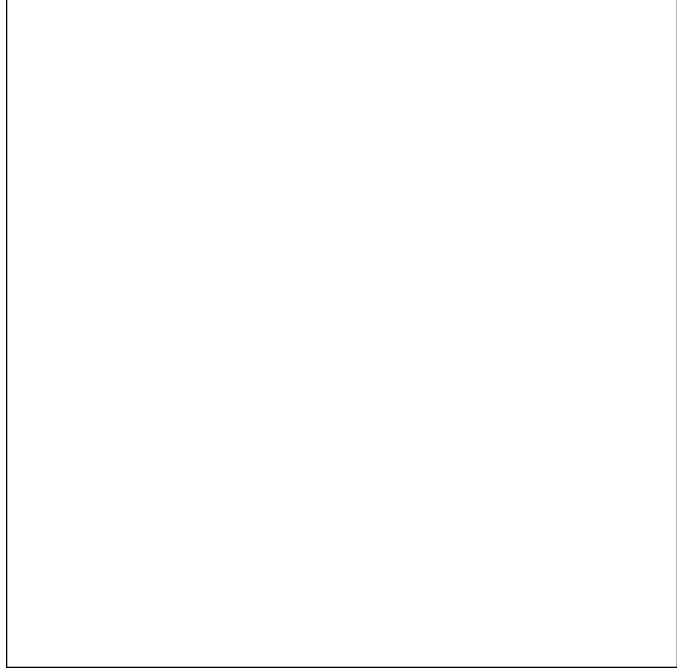
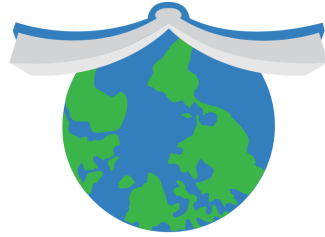


Oothigwa nadhwo odha pumbwa
hole
Orphans need love too



✎ Kandume Ruusa, Sennobia-Charon
Katjuongwa, Eliaser Nghitewa
✎ Jamanovandu Urike
5
🗨️ Oshindonga / English



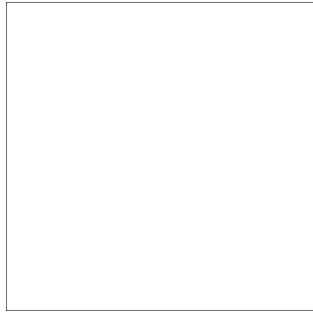
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**Oothigwa nadhwo odha
pumbwa hole / Orphans need
love too**

✎ Kandume Ruusa, Sennobia-Charon
Katjuongwa, Eliaser Nghitewa
✎ Jamanovandu Urike
🗨️ (en)



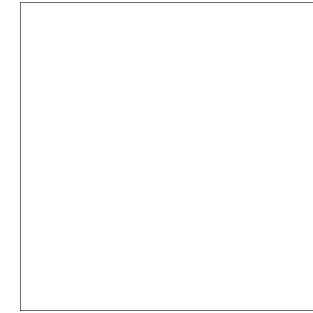
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Ongula kehe Hilifa oha penduka kuyelee opo a longekidhile yina ombelekehwa. Okwa ehama ethimbo ele na Hilifa okwi ilongo nkene e na okusila yina naye mwene oshimpwiyu. Uuna yina a li te ehama unene, oha penduka nokutema omulilo, ta fulukitha omeya gotee. Oha faalele yina otee, e ta teleke okatete. Omathimbo gamwe yina okwa li ha kala kee na oonkondo itaa vulu nokulya. Hilifa okwa li ha kala a limbililwa molwa yina. He okwa sa konima yoomvula mbali. Ngashingeyi nayina ote ehama. Okwa nanga unene, ngaashi naanaa he sho a li.

