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**Okuyoga momlonga
gwazambezi / Swimming in the**

Zambezi

✎ Imelda Lyamine, Albus Chunga Mulisa,
Maria Simasiku, Florence Habayemi Shitaa
& Kleopas Jambeinge (en)

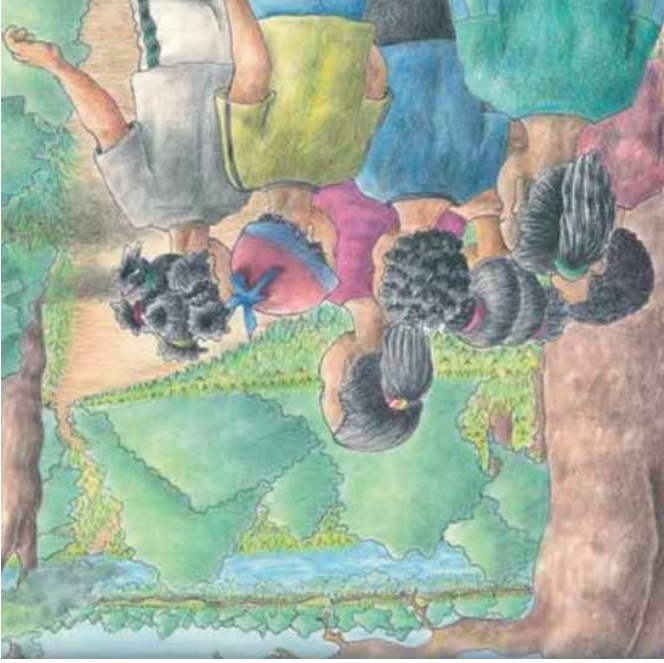


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**Okuyoga momlonga
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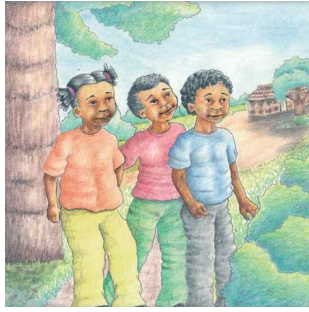
Swimming in the Zambezi



✎ Imelda Lyamine, Albus Chunga Mulisa,
Maria Simasiku, Florence Habayemi Shitaa
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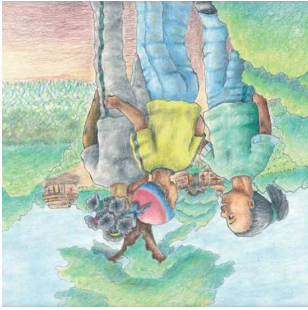
🗨 Oshindonga / English en



Osha li Osoondaha ethimbo lyomutenya.
Uukadhona uugundjuka muLusese owa li wa
gongala momuti omunene gwomusikili moCaprivi.

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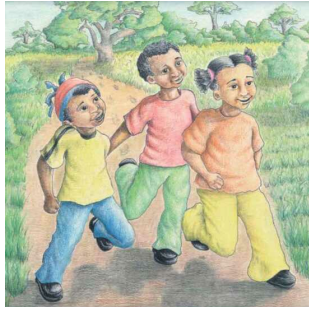
It was a bright sunny Sunday afternoon. The
young girls in Lusese were gathering under the
branches of the biggest Musikili tree in Caprivi.



Egidho eshambukwi lyomawi gawo olya li tali
uvika momukunda aguhe, sho taya ithanathana
nookume kawo. "Nakamwu, onde ku tegelela."
"Endelela, Chaze." "Silumei Ila!"

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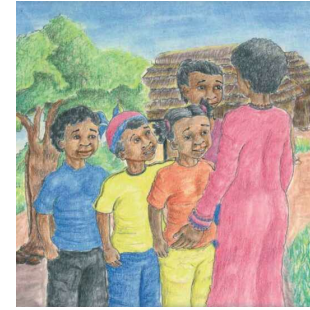
The excited buzz of their voices was heard all over
the village. They called their friends. "Nakamwu,
I'm waiting for you." "Hurry up, Chaze." "Silumei
Come on!"



