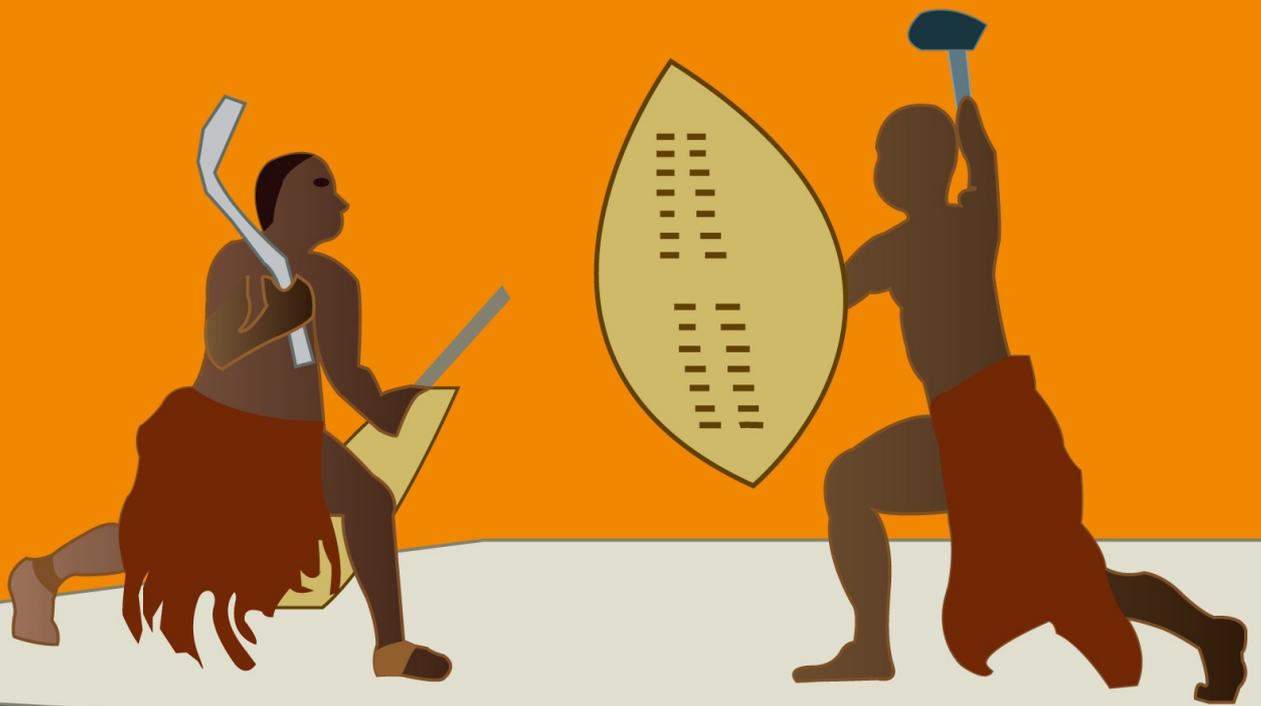


SAVAGE AMUSEMENTS



Dode Sescrri

SAVAGE AMUSEMENTS

By *Dode Sescri*

WORDS TO ELATE

Nineteenth Agenda

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Smashwords Edition

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All readers are welcome to challenge the contents of this book, and should process them with their uttermost intellectual capabilities before they can assess them for reference purposes because they are largely a work of the author's own imaginations.

The stories given as examples in this book do not represent Factual or historical events but have been used fictitiously to bring out the literal aspects of discussions and also demonstrate authors intended thoughts and ideas exemplarily. Do not take them too seriously.

This book is stacked up of numerous mini chapters the author refers to as theatricals. Each theatrical stands for each idea or topic of discussion.

You will also find some non-English words, the author has used them only for the sake of enhancing description. They are not a result of typo.

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Footnotes.

Contention.

When we say savage amusements, we are definitely referring to one of these three things,

- Savage films
- Savage music
- Savage sports

These are the three main categories from which we are going to extract our illustrations from.

Theatrical-1-Master Revenge.

