



Kuyowana muZambezi

Swimming in the Zambezi

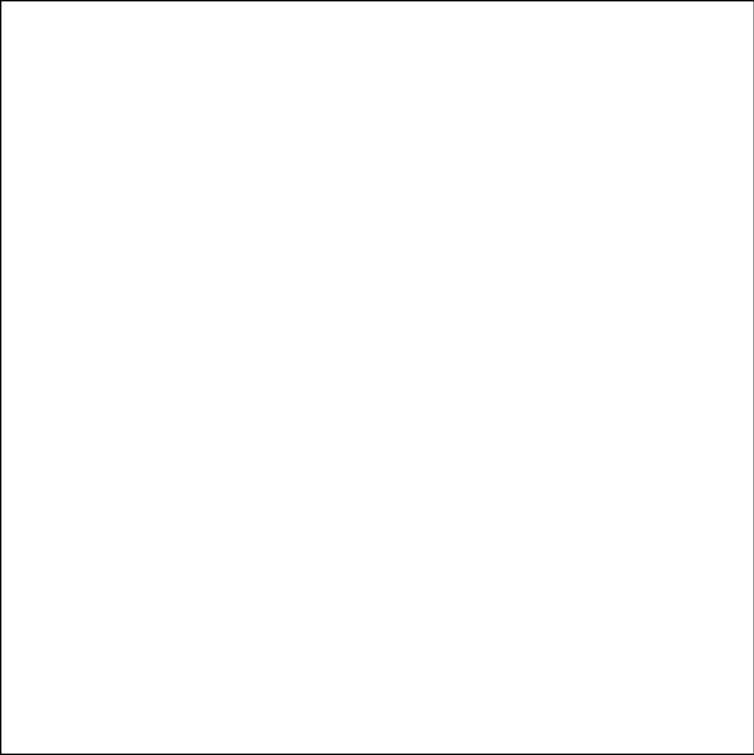
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Kwa kalire mwi una kuto wa shitengeyuva sha Shundaha.
Vakadona ghona vamuLusese kwa ya kupongekire munda
yadimutavi yalitondo lyalinene vatwenyanga ashi Musikili
muKaprivu.

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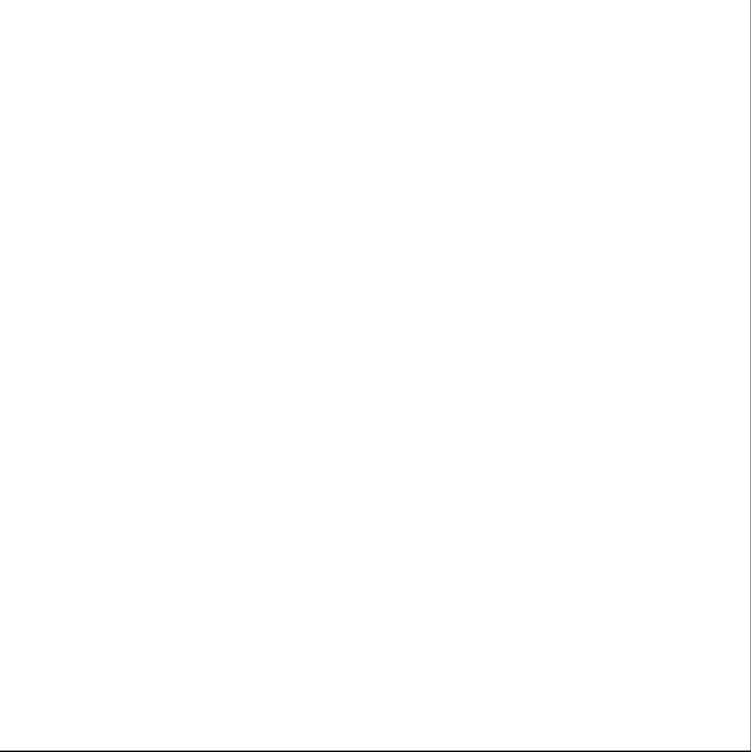
It was a bright sunny Sunday afternoon. The young girls in
Lusese were gathering under the branches of the biggest
Musikili tree in Caprivi.



Muyoyo wamaywi ghavo gha kunyanyuka kugha yuvhilira mumukunda nauntje. Ava yita vaholi vavo. “Nakamwu, ove nakutaterera.” “Kwangura ko, Chaze.” “Silume! Yiya kuno!”

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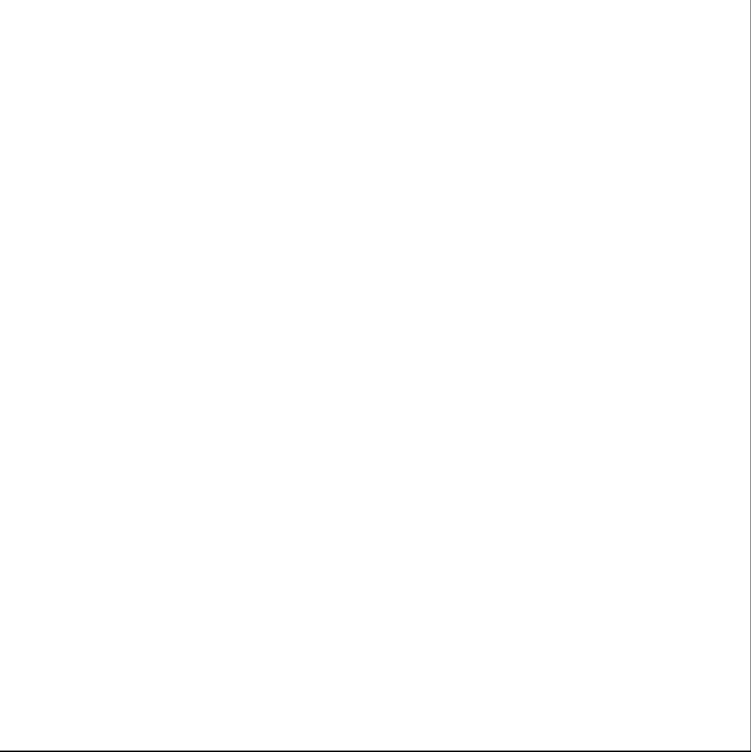
The excited buzz of their voices was heard all over the village. They called their friends. “Nakamwu, I’m waiting for you.” “Hurry up, Chaze.” “Silume! Come on!”



