

Nonsigwe nado da hepa eharo

Orphans need love too

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 Rukwangali kwn / English en



Nkenye ngurangura zonene Hilifa ku pinduka a wapayikire o zina mulihako. Awo sinkwa ntaantani tupu kava kere mouvera wounene makura Hilifa ta lirongo nye omu napakera o zina mbili kumwe namwene. Apa vaya verere unene ozi kapi vana kuvhura hena kupinduka age nga hwameke mundiro yipo a genyeke o mema a rungire o zina tee. Ta gava tee kozina noku va wapaikira rumbororo romulihako gwawo. Poyiruwo yimwe o zina kuzumbanesa nonkodo nokuvhura si ku lya. Hilifa tali pura yoyinzi kuhamena o zina. Oguhwe kwa dogorokere nomvhura mbali daka pita ano ngesi ozina nawo kwavera unene. Kwatongamene ngamoomu tupu vakere o guhwe.

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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.



Ngurngura zimwe kwa pulire o zina, “Udigu musinke muna kara nawo nane? Siruwo ke ngomu lizuvha ko hansa? Kapi muna ku tereka hena kapi muna kuruga mepya ndi nampili ku zere membo. Kapi muna ku rongerera nge sibaki sange soko sure ndi mukuhwe mudwaro gwange gokosure...” Hilifa munange gomumati ove ntani kogwanesere nomvhura nta-ne yiyo ono ku pakera nge mbili nawa.” Tava tara mumatigona noku gazara asi yinke nava mu tantera. Nayi kwata egano ndi? “Ame tani vere unene. Wa zuvha koradio uvera ava tumbura asi AIDS. Owo yiwo uvera nina kara nawo” Tava mu tantere. Hilifa kwa mwenene nominate dononsesu. “Oyo ngoso kuna ku tanta asi none ngomu fa ngwendi otate? “Kutupu uhaku wo AIDS.”

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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 kwa zire kosure age kuna kugazadara. Kapi gavhulire kuli hamesera monombunga ndi momaudano monzira zendi zoku za kosure novakwawo. “Udigu musinke ono kara nawo?” Tava mu pura va kwawo. Nye Hilifa kapi ga vhulire kulimburura, nonkango dozina kwa kwaku li toona momatwi gendi, “Kutupu uhaku. Kutupu uhaku.” Ngapi omu nalipakera mwene mbili nsene nava dogoroka o zina, Kwa kere nomagazaro. Kupi oku nga vhura kukara. Kupi oku nga gwana yimaliva yonondja.

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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 kwa hingilire po mbanga zendi. Ta kwamesa nyara zendi momumfa go sitji sombanga. “Kutupu uhaku. Kutupu uhaku.” Hilifa, nose ono kara ndi?” Hilifa ta tara meguru. Munekuto Nelao Kwasikeme pwendi. “ Sikama Hilifa! Ngapi kali kara epuro lyange?” Hilifa ta nyongama a tare nompadi dendi. “ Kapi nogwana po elimbururo opo pevhu!” Tali tengwida. “Magano, mu tantera Hilifa elimbururo.” Hilifa tali zuvhu nomuga dono nene sili, Munekuto Nelao kapi gamu harukira rumwe unene.

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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 kwa kondjere noudigu ngura-ngura ozo. Po pause kwa hingilire monkondwarongerero. “Mezimo lyange kuna ku kora ” ta kumbagere va kwawo zendi. Kapi ya kere yimpempa yoyinene, ga lizuvhire sili asi ta vere, ntani magazaro magazaro kwali dingire momutwe gwendi nonyiki doku handuka. Munekuto Nelao kwamu tere nelimweneneno. Tamupura asi Udigu musinke kau kara po. “ Kwato” ta limburura. Momatwi gendi ta dimburura eroroko ntani utjirwe mezwi lyendi. Menho gendi taga mono woma ou ana ku kambadara ku vandeka.

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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.



Apa Hilifa ga kambadarere kurugana muvaru gwendi nonomora tadi li runga-runga momutwe gwendi. Kapi ga vhulire kudi tura nawa momuzaro adi varure. Taligava mokaruwo tupu kokanunu. Mevega oloyo ta gazara nye o zina. Nonyara dendi tadi vareke kutjanga magazaro gendi. Ta faneke ozi mombete zawo. Tali faneke mwene omu ana sikama pepi nombira zo zina. “Vatareli gomuvuru, Pongaikeni nombapira nina kanderere,” Yimo ga zigidire munekuto Nelawo. Hilifa hararasi ta mono yifaneka mobuke zendi makura ta kambadara ku taura mo epenuno oloyo, nye ana hulilire. Mutareli ta gusa booke zendi azi tware ko munekuto 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.



Munekuto Nelao ta tara yifaneka ya Hilifa. Apa va pwege vanona va ze kembo ta zigida. “Wiza oku Hilifa. Nina hara kuuyunga nove.” “Udigu musinke?” Ta pura mumati nakauke. “Onane tava vere. Awo kuna tanterenge asi kuna kara no AIDS. Kapi za kara nouhaku.” Doodina nonkango hena, “Kutupu uhaku, Kutupu uhaku.” Hilifa ta vareke kulira. “Zende kembo Hilifa,” yimo gamu tanterere. “Nani wiza niya tarere po o 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.”



Hilifa yipo ga zire kembo taka gwana o zina kuna kuwapaika muzuhwa. Nina ku terekere neina, Hilifa, nye ngesi nina roroka unene. Tara kwina kosikunino soyikwahidi makura o tware ko madamate gamwe kositora. Tava kaga tu randesera po. " Konyima zomuzuhwa Hilifa ta zi kosikunino soyikwahidi, Ta tara po yikwahidi yina pi po, eyi yina kumoneka asi yina gehe koruvara madamate ntani nondungu, makunde gomare ntani nosipinasi sosinaugurusovagani mahako gosinauguru ga kawandja nepungu lyoughenga lyere. Ta tekere sikunino noku damuna nsako zina zura madamate gomageha gosikandi a tware kositora. " Yinke nayihorokera sikunino sawo scene o zina nava dogoroka?" Tali gazadara.

