



**N#oosi xabe kare are**

**Orphans need love too**

 Kandume Ruusa, Sennobia-Charon Katjiuongua, Eliaser Nghitewa

 Jamanovandu Urike

 Cwi Debe, Tsemkxao Cwi, G#kao J. B. Kxao, Kileni A. Fernando, Festus Soroab, Sylvia Fernandu, Kagece Khallie N!ani

 5

 Ju|'hoansi ktz / English en

N!oma n|ui wece ka Hilifa koh ꞑxai he tsau, ha totoo l'an ha taqe ko n!oma 'ma. Ha taqe koh kaice |kae te Hilifa n!aroh ha l'ae ko ha taqe !'uin kota ha l'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.

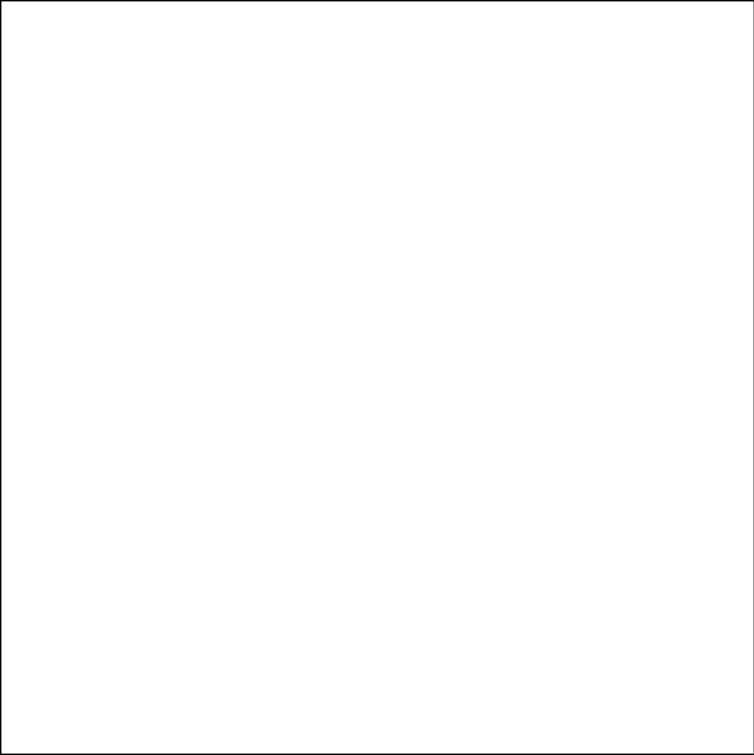
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Every morning Hilifa woke up early to prepare breakfast for his mother. She had been sick a lot recently and Hilifa was learning how to look after his mother and himself. When his mother was too ill to get up he would make a fire to boil water to make 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 like his father had been.

N!oma n|ui ha tsitsa'a ha taqe. "Ha-tce re o tih aia? ||'Aea nere a o n|aba? A ||'aike |oa n|oan. Te |oa ||koa tzi kana tjun!ang ||xai. A |oa totoo na mi meddah 'ma, |oa ||ka mi skore !xaiasi..." "Hilifa mi !'han, a sin o barah sa o nexa te ||au ku !'uin mi." Ha se !arikxao, are ha ɤ'angsi ko tca ha !oa ha. Ha re tsa'a|'ua? Mim kaice |kae. Are koh tsa'a radio n!ang ko |kae n|uia ju !'aua n!ore |kaia, "Mi kxae |kaea to'a," ha !oa ha. Hilifa ɤom tcima. "Te kare n||an tca a te ce ka !ai ɤoa mba?" "N!ore |kaia koara nɤoma."

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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 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."



Hilifa nꞑhao ua skore ꞑxoa ko ꞑ'angan!a'an. Ha ꞑoa ꞑꞑkoa ꞑxoa !ka nꞑang khoe ka si!a cu he ku nꞑhao. "Hatcere kxuia?" si!a tsitsa'a ha. Xabe Hilifa ꞑoa nꞑꞑan tcinꞑui, te ha taqe kokxuisi !ahina ha ꞑ'hui n!angsi, "Koara nꞑoma. Koara nꞑoma." Ha re naun !'uian ha ꞑ'ae ko ka ha taqe !ai, Ha n!oo. Koere ha !xoana? Koere ha hoa mari kota 'm?

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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 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.

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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.

Hilifa ||'ha tih ko n!o'oma. Pause ||'aea ha koh n|anga klasn!ang. "Mi kxae n!ang ||'an" ha ji |'an ha ɬarasi. Ka koh |oa o jia n!a'an, ha tsa'a |kae ta'msi, ha n!oo ta'msi ku nɬai !ahian ha n|ai n!ang n!ana zoo sa taun. Ms. Nelaoa ɬ'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 n!oo t'amsi ko ha dohmn!ang. Ha g|a'asi ho koaq to'a he ha koh ɬ'aun g!am.

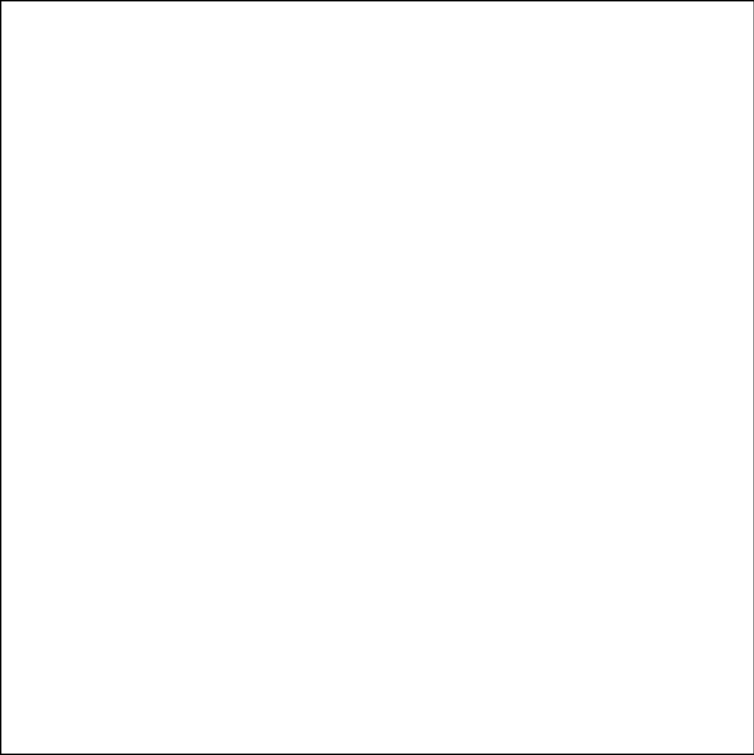
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Hilifa struggled through the morning. At break time he sat in the classroom. "I have a stomach ache," he lied to his friends. It wasn't a big lie, he did feel sick, and his worried thoughts buzzed inside his head like angry bees. Ms. Nelao watched 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 |'aesu 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.