Maria ashanashana Ntwala. Ntwala kayowananga kehe Shundaha. “Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaaa! Ntwaloo!” a yitanga.

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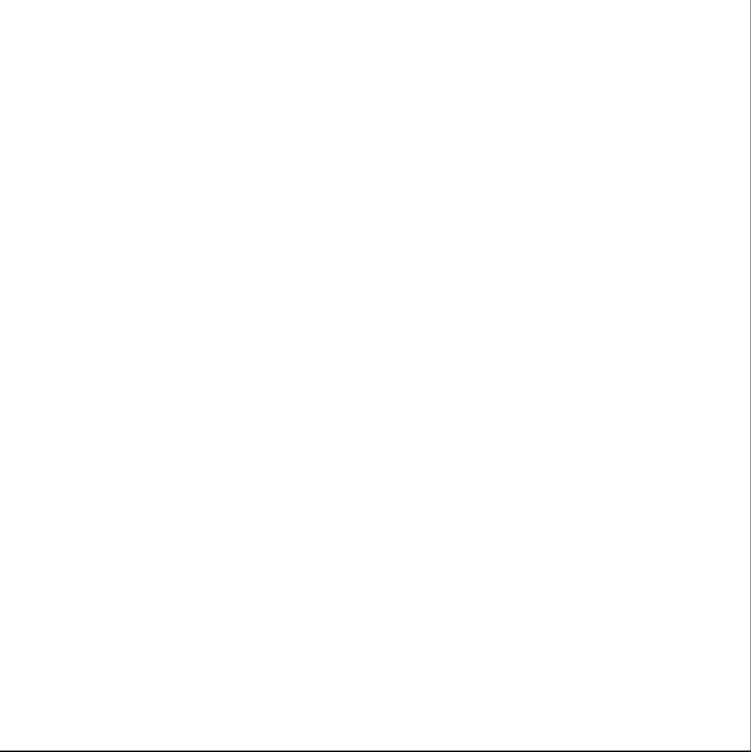
Maria looked around for Ntwala. Ntwala took them swimming every Sunday. “Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaaa! Ntwaloo!” she called.



Ntwala nko kuyiyilira kushelikunya yamukunda, “Ame uno !
Kuna kukutaterera. Vakadona navantje ava duka vaka
muwane.

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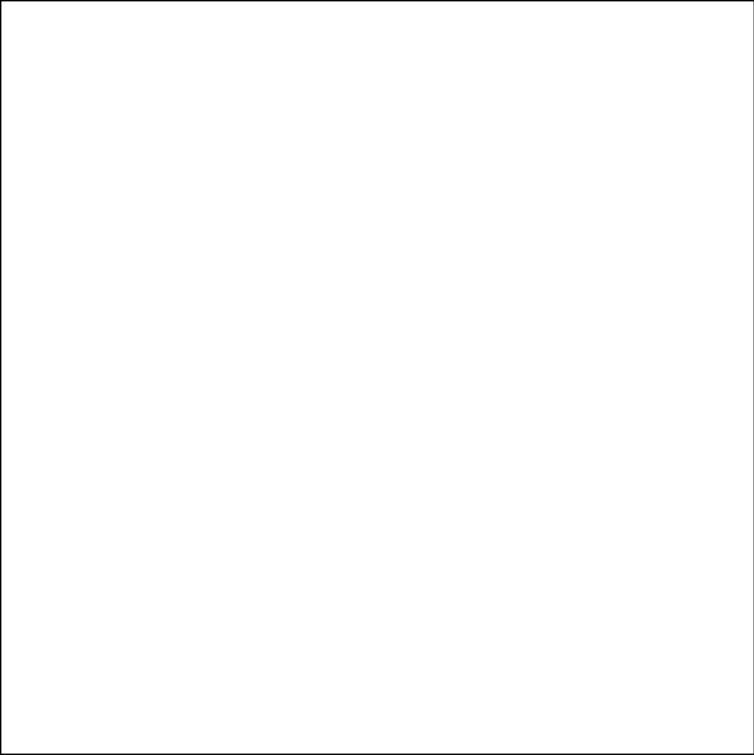
Ntwala shouted from the other side of the village, “I’m here!
I’m waiting for you.” All the girls ran to find her.



“Una kuwapayikiri kuyenda ghuka yowane namuntji?” ava
pura Ntwala. “Nhii,” ava yiyiri naruhafo okuno vavo vana kara
nalihuguvaro ntani nko kuvatauka naruhafo rwarunene.

