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**Nṭoosi xabe kare are / Orphans
need love too**

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Katjiuongua, Eliaser Nghitewa
& Jamanovandu Urike

✉ Cwi Debe, Tsemkxao Cwi, Gṭkxao J. B.
Kxao, Kileni A. Fernando, Festus Soroab,
Sylvia Fernando, Kagece Khalie Niani (ktz)



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Nṭoosi xabe kare are

Orphans need love too



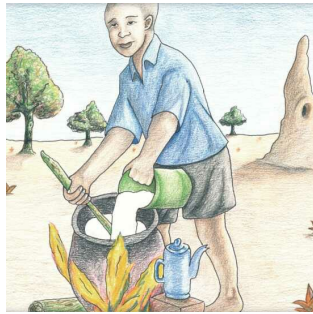
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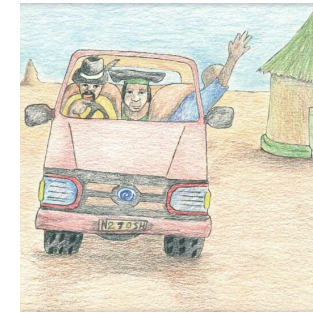
🗨 Ju/'hoansi [ktz] / English [en]



N!oma n!ui wece ka Hilifa koh ꞑxai he tsau, ha totoo !'an ha taqe ko n!oma 'ma. Ha taqe koh kaice |kae te Hilifa n!aroh ha !'ae ko ha taqe !'uin kota ha !'aeha. Ka |kae kaice tahn ha taqe Hilifa hin tsau ka du da'a ka ||u q!u ka du ti. Ha tani ua ha taqe ko ti ka g|ae n|oan marisoan o ||oakxam hia. ||'Ae gesin ha taqe |kae tahn ka ha |oa xoana 'm. Hilifa n!oo ha taqe tcioa. Ha ba !ai barah tsan sa koh ꞑaun, te ||ama ha taqe ce te ku |kae. Ha taqe kaice jaqm, te khoe tca to'a ha ba koh o khuian.

...

Every morning Hilifa woke up early to prepare breakfast for his mother. She had been sick a lot recently and Hilifa was learning how to look after his mother and himself. When his mother was too ill to get up he would make a fire to boil water to make tea. He would take tea to his mother and prepare porridge for breakfast. Sometimes his mother was too weak to eat it. Hilifa worried about his mother. His father had died two years ago, and now his mother was ill too. She was very thin, just like his father had been.



Kxuni toansi tsu Kave kota ||aq Muzaa hui Hilifa ko tcisi ||xae||xae ka tani ua Oshakati. "Kunuu ku kxoa ꞑara ze ko g|a'a n!ang," si !oa ha, "E !'huin ꞑoan a ko e !'aeha !'han." Hilifa ||au nꞑai ge tju te ꞑxuru |xoa si!a ko tekxi.

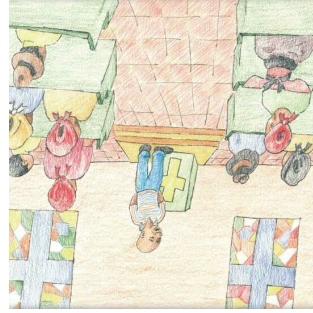
...

After the funeral Uncle Kave and Aunt Muzaa helped Hilifa to pack his things to take to Oshakati. "Kunuu is looking forward to having a new friend," they told him. "We will care for you like our own son." Hilifa said goodbye to the house and got into the taxi with them.

Ko kxuni khoara Hillifa koh ua kerka gla'a nlang te
ioa ju n'ui wece ko ha tage tci ooa. "Aia koh are mi
te koh ||au ku 'uin mi. Ha ioa mi te ko mi ||au
n'iaroh nlang khoa ho ||koa jansin. Ha koh kare ka
mi ika nlang. Mi n'iaroh glaoha ka ||koa glaoha ka
ha ika nlang |xoa mi."

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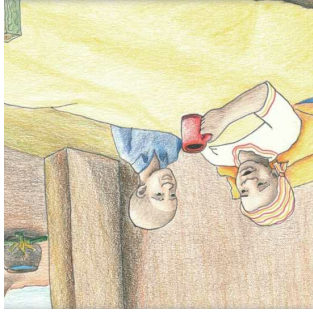
At the funeral Hillifa went to the front of the church
and told everyone about his mother. "My mother
loved me and looked after me very well. She told
me to study hard so that I could get a good job.
She wanted me to be happy. I will study hard and
work hard so that she can be proud of me."