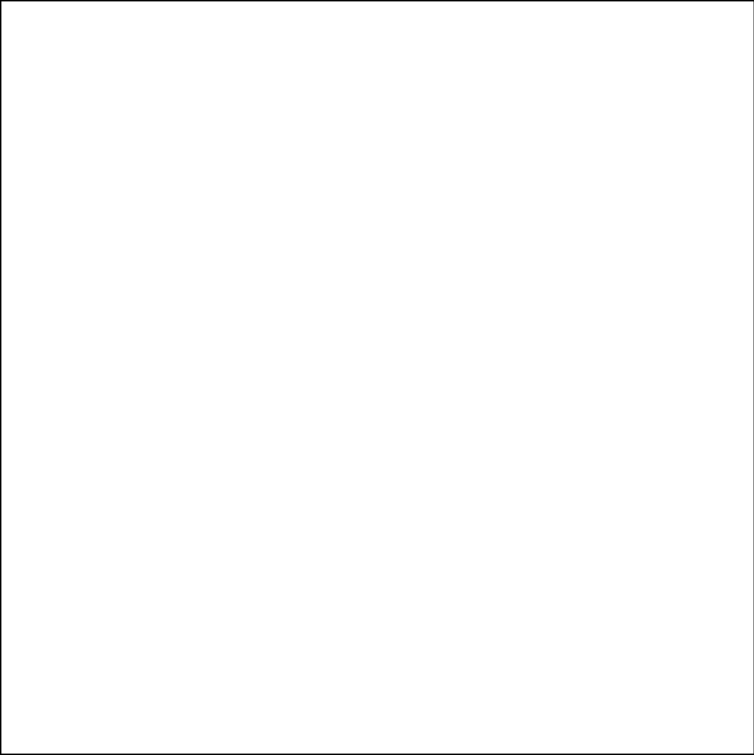


N!arohkxao di Nelao se Hilifa ||'a ha tekensi. Ka da'abi ꞑ'aun ua tju|ho ha !'au, "Hoe g|ae Hilifa. Mi kare a nꞑoahn |xoa." "Hatce re o tih?" Ha tsitsa'a ha. Aia |kae. Ha !oa mi te ko ha te kxae AIDS. Ha re !ai?" "Mi |oa !'han Hilifa, xabe ha n!obe |kae ka, ha kxae AIDS. Nꞑom koara. "Ko kxuisa ke ce te," Nꞑom koara. Nꞑom koara." Hilifa coa te tjin. " Ua tju, Hilifa," ha koe n||ae, " Mi g|ae |hoo a taqe."

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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."

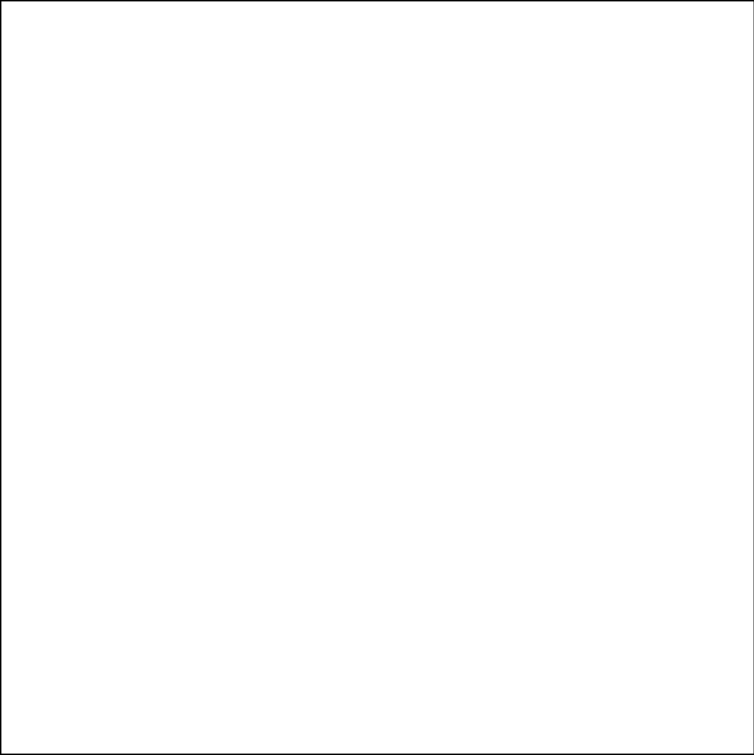




Hilifa ua tju te g|ae ho ha taqe te ha ge te n|oan 'msa o g||ore gasi. "Mi koh n|oan |'an a ko |am-a he, Hilifa, xabe mi ka n!obe n||huin. Se n!uubu ||xara n|ang n|hui ka gesin n|ang tani ua tamate gesin ko tora. Si!a ku n‡ai ||'ama |'an mh ko ka," Ka g||ore ‡uan Hilifa ua n!u'ubu ||xara khoea. Ha se n‡uhn‡xaia toa o n!uubu ‡'uasia, n‡uhn‡xaia 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 |xoaa ||xara ka ha taqe !ai?" Ha ko nace.