I was going through this screenplay that some stage actors were preparing for a theatre, the plot goes something like this...

A humble young farmer is returning from picking bamboo stalks from upper the hilltops, he had planned to use them to finish up his small cottage he had recently erected on his family's farm. As he neared the village, at once he noticed that something was amiss, people were not jubilant to see him come as they have always done, there was no singing and dancing in the community halls, children were not playing outside in the gardens, all was gloomy, when he reached further into the homestead, he received the heart-breaking news that his newly wedded wife had been accidentally killed by the provincial directors' guards in a raid.

She had refused to leave the house when the soldiers were storming houses with swords and lances, they torched many huts, and his aged father too became a victim of the raid, with this he becomes furious, fed up with the atrocities of the governor, he throws his sharp farming tools onto his back and set out to make terms with the aggressor, his fellow villagers tried to stop him but his anger was far too great to be quenched by mere beckoning. "The governor storms our countryside every year, killing and burning as he goes, I will teach him a lesson before the sun goes up tomorrow," he said unto himself.

He ran several miles across the valley nonstop till he reached to the gates of the governor's office. The place was highly fortified and heavily guarded. The two guards at the entrance crossed lances on his face, asking him to stop. He demanded to see the governor because he had a serious matter to discuss with him, this he was obviously denied, "the governor does not allow people he does not know to enter his palace," the guards told him, soon a fight breaks out, the guards are easily overpowered by the furious energetic youngster, his karate moves were very impressive too. Some fellows inside notice their friends from the outside were suffering in the hands of an unknown assailant and rushed in to help, as they opened the gigantic gates to fester outside, the busy athlete gets his chance into the compound, where he's rounded up by more guards, they engulfed him in a circle, attack him from every side using every terrible weapon in their hands, they find themselves thrown to the ground one after another with crippling blows to the head, neck, torso and the limbs.

The young tai chi master once again outmanoeuvres them, he beats them quickly as if they have never had any training. He picks up the weapons from the now groaning guards on the floor, some with broken backs some unable to move a finger, walks up the stairs closer to the governor's seat where he meets another grade of defenders, stronger and more experienced than the fellows watching outside. Another savage combat ensues, and the Su shin kid comes out again triumphant with only minor bruises on his face and arm and clothing partly torn off from his body.

Finally he reaches the governor, and a legendary battle begins, they fight hours on, now with no one able to interfere, they nearly tear the fortress into pieces, the governor upon realising that this fellow is determined to kill him for no apparent reason at all asks him to stop, he asks him what the reason for his anger was, why he was destroying his office, "we can talk man, there is no reason wreaking this havoc for simple matters we can discuss at my table," he tells him the unknown assailant, now breathing fast from exhaustion blurbs out a few words, "there is no talk with you, today is the end of your bloody reign, I swear that, did you ask for a talk when you killed my wife and my aging father, did you ask for talk before you killed my master? You butcher, your days are over" he says and proceeds with his offence, they fight on for several more hours till late into the night, when he finally won by a very narrow margin.

Just as he had sworn the governor was punished before the sun came up the following morning, the question is why did he avenged so many for the sake of a few, the governor was responsible for the death of two of his family members plus his master, that's three people, but he had killed more than three hundred guards plus the governor, that's the size of a small town. And also what if the emperor hears about this massacre of his soldiers and sends a larger size of his troops to hunt him down and destroy those who try to hide him, what if the families of those guards he had killed, (brothers, uncles, nephews) also joined hands to take a revenge on him, couldn't this be another disaster to his home village?

The director then said to me, "you can imagine anything you want, but that's not part of our story, the script ends where the governor is defeated, that's it nothing more to add to it. Savage stories will always have savage combats"

Theatrical-2- the dance of the savages

The carnivals were once simple parties that made everyone happy both the young and the old, unlike the way they have been perverted these days by debased dancers, of those who attended the carnivals more than a century ago were to witness the modern day performers, then they won't call it a carnival at all, but a demoralised dance from some alien planet. These savage amusements I tend to enjoy sometimes.