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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.



Munekuto Nelao taya bubuka konyima tupu zokaruwo apa ana tundu po Hilifa. Age kwa ya kere siruwo sosire oku ta zogere no zina, “Ta pura o zina va Hilifa, “Nane Ndapanda, Tomu nu tupu nomutji do AIDS?” Konyima zapa ga fire mugara gwange kouvera ou, ame kwali fire nomuga unene doku ninka asi ni ze kwa ndokatora,” Yimo va tanterere munekuto Nelao. “Ame kwa kere nehuguvaro asi ngesi name ga kagwisa nge ko. Apa navarekere kuvera yipo na zire kwa ndokatora taka tantera nge asi nina hulilire. Nomutji kapi nadi vhura kuvaterange.” Makura Munekuto Nelao ta tantere onane Ndapanda asi yinke nava vhura kurugana yipo va vatere 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.



Apa gaya sikire Hilifa pembo, O zinc tava mupura, “Hilifa munange gomumati Kani hata tugende nakauke. Novhura kuvaterange?” Hilifa ta kwata kuwoko kozina ozina tava muzegamene. Tava zi dogoro kooku ayi mene yitji yomega yoyire. Tava mu pura asi “ To diworoka omu ngomu danauka mbara apa nasipwa soge Kunuu? Ove kwa sengerere mbara mositji makura tazi kakatere momega. Oguho kwava zenye mega moku ku gusira mo zina mbara.

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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.”



Tara kwina kosili sinhwa somandjembere. Zende oka guse ko gamwe o simbe kembo. “ Apa Hilifa ganyenge enyango lina lyoutovara, Ozina tava uyunga asi, “ To diworoka asi apa wa kere ove simpe omu nona ngo li enyango nonontanga dalyo monda. Kapi ngo zi kokanzugo kokuli vaterera ure wosivike!” “Yimo, mezimo lyange kwa kere tamukoro,” yimo ana ku diworoka Hilifa, ta zoro.

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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.



Apa va kasikire kembo ozina va Hilifa vana roroka unene. Hilifa ta wapaike tee. Onane Ndapanda tava gusa kapakotegona monda zombete. “Hilifa, esi soge. Omu mosipakote moyili yininke yoku vhura kukuvatera o diworoke oku wa tunda.”

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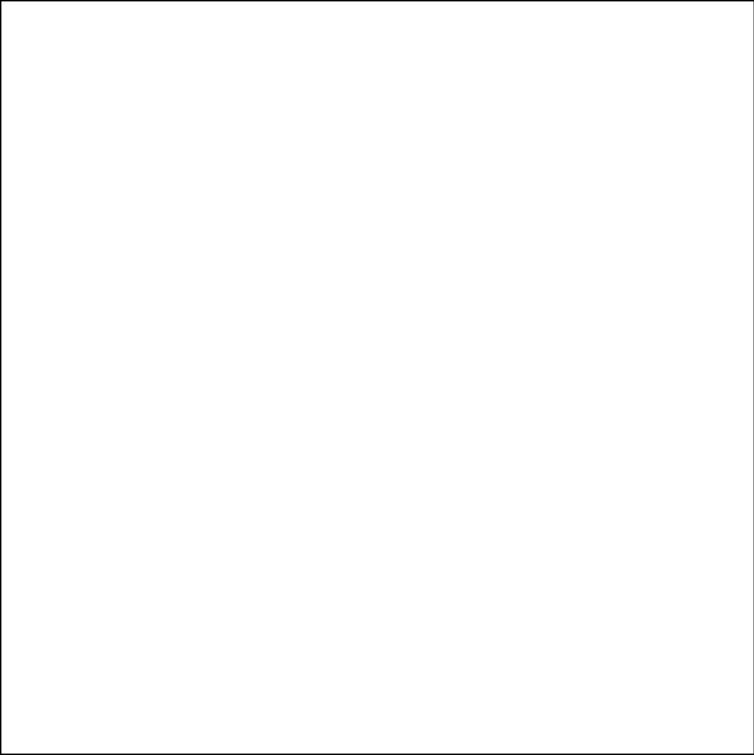
When they got home Hilifa’s mother was very tired. Hilifa made some tea. Meme Ndapanda took a small box from under her bed. “Hilifa, this is for you. In this box are things that will help you remember where you come from.”



Tagusa mo yidimbwiliso mosipakote simwe na simwe. “ Eli efano lyo guho vana ku kwaterere. Nyove wa kere munwawo gomumati gokuhova. Eli efano paapa naku twere oka mone va zinyakurur woge, awo kwa hefe sili. Eli yilyo ezego lyoge lya hover ku kuka. To diworoka omu wa lilire ame kwaku tumbwidilire asi ngaga menena mo gomanzi. Ezi mbandi ezi va perenge o guho apa twa sikisire mvhura zimwe mononkwara detu.”

