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Okuyowa momulonga WaZambezi / Swimming in the Zambezi

Imelda Lyamine, Albius Chunga Mulisa, Maria Simasiku, Florence Habayemi Shitaa
Kleopas Jambeinge

(en)

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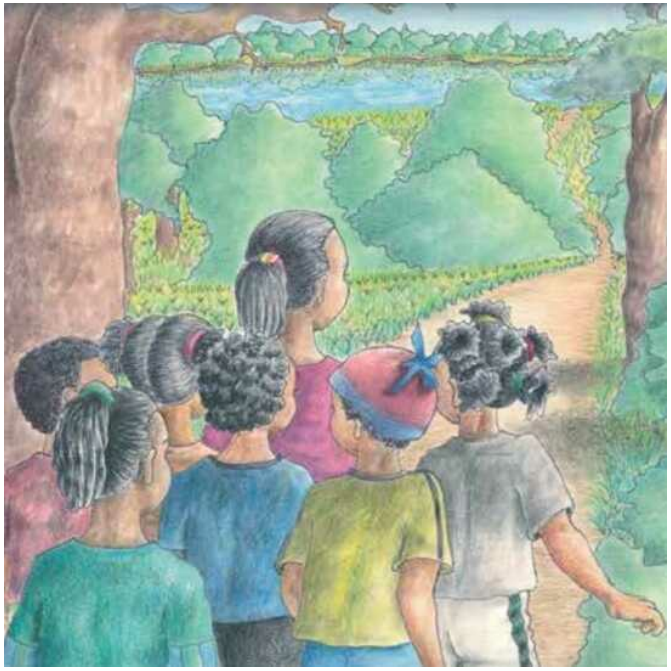
Okuyowa momulonga WaZambezi

Swimming in the Zambezi



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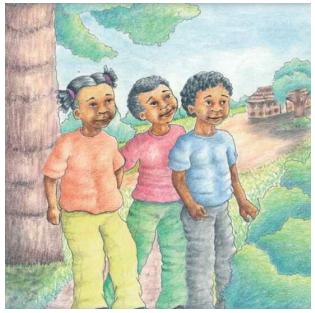
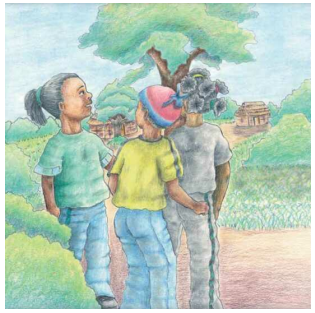


Osha li Osoondaxa efimbo lomutenya. Ounona voukadona muLusese ova li va ongala momuti wa kula woMusikili moCaprivi.

. . .

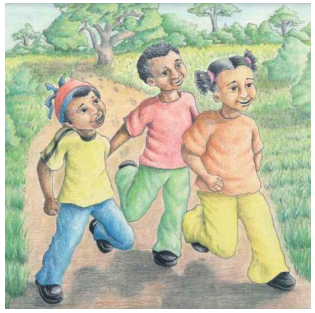
It was a bright sunny Sunday afternoon. The young girls in Lusese were gathering under the branches of the biggest Musikili tree in Caprivi.



Eingido leendaka davo dehafo ola li di uditike momukunda aushe, eshi tava ifana omahewa avo. “Nakamwu, onde ku teelela.” “Chaze, endelela.” “Silume! Ila!”

. . .

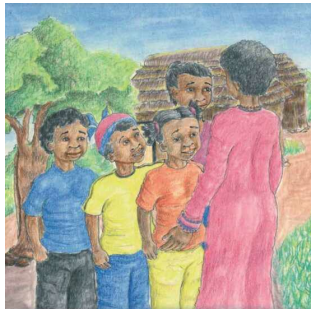
The excited buzz of their voices was heard all over the village. They called their friends. “Nakamwu, I’m waiting for you.” “Hurry up, Chaze.” “Silume! Come on!”



Maria okwa li ta kongo Ntwala. Ntwala ohe va twala va ka yowe Osoondaxa keshe. “Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaa! Ntwaloo!” ta ifana.

. . .

Maria looked around for Ntwala. Ntwala took them swimming every Sunday. “Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaaa! Ntwaloo!” she called.