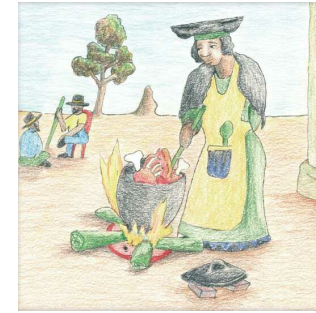
Nioma n'ui ha tsitsa'ha tage. "Ha-tce re o tih aia?
||Aea nere a o n'aba? A ||a'ike ioa n'loan. Te ioa
||koa tzi kana tjun'ang ||xai. A ioa totoo na mi
meddah 'ma, ioa ||ka mi skore i'xaiasi..." "Hillifa mi
'han, a sin o barah sa o nexete ||au ku 'uin mi."
Ha se i'arikxao, are ha f'angsi ko tca ha ioa ha. Ha
re tsa'a'ua? Mim kaice ||kae. Are koh tsa'a radio
n'ang ko ||kae n'ui ju 'ua n'ioe ||kaia, "Mi kxae
||kaea to'a," ha ioa ha. Hillifa f'om tcima. "Te kare
n||an tca a te ce ka lai f'oa mba?" "Nioe ||kaia koara
n'foma."

...

One morning he asked his mother, "What is wrong
Mum? When will you be better? You don't cook
anymore. You can't work in the field or clean the
house. You don't prepare my lunchbox, or wash
my uniform..." "Hillifa my son, you are only nine
years old and you take good care of me." She
looked at the young boy, wondering what she
should tell him. Would he understand? "I am very
ill. You have heard on the radio about the disease
called AIDS. I have that disease," she told him.
Hillifa was quiet for a few minutes. "Does that



mean you will die like Daddy?" "There is no cure for AIDS."



||Aq Muzaa n|oa |'an |oo kxao wecesi. Tsu Kave !oa Hilifa te ko si!a te tani ce ua ha ko Oshakati ko ka kxuni ku toan. Ha txun koh n̄oahn |'an ha ko ha taqe ko ka ha koh o dshauma.

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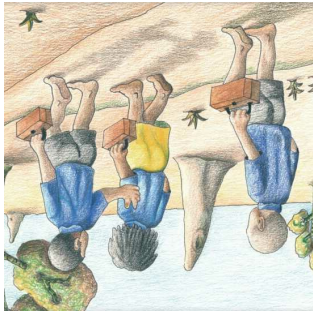
Aunt Muzaa cooked for all the visitors. Uncle Kave told Hilifa that they would take him back to Oshakati after the funeral. His Grandfather told him stories about his mother when she was a little girl.



Nioosi n̄oahn glai ko tca Ndapanda di n̄'ān te
 ɁarasɁ. SɁia |xom |'an HɁilifa l|'a ha taqe te ge'e tsɁi.
 SɁia n̄oahn tci jansisa sɁia koh ihan |xoa ha.

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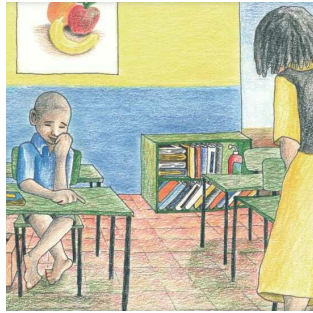
Very quickly the news spread that Meme
 Ndapanda was dead. The house was full of family,
 neighbours and friends. They prayed for HɁilifa's
 mother and sang hymns. They talked about all the
 good things they knew about her.



HɁilifa n̄hao ua skore |xoa ko ɁanganɁ'an. Ha |oa
 ||koa |xoa ika n|ang khoe ka sɁia cu he ku n̄hao.
 "Hatcere kxuia?" sɁia tsitsa' ha. Xabe HɁilifa |oa
 n|an tci n|ui, te ha taqe kokxusi iahina ha |'hui
 n|angsi, "Koara n̄Ɂoma. Koara n̄Ɂoma." Ha re naun
 |'uan ha |'ae ko ka ha taqe |ai, Ha n̄oo. Koere ha
 ixoana? Koere ha hoa mari kota 'm?