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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

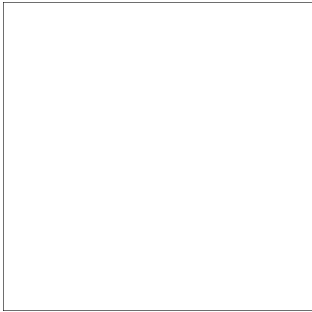


Konima yefumviko kuku Kave nakuku Muzaa oya kwatha Hilifa a gongela iinima ye, e taya yi kOshakati. "Kunuu ota ka nyanyukilwa okukala e na kuume ke omupe," osho ye mu lombwele. "Otatu ku sile oshimpwiyu ngaashi tatu sile okamati ketu yene oshimpwiyu." Hilifa okwa laleke, nokwa yi mokatekisa naakuluntu ye aape.

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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.

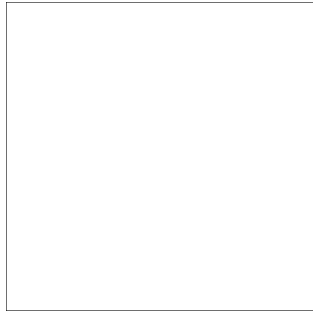
like his father had been.



Pefumviko Hillifa okwa yi komeho gongeleka e ta
popi ondjokonona yayina. "Meme okwa li e hole
ndje, ha sile ndje oshimpwiyu nawanawa. Okwa
lombwele ndje ndi ilonge nuudhiginini opo ndi ka
mone ilonga iiwanawa. Okwa hala ndi kale nda
nyanyukwa. Otandi ilongo nda mana mo e tandi
longo nuudhiginini opo meme u uve uuntsa
molwandje."

...

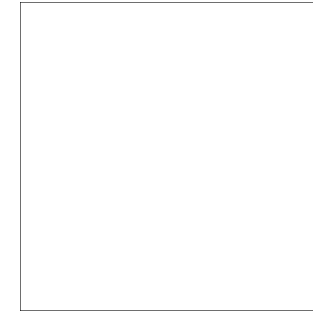
At the funeral Hillifa went to the front of the church
and told everyone about his mother. "My mother
loved me and looked after me very well. She told
me to study hard so that I could get a good job.
She wanted me to be happy. I will study hard and
work hard so that she can be proud of me."



Ongula yesiku limwe okwa pula yina, “Oshike ano Meme? Uunake to kala po hwepo? Iho teleke we. Iho vulu we okulonga mepya nenge okwoopaleka egumbo. Iho longekidhile ndje we okambaki komwiha nenge okuyoga omuzalo gwandje gwosikola...” Okwa tala okamati okagundjuka kee shi kutya ote ka lombwele ngiini. Oku uvite ko ngaa? “Hilifa kamati kandje, owu na ashike oomvula, omugoyi noto sile ndje oshimpwiyu. Ngame otandi ehama unene. Oho uvu mooradio tamu popiwa omukithi omudhipagi o-AIDS. Ondi na omukithi ngoka.” Hilifa okwa mwena po okathimbo. “Sha hala okutya, nangoye wo oto si wa fa tate?” “Kaku na epango lyo-AIDS,” osho e mu lombwele.

...

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...” “Hilifa my son, you are only nine years old and you take good care of me.” She looked at the young boy, wondering what she



Kuku Muzaa okwa telekele aalilasa ayehe. Kuku Kave okwa popi naHilifa kutya otaya shuna naye kOshakati, konima yefumviko. Yinakulu gwomusamane okwe mu hokololele omahokololo gayina sho a li omushona.

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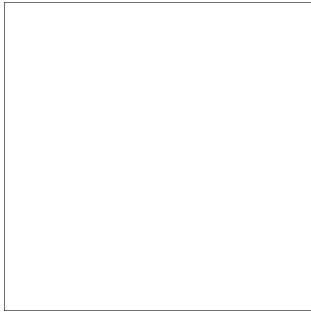
Aunt Muzaa cooked for all the visitors. Uncle Kave told Hilifa that they would take him back to Oshakati after the funeral. His Grandfather told him stories about his mother when she was a little girl.