Theatrical-3- Savage Films

When I come to realise that the film I am watching will cause me too much worries, I often have to leave it halfway, why would I let a fake fiction fill my euphoric being with worries? I would prefer a film/play which I would just lay back in front of it and enjoy the show, viewers should be curious about what's going to happen next, not worry on what's going to happen to their beloved characters.

SAVAGE GLADIATORIAL COMBATS.

Imagine oneself watching the gladiatorial combats live, the real thing happening right in front of you, those who watched close by, heard the screams of the fighters, and torrents of blood probably squirted onto their faces while the losers were being slaughtered, yet the audience still managed to enjoy the show, they laugh to see a man being torn into pieces by a wild beast, and enjoyed the groans of the people suffering in the amphitheatres, the audience got to derive pleasure from the sufferings of those in the arena, they were told that these were unwanted people in the society, thieves, murderers, slaves and all prisoners that are not worth living, the society is much safer when they are off dead than when they are alive and intermingling with the people, those that are condemned to die by the law of the land, instead of sending them to a quick execution, its better they offer some little

entertainment to the public in their last few days, and the fights in the stadiums therefore become part of their self-execution.

Even though such games have become a common cinema genre, what we are watching now is a clear representation of what life was back then, each gladiatorial combat game in a silver screen represent an actual fight that took place long ago and had lives attached to it, so watching such cruel sport from a screen doesn't make it less savage, the ones who watch them and get to enjoy are no different from those who cheered lions as they tore convicts to pieces.

There is a significant difference between films of today and those made half a century and more ago, early films featured lengthy conversations, hired more cast in the film prepare more elaborate processions, but the modern day films feature less crew/cast and most activity replaced by lots of visual effects.

What I have witnessed & experienced at the theatre halls is that we call other uncivilised communities of the world savages while we ourselves love savage entertainment.

When you watch a film about some adventure or romance book you discover that what is portrayed in the big screen is not what is written in the book, they add scenes that do not exist in the title and also get to remove important chapters from the book, an author then gets shocked when they get to watch the film that bears their name for the first time,

"this is not what I wrote," as some would exclaim, my story did not head towards this direction.

I don't know where the disconnection takes place, is it between the authors and producers or between the directors and screen writers. When they signed up that so called wonderful story, were they buying in the complete story or just the idea, so that they can put their own things in the film and then put up the authors name as the true source of the epic film. They plan to upgrade it to a quality that meets film standards, and in doing so end up shredding your story into pieces.

Films devilise & pervert wonderful books, if I had a story I had written and has caught a filmmakers eyes, I would not let them shoot it till I have read the entire screenplay and get a glimpse of where every scene will be shot, if there are scenes that provoke my story then I am obliged to have them chopped off, if the producers do not accept that deal, then that's well and good, a waste of precious time, good riddance too. "You can take back your money, I do not need it, and anyways I did not write this book so that I can make a lot of money from it but to share my thoughts and feelings with others."

Theatrical-4-Savage Sports.

When an emissary first went into a ring he was shocked beyond belief, he asked the fellows that were with him, hey look there are two men fighting over there somebody please go stop them" he exclaimed, "hey

you people what are you thinking, can you see they are going to kill each other?" he insisted but no one seemed to pay him any attention, all they were focussing on were the two beasts mauling one another on a platform, the place is full, so full of people you could hardly move around, they all seemed to be suddenly made happy by the incident, some of those who were there laughed at his naivety, others ignored him as they had seen him as a nuisance, when no one paid him any attention , he decided to settle the dispute himself, "I wonder what those two bulls are fighting about, is it over some female or some property somewhere, what dispute is such great that it could only be settled through fighting, can't they sit down and talk it over instead of resorting to fists?" he asked himself many many questions, he struggled to go through the crowds and managed to reach them at the podium, but when he was about to stop the menace, two large arms appeared out of nowhere and grabbed him mightily, he found himself being dragged out of the arena and into a dark room where he received a couple of blows before being interrogated, when he was asked, "why were you trying to attack the champ?" his response was quick, he said he saw two men fighting over something he did not understand, when he asked others to stop them, they didn't respond they cheered them on instead, "I saw one was bigger and much stronger than the other and could have killed the smaller guy so I decided to stop them myself, that's when you came, can somebody tell me why I am being held here? Or were you also part of the cheering squad?"

