

Mayowano murware rwaZambezi

Swimming in the Zambezi

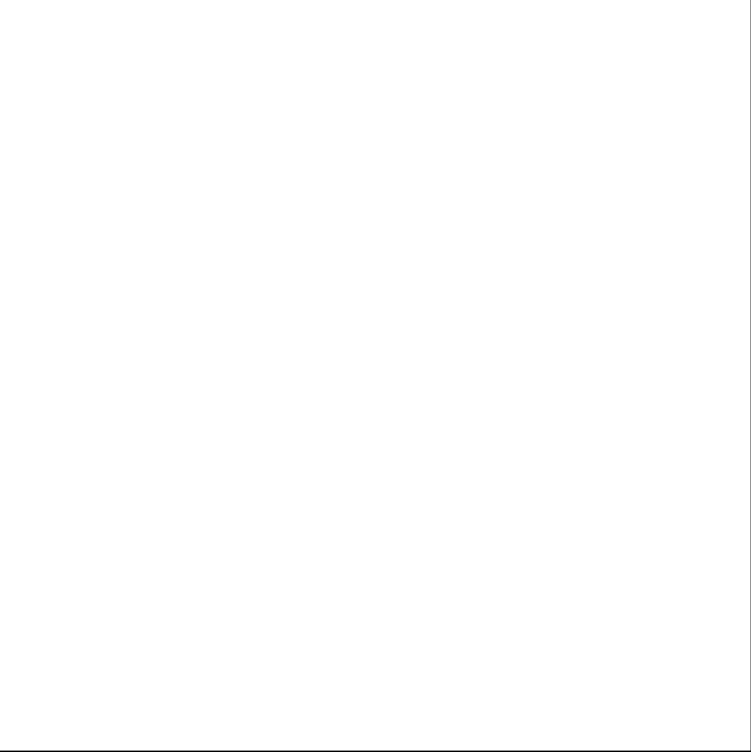
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 Mbukushu mh_w / English en



Dya karire diyuwa dyo ghughenyu dyoShundaha.
Hashengeteya ho muLusese ha pongire muthitondo
thothikuru thoMusikili muCaprivi.

. . .

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



Mavunguvungu ghawo gho yishamberera gha yuvekire mukunda ghoghuheya. Hethire hashere wagho. “Nakamwu, yowe nakutaterera. “Tambukeko, Chaze. “Silume! Wiye te!”

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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 gha shanashanine Ntwala. Ntwala nga ha twaranga kurware kehe Shundaha ha ka yoghane. “Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaaa! Ntwaloo!” ghehire.

. . .

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



Ntwala gha kugherire kumutara ghumweya gho mukunda,
“Yame no! Yamwe nakutaterera.” Hashengeteya waheya
hatjirere kwendi.

• • •

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



“Muna kuroyithera mukuyenda kukuyowana dyarero?” Ntwala gha wepure. “Yii,” hahuthire noyishamberera ghu regharegha.

• • •

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



Mundhira dhawo dho kurware Ntwala gha wathimwetwedhire yithimwa. “Tuthimwetwedhe yo kuhatera kumukunda wetu apa wa handjere,” ha ghambire. “Tuthimwetwedhe yo kuhatera kwaMbwawa naNguya.”

. . .

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.”



Kumbombwa dho rware kwa karire Ghumurwa gho ghukuru thikuma. Hashengeteya hashanine murwa dho dhikuru thikuma dhaNtwala.

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



“Nawana dyodikuru,” gha kuyerire Joy. Gha tapire dimurwa dyendi kwaNtwala.

. . .

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



“Muyende mukayowane,” gha ghambire Ntwala ko hashengeteya. Waheya hatjirere mumeyu, hakugherire ghu tutuma kughutenda gho meyu gho murware rwaZambezi.

. . .

“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 ghemanine kumbombwa. Gha kaverere ngeshi kodhidi ngandu. Gha rorere hashengeteya hohakuru hakukutangawera kuyowana no kuvera. Gha rorere hakamadighana ha kukuhonga kuyowana ghutjakaghura meyu.

. . .

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.



“Ruvedhe ro mutangu,” gha kugherire paghuhura. “Mwimane mumuyira.” Gha shimbire dimurwa dyodikuru no kudivukuma murware.