...

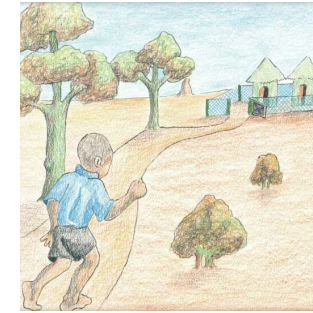
HɁilifa walked to school thoughtfully. He couldn't
 join in the chatter and games of his friends as they
 walked along. "What's wrong?" they asked him. But
 HɁilifa couldn't answer, his mother's words were
 ringing in his ears, "No cure. No cure." How could
 he look after himself if his mother died, he
 worried. Where would he live? Where would he get
 money for food?



Hilifa koh n|anga ha banga khoea. Ha n|ang |xoa banga !'o n!aoa sa ||aq'in ha n|ang te kui |xoa ha g!ausi. "Koara n|om. Koara n|om." "Hilifa? Hilifa, a re ge |xoa e!a?" Hilifa se tsau, Ms Nelao koh n!unga ha ||'hansi. "Tsau Hilifa mi tsitsa'a re koh o hatce?" Hilifa se khauru ha |kaisih. "A |oa hoa ||oaqsi ko koa g|aehke!" Ha n||a |xoa ka ko n!hai kokxuia, "Magano, !oa Hilifa ko ||oaqsi." Hilifa tokhom. Ms. Nelao cinniha |oa !xahin ha ko ||'ae sa o Kxaice.

...

Hilifa sat at his desk. He traced the worn wood markings with his finger, "No cure. No cure." "Hilifa? Hilifa, are you with us?" Hilifa looked up. Ms. Nelao was standing over him. "Stand up Hilifa! What was my question?" Hilifa looked down at his feet. "You won't find the answer down there!" she retorted. "Magano, tell Hilifa the answer." Hilifa felt so ashamed, Ms. Nelao had never shouted at him before.

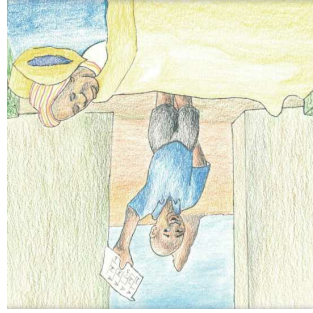


Hilifa !aah ua jusa !xoana toma sa. "Mi taqe. Mi taqe. Ha |oa tsau," ha tjin. Jusa !xoana toma u |xoa Hilifa ko !aoh te hoa Ndapanda di n!a'an ko g!ahm |ho. "Ha !ai, Hilifa," si!a koe n||ae |xoa !ka ta'm |kai.

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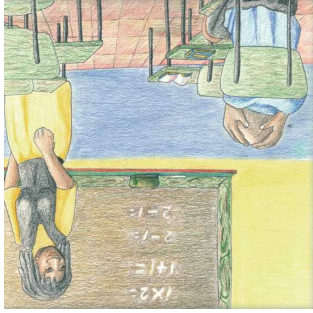
Hilifa ran to the neighbours. "My Mum. My Mum. She won't wake up," he cried. The neighbours went home with Hilifa and found Meme Ndapanda in her bed. "She is dead, Hilifa," they said sadly.

Iam o skore toansi Hilifa //a ha ika koh niobe
 nlang. Ha koh iaah gia tju|ho //a ha gia n'ai sea ha
 tage ko skore raportah. Ha iaah giama darah
 nlang te 'iau, "Aia. Aia. Se mi skore raportah. Mi ho
 'A', 'A', kota 'A' sa #hai." Hilifa ho ha tage te ha cua
 giahm |ho. "Aiai" ha 'iau. "Aiai Tsau!" Ha |oa tsau.
 . . .

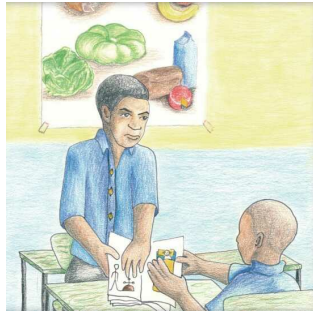


On the last day of the school term Hilifa was very
 happy. He ran home to show his mother his report
 card. He ran into the yard calling, "Mum. Mum.
 Look at my report card. I have got 'A', 'A', and more
 'A's.'" Hilifa found his mother lying in bed. "Mum!"
 he called. "Mum! Wake up!" She didn't wake up.