When the security guys interrogated him further he came up with more weird and funnier responses, they couldn't find a thing they could use to put him on high suspicion, and therefore decided to let him go, "this guy has either one of these two problems," said one of the guards, "he is either drunk or out of his mind" they all at once threw him out of the venue.

A short while later he met some of his relatives that helped him travel to his home country, he narrated to his friends how he went into a foreign a country and saw people fighting for fun, "can you believe it, men are fighting each other while multitudes of crowds stand by to cheer them instead of stopping them? I have never seen a lifestyle of so much savagery before.

Then there is this sport where you see men scrambling over what looks like an egg, they run around the fields chasing one another and break each other's bones in an attempt take it from the other group, when the game is over the wounded are carried off the fields to nurse their injuries on their own, they are quickly abandoned by the crowd who had come to cheer them, the same crowd who had been cheering them on to wrestle one another, even though necks are broken, who cares?

Theatrical-5-lyrics backfire

When a renowned musician went to conduct a motivational talk in an institution, he was met with harsh remarks, he had travelled great distances and crossed many borders as he spread his message of hope

and resilience among the youth, he wanted them to work hard and never to give up in the pursuit of achieving their dreams, "NEVER GIVE UP," he said to them "WHEN THE WILL IS STRONGER NOTHING CAN STOP YOU?" he preached, reflecting on his own success.

The audience replied In a way that seemed very unusual to him, "we were waiting for another motivational speaker, not you, had we known that it was you who was to come, none of us would have set a foot in this hall, go away and sing to yourself your mad music," they said to him, "who are you to teach us about life and success? Aren't you the BOOM BOOM GUY we see on TV?"

We know everything you do on live television, you teach others to misbehave through your dance, now you want to talk to us about ethics? As he walked down the podium to get out of the door entrance, others shouted, "please call in that barbarian to come in and entertain us, we are totally worn out right now, let him sing his boorish songs and perform his savage dances so that can at least enjoy a taste of his wild music."

Theatrical-6- Gross Bytes.

Some silly guy is punching up mannequins in a supermarket and hitting cartons on the streets, shouting out aloud, And proudly says this is music, Do they really understand the term music in the first place? Its functions and role in the society?

The things they put on themselves make them look more of beasts than men.

Now man has chosen to put on the garments of a beast, to talk like a beast, think like a beast and act like a beast.

If you give them a flute or a harp, then ask them to play it, a three year old baby will produce much better music than all ten of them combined.

Music is supposed to soothe, not cause or accelerate/intensify pain, I would never listen to noise and call it music, never at all in my entire life.

It's better to be it the marketplace and listen to the madmen screaming their lungs out with whatever information to give, they offer better entrainment, than a sober being acting like a beast.

Many of these people are mentally disturbed. So disturbed beyond any help, they need more tablets than a guitar, or microphone.

Theatrical-7-Repeat the Rhythm.

They drum silly music into your ears, long and hard enough till you like it, even if you distaste it they'll make you love it.

Music makers have found a way to funnel the minds of many listeners into one particular taste they produce so that you are not able to listen to

any other kind of music, including the one you make with your home piano.

At first people say what a terrible song has come up? Then slowly begin to like it as it is continually drummed into their ears. How can you please this generation of music lovers who enjoy your music during its first months of release then shortly after that toss it aside , they refuse to listen to it because it's a couple of years old, they want something fresh, something unheard of before, they are unable to adjust older titles to their liking. They enthusiastically received your music at first, enjoy its tunes for a while, then sometime shortly after, they quickly dump it for something fresher.

Do you think they dance to the rhythm of their music because they love them or simply because they are so intoxicated with their bytes that they nod their heads, tapped their feet and repeat the chorus in a zombie like manner, not knowing what they singing? They are all intoxicated with the evil music of *Majuju*. His bytes are quiet addictive.