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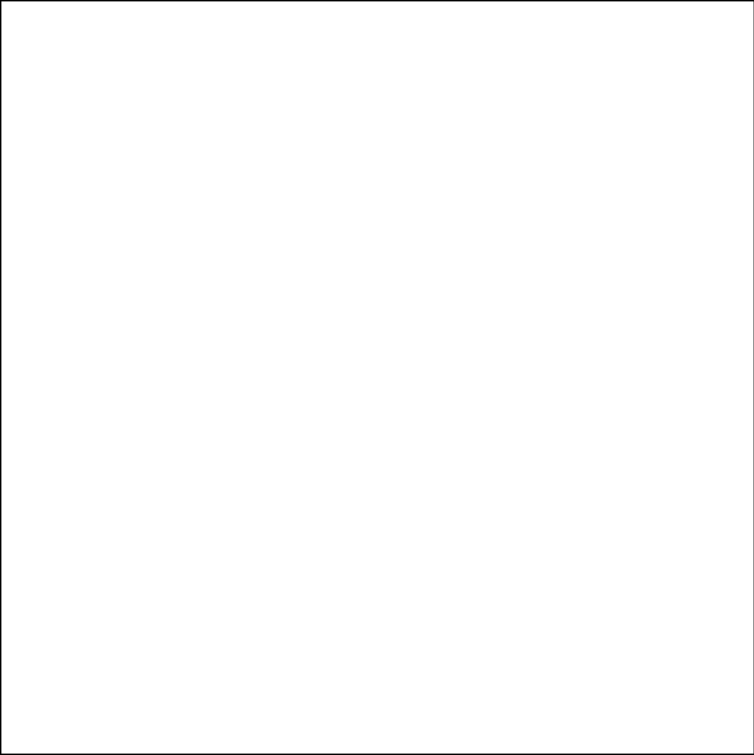
“Competition time,” she shouted at last. “Stand in a line.” She picked up the biggest marula fruit. She threw it as far as she could into the water.



“Fotji, wadi, hatu. MUYENDE!” ghehire. Hanuke hatjirere
mumeyu ghuyogha kudimurwa. Ntwala gha wa rorere.

. . .

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



“Yame gho kutangerera!” gha kughere Maria naCaze paruvdhe rofotji. “Mwaheya yamwe ghokutangerera,” gha ghambire Ntwala.

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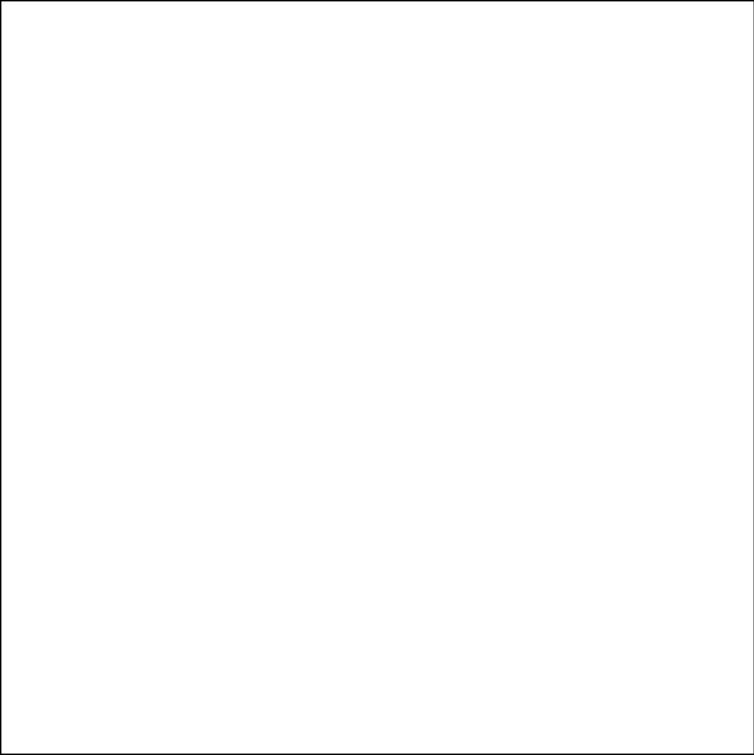
“I’m first!” shouted Maria and Chaze at the same time. “You are both first,” called Ntwala.



“Nashana kukutangawera karo,” gha ghambire Maria. “Ewa!”
gha ghambire Chaze. “Kukona ndi Ntwala?” hepura
hashengeteya hamweya.