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. Hilifa was quiet for a few minutes. "Does that mean you will die like Daddy?" "There is no cure for AIDS."

Onkundana yeso lyameme Ndapandula oya taandele mbalambara. Egumbo olya li lyu udha aakwanezimo, aashiinda nookuume. Oya galikanene yina yaHilifa nokwiimba omayimbilo. Oya popi ondjokonona ombwanawa kwaasho ya li ye mu shi.

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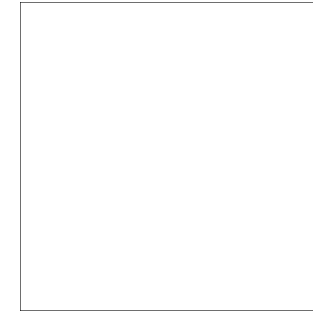
Very quickly the news spread that Meme Ndapanda was dead. The house was full of family, neighbours and friends. They prayed for Hilifa's mother and sang hymns. They talked about all the good things they knew about her.



Hilifa okwa yi kosikola ta dhiladhila muule. Ka li ta vulu okupopya nokudhana nookuume ngaashi shito. "Oshike ano?" osho ye mu pula. Hilifa ina vula okuyamukula. Iitya ya yina oya li tayi tono momakutsi ge, "Kagu na epango. Kagu na epango. "Okwa li ti ipula kutya ote ki isila ngiini oshimpwiyu uuna yina kee po we. Ota ka kala peni? Ota ka adha peni iimaliwa yiikulya?

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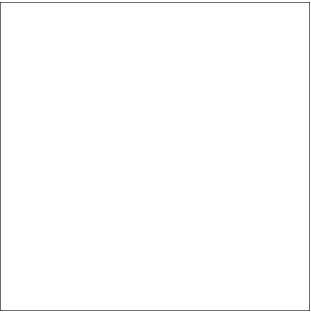
Hilifa walked to school thoughtfully. He couldn't join in the chatter and games of his friends as they walked along. "What's wrong?" they asked him. But Hilifa couldn't answer, his mother's words were ringing in his ears, "No cure. No cure." How could he look after himself if his mother died, he worried.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



Hilifa okwa matukile paashiinda. "Meme gwandje ina hala okupenduka," okwa li ta lili. Aashiinda oya yi megumbo naHilifa noya mono meme Ndapanda e li pombete ye. "Okwa sa, Hilifa," oye shi popi neuvo lyonayi.

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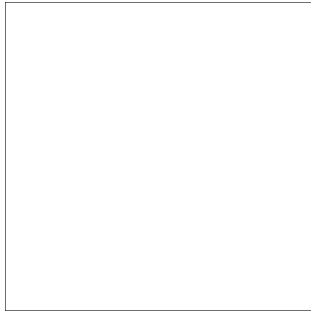
Hilifa ran to the neighbours. "My Mum. My Mum. She won't wake up," he cried. The neighbours went home with Hilifa and found Meme Ndapanda in her bed. "She is dead, Hilifa," they said sadly.



Hilifa okwa kuutumba pokataafula ke. Ota
tongolola nokuthethenga nominiwe dhe
pokataafula, e ta dhiadhiila, "Kagu na epango.
Kagu na epango." "Hilifa, owu li ngaa pamwe natse
ano?" Hilifa ta petuka. Feelani Nelao okwe mu
thikamena. "Hilifa, thikamai Onda ti ngilini?" Hilifa
okwa tala poompadhi dhe. "Ito mono po
eyamukulo mpoka to tala. Magano, lombwela
Hilifa eyamukulo." Hilifa okwa li a sa ohoni, oshoka
Feelani Nelao ine mu ganda nale ngaaka.

