

Fool me Once Shame you!
Fool me twice shame me!

No need to mention the name, those who were politically active could figure it out that I. The time was in the 1952 and there in Asmara something of no significant incident happened. It is remembered a sort of a minor drama that took place outside the government public office in Asmara. The day was Wednesday. A member of the then Eritrean Parliament drove all the way from his house to his work place, only to be ignored by the guard stationed outside the gate. The parliamentarian felt dejected as the man standing guard who meant to provide him the courtesy and service he needed to enter the building to carry out his day duties was blatantly ignoring him.

Wondering why such an usual behaviour he saw coming from the guard, he summons him and started pocking and teasing the poor man's fragile mind. He was not prepared for such encounter, as he was wondering how long he would stay stationed and getting paid? Difficult time ahead, he was preoccupied!

“Have you been taking too much mead/መስ from እንዳመድህን በራድ“

“No, Sir, if you care to know, I do not drink alcohol nor do I ever visit the place you mentioned! It is not my kind, on top of drunkard idiots making noises to deal with, you have too many kids 11- 13 running around asking customers to give them a sip!”

“How do you know if you have not a regular customer? “
“It is an open secret everybody knows!”

“What is the time now, if you really are sober, you have not been to the place and you do not take alcohol to keep your dead body afloat?”

“I will ignore the joke, I am sure you do not mean it. The time is Sir: 8:30 am to be exact!”

“So why do you not open the bloody gate and have me drive in to my work place?”

“What work place Sir?”

“Whillikers!! And you say you have a balanced mind not polluted with mead!!

“If you need to refresh your mind: I am a senators; the name is Braki and this is my work place and it is your duty to open the gate!”

“Ehhhm: but Sir there is no more an office here, nor opening hour as you intimated! This place Is permanently closed! If you must know!”

Surprised, the man's torso took aback and hit the back cushion! And utter a word or two.

“Was that why they told us to raise our hands yesterday, to dissolve the Eritrean Parliament for good?”

“Yes, Sir! and you bloody did raise your hand. Perhaps, it was you who frequented መድሃኒ ቤራድ mead house in disguise!”

History Repeats!

As now the information minister of Ethiopia , Dina Fufti will soon tell the Eritrean to stop wrapping themselves with an Eritrean Flag, (as EPLF/አህጉረ ፍላጎት love to clad and masquerade in the street of western world, for they have nothing more to show off expect a flag on their back) and join the fake federation they have been promised.

Oblivious of what they have been warping up themselves with, Ethiopian flag on top of their own. When the day come there is no more independent Eritrea, like the 1952 ERITREAN parliamentarian was deciding when the fate of Eritrea was decided, they would be flabbergasted and they would retort: “was this why they told us to join their Unitarian Ethiopian rally a few months back?”

And the answer is Yes, because you admitted you hated your independence and you wanted to join the clap!

Just like the Eritrean parliamentarian in 1952 unwittingly rose his hands to prorogue the parliament!

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=fkV06dfevQs&t=250s>