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Mayowano murware rwazambezi / Swimming in the Zambezi

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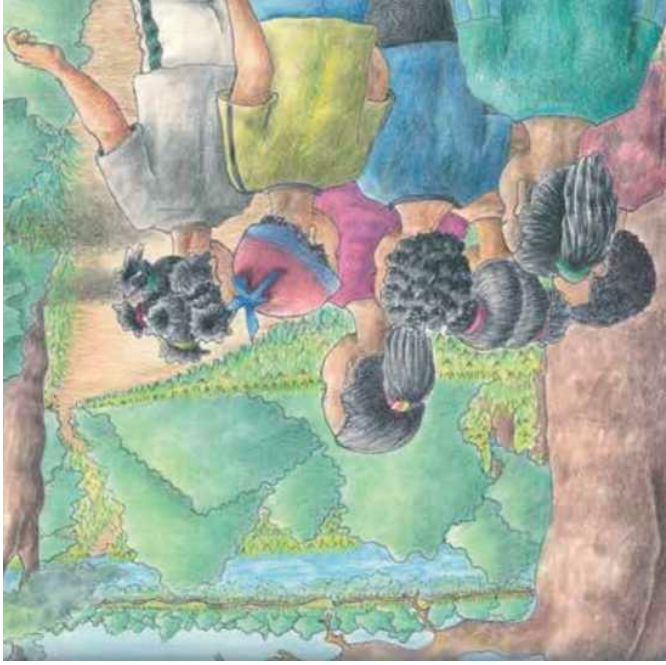


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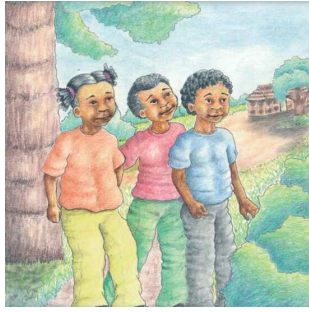
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Mayowano murware rwazambezi

Swimming in the Zambezi



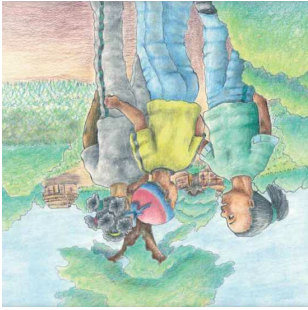
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📖 4
🗣 Mbukushu / English



Dya karire diyuwa dyo ghughenyu dyoShundaha.
Hashengeteya ho muLusese ha pongire
muthitondo thothikuru thoMusikili muCaprivi.

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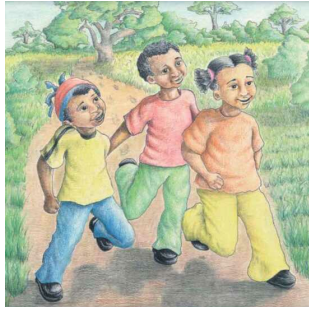
It was a bright sunny Sunday afternoon. The
young girls in Lusese were gathering under the
branches of the biggest Musikili tree in Caprivi.



Mavunguvungu ghawo gho yishambera gha
yuvekire mukunda ghoghuhheya. Hethire hashere
wagho. "Nakamwu, yowe nakutatatera.
"Tambukeko, Chaze. "Silumei Wiye tei"

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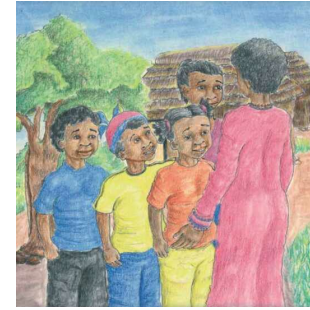
The excited buzz of their voices was heard all over
the village. They called their friends. "Nakamwu,
I'm waiting for you." "Hurry up, Chaze." "Silumei
Come on!"



Maria gha shanashanine Ntwala. Ntwala nga ha twaranga kurware kehe Shundaha ha ka yoghane. "Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaaa! Ntwaloo!" ghethire.