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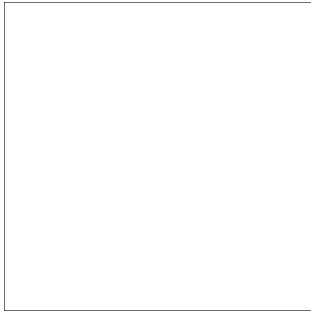
Hilifa sat at his desk. He traced the worn wood
markings with his finger, "No cure. No cure."
"Hilifa? Hilifa, are you with us?" Hilifa looked up.
Ms. Nelao was standing over him. "Stand up Hilifa!
What was my question?" Hilifa looked down at his
feet. "You won't find the answer down there!" she
retorted.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



Esiku lyahungunina lyoshikako osikola yi fudhe,
Hilifa okwa li a nyanyukwa noonkondo. Okwa yi
kegumbo a tondoka, opo e ku ulukile yina onzapo
ye. Okwa matuka sigo omeni ti igidha: "Meme,
meme! Tala onzapo yandje! Onda mona o 'A', 'A'
ooA odhindji! Hilifa okwa adha yina a lala
mombete. "Meme! Osho a igidha. "Meme
penduka!" Ye ina penduka.

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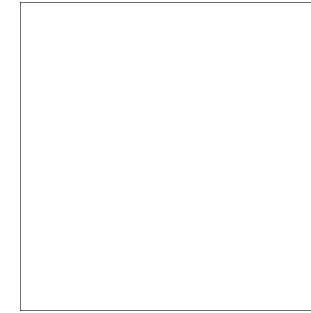
On the last day of the school term Hilifa was very
happy. He ran home to show his mother his report
card. He ran into the yard calling, "Mum. Mum.
Look at my report card. I have got 'A', 'A', and more
'A's.' " Hilifa found his mother lying in bed. "Mum!"
he called. "Mum! Wake up!" She didn't wake up.



Hilifa ota kondjo no madhiladhilo ongula ayihe. Pokafudho okwa kuutumba mongulu yosikola. “Otandi ehama mepunda,” osho a fundju ookuume ke. Kaya li naanaa iifundja unene. Ye mwene ka li uvite ngaa nawa, nopwa li omadhiladhilo ngoka tage mu hepeke. Oga li taga piyagana momutse gwe, ongoonyushi oongeyentu. Jefolou Nelao okwe mu tala nawa. “Oshike ano sha puka Hilifa?” Osho e mu pula. “Kapu na sha,” osho a ti. Oku uvu mewu lyaHilifa tamu ulike omvulwe neipulo. Omeho ge otaga monika ga tila nokwa li ta kambadhala oku shi holeka.

...

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.



Feelani Nelao okwa lombwele aashiinda yaHilifa okukala taya tonatele yina. Oya uveneke oku mu kwatha. Ongulohi kehe aashiinda ya yooloka oye ya etele iikulya iipyu. Hilifa olwindji okwe ya pe iihape ta kutha moshikunino.

...

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.

Komatango gesiku ndyoka Magano okwe ya
nokwa kwatha Hillifa oku ka teka omeya. Hidipo
okwe mu kwatha okutyaya iikuni. Oya kuutumba e
taya ningi iithigilwalonga yawo momuzile
gwomugongo.

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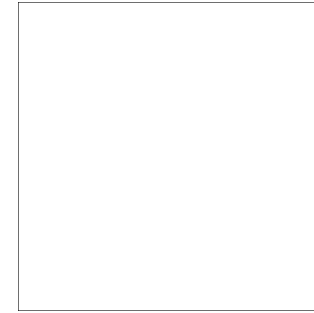
That afternoon Magano came and helped Hillifa to
fetch water. Hidipo helped him to gather firewood.
Then they sat and did their homework in the
shade of the marula tree.

Sho Hillifa a kambadhala okuninga oomwaalu dhe,
oonomola odha li tadhli nukanutuka momutse gwe.
Ita vulu oku dhi kwata ethimbo lya gwana ye e dhi
yalule. Mbala mbala okwa etha. Ota dhiiladhila yina
pehala lyokuyalula. Ominwe dhe odha tameke
okuthaneka shoka shi li momadhiladhilo ge. Okwa
thaneke yina a lala pombete ye. Ti ithaneke ye
mwene a thikama pombila yayina. "Aataleli
yOmwaaalu gongeleni omambo," Jefolou Nelao
osho a popi. Ombaadhillila Hillifa okwa mono
omatano ge li membo lye, okwa kambadhala
okutuula mo epandja ndyoka, ashike okwa lata.