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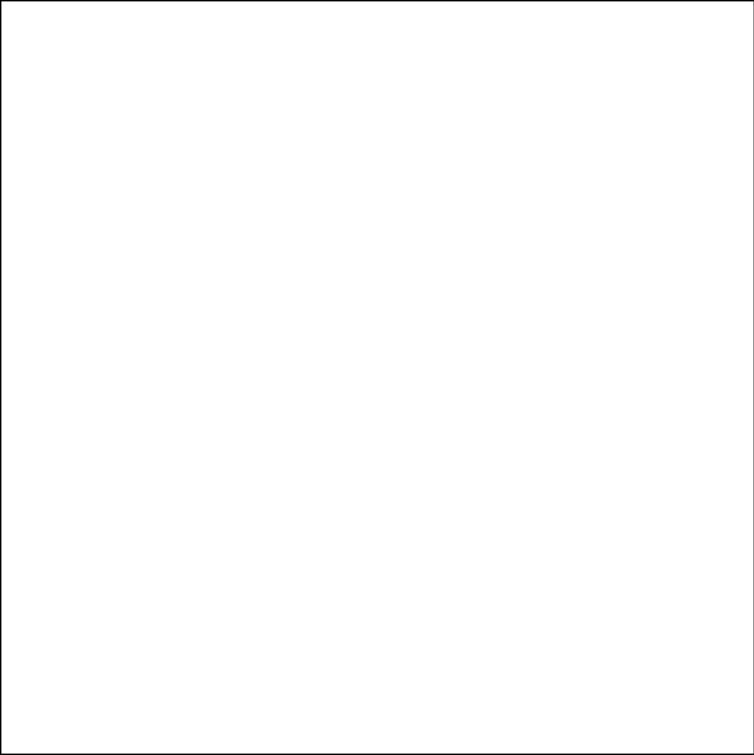
Hilifa went home and found his mother preparing lunch. "I've cooked for you today, Hilifa, but now I am very tired. Look after the vegetable garden and take some tomatoes to the shop. They will sell them for us." After lunch Hilifa went to the vegetable plot. He looked at the bright colours of the vegetables, 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.



N!arohkxao di, Nelao kua tsi g|ae ko ||'ae to'a he Hilifa koh u. Ha tsi g|ae ge te n̄oahn |xoa ha taqe ko ||'aea g̣a'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 ɸom 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 ɸau do ka hui 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.



||'Aea Hilifa g!a tju|ho ha taqe tsitsa ha, "Hilifa, mi !'han, mi kare ka mi n#hao |xoa a. Are ca hui mi? "Hilifa gu ha taqe #han te ha taqe g|ani ha. Sa n#hao ua koa !ahin sa kxae tsausih g!ai'a. Ha tsitsa'a ha, "Are ciniha #ang ||'ae sa a ||u'un |xoa a tsu Kunuu ko buru ko khuinke? A koh ||u |'ua buru ko !ahin !ka te buru g|ae n!ham ||ua !'hu. A ba g|ae du khauru |'an itsa ko ha."

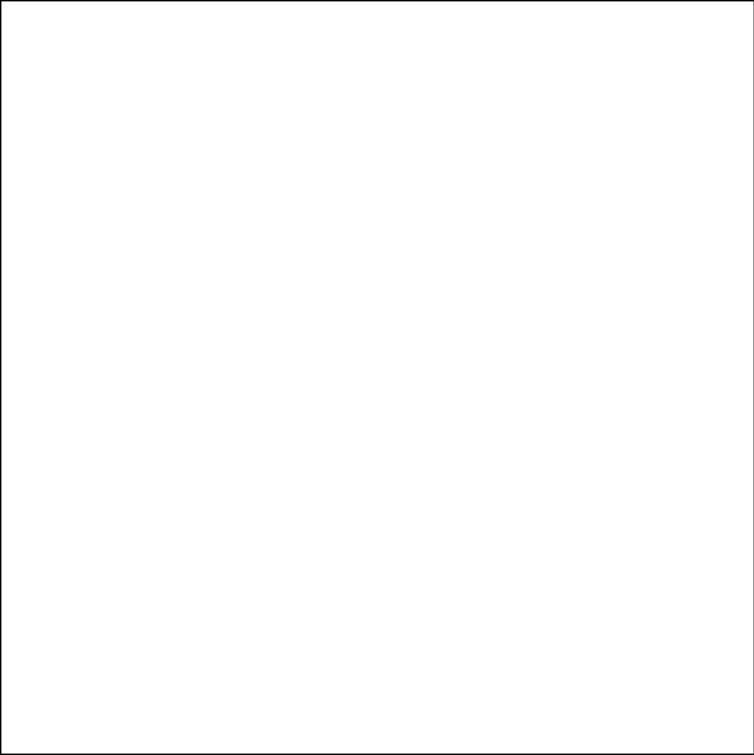
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When Hilifa came home his mother asked him, "Hilifa, my son, I want to take a walk with you. Will you help me?" Hilifa took his mother's arm and she leaned on him. They walked to where the tall thorn trees grew. She asked him, "Do you remember playing 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."

“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 Ɂ’ang ce ll’aea a koh o  
da’am!o he koh sin ‘m |xoa n|ang ko ka !osi. A |oa ua tzi ko  
beke n|e’e!” “Ee, mi g!u ko n!obe khui,” Ɂ’ang ce Hilifa, ha dshi.