“Ashike Meme,” Chaze te limemesha, “Inandi hala Maria a kale peumbo Osoondaxa tai ya. Onda hala tu ka fiyafane po naye mokuyowa moshivike tashi uya.”

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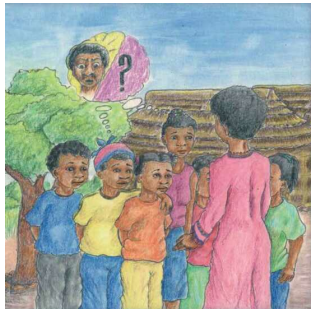
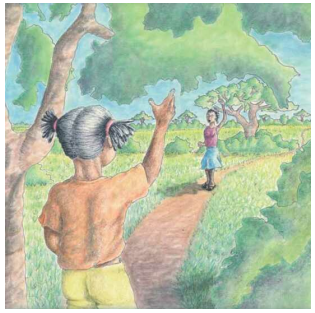
“But Mum,” Chaze smiled, “I don’t want Maria to stay at home next Sunday. I want to race her at the swimming next week too!”



Mee Sibungo okwa popya nounona aveshe, “Ntwala okwa konga ondunge iwa yokuhandukila Maria. Okwa denga Chaze shaashi ina findana mefiyafano lokuyowa. Ita ka kufa vali ombinga momafiyafano.”

. . .

Mrs. Sibungo spoke to all the children. “Ntwala thought of a good punishment for Maria. She hit Chaze because she lost the swimming race. Now she will not be able to race.”



Ntwala okwa ingida okudilila kombinga ikwao yomukunda. “Aame ou! Onde mu teelela,”Oukadona aveshe tava tondoka ve ke mu konge.

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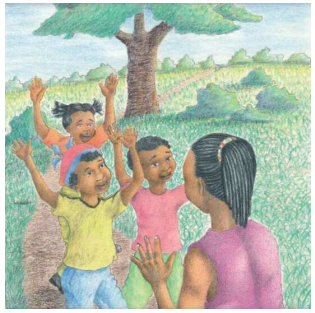
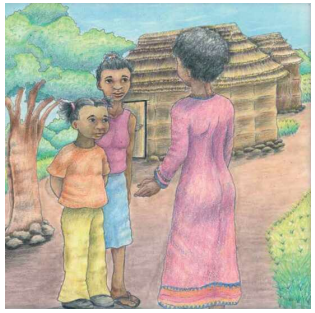
Ntwala shouted from the other side of the village, “I’m here! I’m waiting for you.” All the girls ran to find her.



“Omwe lilongekida tuu oku ka yowa nena?” Ntwala te va pula. “Ehee,” tava ingida nehafo vo tava nuka nokundjobauka va tunhukwa.

. . .

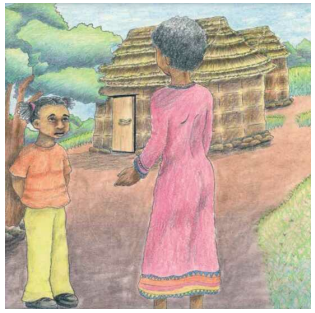
“Are you ready to go swimming today?” Ntwala asked them. “Yes,” they shouted happily as they hopped and jumped with excitement.



Mee Sibungo okwa pwilikina Maria. “Olo okwa li epuko Maria, keshiwa okudenga ovanhu. Iyaloo eshi we ya okupa nge ombili. Onde ku dimina po.” Mee Sibungo okwa lombwela Ntwala, “Ove omuleli muwa.”

. . .

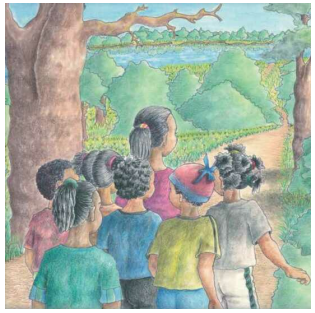
Mrs. Sibungo listened to Maria. “That was wrong Maria, it is bad to hit people. Thank you for apologising to me. I forgive you.” Mrs. Sibungo told Ntwala, “You are a good leader.”