Theatrical-8- bytes for cash.

The masses often go for the baddest of rhythms, no wonder why rumour is a great traveller, even though they know it is not accurate, and it is sweet to the tongue, exciting to the ears, irresistible to listen to and an important topic to discuss.

"For people to buy a trillion copies of your music, it has to be super bloody," they said." If they were to produce good healthy constructive music no one will buy their work, not a single album will be sold, only exceptional few.

Now you will have to choose between money and music career or were you to use music as a money making machine, acquire tons upon tons of them from the market, if that is the case then this is where things begin to go haywire, you hear people saying things like, "I will do anything to get it, anything at all costs,"

As one continues to climb the ladder of proficiency and success, one question will be, "was the financial reward well worth it?" have I lost confidence in other people now that I have acquired all this success?

It's hard to choose dignity over financial success.

Anyways your music doesn't have to be gothic, wildly barbaric, or crookedly deviant.

Theatrical-9-ascent of music

Music exists in many cultures, it came into use from the very first moment humans set foot on earth, but it rarely was used for commercial purposes as its main use was for religious, political, social or cultural practices in many communities with the exception of a few civilisations where musicians were hired to entertain guests.

With the inventions of recording equipment at the dawn of the twentieth century producers discovered that they could record music from a single artist, make many copies of it and distribute it to the masses, a great business idea and an opportunity it came to be so everyone decided to become a musician, sale of musical equipment skyrocketed, artists and performers littered the streets, music schools boomed, everyone was learning to play the piano, the harp and the violin, everyone tried to sharpen their voice so they could sound a little smoother, however every musician has their own voice tone, style and rhythm of singing that makes them different from all the others, no two artist voices are ever the same.

Theatrical-10- the bytes of Majuju.

Majuju's evil music has brainwashed the young people in our entire towns, Spencer comes along and finds parents crying in a field near their homes, their children had joined one of the gangs that raids homes, Spencer follows them into the secret stadium where they party all night he soon finds the actual location of the concert, he is opposed at first by the DJ but due to his brilliant boxing skills he eventually beats him and breaks the speakers and the cabling system with his a metal rod, its after that when Majujus's music beats leave the minds of the kids that they come back to their senses, the children return home to the sorrowing parents, they all thank Mr anonymous for bringing back their

children, "thank you very much," they say, Spencer walks away to handle another matter for another day."

It is no doubt that Majuju's bytes are spread everywhere and have brainwashed the children of the world, such that they forget themselves and their chores, they want to do nothing else other than partying, everywhere all the time.

Isn't it the evil bytes of Majuju that drive the youths of the world into wreaking mayhem, they walk, talk and dress like savages, and some of the parents have lost hope in them. The evil music of Majuju has turned the world into a night-club of barbarians.

Theatrical-11- euphony deviation.

I do not blame them for it, that's what the world is like, men love filth rather than the fruit of the garden, they pour away fresh water and drink urine, then toss to one another, "cheers what a beautiful sweet red wine, lets enjoy, let's make merry."

The things they do on stage is a mere reflection of what goes on in the dark allies of the corners of the earth, if search lights were all at once directed in every darkest street corner, underground gatherings. Then what it could reveal would shock people beyond belief, they do not understand how their neighbourhood would appear so calm yet so

violent at the same time. More people go to music concerts than to religious crusades,

The crowd does not want anyone who claims to do good, those who try to bring freedom to others have bullets put through their heads even if they are in positions of power and influence, they still get them, so that they can continue to enslave, torture and abuse their fellow countrymen.

Like a tribe in a cast away island, when they happen to capture a lone adventurer or traveller, they tie him into a tree, men women and children bring out their torches to celebrate, because food has walked right onto their doorstep, they sing and dance all night as they slowly peel off their flesh and throw it into the fire to roast, they eat them alive, no pity no mercy, no decency at all. Such words do not exist in their vocabulary or mother tongue, they don't care about what happens elsewhere in the world either.