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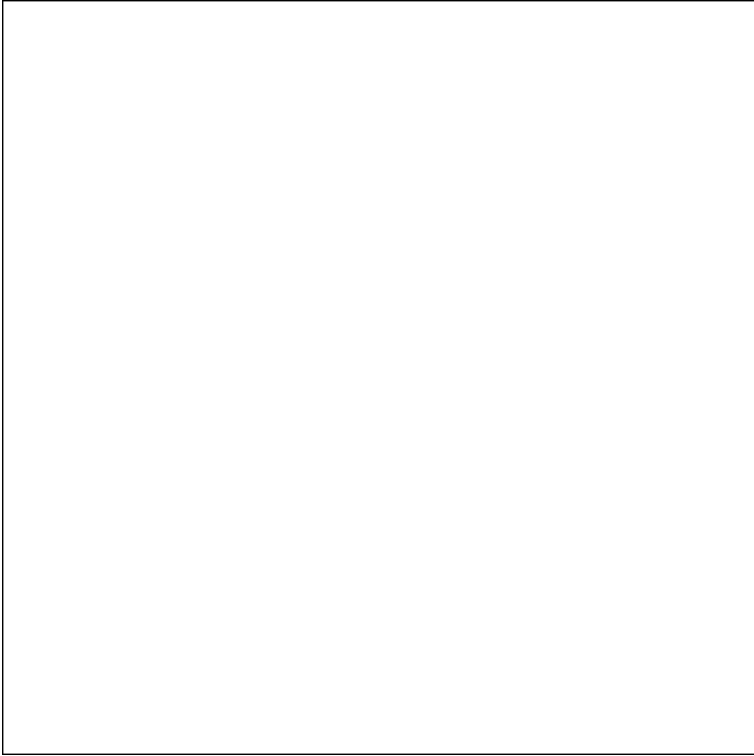
“Are you ready to go swimming today?” Ntwala asked them.
“Yes,” they shouted happily as they hopped and jumped with
excitement.



Opo vayendire mundjira yavo vatambe kumukuro Ntwala ava timwitiri vitimwitira. “Tutimwitire opo wahandjilire mukunda wetu,” ava yiyiri. “Tutimwitire vyakuhamena kwaMbwawa nalingwandja.”

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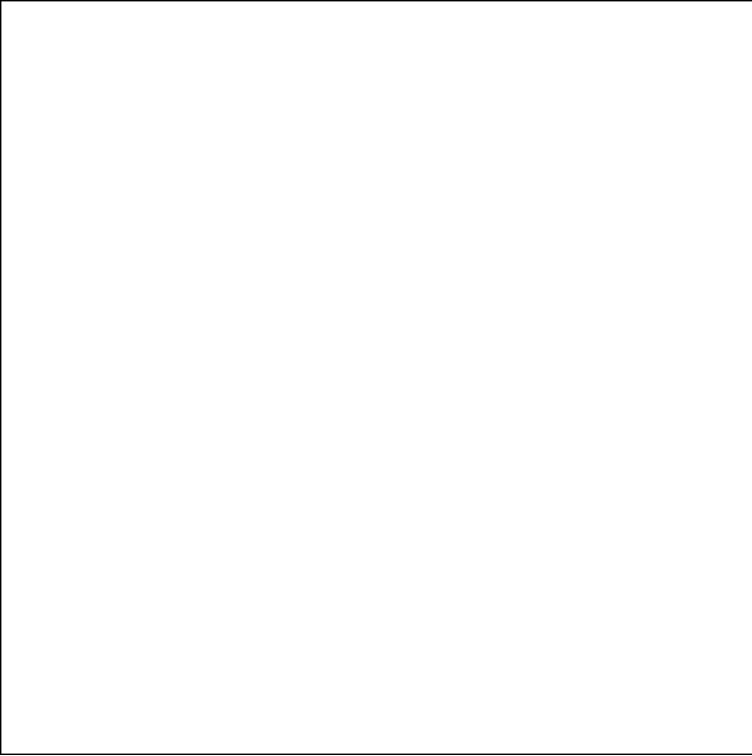
As they walked to the river Ntwala told them stories. “Tell us about when our village was flooded,” they called. “Tell us about the Jackal and the Baboon.”



Kuntere yamukuro kwa kalire ko limutondo lyalinene lyaUge.
Vakadona makura ava shanene Ntwala uge waunene po
ngudu.

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



“Na wana waunene po,” a yiyiri Joyi. Makura atapa uge wendi kwaNtwala.

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



“Kayendenu ngoli muka yowane,” Ntwala atenterere vanya vakadona. Navantje ava dukiri mumema, kukuyilira nakukutakuma pakuyuvha utenda wamema gha mumukuro waZambezi.

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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.



Ntwala uye a yimana kuntere yamema. A kengere ko vangandu. Ghuye a kengere vakadona vavakondi ko omo vana kurumbatana nakumbwitauka. A kengere nka vakadona vavanuke omo vana kurwafaura mema nakukushonga kushana.

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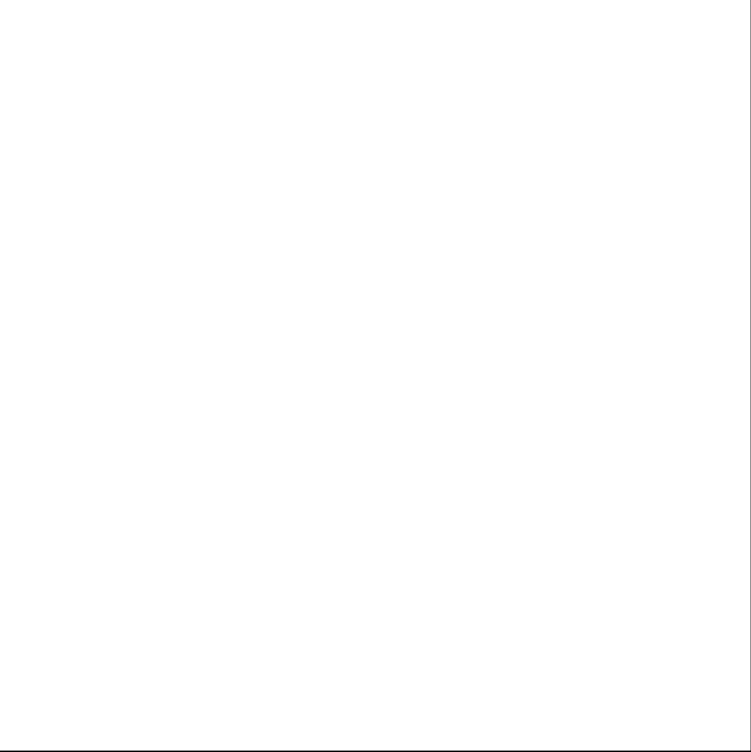
Ntwala stood on the bank. She watched for crocodiles. She watched the older girls racing and diving. She watched the younger girls splashing and learning to swim.