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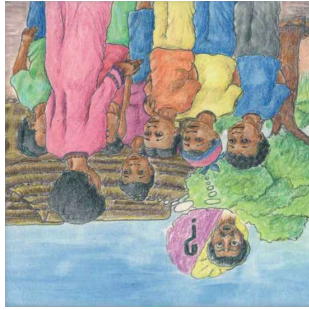
Maria looked around for Ntwala. Ntwala took them swimming every Sunday. "Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaaa! Ntwaloo!" she called.



"Ene nawe," Chaze gha menyamenyine, mbadi nakushana Maria gha kukare kudimbo Shundaha gho kurandako. Nashana ka kutangawera nendi naye thivike thokurandako!

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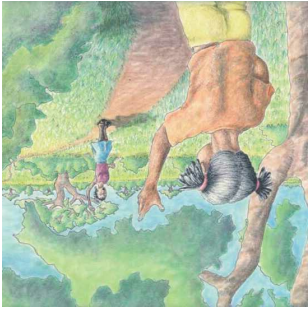
"But Mum," Chaze smiled, "I don't want Maria to stay at home next Sunday. I want to race her at the swimming next week too!"



Nyokwetu Sibungo gha ghambithire hanuke
waheya. "Ntwala ghana ghayara thiwana
mahumbithero gho kumuroghera Maria. Ghana
pumura Chaze yoyishi ghana yongaritha mutangu.
kenge keho ne mbadi gha kukutangawera
kuyogha karo."

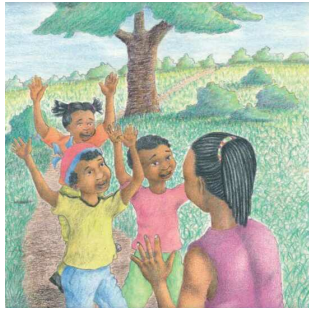
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Mrs. Sibungo spoke to all the children. "Ntwala
thought of a good punishment for Maria. She hit
Chaze because she lost the swimming race. Now
she will not be able to race."



Ntwala gha kugherire kumutara ghumweya gho
mukunda, "Yame noi Yamwe nakutaterera."
Hashengeleya waheya hatjirere kwendi.
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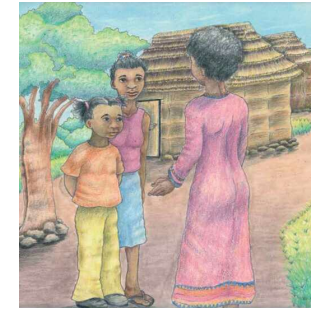
Ntwala shouted from the other side of the village,
"I'm here! I'm waiting for you." All the girls ran to
find her.



“Muna kuroyithera mukuyenda kukuyowana dyarero?” Ntwala gha wepure. “Yii,” hahuthire noyishamberera ghu regharegha.

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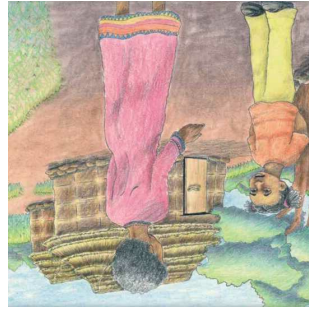
“Are you ready to go swimming today?” Ntwala asked them. “Yes,” they shouted happily as they hopped and jumped with excitement.



Nyokwetu Sibungo gha tegherere kwaMaria. “Oyo ne mbadi ghuhunga Maria, yimango yokupumura hanu. Natumera koyi ghuna rombo mathiyerero. Nakuthiyerera.” Nyokwetu Sibungo gha tongwere Ntwala, “Gho mupiterithi gho muwa.”

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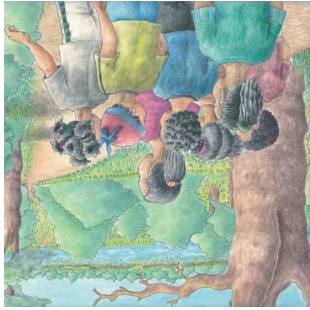
Mrs. Sibungo listened to Maria. “That was wrong Maria, it is bad to hit people. Thank you for apologising to me. I forgive you.” Mrs. Sibungo told Ntwala, “You are a good leader.”



