

VICTORY

PRELUDIO



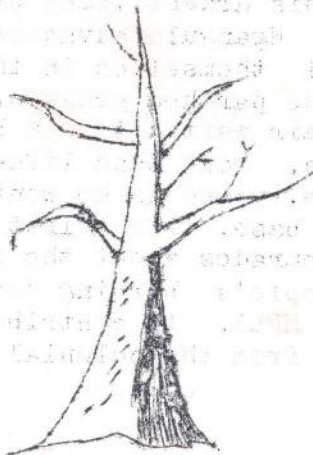
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THE GREATEST POLITICAL UPHEAVALS IN THE
WORLD MAY COME TO PASS, BUT THE PROCESS
OF MAN'S LIBERATION IS AN IRREVERSIBLE
ONE. THE ANGOLAN PEOPLE WILL BE FREE!

The pure air of the crack of dawn sways the leaves, which still retain the mysterious forms of the night. Greedily, the parched savanna receives the dew from other horizons, the sun tenderly caressing the African continent where, most intensely, it spreads the ecstasy of its love! The sun, its rays a myriad of hues, begins to uncover us and the earth, offering us an indescribable dream vision with each dawn.

We are in its tentacles of light, which guide the Angolan heroes along the forest pathways. It is five o'clock in the morning. Life started some hours ago at Base C. The serpentine river murmurs encouragement, offering itself as a reward to the comrades living on its banks. They drink its clear water in the morning and refresh their bodies in it before leaving on missions - some never again to feel the caress of the river, and the river never again to sense their presence!





The rainy season is approaching. The schools of the Centre of Revolutionary Instruction are reopening once more for the children, the pioneers of the Angolan society of the future. Classes were suspended during the dry season to allow some of them to stay with their families over that period, as it is then that the enemy tries to dislodge the guerrillas from positions they have already won.

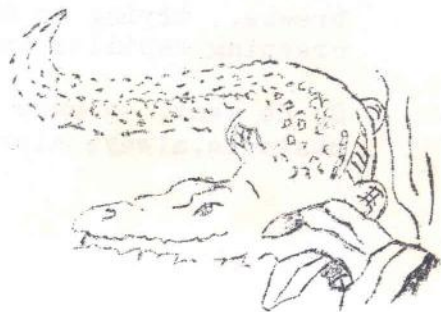
NGANGULA was one of the adolescents who had to spend this season at home with his parents. He was returning on that transparent morning so full of promise, happy that he was once more going to rejoin the MPLA comrades

who had taught him to read and to know his country, who had filled his ardent young pioneer heart with love of freedom. Ngangula advanced cautiously, for the enemy conceal themselves in the undulations of the land and in the parched grasses. He gulped the breaths of fresh air wafted to him by the leaves; a child, precocious, more than life-size, his steps outdistancing time. And as he went, he thought: "When I reach the base, the first thing I must do is to tell the comrades about the enemy's positions and about our people's burning desire to fight in the ranks of the MPLA, to contribute in every way to our liberation from the colonial yoke".

He smiled, instinctively grasping what tremendous work had been done by the vanguard of the Angolan people in creating a new national consciousness, raising up men who had lived on the fringe of human evolution for centuries - confined to obscurantism by colonialism - men whose horizons did not easily cross tribal boundaries, while colonialism exploited this condition already left behind by most peoples in the world. These men were now advancing with a single purpose, politically structured.

A new mentality was coming into being in young Ngangula's mind, imbued with a desire for human achievement, through the fusion of cultures and humanism, blown by the wind on its white wings, and nurtured by universal values.

Yes, he thought, I will be an exemplary guerrilla and help my people to be free and happy. I will honour the memory of my brothers who have fallen so that I, Ngangula, could learn how to read, to know the sources of the rivers, the composition of water, the phenomenon of the green of the savannas, the eise and fall of the tides of the oceans of the world, those who have fallen so that I could expose the ignorance of the myths of the crocodile fetishists, the myths of the alligator fertility gods enticing canoes into mighty torrents.



He advanced, trying to cover the remaining kilometres as rapidly as possible. It is difficult to go unperceived in the savanna, especially in the dry season, when the sturdy grasses become sorry dry stalks. It seems then that the earth has joined forces with the enemy in laying everything bare! Ngangula had to be very cautious till he could seek the cover of the interwoven bushes heralding the forest. He walked on, the glow of a pure conscience lighting up his face. His aching feet were tired from his long walk; he longed to rest for a while, but he remembered that he had to reach the base as quickly as possible. The people had told him that the enemy were aware that the MPLA had a logistics base in that area and were trying to bribe some unenlightened elements into going and undermining all the political work of the vanguard of our people, therefore destroying our most important guerrilla centres. If he were to save their lives, Ngangula thought, he must at all costs reach the guerrillas before the enemy did, so he fought down the pain and tiredness of the dozens of kilometres he had walked. As he advanced, he tried to conceal himself among tufts of grass which had survived the drought, bending and twisting with the grass, listening to the slightest suspicious noises, trying to distinguish between the sound of grass being pushed aside by human hands and the rustling caused by the morning breeze, trying to distinguish between the sound of creeping reptiles and of creeping men.

So he went, a pure child, leaping from obstacle to obstacle, always alert, fearing danger at every step.



