ART ONE

At Dedaw Mu

Apaaso Village is holding its yearly Festival. The Festival of The New Yam, at yam harvest time.

Bireku calls. Mixed bird calls.
Asafo drum beats sound out.

ASAREBEA: Daakowa! Daakowa! Are you still asleep?
DAAKOWA’S MOTHER: Daakowa! Asarebea is calling you.
ASAREBEA: Daakowa, where are you? We’re going to the river
DAAKOWA’S MOTHER: Hurry up Daakowa. This is Festival day. We must have plenty of water ready for welcoming our guests.
ASAREBEA: Daakowa! We are leaving you behind, if you don’t come at once. You want to walk all by yourself to the river?
DAAKOWA: Asarebea, wait for me, please!
DAAKOWA’S MOTHER: Here’s your water pot. Hurry.
ASAREBEA: Calling. She’s coming. Hei, Kwabea, Ason, Kumuwa. Wait for us. Daakowa is coming.
Bireku calls.
Asafo drum beats sound.
Bird calls up.

KWABEA: The storm last night made me so afraid. Asarebea, weren’t you afraid? That thunder. It was so loud. I was scared.
ASAREBEA: Yee! Do you know what I did? I covered up my head with my cloth. And I shut my eyes tight; tight like this. And I put this finger and this finger in my ears.
Laughter from all the girls.

KWABEA: Oh, Asarebea, you are so funny.
ASAREBEA: I didn’t like it. What did you do, Daakowa?
DAAKOWA: Me? Loud Voice with laughter. I moved close to my mother and held her tight.
THREE VOICES: Hee! Daakowa! loud laughter from all
ASON: I listened to the wind. Didn’t you hear that whistling. Hy – Hy – hy. Hwee! Hwee! everywhere. This morning there are leaves all over our courtyard I’m glad its’s my brother’s turn to sweep.
KUMUWA: My father says it’s good when rain comes for our festival. He says it is a blessing.
ASON: Oh, my mother said the same.
DAAKOWA: The sun is coming out. Look!

She starts to sing.

Osaa
Mintumi o footsteps
Minkukuru o clang of vessels
Obi ba ‘Fori Ata e
Suo me mu o
‘Fori Ata e
Suo me mu o
‘Fori Ata e
Suo me mu o

Footsteps, clang of vessels louder.

AMOAFOWA: Let’s hurry. We have many guests in my house. My uncle has come from Kumase with his wife and children. Didn’t you see them arriving yesterday evening?
DAAKOWA: You come and see my house! It’s chock full of people. Oh, it’s nice. My mother is going to cook a lot of food today.
ASON: My father has gone hunting. He is in the thick forest by the river. He left home as soon as the rain stopped. He is a very good hunter. He will bring fine meat for our feast today.
ASAREBEA: Festival time is sweet. He eat and eat and eat.
ASON: Yam fufu! And delicious groundnut soup with big pieces of mutton. Lovely.