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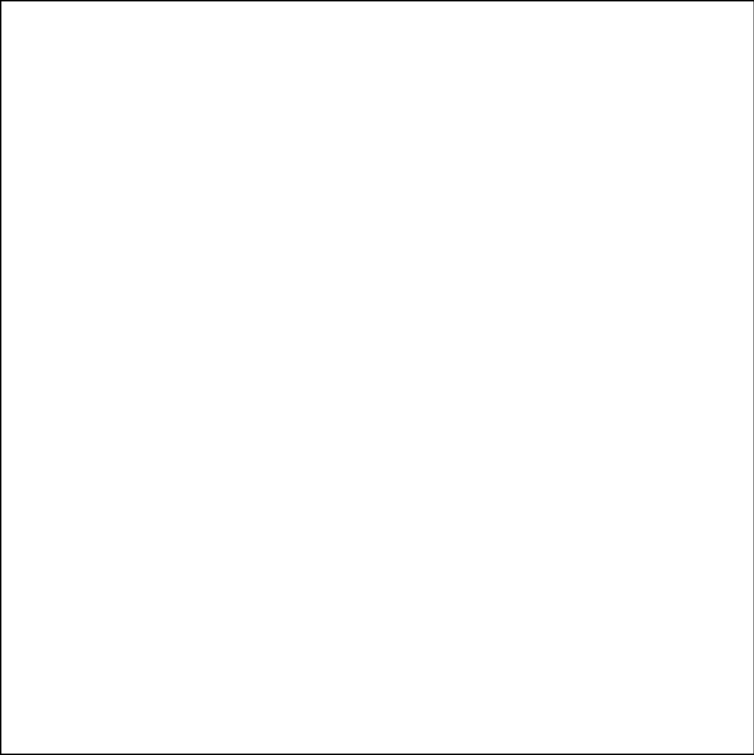
She took the mementos out of the box one by one. “This is a photo of your father holding you. You were his firstborn son. This photo is when I took you to see your grandparents, they were so happy. This is the first tooth you lost. Do you remember how you cried and I had to promise you that more would grow. This is the brooch your father gave me when we were married for one year.”



Hilifa ta gusa sipakote oso ta vareke ku lira. Ozina tava muli henyere koruha rwawo makura tava tura po ekanderero, “Ngano Karunga aku popere noku ku kunga.” Tava mukwata apa vana kuuyunga. “ Hilifa munange gomumati. Ono yidiva asi ame tani vere unene, ntani ntaantani nika lipakerere noguho. Kapi nina hara asi o guve. Diworoka omu naku hara. Diworoka omu vaku here oguho.”

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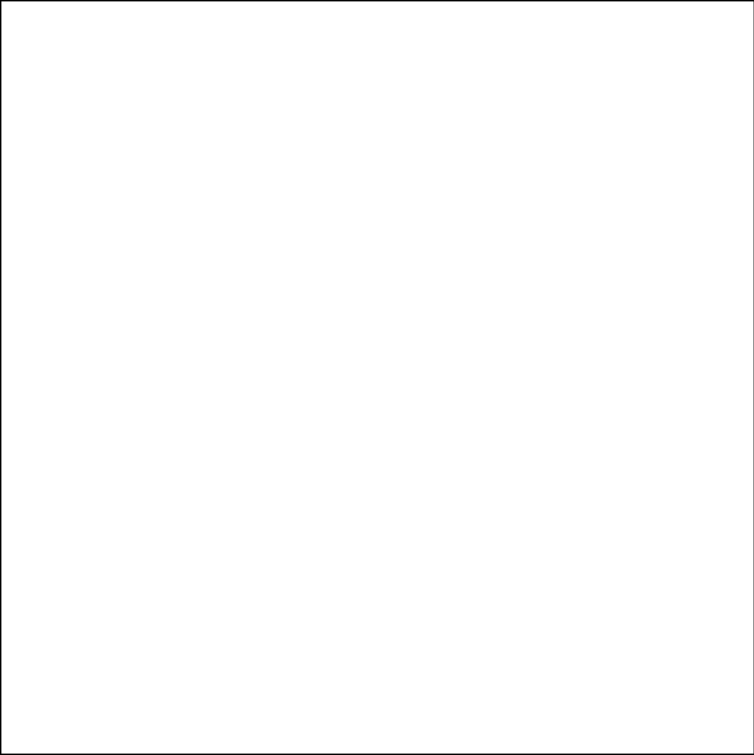
Hilifa held the box and began to cry. His mother held him close by her side and said a prayer, “May the Lord protect you and keep you safe.” She held him as she spoke. “Hilifa, my son. You know that I am very ill, and soon I will be with your father. I don’t want you to be sad. Remember how much I love you. Remember how much your father loved you.”



Ozina kwa twikilire, “Hekuroge Kave goko Oshahkati kutu tumina yimaliva apa a vhuru. Kwatanterere nge asi nga ku pakera mbili. Na zogera nendi nare yoku hamena eyi. Ngo za ko sure na Kunuu, Kunuu nage mo harade zo 4 ngwendi nyove. Ngava mu pakera nawa mbili. “Ame kwa hara hekuru Kave nonane Muzaa,” yige Hilifa. “Ntani ame kwa hara kudana na Kunuu. Ngo vhura ku kara nawa scene ngava ku pakera mbili?” “Hawe, munange gomumati. Ame kapi ngani kara hena nawa. Wa pakera nge mbili nawa. Ame kuhafa moku kara namunange gomuwa gomumati ngwendi nyove.

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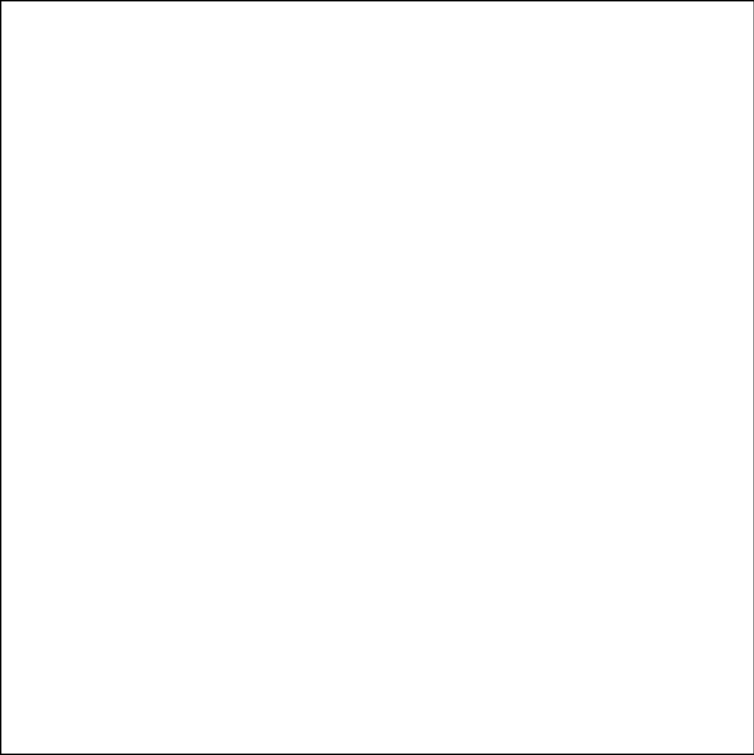
His mother continued, “Uncle Kave from Oshakati sends us money when he can. He told me that he will care for you. I have talked to him about it. You’ll go to school with Kunuu, his son. Kunuu is in Grade 4 like you. They will take good care of you.” “I like Uncle Kave and Aunt Muzaa,” said Hilifa. “And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