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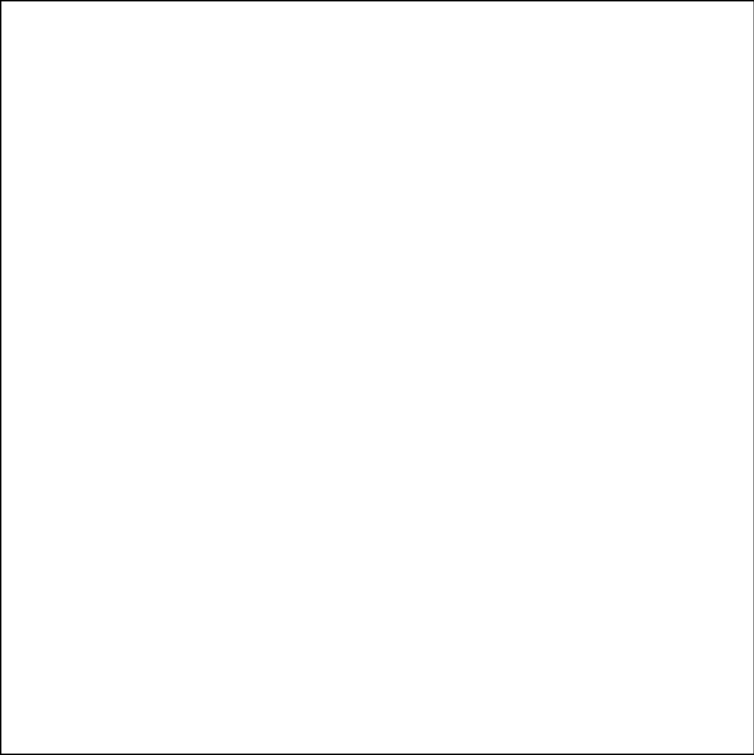
“I want to race again,” said Maria. “OK!” said Chaze. “Can we,
Ntwala?” asked the other girls.



“Mwimane karo mumuyira,” gha wa tongwere Ntwala. Gha shimbire dimurwa no kudivukumena kukayenda thikuma.

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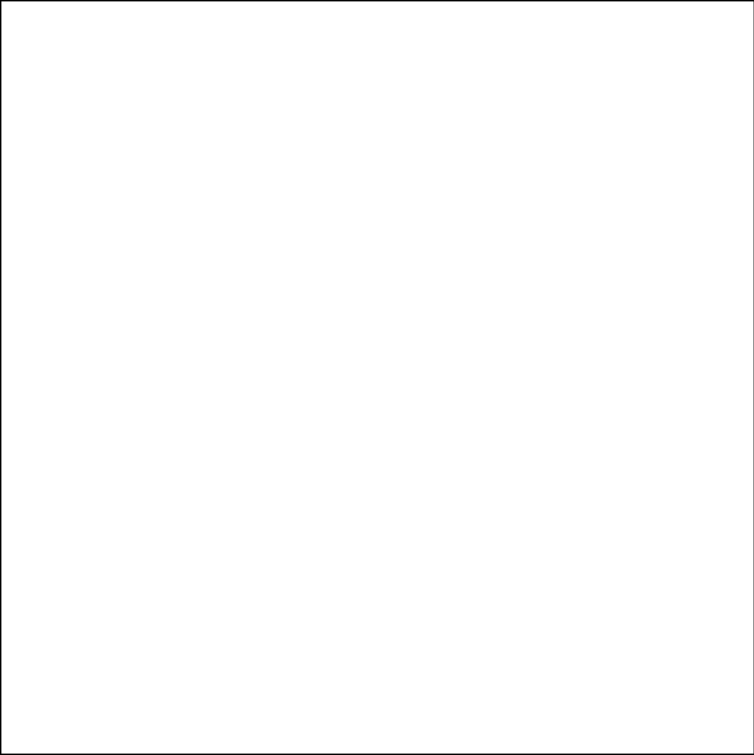
“Stand in line again,” Ntwala told them. She picked up a marula fruit and threw it as far as she could.



“Fotji, wadi, hatu. MUYENDE!” gha kugherire. Hanuke hatjirere murware ghuyogha kudimurwa. Ntwala gha wa rorere.