Maria okwa li ta kongo Ntwala. Ntwala ohe ya fala Osoondaha kehe ya ka yoge. "Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaa! Ntwalee!" ta ithana.

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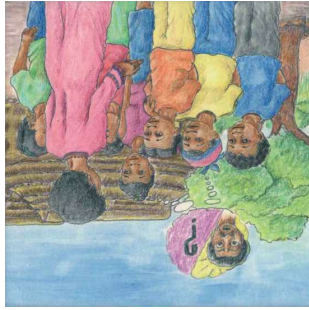
Maria looked around for Ntwala. Ntwala took them swimming every Sunday. "Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaaa! Ntwaloo!" she called.



"Ndele Meme," Chaze ti imemeha, "Ngame inandi hala Maria a kale megumbo mOsoondaha. Onda hala naye wo a kale methigathano lyokuyoga moshiwike tashi landula!"

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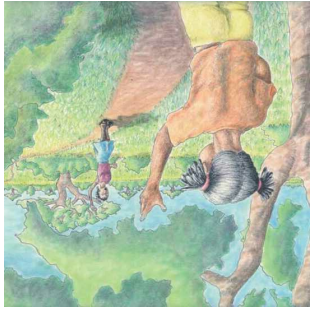
"But Mum," Chaze smiled, "I don't want Maria to stay at home next Sunday. I want to race her at the swimming next week too!"



Omuikulukadhi Sibungo okwa popi naanona.
 "Ntuala okwa pe Maria egeelo ewanawa. Okwa
 dhenge Chaze molwaashoka ina sindana
 mokyoga. Ngashingeyi ita ka ya mo we
 methigathano."

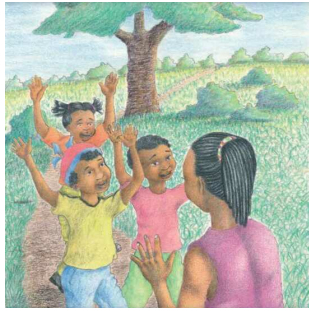
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Mrs. Sibungo spoke to all the children, "Ntuala
 thought of a good punishment for Maria. She hit
 Chaze because she lost the swimming race. Now
 she will not be able to race."



Ntuala okwi igidha okuzilila kombinga handiyaka
 yomukunda, "Ongame ngukai! Onde ku tegelela!"
 Ukadhona auhe tawu tondoka wu ke mu konge.
 ...

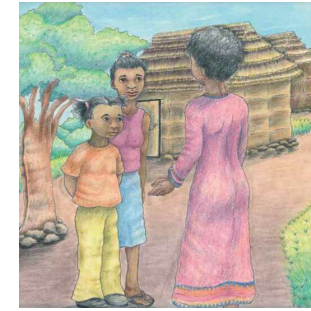
Ntuala shouted from the other side of the village,
 "I'm here! I'm waiting for you." All the girls ran to
 find her.



“Omwi ilongekidha tuu oku ka yoga nonena?” Ntwala te ya pula. “Eeno,” oyi igidha nenyanyu taya nuka kenyanu.

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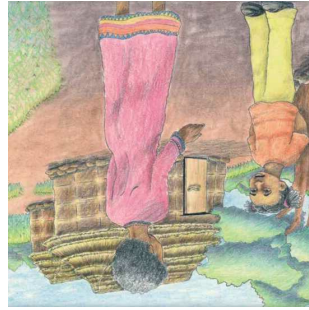
“Are you ready to go swimming today?” Ntwala asked them. “Yes,” they shouted happily as they hopped and jumped with excitement.



Omukulukadhi Sibungo okwa pulakene Maria. “Shoka osha li epuko Maria. Oshiwiniyi okudhenga aantu. Tangi sho we ya okupa ndje ombili. Otandi ku dhimine po.” Omukulukadhi Sibungo okwa lombwele Ntwala, “Ngoye omuwiliki omwaanawa.”