Ngurangura za kweme ko kosure Munekuto Nelao kwava rongere kuhamena HIV no AIDS. Varongwa kwa tukukire. Ou uvera vauzuvha koradio, nye kwato gumwe ogu au huyunga kembo. “Kupi wa tunda?” Yimo ga pulire Magano. “Ngapi omu atu u gwana?” Yimo ga pulire Hidipo. Munekuto Nelao ta faturura asi HIV edina Lyokambumburu (virus). Nsene muntu a kara noka mbumburu aka HIV mohonde zendi, simpe ta moneka asi mukangure. “Ose kuuyunga asi vana kara no AIDS nsene vana vareke kuvera.”

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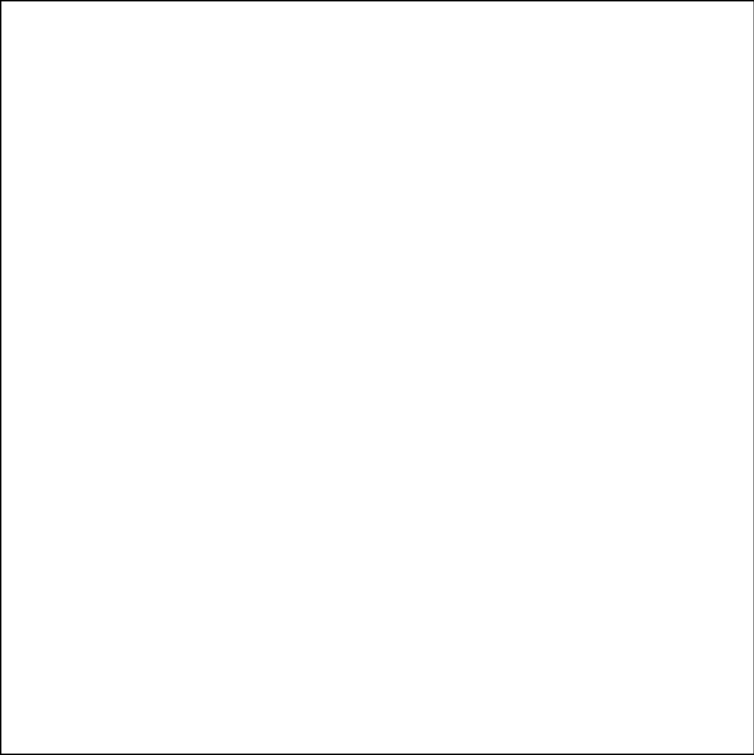
The next morning at school Ms. Nelao taught them about HIV and AIDS. The learners looked afraid. They heard about this illness on the radio, but no-one spoke about it at home. “Where does it come from?” asked Magano. “How do we catch it?” asked Hidipo. Ms. Nelao explained that HIV is the name of a virus.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



Munekuto Nelao ta faturura nonkedi dimwe omu atu gwana HIV. “Nsene gumwe a kara no HIV ndi AIDS ose kuvhura ku gwana simbumburu so HIV ko honde zendi. Walye atu tambagureni tuvemba ndi yili putjisomazego. Scene tatuli tomona komatwi atu ruganeseni tuvemba ndi nonsinga dokutintika pokuditereka. Nsene tuna liremeke nyaamwetu makura pa kare honde atu hundireni vakondi vatu vatere kuzeresa sironda oso. Twa kona ku dinga sironda yipo tusi popere,” Yimo gava tanterere.

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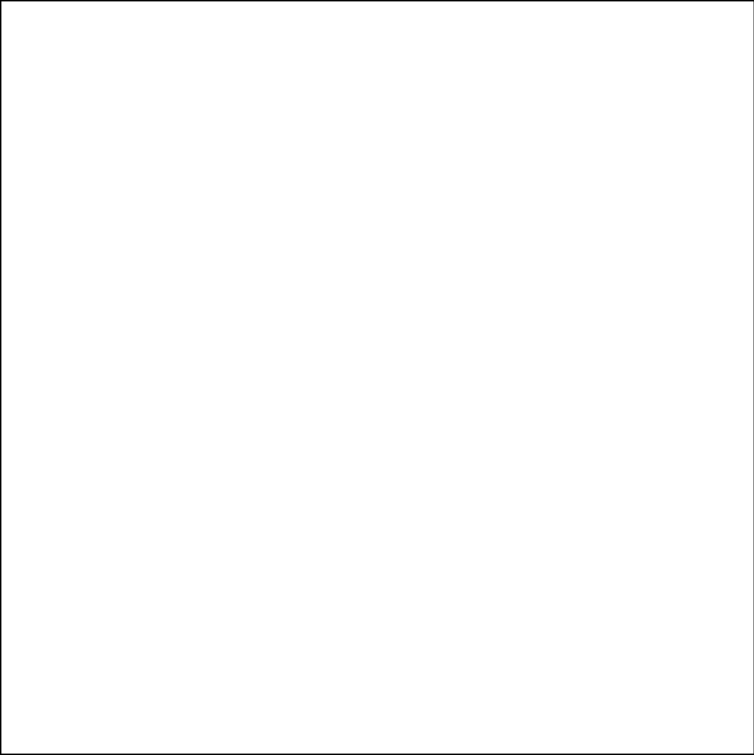
Ms. Nelao explained some of the ways we can be infected with HIV. “If someone has HIV or AIDS we can catch the virus from their blood. We should never share razors or toothbrushes. If we get our ears pierced we must use sterilised blades and needles.” She explained how needles and blades should be sterilised.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



