

I'm still in shock, my 90-year-old husband bedridden after cultists killed our son – Mother

Godfrey George 15 August 2021

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*Ibukun Ajagun was shot dead by suspected cultists in the Mile 12 area of Lagos on August 3, 2021. His distraught mother, Comfort, 73, talks to **GODFREY GEORGE***

Your son was killed by suspected cultists in Lagos. Can you describe what happened?

My name is Mrs Comfort Ajagun. I am 73 years old. I am based in Mile 12, Lagos State. My son's name is Ibukun Ajajun. He was fondly called 'IBK'. He was born in 1986. He was 35 years old. My son learnt welding for a while and practised as a welder for many years. He left the job when he couldn't get a trusted electrician to work with. He resorted to okada riding. He used to ride around the streets and make some money for our upkeep. A month into his okada business, he was nominated by the union to issue daily tickets to other motorcycle riders around Ajelogo, near the roundabout, World Bible Church, Mile 12, Lagos.

That day, August 3, 2021, he had gone to collect the tickets from his chairman at Alapere, Lagos, when he met some cultists who were armed with knives, charms, and guns. Eyewitnesses told me he ran when he saw them. Everybody had also started to close their shops; some had not opened. It was around 7:30 am. He tried to run into the Word Bible Church at that roundabout, but the door was closed. He kept on running, and the cultists pursued him. When there was no way out, the cultists shot him and he died on the spot.

Did he have any problem with anyone?

I cannot say. He is a fun-loving person. He was just a victim of circumstance. All hope is lost for me.

Was there nobody there who could come to his rescue?

People who saw when he was attacked said the cultists were over 100 and there was no way they were going to withstand them without arms. So, they just watched from their hideouts as my son was killed in broad daylight. They were later seen passing under the bridge at Mile 12 and they shot anyone they saw on sight. They also killed a woman who sold puffs.

Has he been buried?

Yes, he has. Some youths in the area helped us bury him. Since he was born in Mile 12, people knew him. So, when they saw what had happened, they didn't stress us. He had no wife, but left a four-year-old son behind. What do we tell him?

How is your husband taking it?

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He is over 90 years of age. When he heard it, he kept asking us, "Which Ibukun? Which Ibukun do you people say is dead? My Ibukun?" He fell ill when he was told it was his son and has been bedridden since then. He only feeds on pap like a baby. I don't even feel fine myself. The shock from this is too much. We haven't been ourselves since then.

Did you see his corpse before it was buried?

Yes, I did. When I did, I almost died. It was one of my children that dragged me out and joined the youth to carry his body to be buried. I saw him that morning when he left. So, to see his lifeless body lying on a mat almost made me run mad. I had six children in all. I had lost two of them to mysterious sicknesses. Now, this one (Ibukun) who was not sick at all just died. It is painful. I tell you, it is painful. Now, only three children are remaining.

Was the incident reported to the police?

People who saw those cult boys that day called the police. You know people didn't let me go there. I nearly died. They were pouring me water to make sure I didn't faint. They said the police came, but I don't know what they came to do. His friends snapped his photos and put them on *WhatsApp* for all to see. But, since then, I have not seen anyone from the Lagos State Government to condole with us. My son was not a criminal. He didn't go out at night. It was 7:30 am; some workers may be at work at that time. Why did he have to die? Mile 12 has not been safe at all. No security agents are deployed there. The cult boys have fully taken over. Sometimes, when we sleep, we hear gunshots and bullet shells land on our roofs. It is terrible. Whenever these cult boys start their clashes, no one goes out at night for anything. We would just lie down on the floor so stray bullets do not hit us. If I had money, I would have relocated. But, look at me; what can a poor woman like me do? Now, they have killed my son.

How would you describe your son?

He was passionate about school, but he could not finish secondary school, because of a lack of funds. He was an independent man who went out in search of his daily bread. He hated to beg to eat. He was very respectful, everyone's friends. He is one boy who would eat and always remember he had a mother.