to reflect the

golden age of disco. Good grief even youngsters today are this weird. All around Adamu, people seemed to be having wonderful time dancing.

"Old boy, I hadn't expected so many people to turn up at this disco-party," he thought. Soon, he too, could not resist the temptation to join the others in their wild dancing.

"I might as well join in the fun!" His body began to shake and in no time, he was dancing like a mad boy.

"Yeah, boogie!" he exclaimed, raising his leg high up and then snapping his fingers. He was just about to do a triple somersault (which, of course, was a stunt he could not perform), when a hooded figure, coming in through the entrance, caught his eye.

"What, him?" Adamu gasped. "It's that wizard I battled at the hospital. What could he be doing here? But, how am I sure it's not another costumed kid coming to attend the party? I think I'll change into the Dash and keep an eye on things."

Spoken like a true super-hero...

There was a door behind him and Adamu guessed it led to a storeroom, a perfect place to change into his Dash costume without being seen. He crept towards it and when he was absolutely certain no-one was watching him, he opened the door and ducked inside. Had he taken a closer look at the door before going in, he would have noticed the word 'Toilet' painted across it. Almost immediately Adamu had slammed the door behind him, the door opened again and a very absurd looking Dash came tumbling out.

"Well, how was I to know you were in there? No respect for heroes these days!" he shouted as he landed on the floor wearing only his Dash mask, his gloves, one boot and his underpants!

Meanwhile, the hooded stranger moved stealthily behind the dancers who were unaware of his presence. Then, Wawa saw him and shouted over to him and moved closer.

"Wow, what a smashing outfit. Come on, let's rock to ze beat!" Wawa then jerked one of the astonished stranger's arms upwards and tugged the fellow's staff.

"Get off me, you worm!" the stranger bawled. A strange bright yellow beam shone from the top of his staff and struck Wawa down. The hood gave way to reveal the ugly face of the wizard.

"Now then..." he said as he glared at the shocked boys and girls around him, who had all stopped dancing. His eyes began to spin like round saucers. He glared at them and they all began to feel very groggy. None of them could do anything, they all stood there, like statues - hypnotised.

There no longer was any music, only the loud, horrible sound of the wizard's throaty laughter could be heard.

"And now, my little hypnotised dears, we shall await the arrival of that meddlesome brat, Dash, to come and rescue you! I'll be sending a public message to the radio stations to... uugh!" he recoiled in pain as the Dash flew at him delivering neat karate kick to the left jaw.

"No need to get excited, I'm already here!" he announced, feeling very proud of himself. The wizard dropped his staff and knelt down, grasping his jaw with both hands.

(Slow motion).

"Yeyh, I can't stop!" cried Dash. He had swung over from a chandelier on the ceiling to kick the wizard. Right ahead of him, was the door to the storeroom (the real one this time) and some buckets of paint.

(End slow motion).

Before long, our hero was sitting in a bucket of paint, his head stuck in another bucket and his foot gone through the wooden door.

"Being a super-hero is no easy job," he sighed.

The wizard had gotten over his pain and surprise at Dash's unanticipated quick entrance. Slowly, his body began to transform into that of a huge python. The python lashed out its tail, striking Dash (who was busy struggling to free himself of the awkward situation he was in) backwards, towards its deadly coils. Even inform of this huge snake, the wizard did not hurt Dash too severely. Not yet. All he did was to squeeze Dash's stomach and drop him carelessly on the floor as the wizard went through another transformation. For the next two hours, Dash went through the worst sort punishment he had ever experienced in his life. First the wizard would change into a hideous monster, then into a robot (oh yeah, 'Made in Nigeria'), and then a large crocodile and he went on like this, each transformation following the other. For Dash, each punishment he received was far worse than the previous one. Already his nose and mouth were bleeding; his costume had almost been completely torn to shreds. Finally, the wizard changed into a large and evil looking gorilla, who, with one mighty hurl, sent Dash crashing through bushes outside the disco hall and landing unconscious on a tree.