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When Hillifa 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. Hillifa suddenly
saw the drawings in his book and tried to tear out
the page, but it was too late. The monitor took his

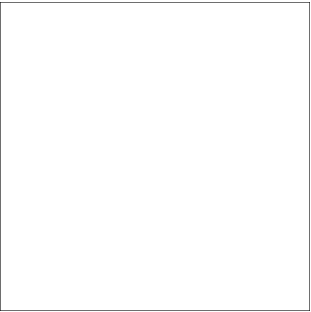
book to Ms. Nelao.



Sho Hilifa a yi kegumbo okwa lombwele yina shoka a ilongo kosikola esiku ndyoka. "Feelani Nelao okwe tu lombwele kombinga yo-HIV no-AIDS nonkene tu na okusila oshimpwiyu mboka taye ehama. Magano naHidipo otaya ka kwatha ndje nuulonga wandje notatu ningi pamwe iithigilwalonga yetu," osho a lombwele yina.

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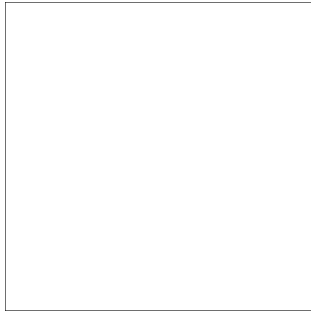
When Hilifa got home he told his mother what he had learned at school that day. "Ms. Nelao told us about HIV and AIDS and how to look after someone who's ill. Magano and Hidipo are going to help me with my chores and we will do our homework together," he told her.



Feelani! Nelao omatano gaHilifa okwe ga mono. Sho unona wa piti mo u ye komagumbo okwe mu ithana, "Hilifa iia mpaka, onda hala okupopya nangoye. Oshike sha pukaz?" osho e mu pula "Ita aluka. Ita aluka." Hilifa okwa tameke okulila. "Inda kegumbo Hilifa," osho a ti. "Otandi ya okutalela po nyoko."

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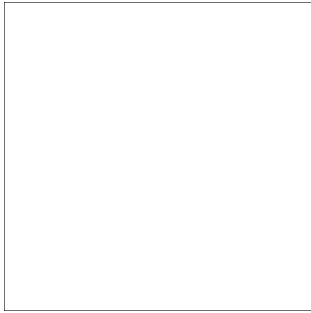
Ms. Nelao looked at Hilifa's drawings. When the children were leaving to go home she called, "Come here Hilifa. I want to talk to you." "What's wrong?" she asked him gently. "My mother is ill. She told me she has AIDS. Will she die?" "I don't know, Hilifa, but she is very ill if she has AIDS. There is 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."



"Oto ningi ngiini ngele ogwe ku kwata?" Magano osho a pula. "Ou na okwiisila nawa oshimpwiyu ngoye mwene na Iya iikulya yi na ukolele. Tala mekalata lyiikulya mbika," osho a ti. "Olye ngoka ta dhimbulukwa iikulya na iikulya yini iiwanawa nangoye?" osho a pula.

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"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.



bedbugs.”

Hilifa sho e ya megumbo okwa adha yina a teleka omwiha. “Onde ku telekela nena Hilifa, ihe ngashingeyi onda vulwa. Tonatela oshikunino shiihape, e to kutha mo omatama u ga fale kositola. Otaye ke tu landithila.” Konima yomwiha Hilifa okwa yi koshikunino. Ota tala omalwaala omawanawa giihape, omatama noondungu ya tiligana nawa, omakunde omale ga ziza nawa nomboga yomafo ya ziloloma nawa. Omafo omazizi giikapa nomapungu omale goshunga sheyi. Okwa tekele oshikunino e ta tona ompunda yu udha omatama, e te ga fala kositola. “Oshikunino shawo otashi ka kala ngiini mbela ngele yina a si?” osho ta ipula.

