



## I 100 Passi – The 100 Steps (Modena City Ramblers)

Nato nella terra dei vesperi e degli aranci,  
tra Cinisi e Palermo parlava alla sua radio.  
Negli occhi si leggeva la voglia di cambiare,  
la voglia di Giustizia che lo portò a lottare.

Aveva un cognome ingombrante e rispettato,  
di certo in quell'ambiente da lui poco onorato.  
Si sa dove si nasce ma non come si muore  
e non se un'ideale ti porterà dolore.

"Ma la tua vita adesso puoi cambiare  
solo se sei disposto a camminare,  
gridando forte senza aver paura  
contando cento passi lungo la tua strada".

Allora... 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 100 passi!  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 100 passi!

Poteva come tanti scegliere e partire,  
invece lui decise di restare.  
Gli amici, la politica, la lotta del partito.  
alle elezioni si era candidato.

Diceva da vicino li avrebbe controllati,  
ma poi non ebbe tempo perché venne ammazzato.  
Il nome di suo padre nella notte non è servito, gli  
amici disperati non l'hanno più trovato.

"Allora dimmi se tu sai contare,  
dimmi se sai anche camminare,  
contare, camminare insieme a cantare  
la storia di Peppino e degli amici siciliani"

Allora... 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 100 passi!  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 100 passi!

Era la notte buia dello Stato Italiano,  
quella del nove maggio settantotto.  
La notte di via Caetani, del corpo di Aldo Moro,  
l'alba dei funerali di uno stato.

"Allora dimmi se tu sai contare,  
dimmi se sai anche camminare,  
contare, camminare insieme a cantare  
la storia di Peppino e degli amici siciliani".

Allora... 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 100 passi!  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 100 passi!

Born in the land of vespers and oranges,  
between Cinisi and Palermo he talked on his radio  
A desire to change you could read in his eyes,  
a desire of Justice, which got him to fight

His surname was cumbersome and respected,  
for sure in that place which he didn't honour much  
You know the way you are born, but not how you  
will die, nor if an ideal will bring you lots of pain

"But now you can change your life  
only if you are willing to walk on,  
crying out loud, with no fear,  
counting 100 steps along your way"

And then ... 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 100 steps!  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 100 steps!

Like many, he could have chosen to go,  
but he decided to stay.  
His friends, his politics, his party fights.  
He decided to run for the elections.

He said he would control them by being near,  
but then he had no time because they killed him.  
His father's name was no use during that night,  
and his friends, desperate, could not find him.

"So, tell me, can you count?  
Tell me, can you also walk?  
Count and walk at the same time, and sing  
the story of Peppino and his Sicilian friends."

And then ... 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 100 steps!  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 100 steps!

It was the darkest hour of the Italian State,  
that of the 9<sup>th</sup> of May 1978  
The night of Via Caetani, of Aldo Moro's body,  
the dawn of a state funeral

"So, tell me, can you count?  
Tell me, can you also walk?  
Count and walk at the same time, and sing  
the story of Peppino and his Sicilian friends"

And then ... 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 100 steps!  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 100 steps!

When we started thinking about the local hero to present, we had a lot of ideas. On this wall there is Tina Pesaro, the girl our primary school is dedicated to, there is Gino Strada, the founder of the NGO Emergency, and Sofia Corradi, who invented the Erasmus programme. But at school we have worked on the notion of legality, and on what it means to put it into practice. So most of our heroes are officers and normal people who fought against the Mafia. Against all Mafias, against the corruption that can destroy democracy and against the silent acceptance of this destruction.

Here are Giovanni Falcone and Paolo Borsellino, Rita Atria, Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa, who fought organised crime and were killed for that. And here is Peppino Impastato, a young man who chose to fight the Mafia that was in his family and to use the media to break the silence around it.

Peppino Impastato was born on the 5th of January 1948 in Cinisi, near Palermo.

He was a journalist and an activist. His family was connected to the Mafia but he refused to accept this condition and when he was still a boy he was kicked out of his house.

He founded a school magazine connected with his socialist ideas, which was closed after a few months

He started "Radio Aut" a self-financed radio station to denounce Mafia crimes

He was murdered the night between the 8th and the 9th of May 1978 and his death was obscured by the news of the killing of Aldo Moro, a famous Italian politician who had been kidnapped by the Red Brigade terrorists two months before.

So we consider him a hero because he had a lot of courage to fight against the Mafia, even if he knew he could be killed for that. But he made a choice, he chose to speak up against crime. Because Mafia kills, but silence just as well.

There is a film dedicated to him, the film "I Cento Passi" (The One Hundred Steps). It is called like that because there were exactly one hundred steps between Peppino's house and the house of the local Mafia boss, Tano Badalamenti, who ordered to kill him.

There is also a song called "I Cento Passi" from the album "Viva la vida, muera la muerte!" by the band Modena City Ramblers.

We think that the One Hundred Steps of the title of the film and of the song are a symbol of the pathway we can all walk on, towards freedom from all Mafias.

We would like to sing the song with you. The video shows some scenes from the film and some from Peppino's real funeral. You have the words and the translation, so let's sing the refrain together.