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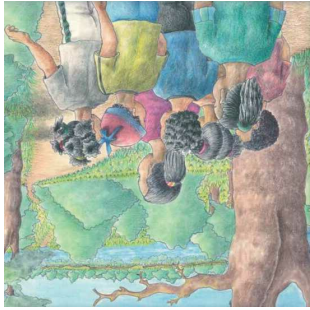
Mrs. Sibungo listened to Maria. “That was wrong Maria, it is bad to hit people. Thank you for apologising to me. I forgive you.” Mrs. Sibungo told Ntwala, “You are a good leader.”



Maria okwa lombwele yina yaChaze, "Onda dhenge Chaze, oshoka okwa thigi ndje po mokuyoga. Ombili meme. Chaze okume kandje, onda ningi nayi sho nde mu denga."

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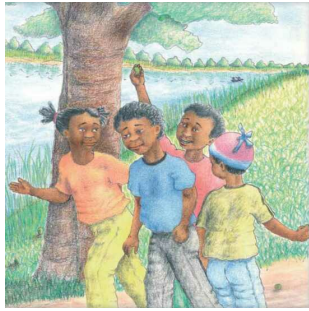
Maria told Chaze's mother, "I hit Chaze because she won the race. I'm sorry. Chaze is my friend, it was bad to hit her."



Sho ya li taya ende yu uka komulonga, Ntwala okwe ya hokololele omahokololo. "Tu hokololela sho omkunda gwetu gwa li gwa kungululwa po kefunda" osho ya pula. "Tu hokololela ehokololo lyakaandje nondjima!"

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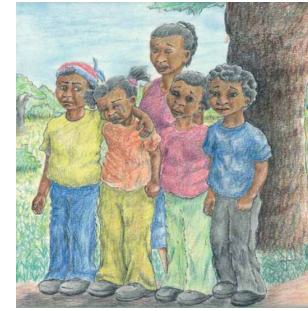
As they walked to the river Ntwala told them stories. "Tell us about when our village was flooded," they called. "Tell us about the Jackal and the Baboon."



Ontega nomulonga opwa li pu na omugongo omunenenene. Uukadhona owa kongele Ntwala oongongo oonene.

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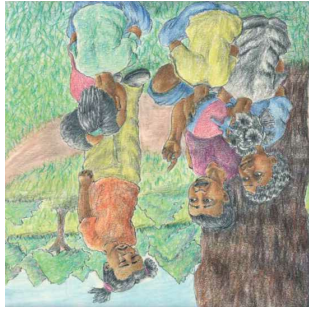
Beside the river there was an enormous Marula tree. The girls looked for the biggest marula fruit for Ntwala.



"Onde ku dhimina po," Chaze osho a ti, ye te mu idhingile mothingo. "Tse naMaria otatu yi kegumbo nangoye," Ntwala osho a lombwele Chaze. "Maria oku na okugandja ombili kunyoko wo."

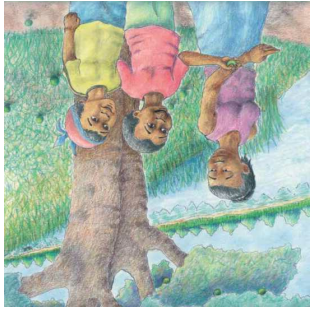
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"I forgive you," said Chaze and put her arm around Maria. "Maria and I will come home with you," said Ntwala to Chaze. "Maria will apologise to your mother too."



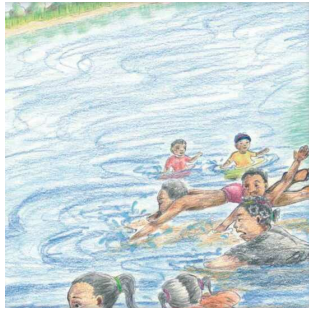
Ntwala okwa ti, "Maria ita ka yoga we mOsoondaha tayi landula." Maria okwa lili nomahodhi oga li taga kunguluka. "O-O-Ombili Chaze. Ombili sho nde ku dhenge. Itandi ka dhenga we nando ogumwe," osho a gandja ombili. . . .

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.



"Ngame ondi na ndjika onene," osho Joyi i igidha, ye ta gandja ongonko kuNtwala. . . .

"I've got the biggest," shouted Joy. She gave her marula fruit to Ntwala.