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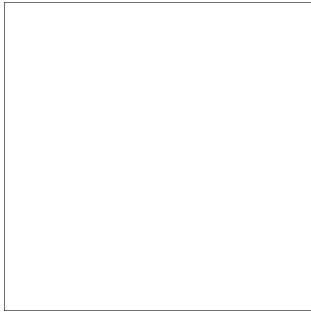
Hilifa went home and found his mother preparing lunch. “I’ve cooked for you today, Hilifa, but now I am very tired. Look after the vegetable garden and take some tomatoes to the shop. They will sell them for us.” After lunch Hilifa went to the vegetable plot. He looked at the bright colours of the vegetables, 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
full of ripe red tomatoes to take to the shop. "What
would happen to their garden if his mother died?"
he wondered.

Opo okwe ya ulukile ekalata. "Shino osho omikalo
dhimwe ito vulu okukwatwa kombuto yo-HIV,"
osho e ya lombwele. "Itto kwatwa ko-HIV, ngele
tamu longitha okandjugo kamwe nenge tamu
iyogo mombata yimwe. Okupapatelathana,
okuhupita nenge okuminika nagumwe e na
ombuto yo-HIV nenge AIDS nasho osha gamenwa.
Oshi li nawa okulongitha okakopi kamwe
noshiyaha shimwe nomuntu e na HIV nenge AIDS.
Itto mono ombuto okuzilila mokukolola nenge
mokushemita. Osho wo ito mono ombuto tayi zi
moomwe nenge miiyani yilwe ngaashi oona
nenge oompombo."

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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

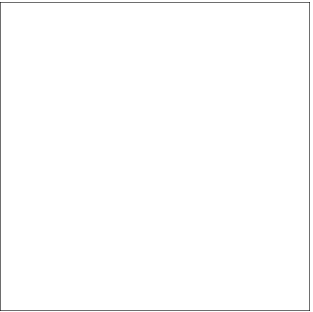


she told them.

Feelani Nelao okwa thiki mbala, konima Hilifa sho a yi. Oya kala ethimbo ele taya popi nayina yaHilifa. "Meme Ndapanda oho nu tuu omiti dho-AIDS?" Osho e mu pula. "Konima omusamane gwandje sho a si onda li nda sa ohoni okuya kuNdohotola," osho a lombwele Feelani Nelao. "Onda li ndi na einekelo kutya inandi kwatwa kombuto. Sho nda tameke okweehama e tandi yi kuNdohotola, okwa lombwele ndje kutya okwa toka. Omiti itadhi kwatha ndje we." Feelani Nelao okwa lombwele meme Ndapanda shoka e na okuninga opo a kwathe Hilifa.

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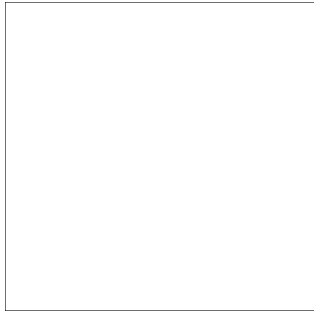
Ms. Nelao arrived soon after Hilifa left. She spent a long time talking to his mother. She asked Hilifa's mother, "Meme Ndapanda, are you taking the medicine for AIDS?" "After my husband died I was too ashamed to go to the doctor," she told Ms. Nelao. "I kept hoping I wasn't infected. When I became ill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



Hilifa sho e ya kegumbo okwe mu pula, "Hilifa mumati gwandje, onda hala tu ka ende nangoye. Oto kwathele ndje?" Hilifa okwa kwata yina mokwaako ye e te egamene kuye. Oye ende sigo okomuti gwomakwega. Okwe mu pula, "Oto dhimbulukwa sho kwa li ho dhana etanga mpano, namumwanyokogona kunuu? Owa thangele etanga momuti muka nolya kwatwa komakwega. Ho okwe li mu kuthile mo e ta tsuwa komakwega."