Hilifa //ha tih ko ni'o'ma. Pause //aea ha koh
 nlanga klasnlang. "Mi kxae nlang //an" ha ji 'an ha
 #aras!. Ka koh |oa o jia nia'an, ha tsa'a |kae ta'msi,
 ha nioo ta'msi ku n'ai iahian ha n'ai nlang niana
 zoo sa taun. Ms. Nelaoa #auce se ha. Ha tsitsa'a ha
 te ko hatce re o tih? "|oa o tci n|ui," ha koe n|ae.
 Ha 'huisi tsa'a //hui kota nioo ta'msi ko ha
 dohmniang. Ha gla'sasi ho koaq to'a he ha koh
 #aun giam.
 . . .



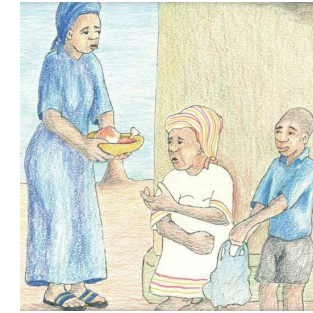
Hilifa struggled through the morning. At break
 time he sat in the classroom. "I have a stomach
 ache," he lied to his friends. It wasn't a big lie, he
 did feel sick, and his worried thoughts buzzed
 inside his head like angry bees. Ms. Nelao watched
 him quietly. She asked him what was wrong.
 "Nothing," he replied. Her ears heard the tiredness
 and worry in his voice. Her eyes saw the fear he
 was trying so hard to hide.



Ka Hilifa n||uri du somarasi okaa nommerasi khu ||'uhmi n||hoo ha n|ai. Ha |oa ||aea ka ko tca g#a'in ko ka ha g!oa ka. Ha n!o'o ka #ani. Oka ha cinniha #ang ha taqe. Ha g!ausi coa ka n#aisea tcia ha #ang. Ha kurua ha taqe ko ha g!ahm khoea. Ha kuru ha |'ae ka ha n!ua ha taqe ||'ao. "Somarasi se se kxao, n|hui ||kae||kae #xaunusi," !'au n!arohkxao di, Nelao. Hilifa hoa ha #xaunu ko tcia kuru ka |'aesie te kare #xaunu !ahbia toa ||ae ||aq'in g!xa. Xabe n#oan ka koara. Jua ku se koh ha #xaunu te tani ua n!arohkxao di, Nelao.

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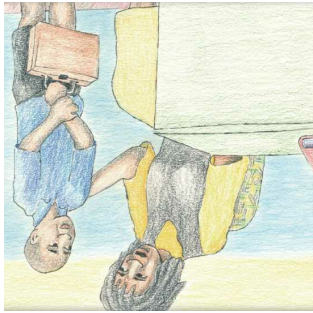
When Hilifa tried to do his maths the numbers jumped around in his head. He couldn't keep them still long enough to count them. He soon gave up. He thought of his mother instead. His fingers began to draw his thoughts. He drew his mother in her bed. He drew himself standing beside his mother's grave. "Maths monitors, collect all the books please," called Ms. Nelao. Hilifa suddenly saw the drawings in his book and tried to tear out the page, but it was too late. The monitor took his book to Ms. Nelao.



N!arohkxao di Nelao xabe !oa jusia !xoana toma Hilifa tca ha te xabe !'huin ha taqe. Si!a xabe !oa ha te ko si!a te hui ha. G|u n|ui waqnke ju ||aqin||aqin gesin sa !xona toma hoh g|ae |xoa 'msa ||'un ka si 'm. Hilifa ||'ae n|ui waqnke ku |'an si!a ku n!wu'ubumisa ||ama ha ||xara.

...

Ms. Nelao had also told Hilifa's neighbours that he was looking after his mother. They had promised to help him. Every night a different neighbour came with hot food for them to eat. Hilifa always gave them some vegetables from the garden.