The wizard, transformed back to his normal self, stood at the bottom of the tree gazing up at the unconscious super-hero. Then with an evil grin, he changed once again, into a python that slid up the tree and as he coiled himself round Dash, he let out a roar of laughter. Dash had

regained consciousness and his head was throbbing.
"So this is your end then, Dash. I hope you like it?" The python laughed some more.
Was this really the end of the Dash? Would the wizard actually murder him? Would this be the end of the legend of The Dash or would a new Dash later show up after his death and continue his legacy?
All these thoughts ran through Dash's mind as he saw the wicked glint in the evil snake's eye.
"Let the torture begin," the snake hissed and the coils around the masked boy began to tighten, making Dash's eyes to bulge out.
"Argh!" he exclaimed, sweat running down his face. He could feel some intense pain coming from his chest. "I think I've got a couple of ribs broken. Got... to... do something. The pain is killing me," he moaned to himself. A bad case of over-acting if you ask me. He opened his mouth wide. "Got to do... this!".
And with every last ounce of his strength, he gave the snake's smooth scaly skin an enormous bite.
"Yaargh!" yelled the wizard as he transformed to his normal self and fell off the tree, clutching his side. He lay at the bottom of the tree whining and wailing with pain. This gave the Dash just enough time to jump into a nearby thicket where he stayed for a while, well hidden from the wizard.
"I've just made an interesting observation about that wizard," The Dash thought to himself, "It seems whenever he performs some magic with those 'powers' of his, that medallion below his hood always sparkles! That shall now be my number one target." Picking himself up, he struggled and staggered across the field and began to crawl slowly towards the wizard from behind.
"Yeyh, yeyh, the pain! Oh, that Dash boy is finished!" growled the wizard as he got up, brushed the dry grass and leaves off his robe and, angrily, began to search for his archenemy. That very instant, he felt someone tapping him on the shoulder. Startled, he spun round and stood face-to-face with none other than Mr. Mohammed, Adamu's father!
"Pardon me for interrupting, but have you, by any chance, seen two boys dancing around here? One of them wearing dark glasses?" Mr. Mohammed asked politely.
"You see, I happened to drop them here for their...er... disco party and I told them..."
The wizard could not stand it any more. How could this silly little man, most likely drunk, have the nerve to stand right in front of a powerful and ferocious wizard, and dare to ask for two dancing boys?

"Gnnn! Get away from me!" he cried out in rage as electric bolts shot out from his hands, hitting Mr. Mohammed on the chest and making him to stumble and fall down. That moment, the Dash pounced on the wizard, catching him off guard. The lad cuffed him round the neck with his arms. Quickly, he pulled off the triangular medallion, luckily, without the wizard noticing.

"Get off!" the man cried and threw Dash off him. Before he could stop to determine how best to destroy Dash, a fist came crashing into his face. "Why is it always me, why?" he whined as he began to see stars.

"Be careful with who you're dealing with here, mister! During my younger days, I used to be known as the 'Lionhearted Terror!'" Mr. Mohammed gnashed his teeth angrily as he stroked his fist.

"You shall pay for your insolence. Oh no, the Kono magic medallion, it's gone!" shrieked the now terrified wizard. He could hear hubbubs coming from the disco dome structure. The children! Someone had freed them from their trance.

"Yes, it so happens that I, Dash, removed that medallion of yours from your person and destroyed it during our brief encounter. You are powerless!" Dash walked over to the evil man and stopped, looking on top of the world.

"No, no!" moaned the helpless wizard. It was too late to make a run for it now, for the police had arrived and rapidly surrounded the area. Before pouncing on the wizard, Dash had spotted a telephone booth and had used it to call Garinmusabo police.

"Fortunately, before destroying the medallion with a rock, I, somehow, figured out how to harness its strange powers to rescue the poor hypnotised children and also heal my wounds, including my broken ribs. Quite soothing effects. Pity, it couldn't fix my torn costume as well," sniggered Dash.

The enraged villain was handcuffed and carried away by the police.

"Well done Dash, you've just helped the police to capture an escaped convict called Kono Onbolivabl," the police inspector congratulated Dash. The man was very keen eyed and dressed very smartly in his uniform.

"Kono was a scientific genius," the inspector continued, "Unfortunately, he started using his knowledge for committing major crimes. He escaped the last time we captured him and disguised himself as a wizard using his latest invention, which gave him those fake magical powers. It's a good thing you destroyed the medallion, Dash, our scientists would have never been able to understand how it works."

Later after all the children including Wawa had been informed of how the Dash had saved their lives, they all screamed and cheered. Dash was made to stand on a platform so everyone could see him, though

he was a bit embarrassed as he stood there in his tattered costume.
"Three cheers for Dash! Hip-hip hurrah!" everyone cheered.
Suddenly a voice said: "Excuse me, I'm looking for two boys,
Adamu and Wawa. One of them has dark glasses on..."