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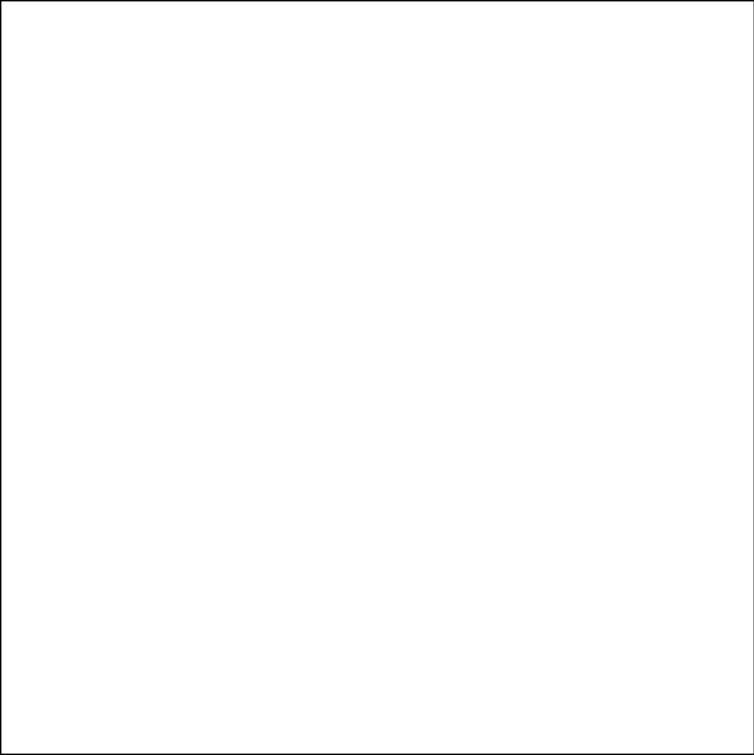
“Look, there’s an omandjembere bush. Go and pick some to  
take home.” When Hilifa was picking the sweet berries, she  
said, “Do you remember when you were small you ate the  
berries and the seed inside. You didn’t go to the toilet for a  
week!” “Yes, my stomach was sooo sore,” remembered Hilifa,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



||'Aea sa ua tju|'ho Hilifa ||'a taqe koh kaice ||'hain. Hilifa n|oan ti. A Ndapanda gu g|xa boksi ma ko g!ahm ꞑaba n!ang. "Hilifa ka ke o a ga. Tcisa gea boksia he ||'a n!ang ku nꞑai ꞑ'ang a ko kore a ||ama."

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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."



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|hui  
khoe."

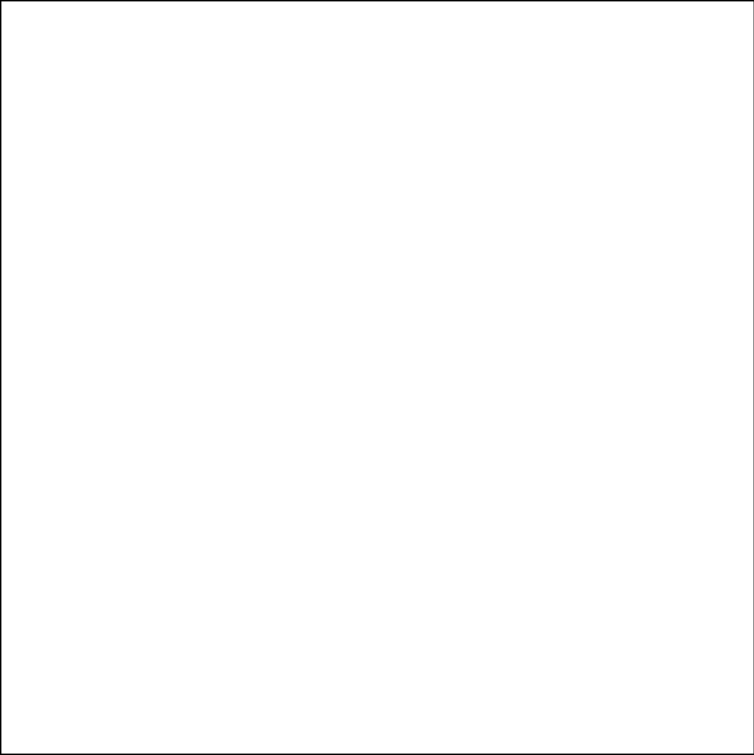
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She took the mementos out of the box one by one. "This is a photo of your father holding you. You were his firstborn son. This photo is when I took you to see your grandparents, they were so happy. This is the first tooth you lost. Do you remember 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 ||ae ɬe'a ha |'ae ko boksi te tjin. Ha taqe n!ahma ɬ'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. ɬ'Ang tca mi koh oo area a. ɬ'Ang n|ang !'han ko a ba te ho ha |'ae te are a."

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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."

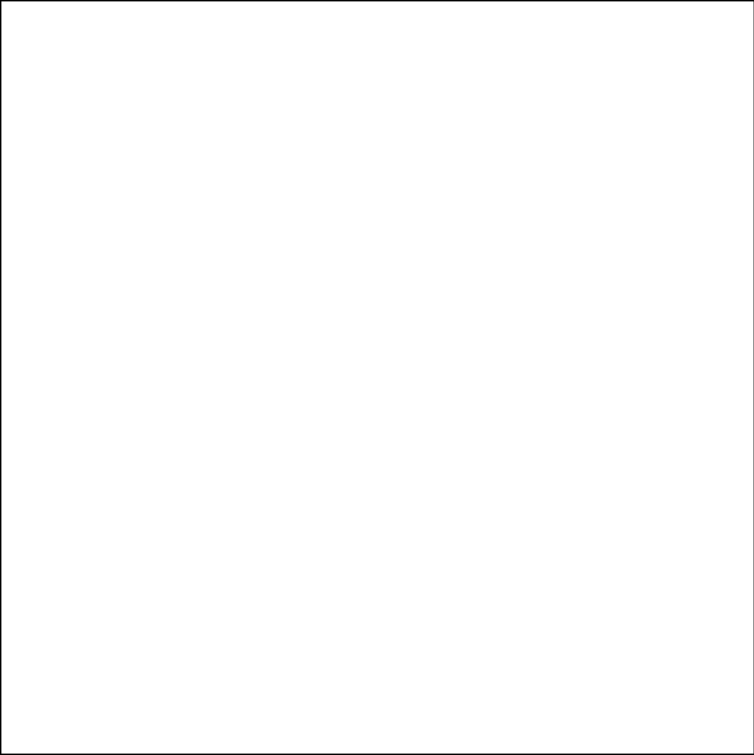


Ha taqe cinniha n̄oahn, “A tsu Kave he gea Oshakati ku xoana  
||koa |’an m ko mari. Ha !oa mi te ko ha te ku !’uin a. Mi n̄oahn  
|xoa ha ko ka tci oa. A m ku ua |xoa skore ko Kanuu, ha !’han.  
Kanu u gea xraat 4 n!ana a. Si ||au ka !’uin a.” “Mi are mi tsu  
Kave kosin g||aq Muzaa,” Hilifa koe n||ae. “Mi are Kanuu kui  
|xoa. A re n!hae jan ka si !’uin a?” “In’in, mi !’han. Mi |u g|ae jan.  
A ||au te !’uin mi. Mi !ka n|a’ng ko ka mi kxae !’han jan.”