Niarohkxao di Nelao se Hilifa l'a ha tekensi. Ka
da'abi f'aun ua tju'ho ha 'au, "Hoe glae Hilifa. Mi
kare a n'foahn |xoa." "Hatce re o tih?" Ha tsitsa'a
ha. Aia |kae. Ha ioa mi te ko ha te kxae AIDS. Ha re
ia?" "Mi ioa i'han Hilifa, xabe ha nio'be |kae ka, ha
kxae AIDS. N'om koara. "Ko kxuisa ke ce te," N'om
koara. N'om koara." Hilifa coa te tjin. " Ua tju,
Hilifa," ha koe nllae, " Mi glae lhoo a tage:"

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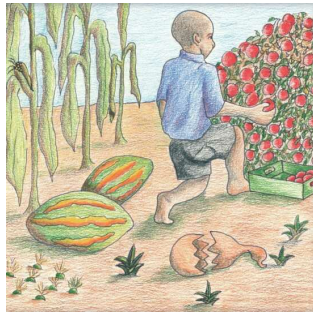
Ms. Nelao looked at Hilifa's drawings. When the
children were leaving to go home she called,
"Come here Hilifa. I want to talk to you." "What's
wrong?" she asked him gently. "My mother is ill.
She told me she has AIDS. Will she die?" "I don't
know, Hilifa, but she is very ill if she has AIDS.
There is no cure." Those words again, "No cure. No
cure." Hilifa began to cry. "Go home, Hilifa," she
said. "I will come and visit your mother."



Gioa he hin toa Magano tcoh tsi huia Hilifa ko ginu
haqre. Hidipo hui |xoa ha ko da'a i'hu. Te kahin sila
glae ginoo llxaea kage din ka du skore llkxoasi.

...

That afternoon Magano came and helped Hilifa to
fetch water. Hidipo helped him to gather firewood.
Then they sat and did their homework in the
shade of the marula tree.



Hilifa ua tju te g|ae ho ha taqe te ha ge te n|oan 'msa o g||ore gasi. "Mi koh n|oan |'an a ko |am-a he, Hilifa, xabe mi ka n!obe n||huin. Se n!uubu ||xara n|ang n|hui ka gesin n|ang tani ua tamate gesin ko tora. Si!a ku n|ai ||'ama |'an mh ko ka," Ka g||ore |uan Hilifa ua n!u'ubu ||xara khoea. Ha se n|uhn|kxaia toa o n!uubu |'uasias, n|uhn|kxaia g|an o tamate kota kherri ga, ca!hu sa g|a'ina |auhn kota spinashi sa |auhn, n|uubu|auhn sa o ca gasi kota camaga !ae g|a'ina sa g|an |aqbe. Ha tcaq ka te khau tamate n|ai !ae ko tani ua tora." Hatcere n!a'an |xoa ||xara ka ha taqe !ai?" Ha ko nace.

...

Hilifa went home and found his mother preparing lunch. "I've cooked for you today, Hilifa, but now I am very tired. Look after the vegetable garden and take some tomatoes to the shop. They will sell them for us." After lunch Hilifa went to the vegetable plot. He looked at the bright colours of the vegetables, bright red tomatoes and chillies, long green beans and dark green spinach, the green leaves of the sweet potato and tall golden maize. He watered the garden and picked a bag

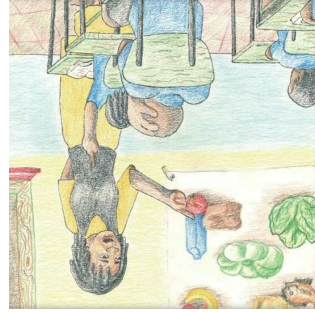


Ka Hilifa g|a tju|ho ha !oa ha taqe ko tca ha n!aroh ko |ama to'a. "N!aroh kxaodi Nelao koh !oa si!a ko HIV kota AIDS kota tca ju oo !'huian jua |kae. Magano kota Hidipo ku u hui |xoa ha ko !aoh ||kxoasi ka kahin si!a g|ae du ||xae skore ||kxoasi," khuian ha oo !oa ha.

...

When Hilifa got home he told his mother what he had learned at school that day. "Ms. Nelao told us about HIV and AIDS and how to look after someone who's ill. Magano and Hidipo are going to help me with my chores and we will do our homework together," he told her.