Maria gha tongwere nyina Chaze, "Napumura Chaze yoyishi ghana wini mutangu. Munithiyerepo. Chaze ne muyendhange, yimango eyi na mupumura."

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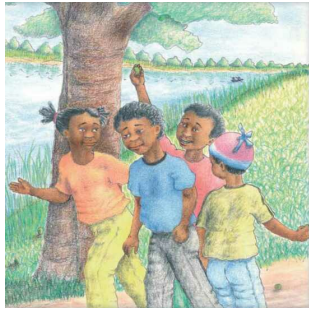
Maria told Chaze's mother, "I hit Chaze because she won the race. I'm sorry. Chaze is my friend, it was bad to hit her."



Mundhira dhawo dho kurware Ntwala gha wathimwetwedhire yithimwa, "Tuthimwetwedhe yo kuhatera kumukunda wetu apa wa handjere," ha ghambire. "Tuthimwetwedhe yo kuhatera kwaMbawawa naNguya."

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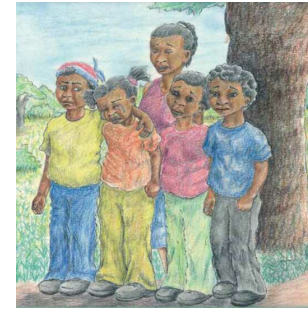
As they walked to the river Ntwala told them stories. "Tell us about when our village was flooded," they called. "Tell us about the Jackal and the Baboon."



Kumbombwa dho rware kwa karire Ghumurwa
gho ghukuru thikuma. Hashengeteya hashanine
murwa dho dhikuru thikuma dhaNtwala.

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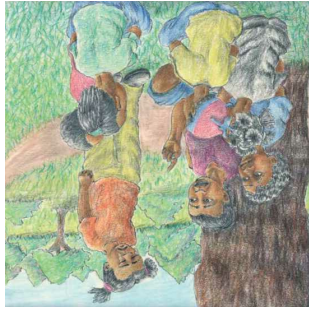
Beside the river there was an enormous Marula
tree. The girls looked for the biggest marula fruit
for Ntwala.



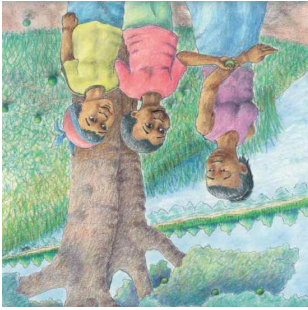
"Nakuthiyerera," gha ghambire Chaze no gha
turire moko ghendi ghundhondhera Maria. "Name
naMaria ne ñanyi tuyende noye, gha ghambire
Ntwala kwaChaze. "Maria ñanyi gha karombe
mathiyerero kwa nyoko nako."

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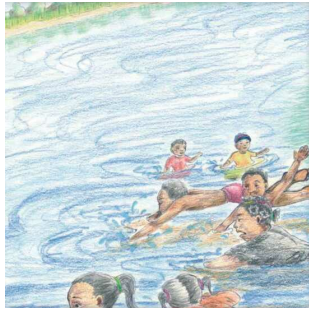
"I forgive you," said Chaze and put her arm around
Maria. "Maria and I will come home with you," said
Ntwala to Chaze. "Maria will apologise to your
mother too."



Ntwala gha ghambire, "Nakughayara eshi Maria ne gha kuvumwe kuyowana Shundaha gho kurandako." Maria gha dirire shemwa, "Ni... Ni... Nithiyererepo Chaze. Dishesha nakupumura. Mbadi na kupura karo munu," gha rombire. 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.



"Nawana dyodikuru," gha kuyerire Joy. Gha tapire dimurwa dyendi kwaNtwala. . . . "I've got the biggest," shouted Joy. She gave her marula fruit to Ntwala.