“Indeni mu ka yoge,” Ntwala osho a lombwele uukadhona. Ayehe oya tondokele momeya taya yayagana yo taya kwekwela sho ya gumu omeya omatalala gomulonga gwaZambezi.

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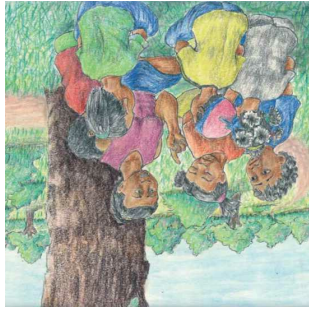
“Off you go and swim,” said Ntwala to the girls. They all ran into the water, shrieking and giggling as they felt the cold water of the Zambezi River.



“Maria, pa mukweni ombili,” Namasiku osho a ti. “Chaze naye ne mu dhenge,” Joyi osho a ti. “Aawe osha puka okukondja,” Ntwala osho a ti.

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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 okwa lombwele ukadhona auhe wu kuutumbe mongonga. "Omuikuluntusikola okwe mu lombwele shike?" osho a pula. "Oshwinay! okukondja. Aantu mboka ya kondjo oye na okugeelwa!" Nakamwu osho a ti.

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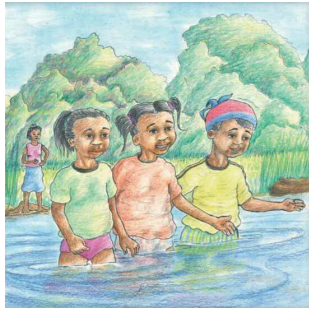
Ntwala asked all the girls to sit in a circle. "What did the principal tell us?" she asked. "It's bad to fight. People who fight must be punished," said Nakamwu.



Ntwala okwa thikama komunkulo, ta tala oongandu. Ota tala aakadhona aanene nkene taya thigathana taya mbwindi. Ota tala ukadhona uushona tawu dhenge ontente yo taya ilongo okuyoga.

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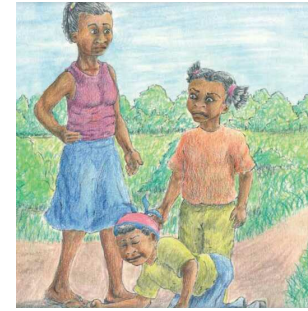
Ntwala stood on the bank. She watched for crocodiles. She watched the older girls racing and diving. She watched the younger girls splashing and learning to swim.



“Ethembo lyethigathano,” osho i igidha lwahugunina. “Thikameni momukweyo!” Okwa kutha ongongo onenenene, e te yi umbile momeya, kokule ngaashi ta vulu.

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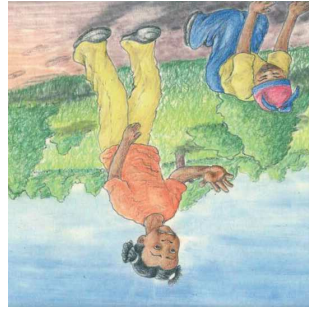
“Competition time,” she shouted at last. “Stand in a line.” She picked up the biggest marula fruit. She threw it as far as she could into the water.



“Maria, oshike wa dhengele Chaze?” Ntwala ta pula. “Okwa sindana moku yoga. Kashi na uuyuki,” Maria osho a ti.

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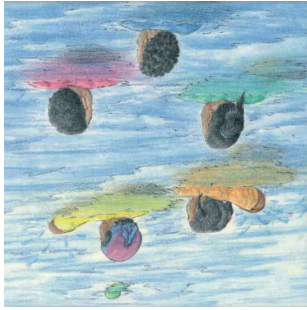
“Maria! Why did you hit Chaze?” asked Ntwala. “She won at swimming. It’s not fair,” Maria said.



Maria okwa nyongolele konima ya Chaze, e te mu undulile pevi. Chaze okwa tameke okulla. "Yina yaChaze ote ku dhenge," Joyi ta lombwele Maria.