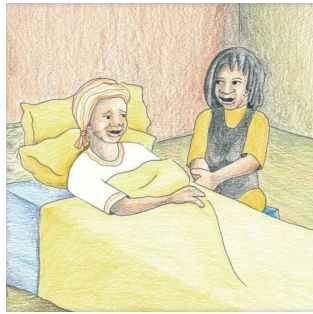
full of ripe red tomatoes to take to the shop. "What would happen to their garden if his mother died?" he wondered.



"A re du hatce ko a ho ka?" Magano tsitsa'a. "N'ang tia ia i'uin ia i'aesi n'ang llau ku 'm 'm jansin. Se 'msi f'xauuna n'ia'an," ha koe nllae. "Hajoe re f'ang ce 'msa jan i'an ha?" Ha koe nllae.

...

"What do you do if you've got it?" asked Magano. "Well, you must take care of yourself and eat lots of healthy food. Look at our food chart," she said. "Who can remember what food is good for you?" she asked.



N!arohkxao di, Nelao kua tsi g|ae ko ||'ae to'a he Hilifa koh u. Ha tsi g|ae ge te n!oahn |xoa ha taqe ko ||'aea g#a'in. Ha tsitsa'a Hilifa ||'a ha taqe "Aia Ndapanda a re ku tchi n|om sa ke o AIDS gasi woa?" "||'Aea to'a he mi !'hoan !ai mi koh kaice tokhom |'an doko ua," ha koe !oa kxui n!arohkxao di, Nelao. "Mi koh cinniha #om tca mi te |oa gu ka. Te ||'aea mi koh |kae he ua doko ha !oa mi te ko mi te kaice lata. N|om te kaa |oa hui mi." N!arohkxao di, Nelao !oa aia Ndapanda ko tca ha #au do ka hui Hilifa.

...

Ms. Nelao arrived soon after Hilifa left. She spent a long time talking to his mother. She asked Hilifa's mother, "Meme Ndapanda, are you taking the medicine for AIDS?" "After my husband died I was too ashamed to go to the doctor," she told Ms. Nelao. "I kept hoping I wasn't infected. When I became ill and went to the doctor she told me it was too late. The medicine would not help me." Ms. Nelao told Meme Ndapanda what to do to help Hilifa.



||Ama ha n#ai sea si!a ko #xaunu !ahbi n!a'an. "N!am woanqn sa ke ku n||ae ka a |oa gu HIV." Ha koe !oa si!a. "Ha |oa gu HIV ko ||ama tzi tju n|e'e n#ai ||koa, kana g!u ||ka tjua n|e'e. N!ahma khoe, tzi #oma kana tzxama khoe ko g!ausi ||kae |xoa jua kxae HIV kosin AIDS ka to'a ciniha sin jan. Ka sin jan ko ku n#ai ||koa kopisi kosin n|usi ||kae |xoa jua kxae HIV kosin AIDS. Te a cete |oa ho ka ko ||ama n#hai kosin g!o'o khoea. A cete |oa ho ||ama ka ko ||ama g!un!angzaqni n!aisi g#uha kosin tzin kana tcaqau."

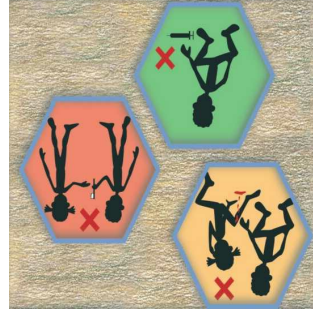
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Then she showed them a chart. "These are all the ways you can't catch HIV," she told them. "You won't get HIV from using the toilet, or sharing a bath. Hugging, kissing or shaking hands with someone with HIV or AIDS is also safe. It's OK to share cups and plates with someone who has HIV or AIDS. And you can't catch it from someone who is coughing or sneezing. Also, you can't get it from mosquitoes or other biting insects like lice or bedbugs."

Ms. Nelao n̄oahn f̄asara 'an sila ko tcin 'a lkaea ku oo gl'am ju. "Ka ju n̄ui kxae HIV kosin AIDS ju 'ha llaama 'a lkaea ko 'ang khoea. Kahin m lu lkaea 'arisi kosi tzausi i'iansi. Ka m n̄ai lkaea f̄arasī, naqnsi, 'ari kosin llagma lkaea. Ha n̄oahn f̄asara tca kahin ju oo n̄ai lkaea 'arisi kosin naqni te ju f̄aun n̄ai gaqaua ka." Ka mi kxae 'habihē ka tcaq 'ang f̄aun ka ju iaeiae se lxa a ko ka. "Ju f̄aun ka ju i'o 'habī tzi, ko ka i'uan," ha koe nllae.