“Muyende mukayowane,” gha ghambire Ntwala ko hashengeteya. Waheya hatjirere mumeyu, hakugherire ghu tutuma kughutenda gho meyu gho murware rwaZambezi.

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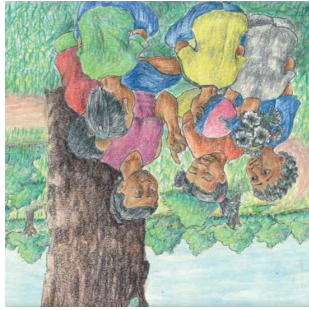
“Off you go and swim,” said Ntwala to the girls. They all ran into the water, shrieking and giggling as they felt the cold water of the Zambezi River.



“Maria rombe mathigherero,” gha ghambire Namasiku. “Chaze naye gha muhuthe, gha ghambire Joy. “Ca, mbadi ghuhunga kukupumaghura,” gha ghambire Ntwala.

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



Ntwala ghepure hashengeteya wahaya hatende dikandero ghuhungumana. "Ngepi gha tutongwere mukuru gho shure?" ghepure. "Kurwa ne kumango. Hanu hokurwa ne hakona kuwana mahumbithero." gha ghambire Nakamwu.

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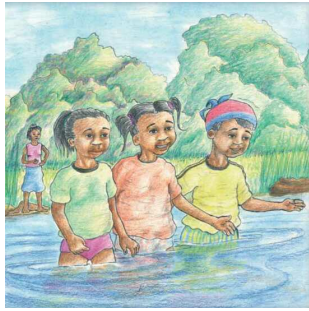
Ntwala asked all the girls to sit in a circle. "What did the principal tell us?" she asked. "It's bad to fight. People who fight must be punished," said Nakamwu.



Ntwala ghemanine kumbombwa. Gha kaverere ngeshi kodhidi ngandu. Gha rorere hashengeteya hohakuru hakuutangawera kuyowana no kuvera. Gha rorere hakamadighana ha kukuhonga kuyowana ghufjakaghura meyu.

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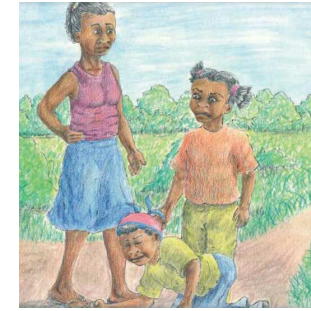
Ntwala stood on the bank. She watched for crocodiles. She watched the older girls racing and diving. She watched the younger girls splashing and learning to swim.



“Ruvdhe ro mutangu,” gha kugherire paghuhura.
 “Mwimane mumuyira.” Gha shimbire dimurwa
 dyodikuru no kudivukuma murware.

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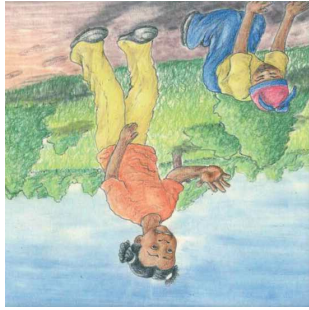
“Competition time,” she shouted at last. “Stand in a
 line.” She picked up the biggest marula fruit. She
 threw it as far as she could into the water.



“Maria! Yinje ghuna pumwera Chaze?” ghepure
 Ntwala. Ghana wini mutangu gho kuyomana.
 Mbadi ghuwa kenge,” Maria gha ghambirere.

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



Maria gha karire mumughongo wa Chaze no gha
muthindekire pamuve.Chaze gha tangire kudira;
Nanyi gha ka kupume nyina Chaze, gha gambire
Joy kwaMaria.

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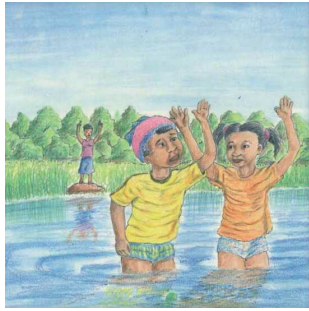
Maria crept up behind Chaze and pushed her to
the ground. Chaze started to cry. "Chaze's mother
will beat you," said Joy to Maria.