I rarely find any good sweet music to enjoy, what is there most of the time are these savage intoxicating bytes from some island's Voodoo shrine that the young people all over the world sing in unison to, they sing their hearts out without paying attention to the words they utter, they dance to the tunes in a zombie like manner without noticing how they shamefully debase themselves in the eyes of the elderly.

It is no surprise that the barbarous music on the streets reflects the stubborn, aggressive and violent nature of many youths today, many are

in their adolescence a time when they don't know nor do they realise the changes that are happening to them. And would therefore go for something that resonates with their behaviour contrary to the elderly who prefer soft, cooling old time vocals that can lull them to sleep. Though there's lots of good cool sweet music a vast majority of them are barbaric.

The musical instruments sing well than this so called artists, the instruments can sing you a sweet soft tone that can lull you to sleep, some of the so called artists add you more grief cause you sleepless nights. No song is good unless it corresponds with the instruments which can as well do on their own but the artist's voice can hardly make music unless he/she uses instruments.

Music is no longer the sweet old love songs, but now tones that feature themes of Barbaric Nature. Words that would at one time make people cover their ears are now a common day phrases. Many radio stations these days frequently air stories of perversion, without taking into consideration of who is listening at the other end of the microphone. It's nothing but sham, ugliness, perversion, deviance, hiding behind sweet relaxing tunes.

END OF THEATRICALS.

##

Final Clause

We have come to the end of our conversation, looking forward to connecting to you soon. We shall have more to discuss.

Please leave your thoughts & queries about this text in the comments section, if you have something that needs further elaboration or have got some burning question, you can always text me and I shall be more than happy to respond appropriately.

Write to me,

DodeSesceri@gmail.com

***NB**

Make sure you have the latest version of this text; you should check for newer versions at your favourite stores in order to get instant access to free content updates.

Thank you for your time.

More of WOTEs...

A Full list of other titles in the sequel.

WORDS TO ELATE.

- *Where is my inkpot?*
- *Media Moner*
- *The Laments of a Lumberjack*
- *Mundi Politica*
- *So you still do that?*
- *Hand me that take this*
- *A world of fakes*
- *Show me some lab ethos*
- *Flying above five feet*
- *Techno Chimps*
- *Dazzling riches*
- *Your highness let me speak!*
- *Mechanical revolts*
- *My mirror is a liar*
- *The beauty of Languages*
- *Darwin and the apes*
- *Tell me something funny*
- *Sweep thy planet*
- **Savage amusements**
- *Hello King James*
- *Be Patient please*
- *My Adventures to great unknown*
- *Can you colour a rainbow?*
- *A deer's diet*
- *Speed bones*
- *The Roman Cultures of today*

Footnotes.

My most used/favourite stylistic features

- Sharp contrast
- Heavy metaphor
- Extravagant exaggeration.

The reference to masculine characters In the above stories is not a biased motive to discriminate against any gender, it's just for the purposes of description, the authors repeated use of words such as he/him/man/king are just for the purposes of enchanting the narrative, if you feel offended by them then feel free to replace them with whatever words you choose as you read along, these pronouns are NOT put in place to intimidate, you can also contact the author directly and specify which part should changes be made to and to what particular effect, the author respects all readers and will not misrepresent members of any class, age, status or gender. All readers are precious.

I am trying to avoid the inconvenience of having to jump from one side of the group to another as it easily puts the readers off, jumping from side to side, back and forth, here and there is really irritating, take for instance it's better to say, "the king came out of his castle, called the knights and asked him to take him out on a ride through the royal forests and left his son in charge of the castle," than to say, "the king/queen came out of his/her castle, called the knight/knightess and asked him/her to take him/her out on a ride through the royal forest and left his/her son/daughter in charge of the castle"

Textual homogeneity- some aspects of the words, phrases and stories share lots of similarities with one another, the keen reader who repeatedly crosscheck between different titles will definitely notice this trend, if characters are portrayed in such a sluggish manner that makes the text boring to the reader, then reader please remember to inform the author as soon as possible.

Cover image: An audience watch entertainers perform a savage dance on stage, theme by the Author

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