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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.”

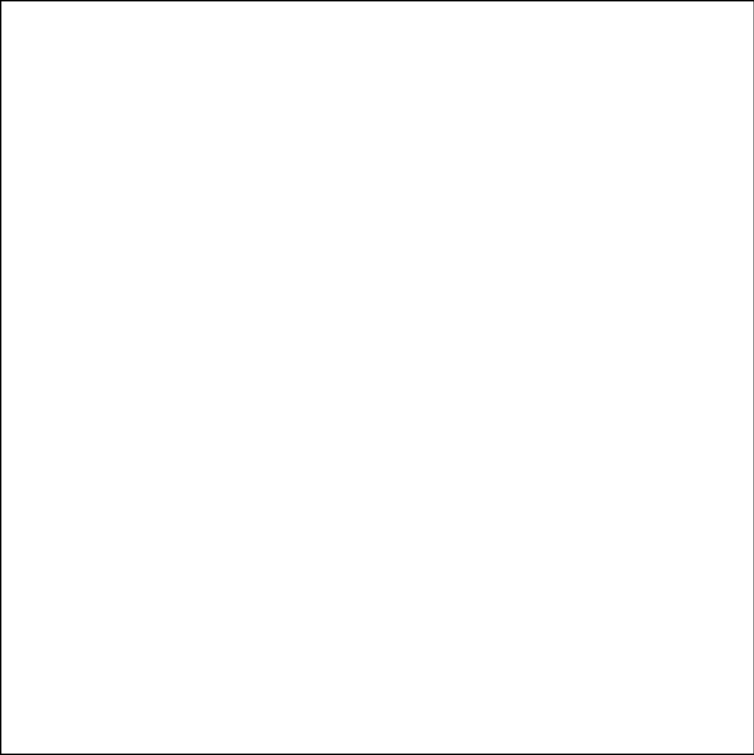




N!oo ko skore Ms. Nelao n!aroh si ko HIV kosin AIDS. Da'abi koqa. Si!a koh tsa'a tca ke ko radio n!ang, Te ju |oa n!oahn ka ko tju|ho. "Kore ka ||ama?" Magano koe tsitsa'a. "Ju re noun gua ka?" Hidipo tsitsa'a Ms. Nelao n!oahn Ɂasara |'an si!a ko tca HIV te o ka |kae !u. Te ka ju kxae HIV |kaea, ka gea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

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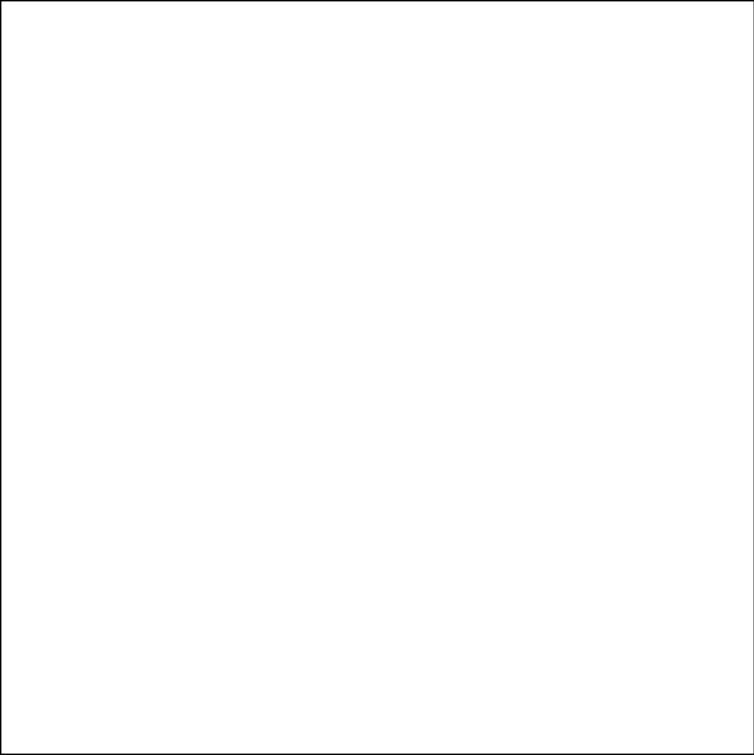
The next morning at school Ms. Nelao taught them about HIV and AIDS. The learners looked afraid. They heard about this illness on the radio, but no-one spoke about it at home. "Where does it come from?" asked Magano. "How do we catch it?" asked Hidipo. Ms. Nelao explained that HIV is the name of a virus.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



Ms. Nelao n̄oahn ɛ́asara ʼan si!a ko tcin ʼa |kaea ku oo g!a'am ju. "Ka ju n|ui kxae HIV kosin AIDS ju !'ha ʼama ʼa |kaea ko ʼang khoea. Kahin m |u ʼkaea ʼarisi kosi tzausi !aiansi. Ka m n̄ai ʼkoa ɛ́arasi, naqnisi, ʼari kosin ʼaqma ʼkae. Ha n̄oahn ɛ́asara tca kahin ju oo n̄ai ʼkoa ʼarisi kosin naqni te ju ɛ́aun n̄ai gaqaua ka." Ka mi kxae ʼhabihe ka tcaq ʼang ɛ́aun ka ju !ae!ae se |xoa a ko ka. "Ju ɛ́aun ka ju !o ʼhabi tzi, ko ka!uian," ha koe nʼae.