Maria okwa lombela ina yaChaze,”Onda denga Chaze shaashi a fiya nge po mokuyowa. Ombili meme, Chaze okahewa kange, inashi yuka oku mu denga,”.

. . .

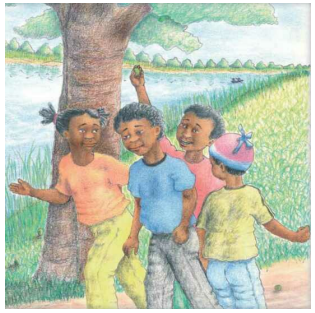
Maria told Chaze’s mother, “I hit Chaze because she won the race. I’m sorry. Chaze is my friend, it was bad to hit her.”



Eshi kwa li tava ende va yuka komulonga, Ntwala okwe va hokololele omahokololo. “Tu hokololela eshi omukunda wetu wa li wa kungululwa po kefundja,” osho va pula. “Tu lombwela kombinga yaKavandje naLunghima.”

. . .

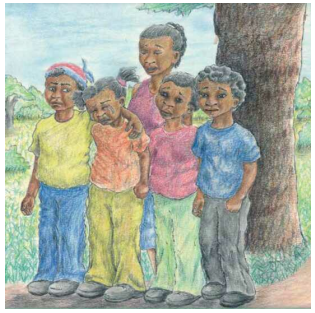
As they walked to the river Ntwala told them stories. “Tell us about when our village was flooded,” they called. “Tell us about the Jackal and the Baboon.”



Pomunghulo womulonga opa li omuti wa kula womwoongo. Oukadona ova kongela Ntwala ongongo ei ya kula.

. . .

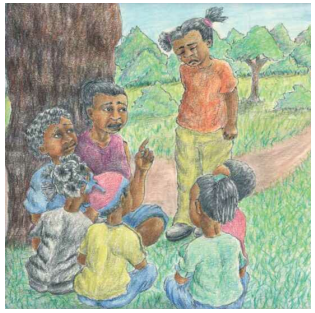
Beside the river there was an enormous Marula tree. The girls looked for the biggest marula fruit for Ntwala.



“Onde ku dimina po,” Chaze osho a ti, ye ta dingatele Maria nokwooko kwaye. “Ohatu ka yeni keumbo leni fye naMaria,” Ntwala ta lombwele Chaze. “Maria ota ka yandja yo ombili kumeme woye.”

. . .

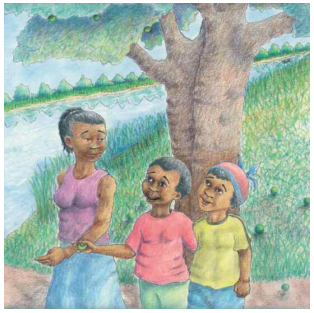
“I forgive you,” said Chaze and put her arm around Maria. “Maria and I will come home with you,” said Ntwala to Chaze. “Maria will apologise to your mother too.”



” Ohandi didladila Maria a faule okuyowa mOsoondaxa tai shikula,” Ntwala osho a ti. Maria okwa kwena mokule, nomahodi aye okwa li taa kunguluka. “O... O... Ombili Chaze. Ombili eshi nde ku denga. Itandi denge vali nande omunhu,” osho a yandja ombili.

. . .

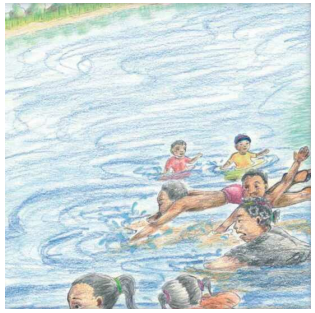
Ntwala said, “I think Maria should miss swimming next Sunday.” Maria cried a flood of tears. “I... I... I’m sorry Chaze. I’m sorry I hit you. I’ll never hit anyone again,” she apologised.



“Ondi na ei ya kula,” Joy ta ingida ye ta pe Ntwala ongongo.

. . .

“I’ve got the biggest,” shouted Joy. She gave her marula fruit to Ntwala.



“Indeni mu ka yowe,” Ntwala osho a lombwela oukadona. Aveshe ova lotokela momeva tava yayaana, vo tava kwekweta eshi ve udite outalala womeva omulonga waZambezi.