Makura tava likida efano lyomauzera. Edi yido nonkedi omu novhura kupira kugwana HIV, “tava tantere.” Kapi to gwana HIV poku ruganesa kasayise, ndi mokuruganesa bati zimwe. Mokuli dingira mukweni, mokulincumita ndi nampili o morore muntu ogu ga kara noHIV ndi AIDS simpe noku ugwana si. Simpe yiwaawa tupu kuruganesa rupasa ndi nkinda zimwe nomuntu go HIV ndi AIDS. Kapi tou gwana komuntu ogu ana ku kohora ndi kupemba. Nampili po ku kuhuma mwe kapi tougwana ndi nkenye tupu simbumburu soku huma, ena ndi ensiva.”

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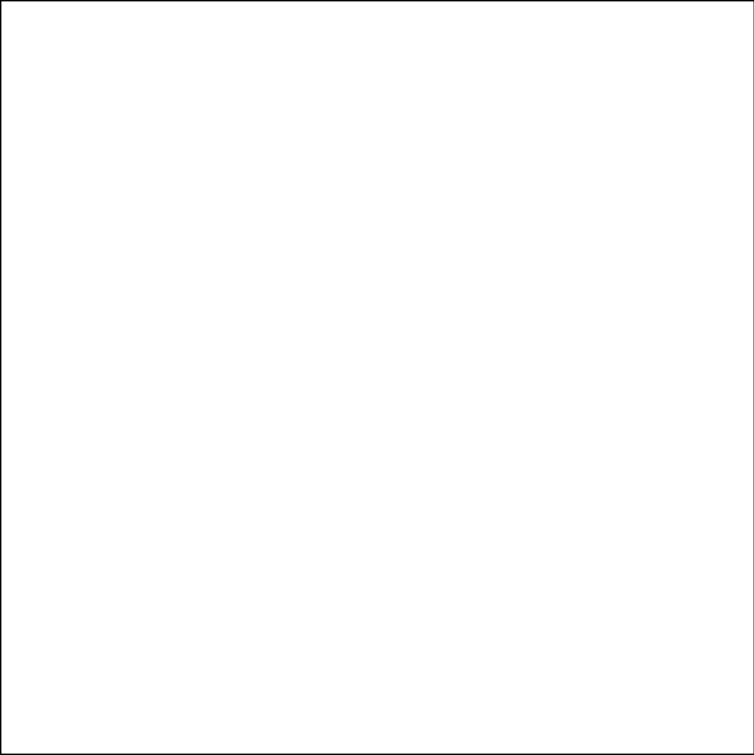
Then she showed them a chart. “These are all the ways you can’t catch HIV,” she told them. “You won’t get HIV from using the toilet, or sharing a bath. Hugging, kissing or shaking hands with someone with HIV or AIDS is also safe. It’s OK to share cups and plates with someone who has HIV or AIDS. And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



“Yinke novhura kurugana scene ono ugwana?” Yimo ana ku pura Magano. “ Nawa, wa kona kuli pakera mbili nyaamoge noku lya nondja doukanguki dononzi. Tareni komafano lyonondja edi,” Yimo gava tanterere. “ Yilye ogu ana ku diworoka asi nondja musinke dono ngwa koge?” tava pura.

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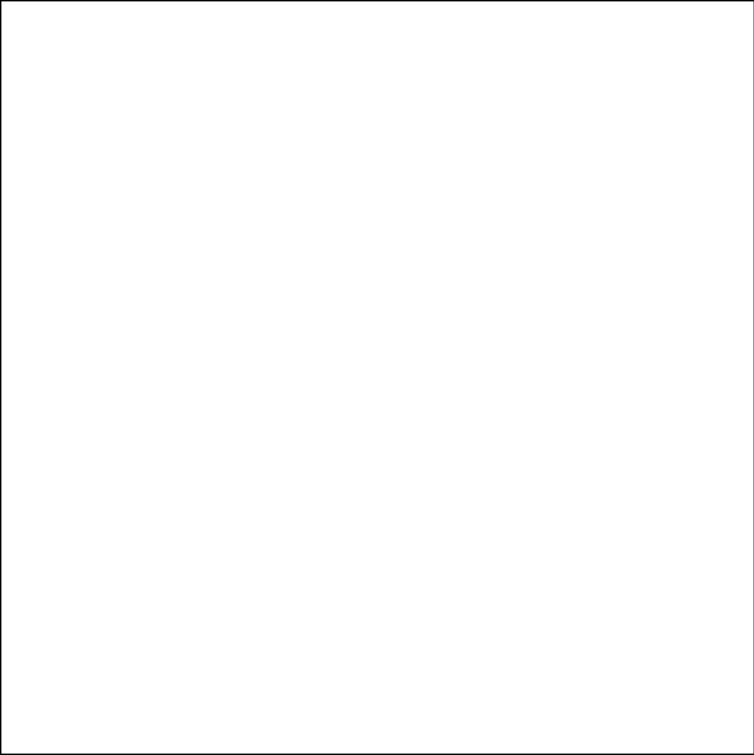
“What do you do if you’ve got it?” asked Magano. “Well, you must take care of yourself and eat lots of healthy food. Look at our food chart,” she said. “Who can remember what food is good for you?” she asked.