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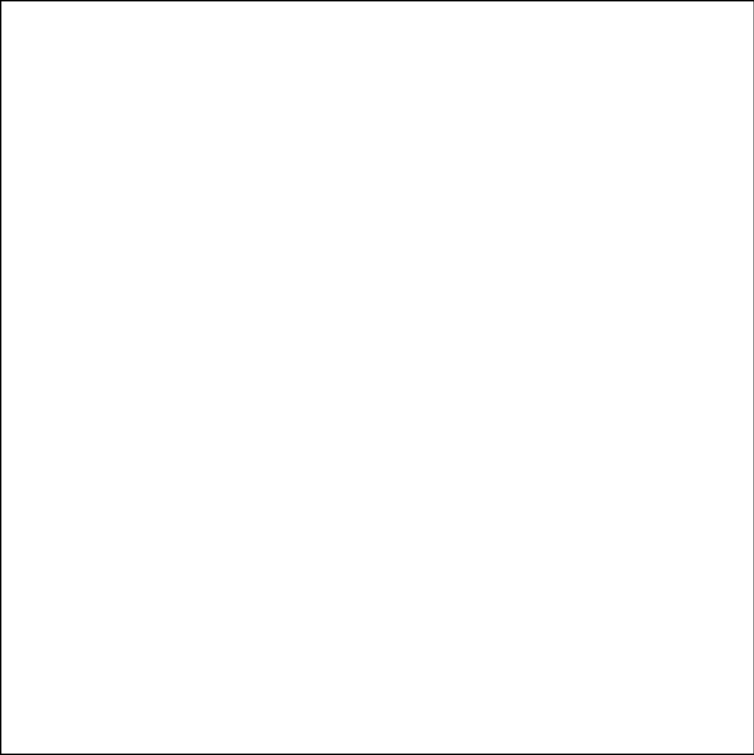
“One, two, three. GO!” she called. The children ran into the water and swam to the marula fruit. Ntwala watched them.



“Yame gho kutangerera!” gha kugherire Chaze. Maria gha shayekire kuyogha. “Chaze yodiye muwini,” gha ghambire Ntwala. Ghuna rughana thiwana, Chaze. Mutuyende keho kudighumbo.”

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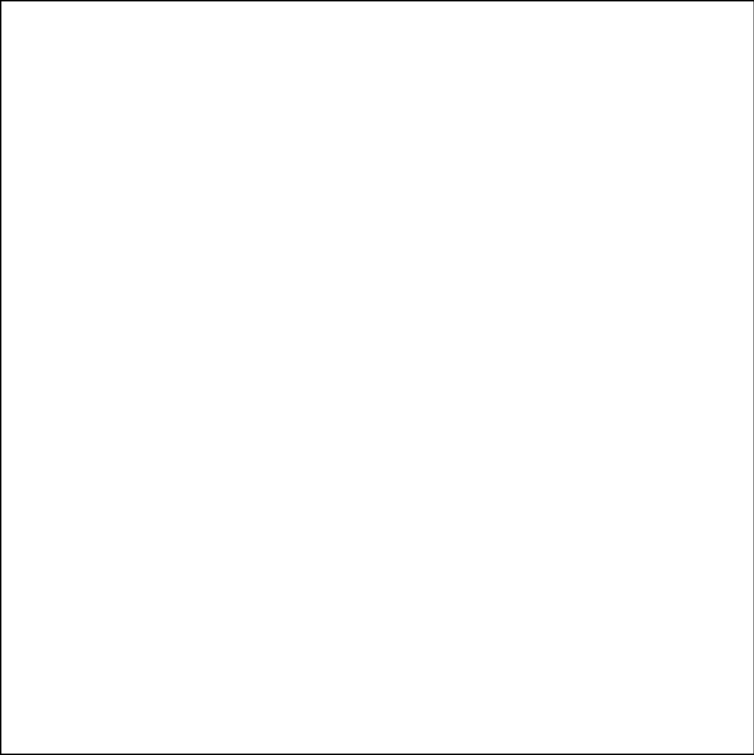
“I’m first!” shouted Chaze. Maria stopped swimming. “Chaze is the winner,” said Ntwala. “Well done, Chaze. Let’s go home now.”



Hanuke hayendire kudimbo naNtwala. “Tuthimwetwedhe thithimwa, Ntwala,” ha rombire. Awo ha hakire kutegherera yithimwa yendi.