“Ruvede rwa marumbatano,” a yiyiri muruhura. “Yimanenu mumuyaro umwe.” Makura a toghora uge waunene po. Nko kughu vhukumina mumema shinano shashire osho a vhulire kutika.

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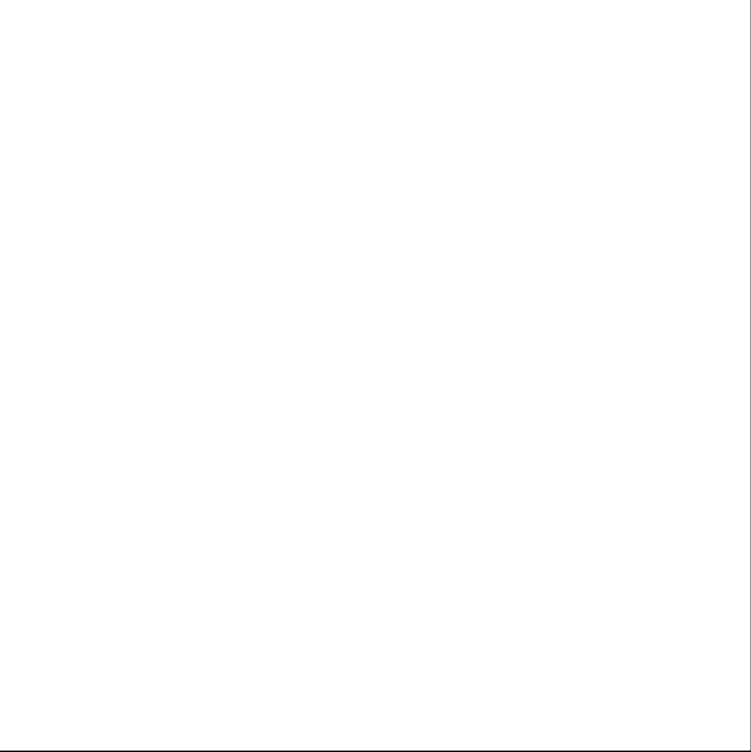
“Competition time,” she shouted at last. “Stand in a line.” She picked up the biggest marula fruit. She threw it as far as she could into the water.



“Mwe, viri, tatu. Yendenu!” a yiyiri. Vanuke ava dukiri mumema vashenene oko wa kalilire uge. Ntwala ava kengere.

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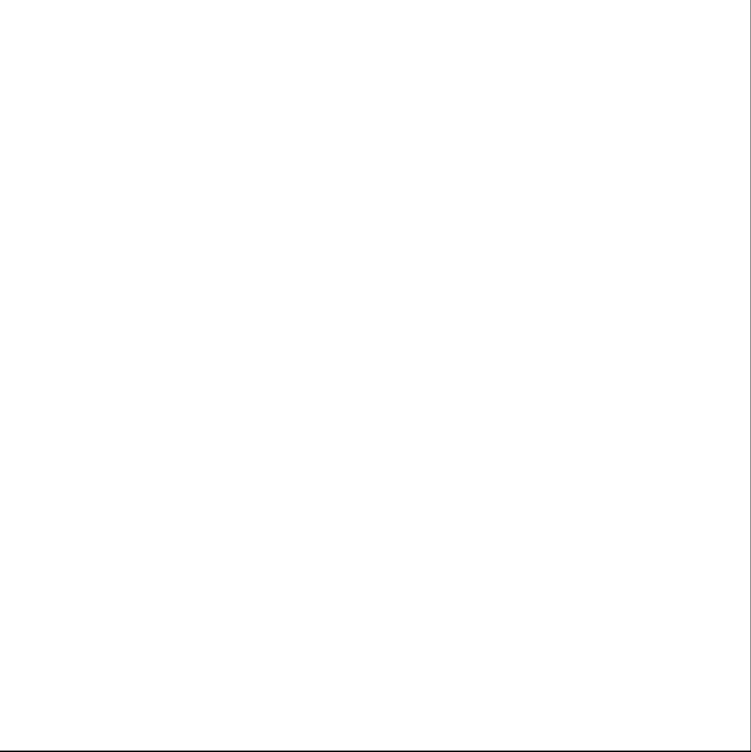
“One, two, three. GO!” she called. The children ran into the water and swam to the marula fruit. Ntwala watched them.



“Ame wakuhova!” ava yiyiri vaMaria naChaze shikando shimwe. “Namuvantje muna karo vakuhova,” ayiyiri kughamba Ntwala.