Among the swelling hills he could already discern, here and there, a few scattered bushes, pioneers of the welcoming forest. Beyond them the river glittered like transparent stone down the centre of the valley. The fact that he was nearing the end of his walk gave him renewed strength and he hastened his step, conscious of the duty he had to perform.

Suddenly he heard a strange noise and instinctively he tried to run away; but a soldier hidden in the grass stood up abruptly and, grasping his weapon, shouted:

"Halt! Don't take another step!"

He soon found himself surrounded by a group of enemy soldiers, armed to the teeth, who looked at him challengingly. The first thing they did was to examine his bag, where he so carefully kept his school books. There they were, his beloved books written by MPLA teachers. The books from which he learned to read and to know his country's past, from the time of the arrival of the colonialists, who came as false friends, pretending to bring the Christian faith as the bastion of justice between men, to slavery, the slave rebellions where some slaves

jumped the galleys and returned to freedom. The constant rebellions and uprisings of the Angolan people during the five centuries of colonial domination, the leaders who tried to organise a general insurrection at the beginning of this century and who were deported to the desert of Moçânedes and, finally, the outbreak of the armed struggle in 1961!

His books, from which he had learned of other continents, of other races apart from Europeans and Africans, and of the struggles throughout the centuries where men have fought to free themselves from the yoke of other men; the great achievements of mankind in conquering and discovering nature and the contribution of the heroes of the world to the progress and harmony of all of humanity.

On seeing the contents of the books, the soldiers were infuriated, and they shot question after question at him,

"Where are you going, youngster? Who gave you these books? It was the terrorists, wasn't it? Ah, you were going to school, so you know the way and you'll take us there! Good! What are the names of the ringleaders? What do you all do there among the bandits? You were going to school to attend those political classes where they teach you terrorism, that Angola is for the Angolans and that the Portuguese have to get out, and so on and so forth.... They'll see! Come on, answer, or we'll show you what's what!"

Ngangula remained silent, his eyes fixed on the cruel men. This earned him a shower of blows.

"Answer, or we'll cut you to pieces!"

For all their insults and questions, he kept quiet. His eyes showed no fear of death. He knew that it could happen, that it happens every day to the many comrades who give up their lives for the freedom of their country, who cross swamps with water up to their necks, who cross rivers infested with monstrous beasts, and whom nothing deters, neither tiredness, under-nourishment nor the might of NATO! For they go in conquest of the freedom lost so many centuries ago.

From them he had learned how to stand firm in times of danger and to remain so up to the end. Even if they cut him to pieces, he would not betray, would not reveal where the comrades' base was.

This firm attitude exasperated the de-sensitised men from the colonialist army. Blows and kicks rained from every side. The face of the child so precociously a man started to become shapeless. Blood streamed from his mouth, ears and eyes. His eyes lost the limpidity of the dawn.

Enraged by such firmness and dignity, the soldiers started to hit him with an axe, hacking him and laughing like maniacs at the shuddering of the body in its death throes. They stopped only when a great departing cry, resounding through the light-bathed hills, immobilised the hero's body for all time.

The butchers looked at one another and spat in self-disgust. They turned silently away, leaving the body on the scene of the crime, going off in search of a pretext for venting the rage in which this monstrous war had engulfed them.

They tried to drown in drink consciences which re-

belled against their own infamous act. Many of them had become engulfed in this quagmire of dishonour out of sheer cowardice.



The day passed. The child's body lay there uncovered, under the leaves of the bush where he had been killed. Startled birds hopped from branch to branch and very gently, cautiously, they came and leaned over his face. Then, seeing the rigidity of death, they sang sorrowfully, watching over the child until the comrades came. The saddened sky covered itself with heavy clouds, and torrential rain bathed the earth. The wind bemoaned the cruelty of man.

The following day, guerrillas on a reconnaissance mission came across the mutilated body of Pioneer Ngangula, whom they had so zealously formed. From the local people they heard the terrible story told by the drunk soldiers. And although death had often come to take away those they most dearly loved, they shuddered at the sight of the child so horribly murdered. Eyes wet with pain, they swore to avenge the child man, the child who consciously gave up his life.

A tuft of green grass grew near where Ngangula lay, bathed in the red blood of the Hero, the precocious child who will remain for ever in the history of the liberation of his people.

** SERVICE ORDER No. 13/69 **

The Executive Committee of the MPLA has posthumously honoured the Pioneer by the name of AUGUSTO NGANGULA who was hacked to death on 1 December 1968 when going from his village to one of the MPLA schools. On the way, he was spotted by Portuguese soldiers, who tried to force him, on threat of death, to show them not only his school, but also the location of one of the MPLA bases. The Pioneer, who was only 12 years old, but for whom the MPLA watchword "VICTORY OR DEATH" had its full significance, chose to die rather than reveal MPLA bases to the enemy. The courage and firmness of MPLA Pioneer AUGUSTO NGANGULA are an example to be followed by all Angolan Pioneers, youth, women, men and old people.

For his courage and dedication to his country's struggle, the Executive Committee of the MPLA has decided to confer on Pioneer AUGUSTO NGANGULA the posthumous title of HEROIC PIONEER OF THE MPLA.

VICTORY IS CERTAIN !

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE MPLA

Angola
3/3/1969

departamento de informacao
e propaganda D. I. P.
★ MPLA ★
delegacao da TANZANIA