Apa gaka sikire kembo Hilifa ta tantere o zina eyi ana ka lironga kosure naina. “Munekuto Nelao Kuna tu rongo yoku hamena HIV no AIDS ntani ngapi omu no pakera mbili muntu gokuvera. O Magano na Hidipo yiwo nava vaterange ko noyirugana yange tatu rugana yiruganenambo yetu kumwe,” ta tantere o zina.

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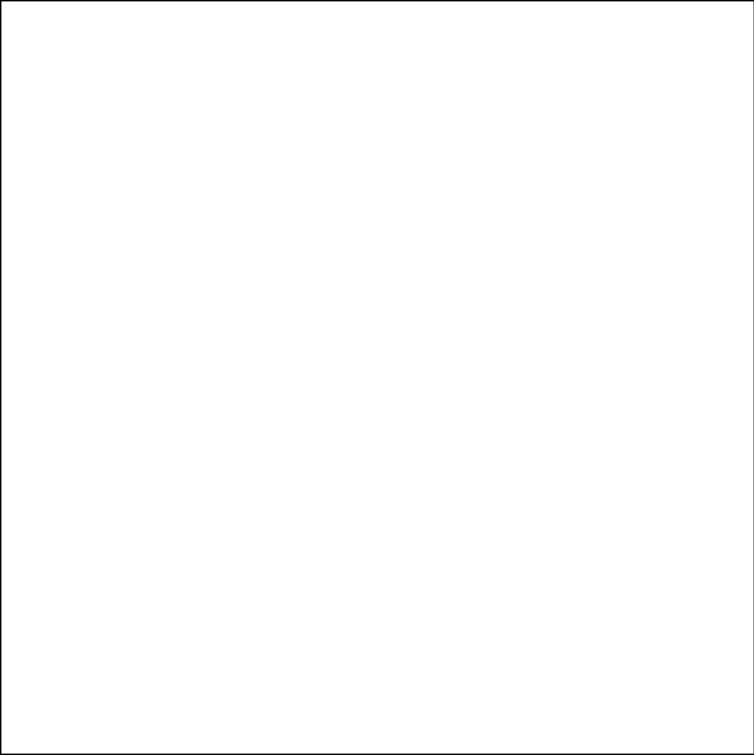
When Hilifa got home he told his mother what he had learned at school that day. “Ms. Nelao told us about HIV and AIDS and how to look after someone who’s ill. Magano and Hidipo are going to help me with my chores and we will do our homework together,” he told her.



Sitenguko oso Magano kwa wizire aya vatare Hilifa kuvheta mema. Hidipo kwa muvaterere ku tjava yitare. Makura tava hingire va vareke kurugana yiruganenambo yawo momunwire gositji sougongo.

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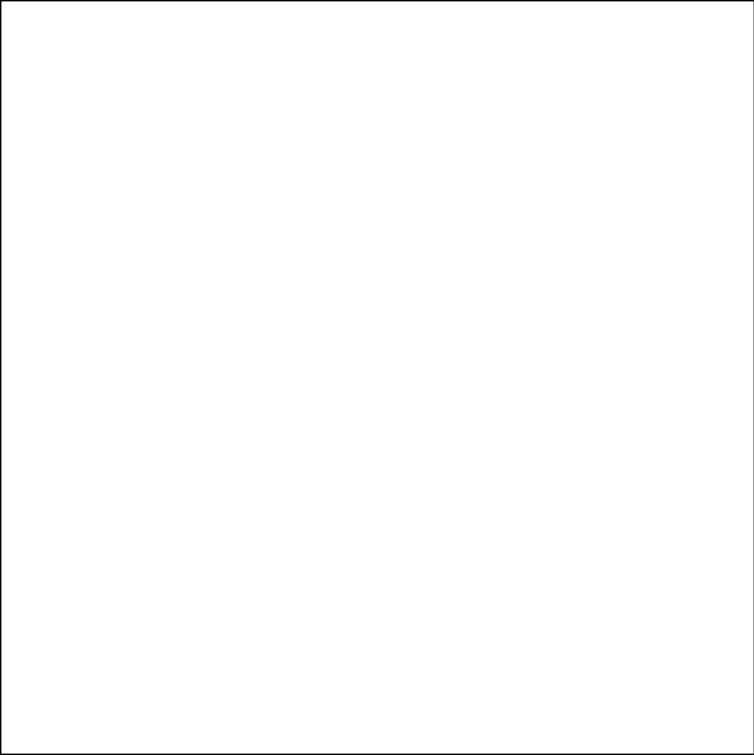
That afternoon Magano came and helped Hilifa to fetch water. Hidipo helped him to gather firewood. Then they sat and did their homework in the shade of the marula tree.



Munekuto Nelao ga tanterere hena vasinda va Hilifa asi age nga pakere mbili o zina. Awo kwa tumbwidilire kumu vatera. Nkenya masiku vamusinda wokulisiga-siga ngava va retere nondja donompyu vaya lye. Hilifa age nkenye apa nga va pe ko enyango lyomosikunino sawo.

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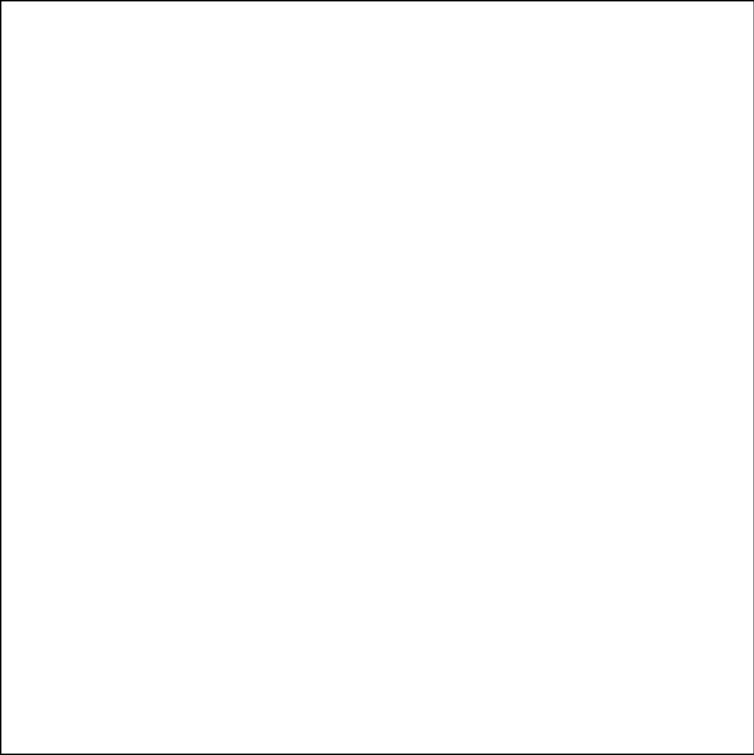
Ms. Nelao had also told Hilifa's neighbours that he was looking after his mother. They had promised to help him. Every night a different neighbour came with hot food for them to eat. Hilifa always gave them some vegetables from the garden.