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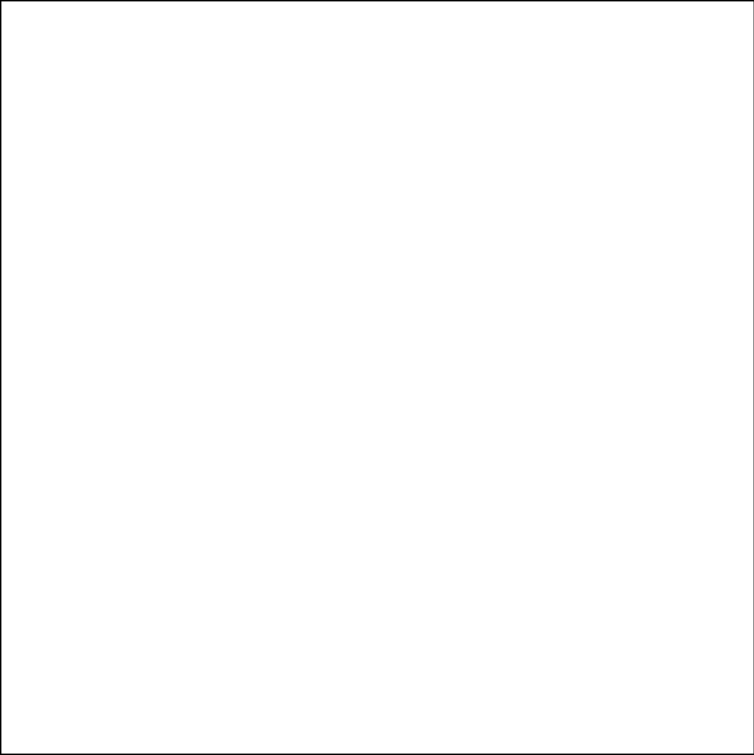
Ms. Nelao explained some of the ways we can be infected with HIV. "If someone has HIV or AIDS we can catch the virus from their blood. We should never share razors or toothbrushes. If we get our ears pierced we must use sterilised blades and needles." She explained how needles and blades should be sterilised.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



||Ama ha n̄ai sea si!a ko ɬxaunu !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 n̄ai ||koa, kana g!u ||ka tjua n|e'e. N!ahma khoe, tzi ɬ'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 n̄ai ||koa kopisi kosin n|usi ||kae |xoa jua kxae HIV kosin AIDS. Te a cete |oa ho ka ko ||ama n̄hai kosin g!o'o khoea. A cete |oa ho ||ama ka ko ||ama g!un!angzaqni n!aisi gɬuha kosin tzin kana tcaqau."

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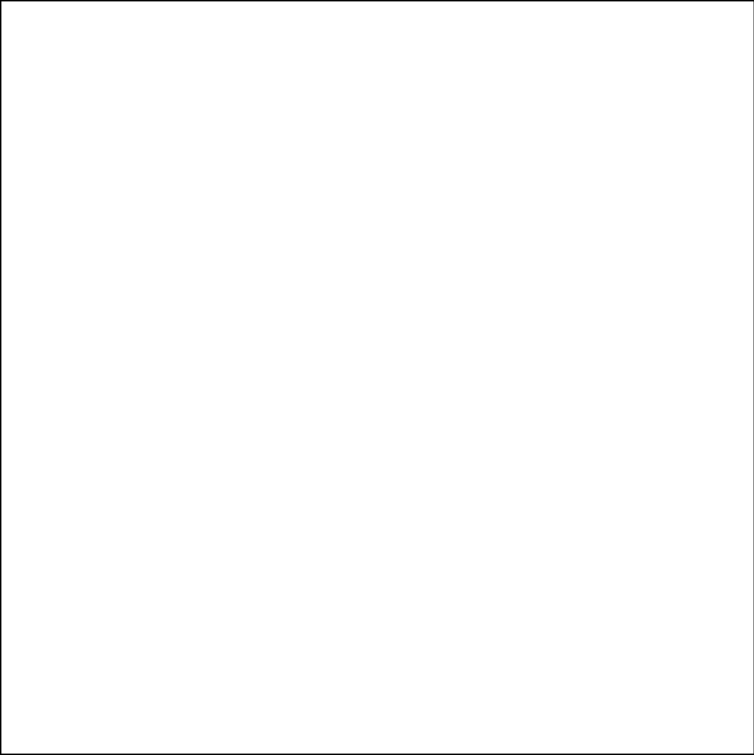
Then she showed them a chart. "These are all the ways you can't catch HIV," she told them. "You won't get HIV from using the toilet, or sharing a bath. Hugging, kissing or shaking hands with someone with HIV or AIDS is also safe. It's OK to share cups and plates with someone who has HIV or AIDS. And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



“A re du hatce ko a ho ka?” Magano tsitsa’a. “N|ang tia i!a !’uin i!a |’aesi n|ang ||au ku ‘m ‘m jansin. Se ‘msi ꞑxaunua n!a’an,” ha koe n||ae. “Hajoe re ꞑ’ang ce ‘msa jan |’an ha?” Ha koe n||ae.

