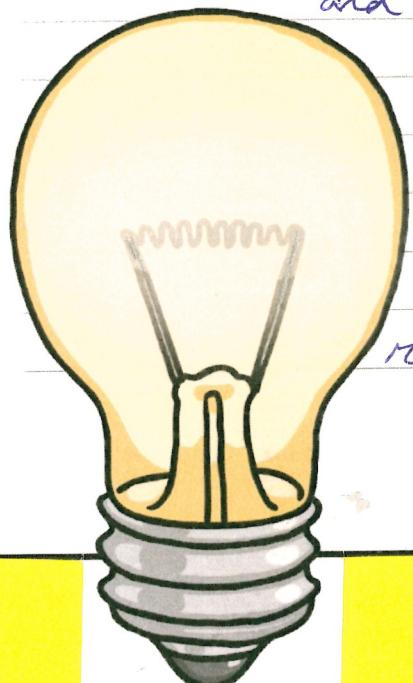


Getting in the light

My name is Michael. I'm an ESB Vice President, But not always. I was once a scared worker until I convinced the most stubborn village that they want electricity. Here's how it goes.

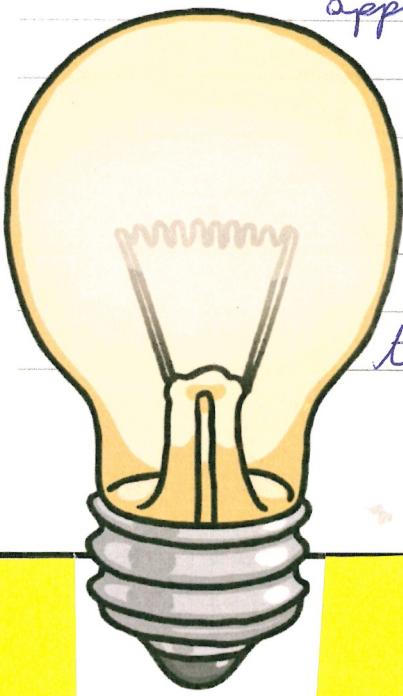
I was walking to the village in my best suit, holding my briefcase with one hand while mopping my sweat beaded forehead with my hankie. As I was just 100 metres outside the village my briefcase was hit by a rock fired from a slingshot a child was holding as he fled the scene. I muttered under my breath as I bent down to pick up my briefcase, only to be shot in the rear end! The kids were after me so I scooped up my briefcase and ran for the village.



As I arrived I found that the crowd I was speaking to was like a mob, with bags full of rotten fruit.

I stepped up on the podium, fixed my tie and摸ed my forehead once more. I opened my briefcase clasps with trembling fingers and I picked up my speech.

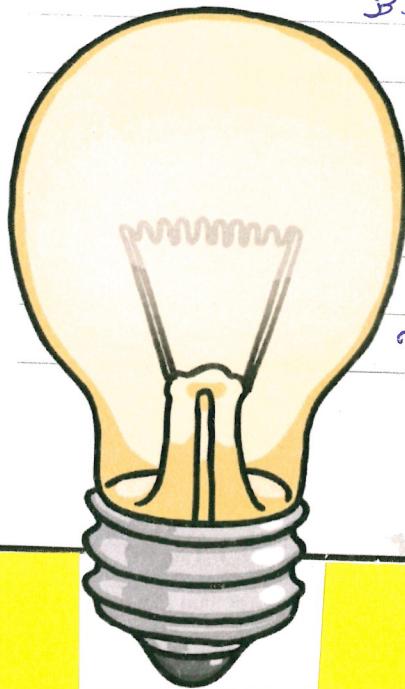
'Eh hem!' I coughed, catching the crowd's attention. As I was about to start, I saw the wicked grins of the crowd in the daylight as they each took a fruit. I pretended not to notice and carried on. 'My fellow people! I have come from ESG arcives, to speak to you about electricity!' THUMP! A massive tomatoe landed right beside me, missing me by millimetres. I looked up, to see who had fired first only to be met by more tomatoes, apples and potatoes. I quickly hurried down the road, being chased by the whistlers of fruit. The mob started to give chase and I could feel the wet splats on my back.



I only just lost them, by hiding in an ivy bush. I thought I was safe, but then I heard a cackle behind me. Standing there were the boys from earlier, with a mother. I started stumbling down the road when I hear the woman shouting 'GO get 'em boys!' I ran down a hill and finally lost them while running through a cowpat filled field. Hey, beggars can't be choosers.

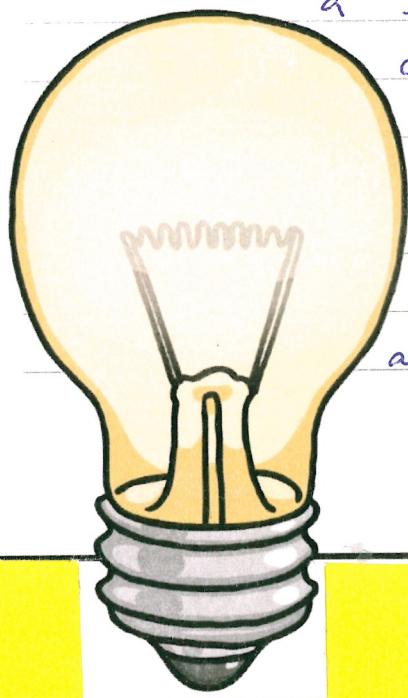
As I got back to HQ, covered in muck and guilt, my fellow co-workers looked at me sorrowfully. I had failed. But not given up.

The next week I set out again, not planned this time, and with a proposition. Because I came uninvited, the crowds weren't ready to splatter me. That I was thankful for. I managed to gather them in the square and I said, 'I have a proposition!'



cutting straight to the chase. 'I wish to bring you to a lighting. You don't have to go, but I would prefer if you did.' I then let them pull it over and finally they agreed. I smiled happily to myself and off we went, to a town close by.

When we arrived they were already nearly about to turn on the lights. I told the village to find a space, of which they did, and then they were transfixed staring at this curious sight, waiting with bated breath. As they light the candles, I too became transfixed, as it was an amazing sight to see people so curious and excited. The desk blew out the candles, and the youngest walked up, I heard a little boy saying, 'Mummy, can we do this?' and to my excitement, I saw her nod, smiling. Finally they pressed the switch and cheering all around.



The light flooded the hall, and the rest of the day was fantastic. I then left the village to walk back, and I went back to HQ happily.

The next day I walked back to the village, wishing the God for luck. I got up the road and people started spotting me and skipping to the square, shouting for others to come. When I arrived at the square, it was already full:

I stood up on the podium and asked one single question. 'Do you want electricity?'

The next week I was among a crowd of people, with the oldest blowing out a candle and the oldest crying happily as the toddler flipped the switch.