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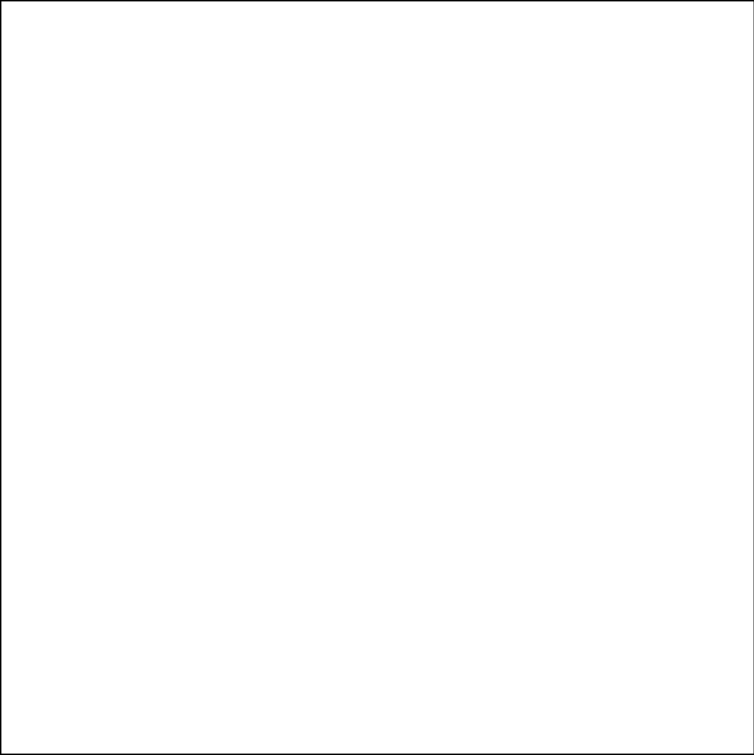
The children walked home with Ntwala. “Tell us a story, Ntwala,” they asked. They loved to listen to her stories.



Maria gha karire mumughongo wa Chaze no gha muthindekire pamuve.Chaze gha tangire kudira.” Nanyi gha ka kupume nyina Chaze, gha gambire Joy kwaMaria.

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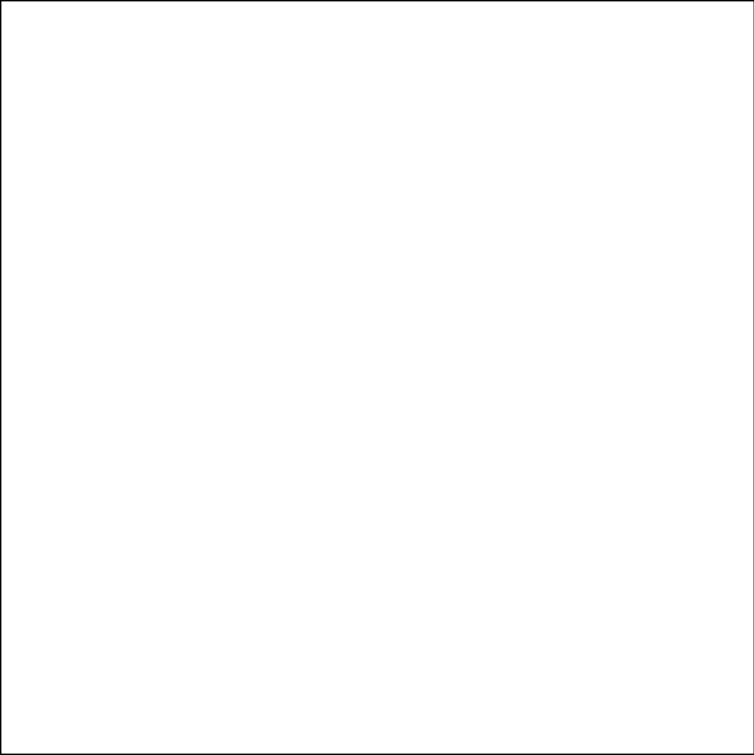
Maria crept up behind Chaze and pushed her to the ground. Chaze started to cry. “Chaze’s mother will beat you,” said Joy to Maria.



“Maria! Yinye ghuna pumwera Chaze?” ghepure Ntwala.
Ghana wini mutangu gho kuyomana. Mbadi ghuwa kenge,”
Maria gha ghambirere.