"Fotji, wadi, hatu. MUYENDE!" ghet hire. Hanuke
hatjirere mumeyu ghuyogha kudimurwa. Ntwala
gha wa rorere.

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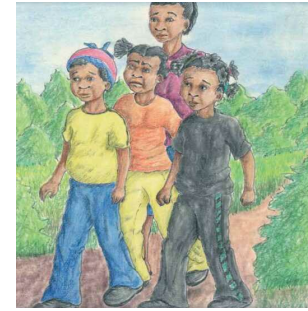
"One, two, three. GO!" she called. The children ran
into the water and swam to the marula fruit.
Ntwala watched them.



“Yame gho kutangerera!” gha kughere Maria naCaze paruvdhe rofotji. “Mwaheya yamwe ghokutangerera,” gha ghambire Ntwala.

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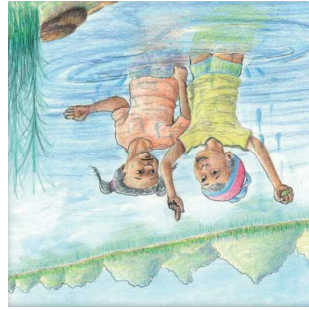
“I’m first!” shouted Maria and Chaze at the same time. “You are both first,” called Ntwala.



Hanuke hayendire kudimbo naNtwala. “Tuthimwetwedhe thithimwa, Ntwala,” ha rombire. Awo ha hakire kutegherera yithimwa yendi.

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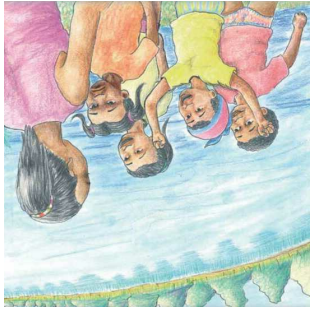
The children walked home with Ntwala. “Tell us a story, Ntwala,” they asked. They loved to listen to her stories.



“Yame gho kutangerera!” gha kugherire Chaze.
 Maria gha shayekire kuyogha. “Chaze yodiye
 muwini!” gha ghambire Ntwala. Ghuna rughana
 thiwana, Chaze. Mutuyende keho kudighumbo.”

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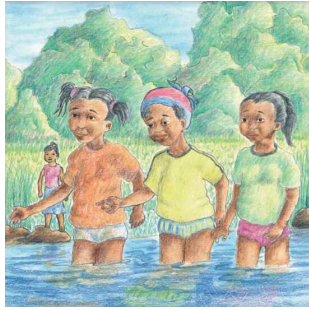
“I’m first!” shouted Chaze. Maria stopped
 swimming. “Chaze is the winner,” said Ntwala.
 “Well done, Chaze. Let’s go home now.”



“Nashana kukutangawera karo,” gha ghambire
 Maria. “Ewai!” gha ghambire Chaze. “Kukona ndi
 Ntwala?” hepure hashengete ya hamweya.

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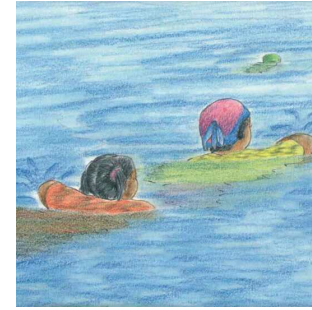
“I want to race again,” said Maria. “OK!” said Chaze.
 “Can we, Ntwala?” asked the other girls.



“Mwimane karo mumuyira,” gha wa tongwere Ntwala. Gha shimbire dimurwa no kudivukumena kukayenda thikuma.

...

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



“Fotji, wadi, hatu. MUYENDE!” gha kugherire. Hanuke hatjirere murware ghuyogha kudimurwa. Ntwala gha wa rorere.

...

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