...

Ms. Nelao explained some of the ways we can be infected with HIV. "If someone has HIV or AIDS we can catch the virus from their blood. We should never share razors or toothbrushes. If we get our ears pierced we must use sterilised blades and needles." She explained how needles and blades should be sterilised. "If we hurt ourselves and there is blood we must ask an adult to clean the wound. We must cover the wound to protect it," she told them.

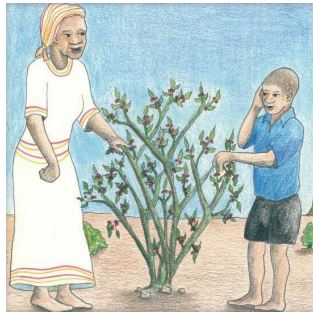


ll'Aea Hiliifa gia tju|ho ha tage tsitsa ha, "Hiliifa, mi i'han, mi kare ka mi n̄hao lxa a. Are ca hui mi? "Hiliifa gu ha tage f̄han te ha tage gl'ani ha. Sa n̄hao ua koa iahin sa kxae tsausih gi'a'a. Ha tsitsa'a ha, "Are cinihā f̄ang ll'ae sa a ll'un lxa a tsu kunuu ko buru ko khuinke? A koh ll'u l'ua buru ko iahin ika te buru gl'ae n̄ham ll'ua i'hu. A ba gl'ae du khauru 'an itsa ko ha."

...

When Hiliifa came home his mother asked him, "Hiliifa, my son, I want to take a walk with you. Will you help me?" Hiliifa took his mother's arm and she leaned on him. They walked to where the tall thorn trees grew. She asked him, "Do you remember playing football here with your cousin Kunuu? You kicked the ball into the tree and it got stuck on the thorns. Your father got scratched getting it down for you."





“Se, n|ang n|aq to’a. G|ae khau ka gesin n|ang tani ua tju|’ho.” Ka Hilifa khau n|ang, ha taqe ko, “A re ₪’ang ce ||’aea a koh o da’am!o he koh sin ‘m |xoan|ang ko ka !osi. A |oa ua tzi ko beke n|e’e!” “Ee, mi g!u ko n!obe khui,” ₪’ang ce Hilifa, ha dshi.

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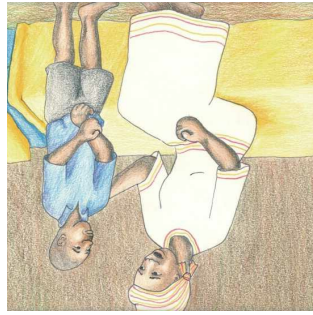
“Look, there’s an omandjembere bush. Go and pick some to take home.” When Hilifa was picking the sweet berries, she said, “Do you remember when you were small you ate the berries and the seed inside. You didn’t go to the toilet for a week!” “Yes, my stomach was sooo sore,” remembered Hilifa, laughing.



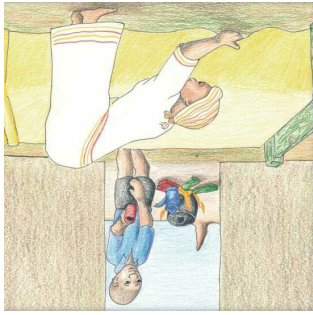
N!oo ko skore Ms. Nelao n!aroh si ko HIV kosin AIDS. Da’abi koqa. Si!a koh tsa’a tca ke ko radio n!ang, Te ju |oa n|oahn ka ko tju|ho. “Kore ka ||ama?” Magano koe tsitsa’a. “Ju re noun gua ka?” Hidipo tsitsa’a Ms. Nelao n|oahn ₪’asara |’an si!a ko tca HIV te o ka |kae !u. Te ka ju kxae HIV |kaea, ka gea |’ang !ka ka !kuia n!ang sin. “Ka sin ku |kau u kahin ju ko ha te kxae AIDS.”

...

The next morning at school Ms. Nelao taught them about HIV and AIDS. The learners looked afraid. They heard about this illness on the radio, but no-one spoke about it at home. “Where does it come from?” asked Magano. “How do we catch it?” asked Hidipo. Ms. Nelao explained that HIV is the name of a virus. When a person has the HIV virus in their blood they still look healthy. “We say they have AIDS when they become ill.”