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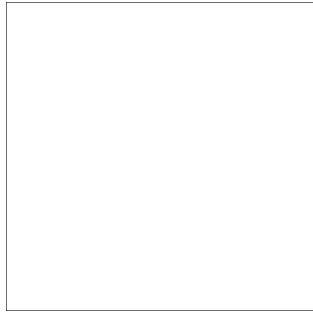
When Hilifa came home his mother asked him, "Hilifa, my son, I want to take a walk with you. Will you help me?" Hilifa took his mother's arm and she leaned on him. They walked to where the tall thorn trees grew. She asked him, "Do you remember playing football here with your cousin Kunuu? You kicked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



Feelani! Nelao okwa fatulula omikalo dhimwe nkene omuntu ta vulu okukwaula o-HIV. "Ngele ope na omuntu e na o-HIV nenge o-AIDS otatu vulu, okumona ombuto moombinsi dhawo. katu na okulongitha okakulilo kamwe nenge okayikushitho kokomayego. Ngele tatu ulula omakutsi getu otu na okulongitha oonane nenge iiyulitho ya yogoka." Okwa fatulula wo nkene oonane nuumbi yi na okukala ya yogoka. "Ngele otwa mono oshiponga e tapu holoka ombinsi otu na okupula aakuluntu ya opaleka oshilalo. Otu na okumanga oshilalo noku shi gamena," Feelani! Nelao osho e ya lombwele.

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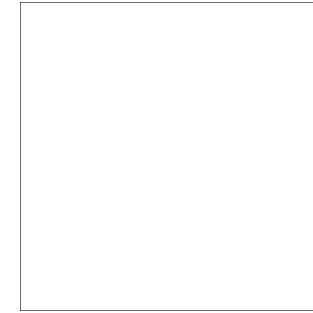
Ms. Nelao explained some of the ways we can be infected with HIV. "If someone has HIV or AIDS we can catch the virus from their blood. We should never share razors or toothbrushes. If we get our ears pierced we must use sterilised blades and needles." She explained how needles and blades should be sterilised. "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."



“Tala oshihwa shomandjembele. Inda u ka tone omandjembele noombe tu faalele kegumbo.” Manga Hilifa ta tona oombe. Yina okwa ti, “Oto dhimbulukwa tuu shoka wa li omushona owa li ho li oombe niiti yadho. Noino ya kokandjugo uule woshiwike!” Hilifa sho e shi dhimbulukwa okwa yolo, e ta ti: “Osho, nepunda lyandje olya li tali ehama!”

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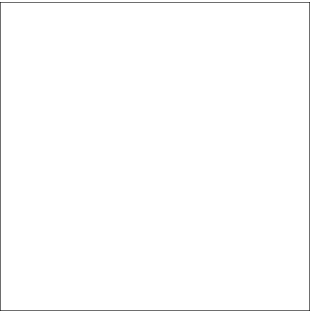
“Look, there’s an omandjembere bush. Go and pick some to take home.” When Hilifa was picking the sweet berries, she said, “Do you remember when you were small you ate the berries and the seed inside. You didn’t go to the toilet for a week!” “Yes, my stomach was sooo sore,” remembered Hilifa, laughing.



Esiku lya landula Feelani Nelao kosikola okwe ya hokololele o-HIV no-AIDS. Aalongwa oya li ya tila. Oyu uva uuvu mbuka wo-AIDS moradio, ihe kapu na nando ogumwe megumbo a popi uuvu mbuka. “Owa zi peni?” osho Magano a pula. “Otawu tu kwata ngiini?” osho Hidipo a pula. Feelani Nelao okwa fatulula kutya, “Omukithi gwo-HIV ogwo ombuto. Omuntu ngele oku na ombuto yo-HIV mombinzi ye ota monika e na ukolele. Nuuna a tameke okweehama, ngaaka okwa kwatwa ko-AIDS.”