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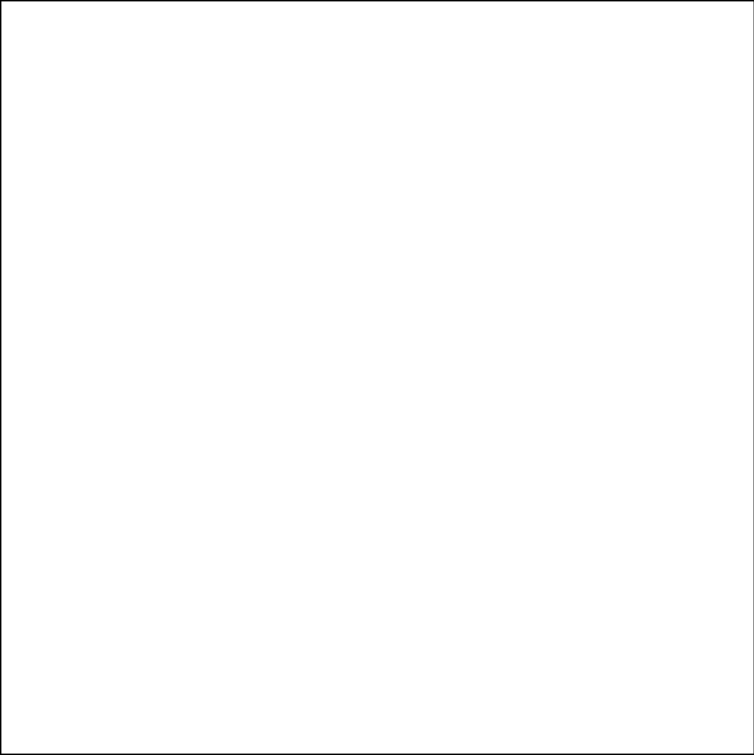
“What do you do if you’ve got it?” asked Magano. “Well, you must take care of yourself and eat lots of healthy food. Look at our food chart,” she said. “Who can remember what food is good for you?” she asked.



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.

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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.



G!oa he hin toa Magano tcoh tsi huia Hilifa ko g!u haqre.  
Hidipo hui |xoa ha ko da'a !'hu. Te kahin si!a g|ae g!oo ||xaea  
kaqe din ka du skore ||kxoasi.

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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.

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.

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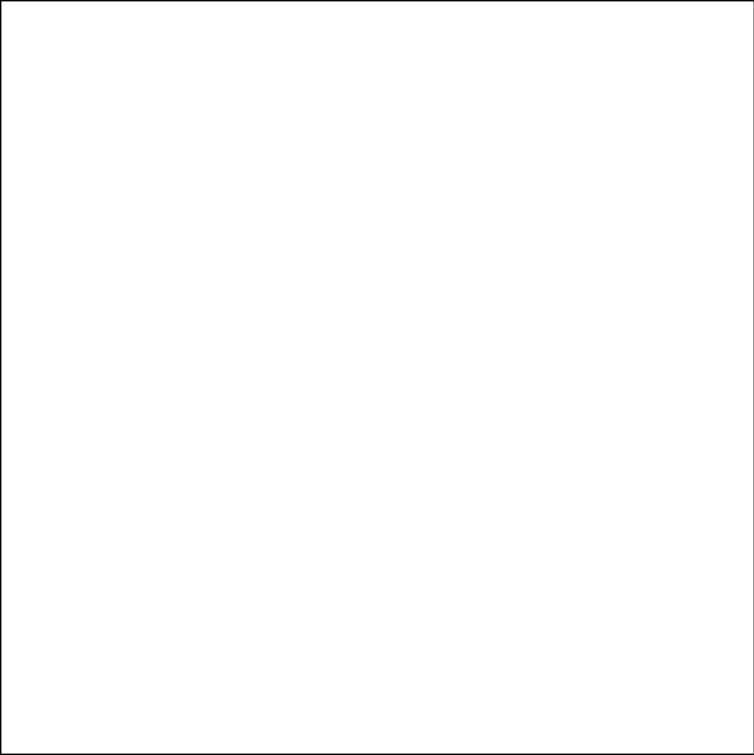
Ms. Nelao had also told Hilifa's neighbours that he was looking after his mother. They had promised to help him. Every night a different neighbour came with hot food for them to eat. Hilifa always gave them some vegetables from the garden.

!Am o skore toansi Hilifa ||'a ha !ka koh n!obe n|ang. Ha koh !aah g!a tju|ho ||'a ha g!a n!ai sea ha taqe ko skore raportah. Ha !aah g!ama darah n!ang te !'au, "Aia. Aia. Se mi skore raportah. Mi ho 'A', 'A', kota 'A' sa ꞑ'hai." Hilifa ho ha taqe te ha cua g!ahm |ho. "Aia!" ha !'au. "Aia! 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.

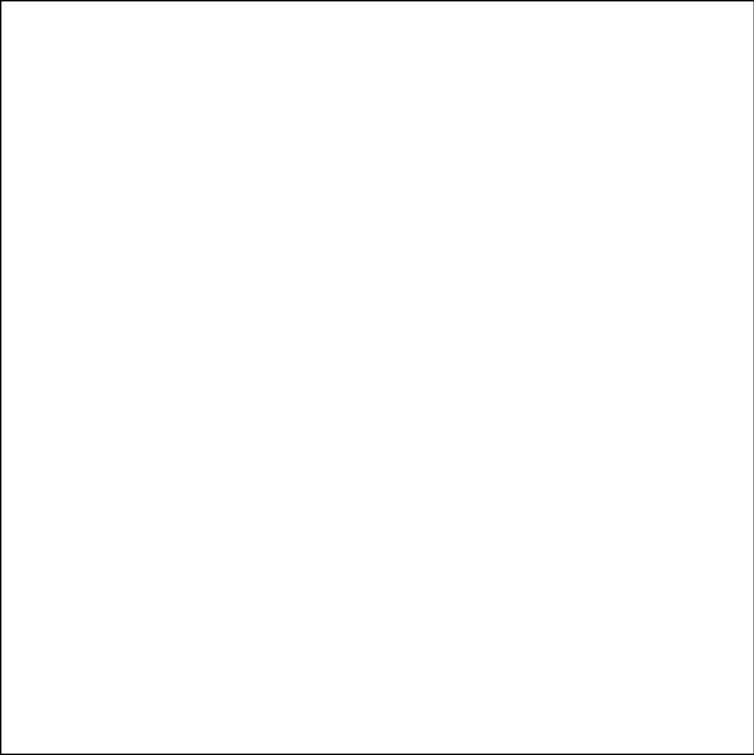




Hilifa !aah ua jusa !xoana toma sa. “Mi taqe. Mi taqe. Ha |oa tsau,” ha tjin. Jusa !xoana toma u |xoa Hilifa ko !aoh te hoa Ndapanda di n!a’an ko g!ahm |ho. “Ha !ai, Hilifa,” si!a koe n||ae |xoa !ka ta’m |kai.