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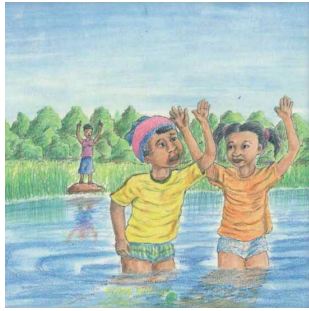
Maria crept up behind Chaze and pushed her to the ground. Chaze started to cry. "Chaze's mother will beat you," said Joy to Maria.



"Yimwe, mbali, ndatu. Tamekeni!" osho i igidha. Unona auhe owa tondokele momeya, wo tawu yogo wu uka kongongo. Ntwala ote wu tala.

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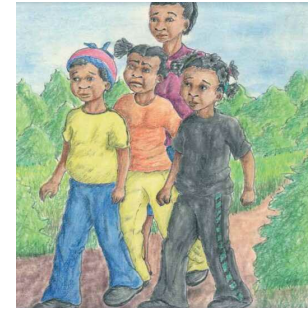
"One, two, three. GO!" she called. The children ran into the water and swam to the marula fruit. Ntwala watched them.



“Ongame gwotango!” Maria naChaze taya igidha oshita. “Ne amuhe omwe ya oshita,” osho Ntwala a ti.

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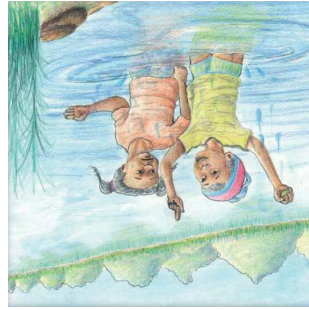
“I’m first!” shouted Maria and Chaze at the same time. “You are both first,” called Ntwala.



Aanona oya shuna kegumbo pamwe naNtwala. “Tu hokololela ehokololo Ntwala,” oye mu pula. Oye hole okupulakena omahokololo ge.

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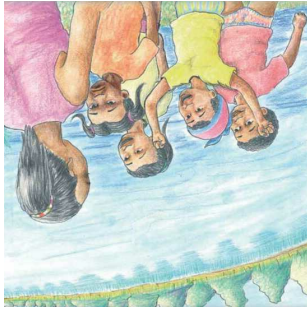
The children walked home with Ntwala. “Tell us a story, Ntwala,” they asked. They loved to listen to her stories.



"Ongame gwotango!" Chaze osho i igidha. Maria okwa kanakama okuyoga. "Chaze oye omusindani," Ntwala osho a ti. "Owa ninga nawa, Chaze. Natu yen! kegumbo ngashingeyi!"

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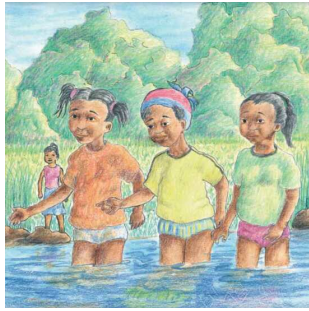
"I'm first!" shouted Chaze. Maria stopped swimming. "Chaze is the winner," said Ntwala. "Well done, Chaze. Let's go home now."



"Onda hala methigathano ishewe," osho Maria a ti. "Ewa!" osho Chaze a ti. "Natu ye mo ishewe, Ntwala?" ukadhona ukwawo tau pula.

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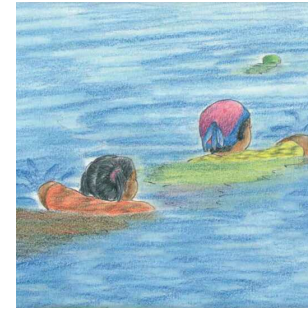
"I want to race again," said Maria. "OK!" said Chaze. "Can we, Ntwala?" asked the other girls.



“Thikameni momukweyo ishewe,” Ntwala osho e ya lombwele. Okwa kutha ongongo nokwe yi umbile kokule ngaashi ta vulu.

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



“Yimwe, mbali, ndatu. Tamekeni!” osho i igidha. Aanona oya tondokele momeya e taya yogo ya uka kongongo. Ntwala okwe ya tonatele.

...

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