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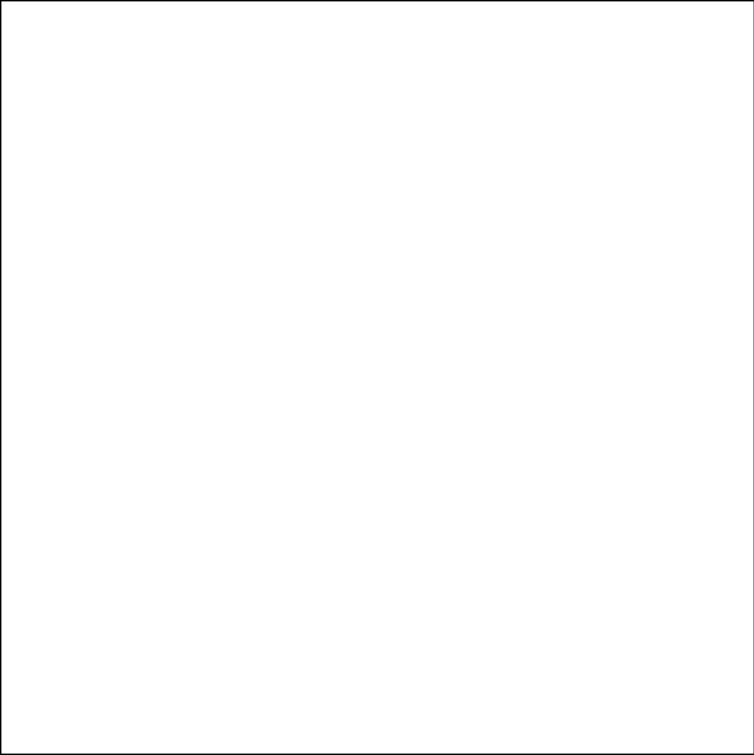
“Maria! Why did you hit Chaze?” asked Ntwala. “She won at swimming. It’s not fair,” Maria said.



Ntwala ghepure hashengeteya waheya hatende dikandero ghuhungumana. “Ngepi gha tutongwere mukuru gho shure?” ghepure. “Kurwa ne kumango. Hanu hokurwa ne hakona kuwana mahumbithero.” gha ghambire Nakamwu.

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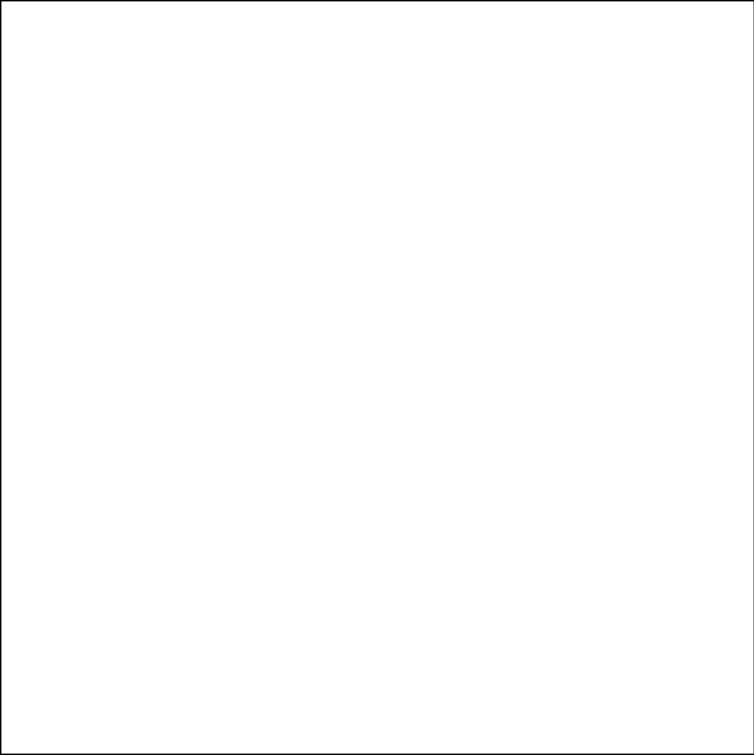
Ntwala asked all the girls to sit in a circle. “What did the principal tell us?” she asked. “It’s bad to fight. People who fight must be punished,” said Nakamwu.



“Maria rombe mathigherero,” gha ghambire Namasiku.
“Chaze naye gha muhuthe, gha ghambire Joy. “Ca, mbadi
ghuhunga kukupumaghura,” gha ghambire Ntwala.

• • •

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



Ntwala gha ghambire, “Nakughayara eshi Maria ne gha kuvumwe kuyowana Shundaha gho kurandako.” Maria gha dirire shemwa. “Ni... Ni... Nithiyererepo Chaze. Dishesha nakupumura. Mbadi na kupura karo munu,” gha rombire.