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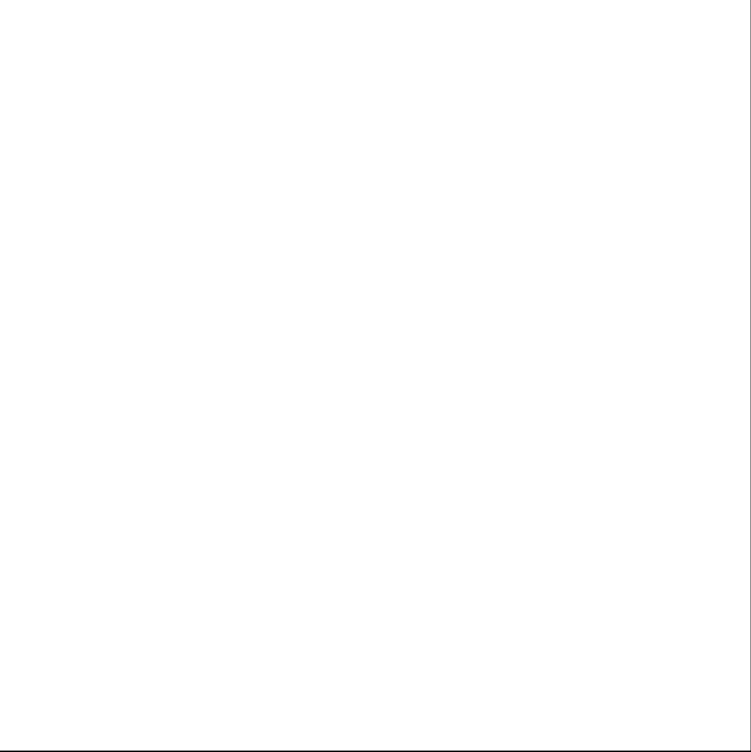
“I’m first!” shouted Maria and Chaze at the same time. “You are both first,” called Ntwala.



“Na shana tu rumbatane nka,” a ghamba Maria. “Ghewa!” aghamba Chaze. “ Ntwala, tu rumbatane tupu?” ava pura vakadona nka vamwe.

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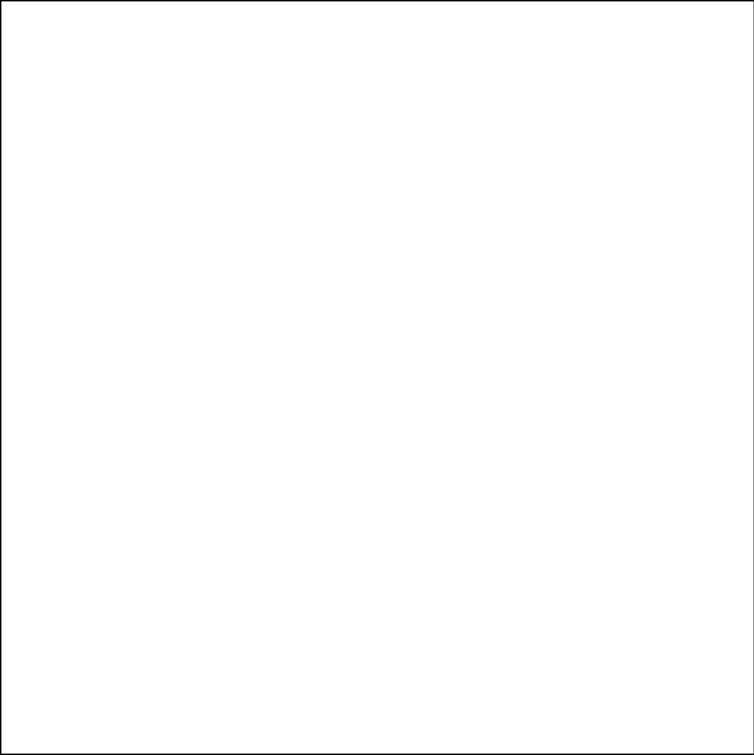
“I want to race again,” said Maria. “OK!” said Chaze. “Can we, Ntwala?” asked the other girls.



“Yimanenu nka mumutunda,” ava tantere Ntwala. Makura a toghora uge nko kughu vhukumina mumema shinano shashire osho a vhulire kutika.

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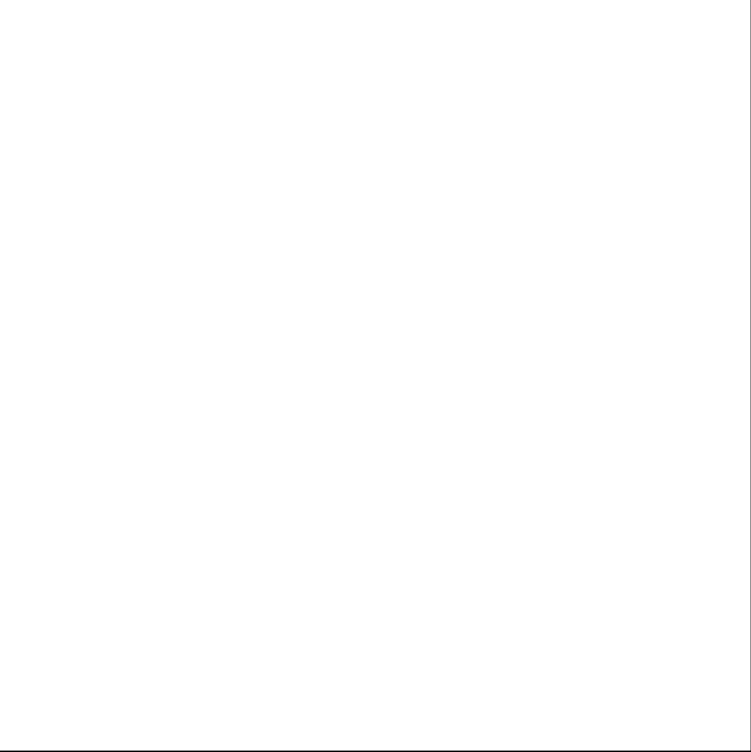
“Stand in line again,” Ntwala told them. She picked up a marula fruit and threw it as far as she could.