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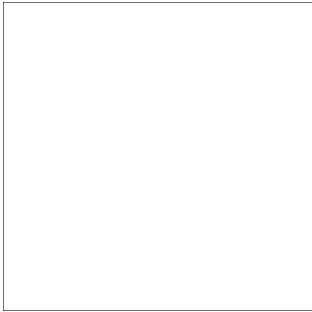
The next morning at school Ms. Nelao taught them about HIV and AIDS. The learners looked afraid. They heard about this illness on the radio, but no-one spoke about it at home. “Where does it come from?” asked Magano. “How do we catch it?” asked Hidipo. Ms. Nelao explained that HIV is the name of a virus.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



Sho ye ya kegumbo, yina yaHilifa okwa li a loloka noonkondo. Hilifa okwa ningi otee. Meme Ndapanda okwa kutha okapakete kofi yombete ye. "Hilifa, shino oshoye. Mokapakete muno omu na shoka tashi ku kwatha, okudhimbulukwa mpoka wa za."

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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."

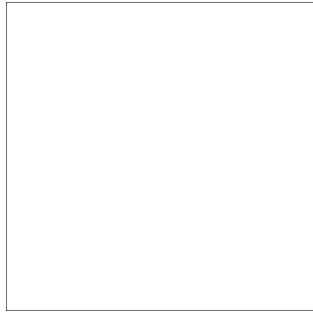


"Kuku Kave gwokOshakati ote tu tumine iimaliwa, ngele a mono. Okwa lombwele ndje kutya ote ku sile oshimpwiyu. Onde shi popya naye. Oto ka ya nomwana kunuu kosikola. Kunuu oku li

mondondo 4, e ku fa. Otaye ku sile oshimpwiyu," yina osho a tsikile. "Ondi hole kuku Kave nakuku Muzaa, onda hokwa okudhana nakunuu," Hilifa osho a ti. "Oto kala nawa ngele otaye ku sile oshimpwiyu?" Hilifa ta pula. "Awei! Mumwandje. Itandi kala nawa. Owa tonatele ndje nawa, ondi uvite uuntsa okukala nokamati kandje okawanawa ngeyi!"

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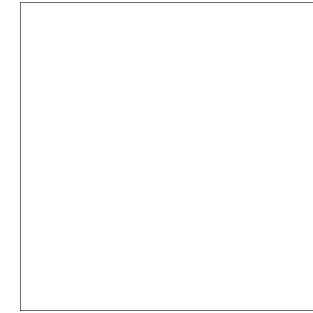
His mother continued, "Uncle Kave from Oshakati sends us money when he can. He told me that he will care for you. I have talked to him about it. You'll go to school with kunuu, his son. kunuu is in Grade 4 like you. They will take good care of you." "I like Uncle Kave and Aunt Muzaa," said Hilifa. "And 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."



Okwa kutha oondhimbulutho mokapakete kooshimwe nooshimwe. “Ndika efano lyaho e ku papata. Ngoye owa li osheeli she. Ndino efano sho nda li nde ku fala koonyokokulu. Oya li ya nyanyukwa. Ndino eyego lyoye lyotango wa kuka. Oto dhimbulukwa sho wa li to lili. Onda li nde ku uvanekele kutya omayego ogendji otaga ka mena natango. Ndjino ombandi, nde yi pewa kuho konima yomvula yimwe, sho twa hokana.”

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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 okwa kutha okapakete e ta tameke okulila. Yina okwe mu papatele e mu egamena e ta galikana, “Kalunga na kale nangoye ye ne ku gamene.” Okwa li e mu kwata natango e ta ti: “Hilifa mumati gwandje, owu shi shi kutya ngame otandi ehama unene, na otandi ka kala naho mbala. Inandi hala wu uve nayi. Dhimbulukwa nkene ndi ku hole. Dhimbulukwa nkene ho kwa li e ku hole.”

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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.”