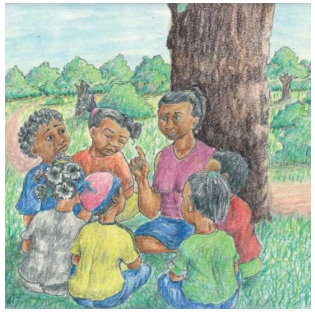
. . .

“Off you go and swim,” said Ntwala to the girls. They all ran into the water, shrieking and giggling as they felt the cold water of the Zambezi River.

“Maria oku na okuyandja ombili,” Namasiku osho a ti. “Chaze naye ne mu denge,” Joy osho a ti. “Ahowe, Okulidenga oshinima sha puka,” Ntwala osho a ti.

. . .

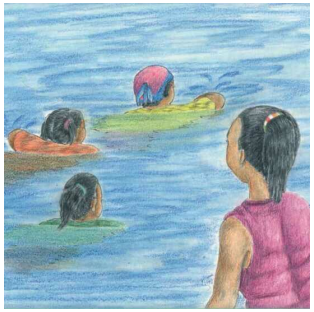
“Maria must say sorry,” said Namasiku. “Chaze must hit her back,” said Joy. “No, it is wrong to hit each other,” said Ntwala.



Ntwala okwa lombwela oukadona aveshe va kale omutumba va ninga ongonga. “Omukulunhufikola okwe tu lombwela shike?” osho a pula. “Okulidenga oshinima shii. Ovanhu ovo ve hole omalwoodi ove na okuhandukilwa,” Nakamwu osho a ti.

. . .

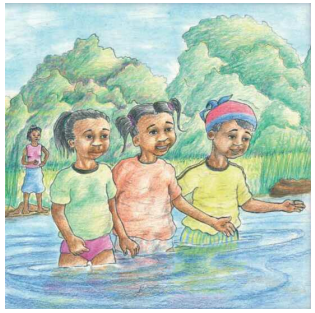
Ntwala asked all the girls to sit in a circle. “What did the principal tell us?” she asked. “It’s bad to fight. People who fight must be punished,” said Nakamwu.



Ntwala okwa li a fikama komutunda ta tale eengadu. Ota tale oukadona ava va kula eshi tava ningi omafiyafano, vo tava ningine. Okwa li yo ta tale oukadona ava vanini eshi tave liningile omeva, vo tave lihongo okuyowa.

. . .

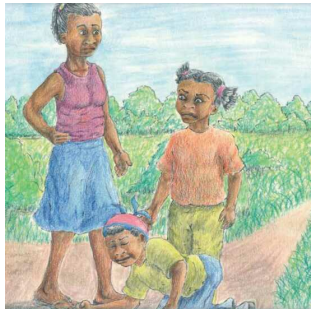
Ntwala stood on the bank. She watched for crocodiles. She watched the older girls racing and diving. She watched the younger girls splashing and learning to swim.



“Efimbo lefiyafano,” osho a ingida. “Fikameni momutete.” Okwa kufa ongongo ei ya kula, ndee te i kupula momeva, kokule naana ngaashi ta dulu.

. . .

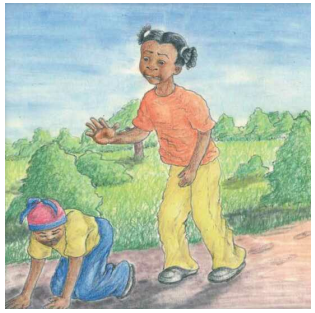
“Competition time,” she shouted at last. “Stand in a line.” She picked up the biggest marula fruit. She threw it as far as she could into the water.



“Maria! Oshike wa dengela Chaze?” Ntwala ta pula. “Okwa findana mokuyowa. Kashi li pauyuki,” Maria osho a ti.

. . .

“Maria! Why did you hit Chaze?” asked Ntwala. “She won at swimming. It’s not fair,” Maria said.



Maria okwe li nyovaekela konima yaChaze noku mu undulila pedu. Chaze okwa tameka okukwena. “Ina yaChaze ote ku denge,” Joy ta lombwele Maria.