“Mwe, viri, tatu. Yendenu!” a yiyiri. Vanuke ava dukiri mumema vashenene oko wa kalilire uge. Ntwala ava kengere.

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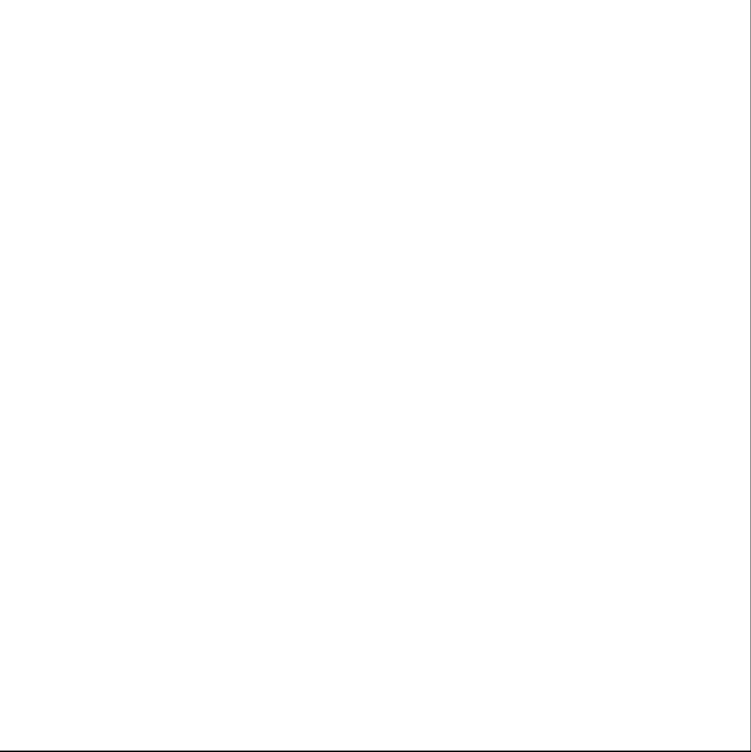
“One, two, three. GO!” she called. The children ran into the water and swam to the marula fruit. Ntwala watched them.



“Ame wakutanga!” a yiyiri Chaze. Maria makura sheyeke kushana. “Chaze ndje ana keto marumbatano,” aghamba Ntwala. “ Ghuna ruwana nawa, Chaze. Tuyendenuko ngoli kumundi.”

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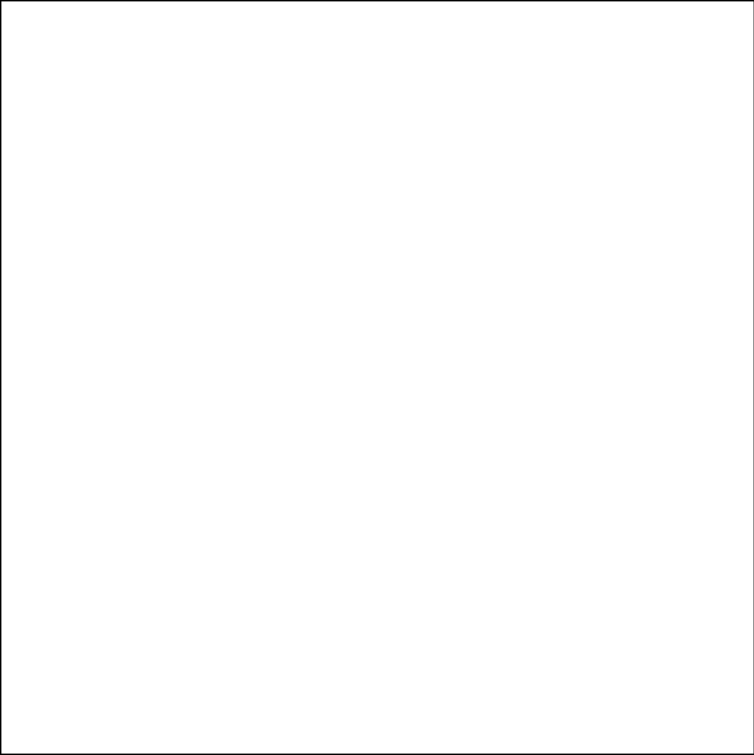
“I’m first!” shouted Chaze. Maria stopped swimming. “Chaze is the winner,” said Ntwala. “Well done, Chaze. Let’s go home now.”



Vanuke makura ava kanduka kumundi naNtwala. “Tu timwitire nka vitimwitira, Ntwala.” ava mushungida. Vavo kwa holire kutegherera vitimwitira vyendi.

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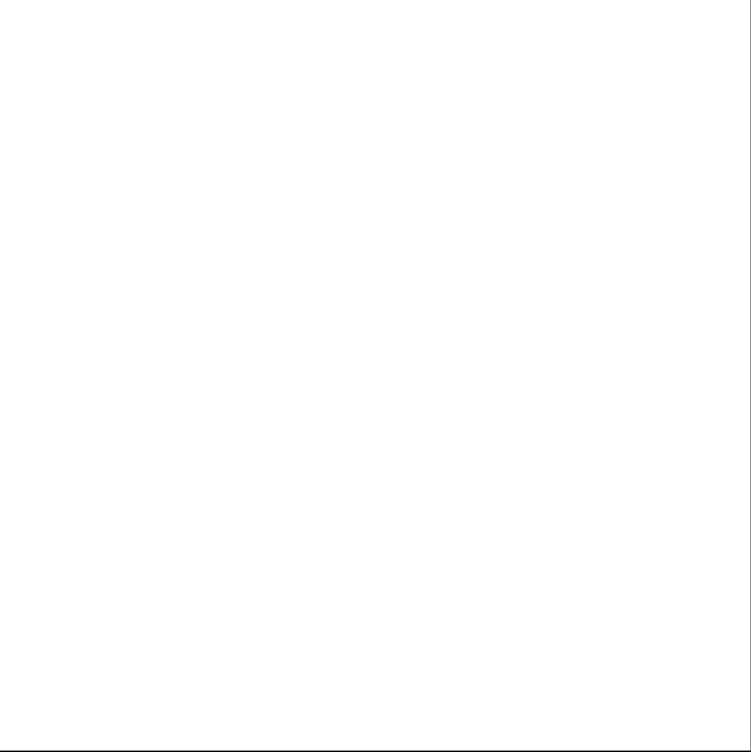
The children walked home with Ntwala. “Tell us a story, Ntwala,” they asked. They loved to listen to her stories.