Mezuva lyoku hulilira lyosinema sosure Hilifa kwa hefe sili unene. Kwa dukilire kembo aka likide o zina nzapo zendi. Ta ya hwilire meharango lyembo oku ta zigire, “Nane. Nane. Tareni nzapo zange. Amw kuna gwana ‘A’, ‘A’ ntani no ‘A’ dononzi. Hilifa kwa ka gwene o zina vana rara pombete. “Nane!” ta zigire. “Nane! Pindukeni!” Ozina kapi va pindukire.

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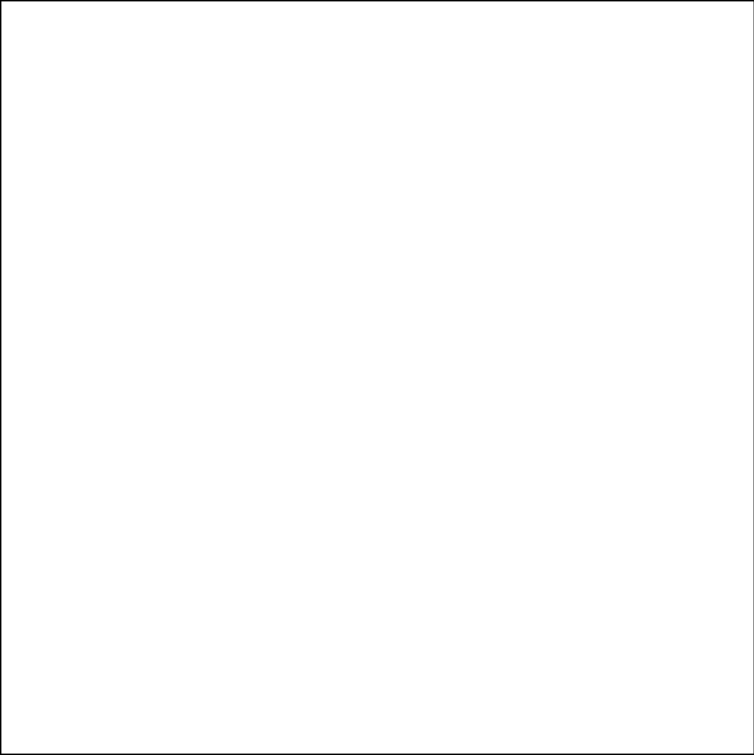
On the last day of the school term Hilifa was very happy. He ran home to show his mother his report card. He ran into the yard calling, “Mum. Mum. Look at my report card. I have got ‘A’, ‘A’, and more ‘A’s’.” Hilifa found his mother lying in bed. “Mum!” he called. “Mum! Wake up!” She didn’t wake up.



Hilifa ta duke kovamusinda. “ Onane. Onane. Kapi nava pinduka,” Ta zigire. Vamusinda tava zi kembo na Hilifa tava ka gwana onane Ndapanda mombete zawo.” Vana dogoroka, Hilifa,” Yimo vauyungire neguwo.

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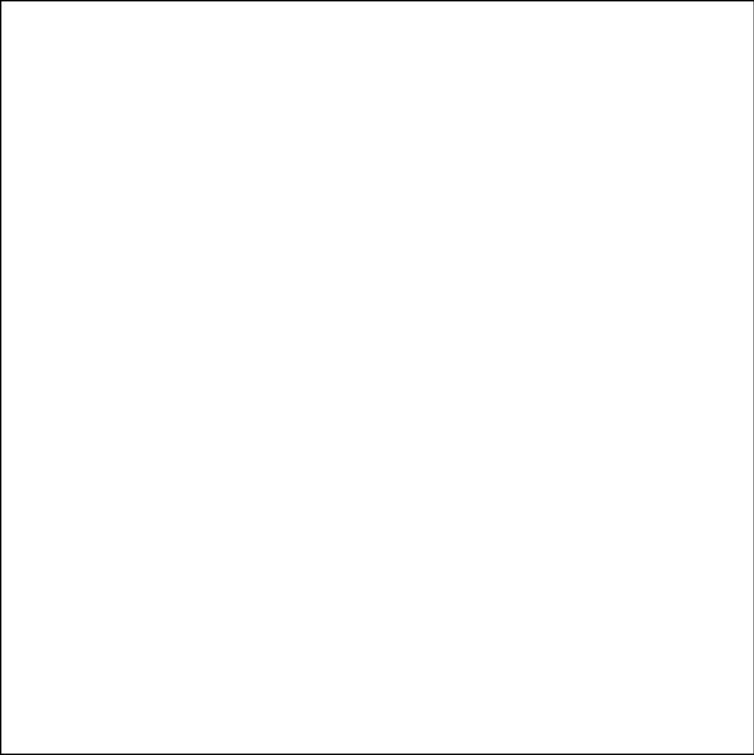
Hilifa ran to the neighbours. “My Mum. My Mum. She won’t wake up,” he cried. The neighbours went home with Hilifa and found Meme Ndapanda in her bed. “She is dead, Hilifa,” they said sadly.