. . .

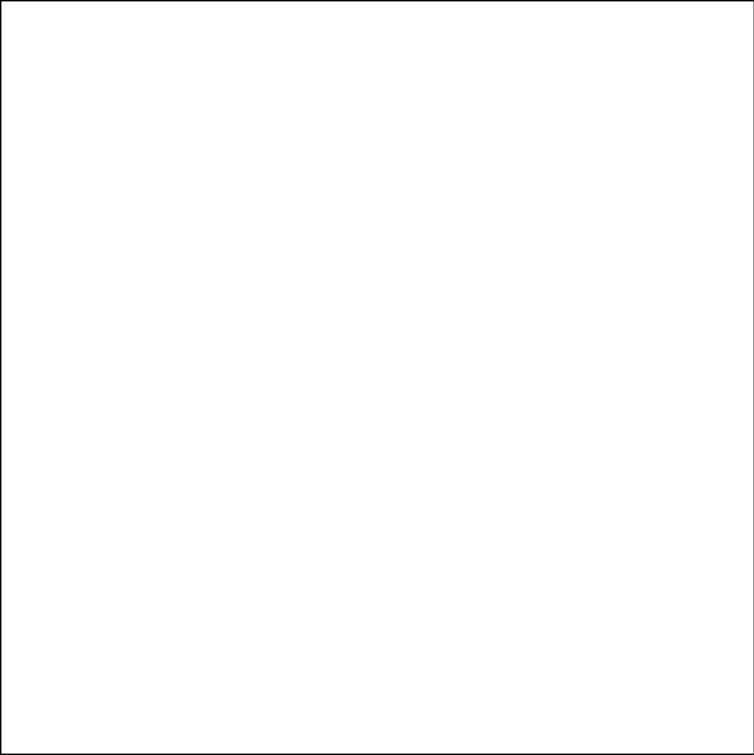
Hilifa ran to the neighbours. “My Mum. My Mum. She won’t wake up,” he cried. The neighbours went home with Hilifa and found Meme Ndapanda in her bed. “She is dead, Hilifa,” they said sadly.



N!oosi n̄oahn g!ai ko tca Ndapanda di n!a'an te !ai. !Aoh  
g!aian kxae juasi, jusa !xoana toma kota ɬarasi. Si!a |xom |'an  
Hilifa ||'a ha taqe te ge'e tsisi. Si!a n̄oahn tci jansisa si!a koh  
!han |xoa ha.

. . .

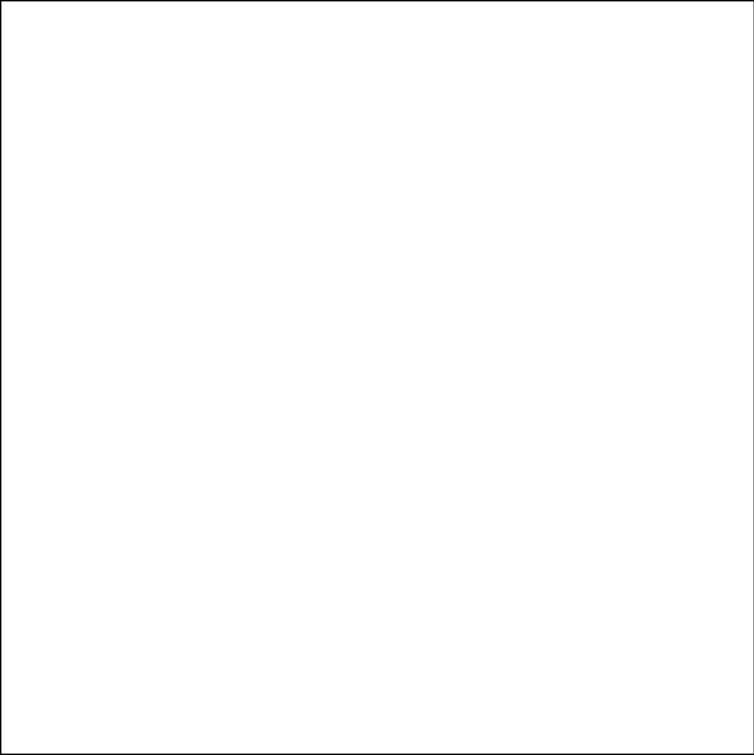
Very quickly the news spread that Meme Ndapanda was dead.  
The house was full of family, neighbours and friends. They  
prayed for Hilifa's mother and sang hymns. They talked about  
all the good things they knew about her.



||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.

. . .

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.



Ko kxuni khoara Hilifa koh ua kerka g|a'a n!ang te !oa ju n|ui wece ko ha taqe tci ooa. "Aia koh are mi te koh ||au ku !'uin mi. Ha !oa mi te ko mi ||au n!aroh n|ang khoa ho ||koa jansin. Ha koh kare ka mi !ka n|ang. Mi n!aroh g|aoha ka ||koa g|aoha ka ha !ka n|ang |xoa mi."

. . .

At the funeral Hilifa 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."

Kxuni toansi tsu Kave kota ||aq Muzaa hui Hilifa ko tcisi  
||xae||xae ka tani ua Oshakati. “Kunuu ku kxoa ɤara ze ko g|a’a  
n!ang,” si !oa ha, “E !’huin ɤoan a ko e |’ae ha !’han.” Hilifa ||au  
nɤai ge tju te ɤxuru |xoa si!a ko teksu.

. . .

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.



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**N#oosi xabe kare are**

**Orphans need love too**

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 Jamanovandu Urike

 Cwi Debe, Tsemkxao Cwi, G#kao J. B. Kxao, Kileni A. Fernando, Festus Soroab, Sylvia Fernandu, Kagece  
Khallie N!ani (ktz)