Maria a kokava kunyima yaChaze makura amu tindiki aware palivhu. Chaze makura avareke kulira. “ Kuva kakutoghona vawina vaChaze,” Joyi a tentere 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.



“Maria! Vinke una muyundwiri Chaze?” a mu pura Ntwala. “Ana kete opo tuna shana mumema. Ufuki una karo po,” a ghamba Maria.

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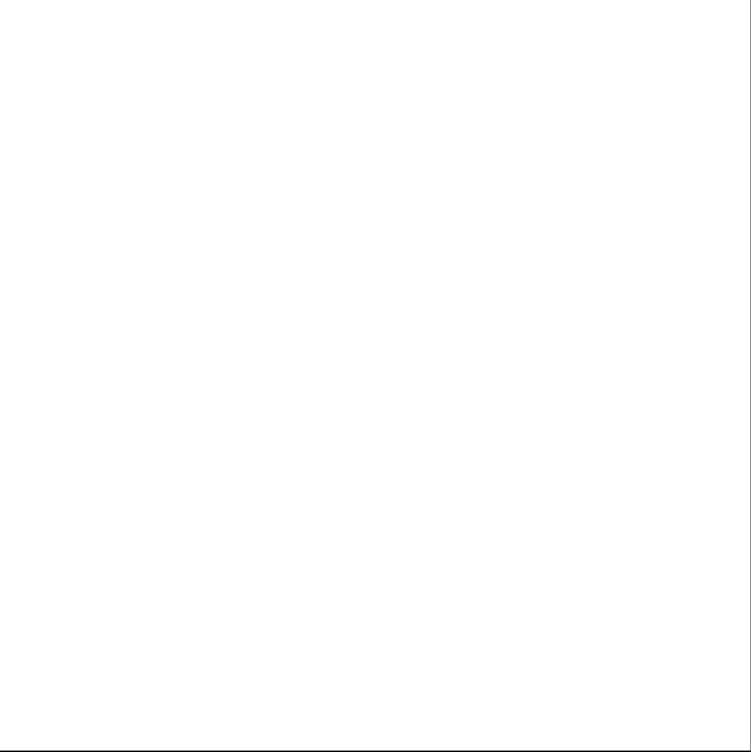
“Maria! Why did you hit Chaze?” asked Ntwala. “She won at swimming. It’s not fair,” Maria said.



Ntwala nko kutantera vakadona navantje vakughungilikire kushungira murupe rwa liuta. “Vinke ana katutantera mukuronashure” ava pura. “Vidona vyakurwana. Vantu vakurwana vana hepa kuvapa matengekero,” aghamba 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.



“Maria ana hepa kutapa mbili,” nko kughama Namasiku.
“Chaze ana kona kumu dipura naye,” aghamba Joyi. “Hawe,
lipuko vya kudipura unyoye,” A ghamba nka Ntwala.

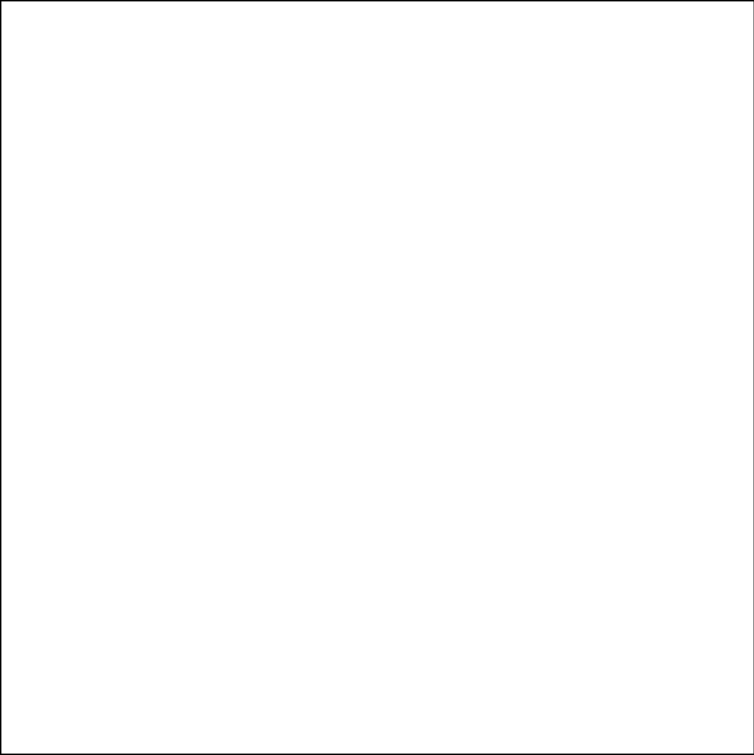
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“Maria must say sorry,” said Namasiku. “Chaze must hit her
back,” said Joy. “No, it is wrong to hit each other,” said Ntwala.