Ha taeq cinniha n̄oahn, "A tsu Kave he gea
 Oshakatì ku xoana ||koa |'an m ko mari. Ha !oa mi
 te ko ha te ku i'uin a. Mi n̄oahn |xoa ha ko ka tci
 oa. A m ku ua |xoa skore ko Kanuu, ha i'han.
 Kanuu gea xraat 4 n̄ana a. Si ||au ka i'uin a." "Mi
 are mi tsu Kave kosin g||aq Muzaa," Hilifa koe
 n||ae. "Mi are Kanuu kui |xoa. A re n̄ihae jan ka si
 i'uin a?" "In'in, mi i'han. Mi |u g|ae jan. A ||au te i'uin
 mi. Mi ika n|a'ng ko ka mi kxae i'han jan."
 . . .
 His mother continued, "Uncle Kave from Oshakatì
 sends us money when he can. He told me that he
 will care for you. I have talked to him about it.
 You'll go to school with Kunuu, his son. Kunuu is in
 Grade 4 like you. They will take good care of you."
 "I like Uncle Kave and Aunt Muzaa," said Hilifa.
 "And I like playing with Kunuu. Would you become
 well if they look after you?" "No, my son. I won't
 become well. You look after me very well. I am
 proud to have such a good son."



||Aea sa ua tju|'ho Hilifa ||'a taeq koh kaice ||'hain.
 Hilifa n|oan ti. A Ndapanda gu g|xa boksì ma ko
 g|ahm f̄aba n̄iang. "Hilifa ka ke o a ga. Tcisa gea
 boksia he ||'a n̄iang ku n̄fai f̄ang a ko kore a
 ||ama."

. . .

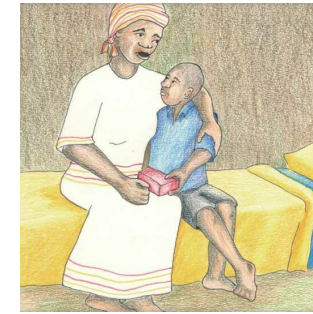
When they got home Hilifa's mother was very
 tired. Hilifa made some tea. Meme Ndapanda took
 a small box from under her bed. "Hilifa, this is for
 you. In this box are things that will help you
 remember where you come from."



Ha g!xa ||'aua ko boksi n!ang, te n!hui coe tci n!e'e n!e'esi. "Fotoa ke a ba ||'ae. A hin ko o ha !'han o kxaice. Fotoa ke o ||'aea mi ko gu a he tani ua a ko a txun sa a !u-n!a'an si !kasi koh kaice n!ang. Ka ke a tzaua o kxaice g!ai. A re ꞑ'ang tca a koh oo tjian he mi koh !oa tca ka gesin te ceka g!a'i, khuin a ba koh oo ||'aea mi koh ko barah o kaice ||ama ||'aea tsa n!huia khoe."

...

She took the mementos out of the box one by one. "This is a photo of your father holding you. You were his firstborn son. This photo is when I took you to see your grandparents, they were so happy. This is the first tooth you lost. Do you remember how you cried and I had to promise you that more would grow. This is the brooch your father gave me when we were married for one year."



Hilifa ||ae ꞑ'e'a ha !'ae ko boksi te tjian. Ha taqe n!ahma ꞑ'ea ha !'ae ko ha ||ae |xoma te koe n||ae. "Ka ni kxoe n!ang !xu ge |xoa a n!ang !'uin a." Ha n!ahma ha te koe n||ae. "Hilifa mi !'han. A !'han tca mi te ho mi !'ae te |kae, ||'ae to'a mi ka g!ae ge |xoa a ba. Mi !oa kare ka a !ka ta'am |kau. ꞑ'Ang tca mi koh oo area a. ꞑ'Ang n!ang !'han ko a ba te ho ha !'ae te are a."

...

Hilifa held the box and began to cry. His mother held him close by her side and said a prayer, "May the Lord protect you and keep you safe." She held him as she spoke. "Hilifa, my son. You know that I am very ill, and soon I will be with your father. I don't want you to be sad. Remember how much I love you. Remember how much your father loved you."