Pokaruwo koka nunu tupu mbudi tazi lihana asi onane
Ndapanda vana dogoroka. Embo kwa kere lina zura vanekoro,
vasinda nova kaume. Tava kanderere po o zina va Hilifa noku
dimba po nonsumo. Awo kwa huyungire yininke nayinye
yoyiwa eyi va divire nga rugana mugolikadi gwina.

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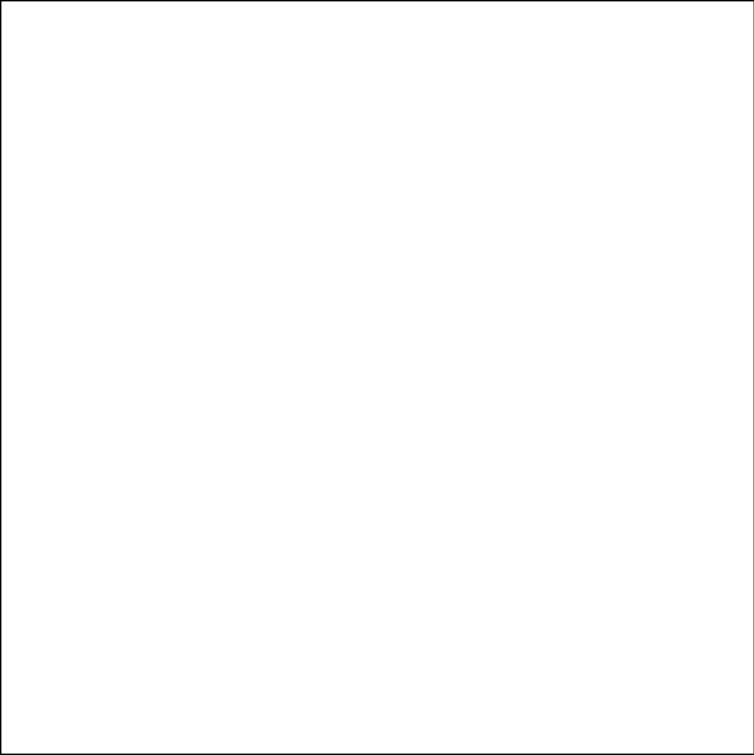
Very quickly the news spread that Meme Ndapanda was dead.
The house was full of family, neighbours and friends. They
prayed for Hilifa's mother and sang hymns. They talked about
all the good things they knew about her.



Onane Muzaa kwa terekerere vagenda navenye. Hekurwa gwa Hilifa Kave ta tantere Hilifa asi ngava mutwara ko Oshakati konyima zehoreko. Ozzinakuru wovagara ngava mutantere masanseko goku hamena ozina apa vakere awo simpe vakadonagona.

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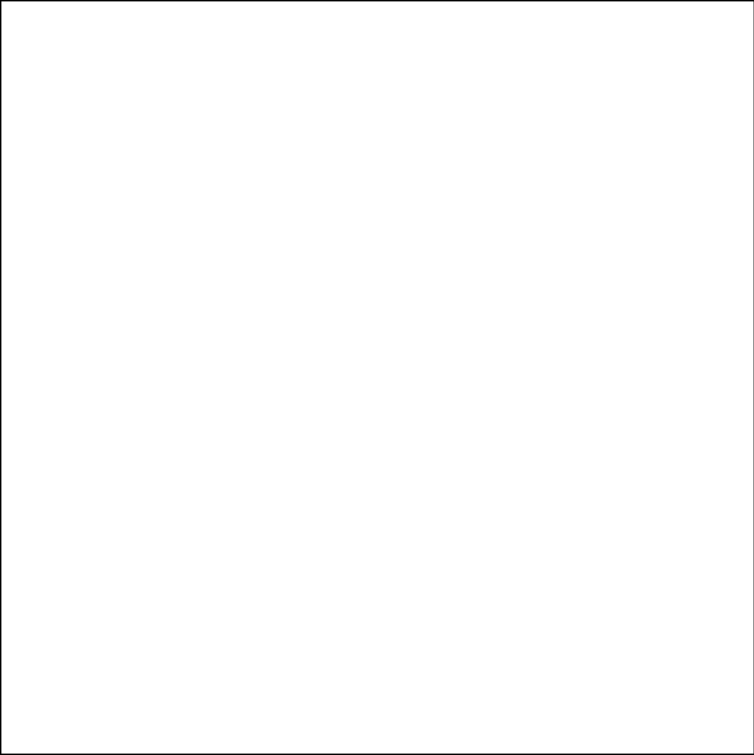
Aunt Muzaa cooked for all the visitors. Uncle Kave told Hilifa that they would take him back to Oshakati after the funeral. His Grandfather told him stories about his mother when she was a little girl.



Pehoreko Hilifa ta zi komenho zongereka a tantere navenye yoku hamena o zina. “ Onane kwa herenge awo kwapakera nge mbili nawa. Awo kwa tanterere nge nilironge unene yipo ngani gwane yirugana yoyiwa. Awo kwa harererenge ni hafe. Ngani lironga unene noku rugana unene yipo ngava kare vana hafa morwa rwange.

. . .

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.”



Konyima zonomfa Hekurwendi Kave na NGumweyi zendi Muzaa kwa vaterere Hilifa a rongere yininke yendi a simbe ko O shakati. “Kunuu ta gazara oku nga gwana hena muholizendi gumwe,” Yimo vamutanterere. “Tatu ka ku pakera mbili ngwendi mu nwetu gwa gwa nyaamwetu.” Hilifa ta morora nerekerero embo makura ta rondo nawo ma texi.

. . .

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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Nonsigwe nado da hepa eharo

Orphans need love too

 Kandume Ruusa, Sennobia-Charon Katjiuongua, Eliaser Nghitewa
 Jamanovandu Urike
 Alex Kasona (kwn)