Ntwala nko kughamba weno ashi, “Ame omo na kughayara Maria ana hepa kuhupako kukuyowana Shundaha yakukwamako.” Maria nko kulira marutjodi tupu ghana kupupa yira ruhandjo. “Ngu... ngu... ngupirepo Chaze. Ngupire po kovyoko nakudipura. Kapi ngani dipura nka keheuno,” a tapa mbili.

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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.



“Na kughupiripo,” aghamba Chaze makura amamatere maghoko ghendi Maria. “Name naMaria kutu yenda nove kumundi wenu.” a ghamba Ntwala atentera Chaze. “Maria kwa ka tapa mbili nka kuvanyoko.”

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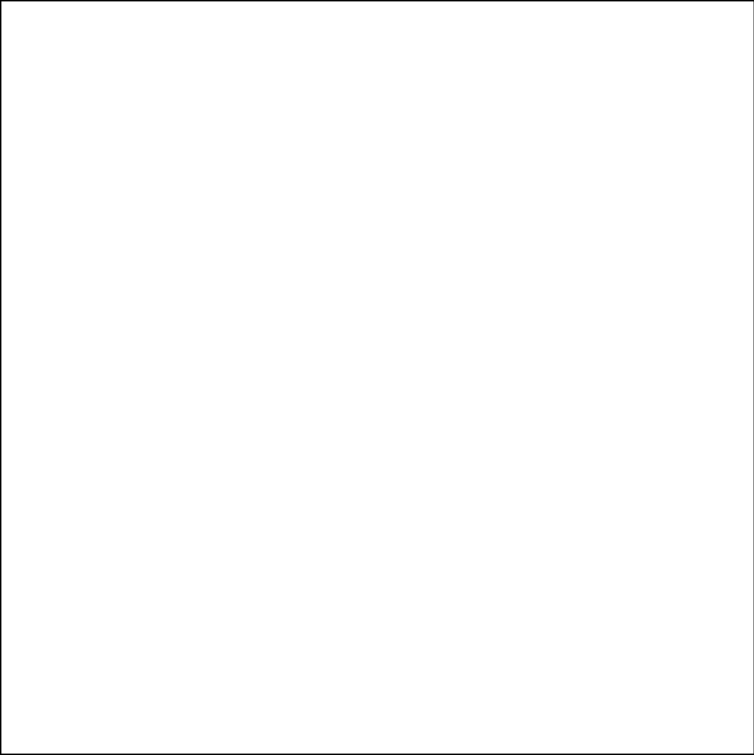
“I forgive you,” said Chaze and put her arm around Maria.
“Maria and I will come home with you,” said Ntwala to Chaze.
“Maria will apologise to your mother too.”



Maria a tantere vawina vaChaze, “Ame kuna dipura Chaze mukondashi ndje ana keto marumbatano. Na kutapa mbili. Chaze ne muholi wande, vidona shiri ovyo na mudipura.”

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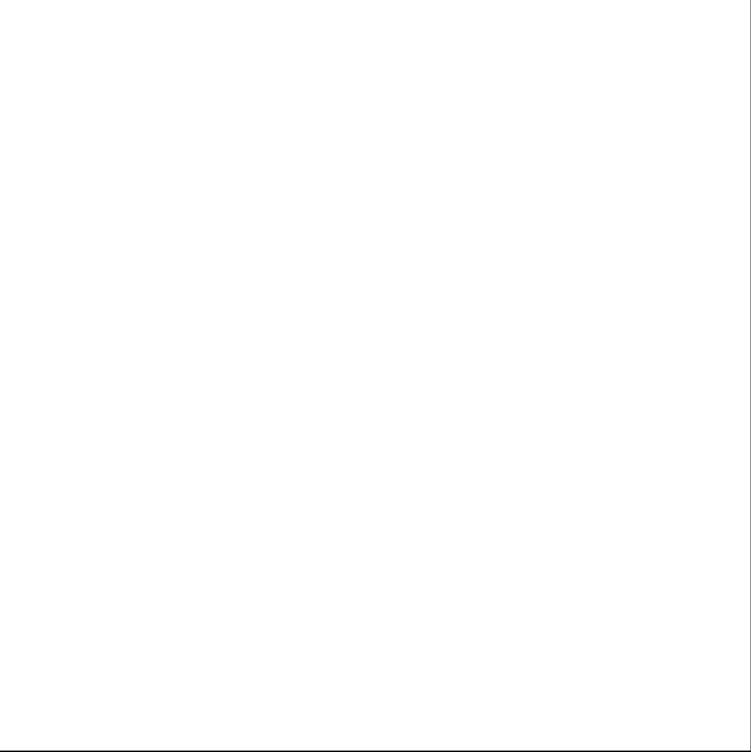
Maria told Chaze’s mother, “I hit Chaze because she won the race. I’m sorry. Chaze is my friend, it was bad to hit her.”



Muholikadi Sibungo ategherere nawa Maria. “ Lipuko una ruwana Maria, vidona vya kudipura vantu. Mpandu kovyona una ya tapa mbili kwande. Na kughupiri po.” Mugholikadi Sibungo nko kutantera Ntwala ashi, “Ove mpititi wamuwa.”

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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.”



Mugholikadi Sibungo a ghambita vanuke navantje. “Ntwala kuna yita po matengekero ghamawa ghaMaria. Ghuye kuna dipura Chaze mukondashi ana kombanita mumarumbatano gha kushana. Weno kapi nka nga vhura karumbatana.”

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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.”



“Hawe Naa,” a menyuna Chaze, “Kapi nashana Maria nga kare pamundi Shundaha oyo yina kuyo. Na shana nga tu karumbatane nka naye kushana shivike osho shina tuna tamba.

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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!”




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