MISSION → ZERO GUINEA WORM ERADICATION

Just 15

Oh my, how far today we've come. Through war, through gore, through all that's glum. Through the crippling chorus and the doubters' drums that banged on loud that it can't be done.

Three million five hundred was the starting sum, whilst endless and traceless cases overrun. Neglected, the infected had no one, see much bigger battles had to first be won.

And so, its reign of terror raged, this fiery serpent from an ancient age. Inflicting pain, with disdain it waged its war on the poor - on the poor it plagued.

It cared not for gender, age, or creed. At the water holes it poured its seeds and sprung its trap and when thirsts ushered those in need, again, the cycle of woe begun.

It ravaged and bore through limbs and dreams, through the farmer's farms that yielded none, through the strained regimes, through poverty's schemes, through the children's screams, even the soldier's guns. Meanwhile, on shores, a world away, the President's men pen themselves a feat: To slay the serpent come what may. So, they built a team to complete the deed.

The task seemed simple, make the waters clean. Educate, engage, channel change through song. Give the masses classes, no need for vaccines. Just some local warriors with a will that's strong.

And, as the cause rang true, more joined the fray; Donors to fund the fight, partners with roles play. Doctors to bring relief, leaders to lead the way. Experts with expertise: the tables turned that day. Together, fight disease. Together, wage some peace. Together, inspire hope. Together bring reprieve. Together cure this ill, slay this parasite beast. Hand in hand, together, we achieve!

It's been 40 years, all of them toil bar none. A pipe dream, at first, facing three million ones. Now there are just fifteen cases, just fifteen, thanks to warriors with filter pipes rebuilding dreams. And now it's just fifteen. I mean it's just fifteen.

It's just fifteen!