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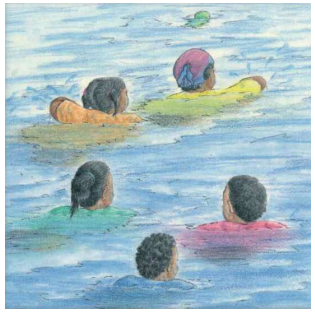
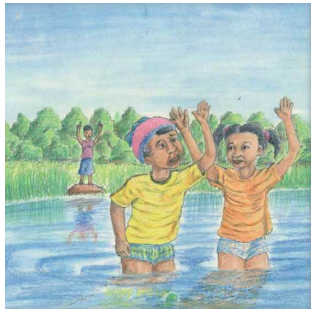
Maria crept up behind Chaze and pushed her to the ground. Chaze started to cry. “Chaze’s mother will beat you,” said Joy to Maria.



“Imwe, mbali, nhatu. Tamekeni!” osho a ingida. Ounona ova lotokela momeva ndee tava yoo va yuka kongongo. Ntwala okwe va tala.

. . .

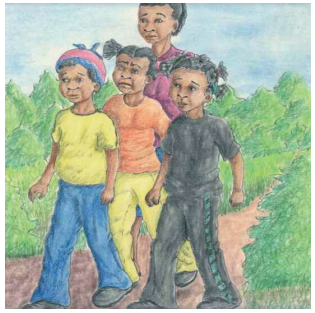
“One, two, three. GO!” she called. The children ran into the water and swam to the marula fruit. Ntwala watched them.



“Aame wotete!” Maria naChaze tava ingida oshita.
“Nye amushe omwe ya oshita,” Ntwala ta i mo.

. . .

“I’m first!” shouted Maria and Chaze at the same time. “You are both first,” called Ntwala.



Ounona ova ya keumbo opamwe naNtwala. “Tu hepaululila ehepu, Ntwala,” osho ve mu pula. Ove hole okupwilikina komahepu aye.

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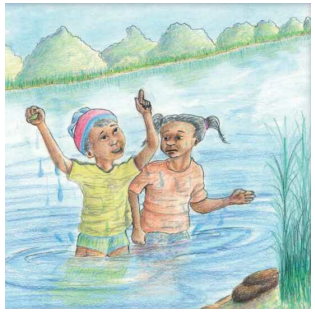
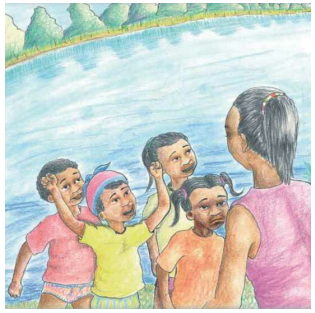
The children walked home with Ntwala. “Tell us a story, Ntwala,” they asked. They loved to listen to her stories.



“Aame wotete!” Chaze osho a ingida. Maria okwa kanghama okuyowa. “Chaze oye omufindani,” Ntwala osho a ti. “Owa ninga nawa Chaze, tu yeni keumbo paife.”

. . .

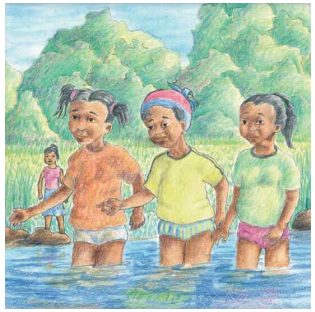
“I’m first!” shouted Chaze. Maria stopped swimming. “Chaze is the winner,” said Ntwala. “Well done, Chaze. Let’s go home now.”



“Onda hala mefiyafano natango” osho Maria a ti. “Eewa!” Chaze osho a ti. “Ntwala, natu ye mo vali?” oukadona vakwao tava pula.

. . .

“I want to race again,” said Maria. “OK!” said Chaze. “Can we, Ntwala?” asked the other girls.



“Fikameni momutete natango,” Ntwala osho e va lombwele. Okwa kufa ongongo, ndele te i kupula naana kokule ngaashi ta dulu.

. . .

“Stand in line again,” Ntwala told them. She picked up a marula fruit and threw it as far as she could.

“Imwe, mbali, nhatu. Tamekeni!” osho a ingida. Ounona ova lotokela momeva ndee tava yoo va yuka kongongo. Ntwala okwe va tala.

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