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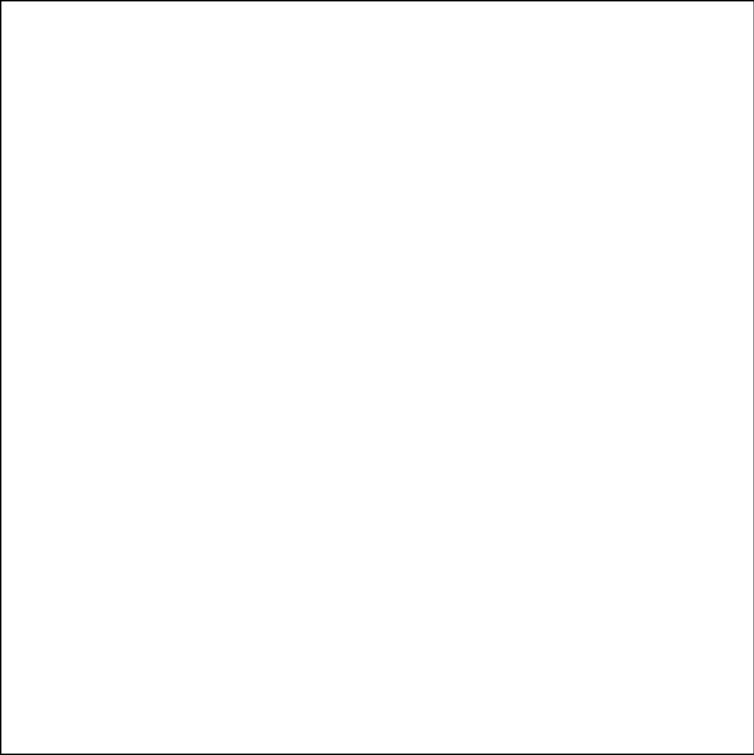
Ntwala said, “I think Maria should miss swimming next Sunday.” Maria cried a flood of tears. “I... I... I’m sorry Chaze. I’m sorry I hit you. I’ll never hit anyone again,” she apologised.



“Nakuthiyerera,” gha ghambire Chaze no gha turire moko ghendi ghundhondhera Maria. “Name naMaria ne nanyi tuyende noye, gha ghambire Ntwala kwaChaze. “Maria nanyi gha karombe mathiyerero kwa nyoko nako.”

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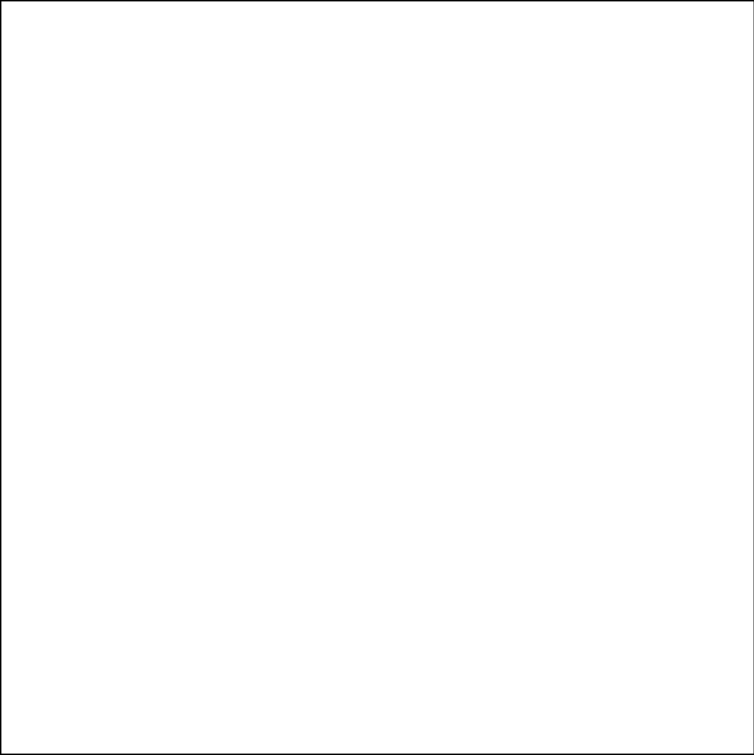
“I forgive you,” said Chaze and put her arm around Maria.
“Maria and I will come home with you,” said Ntwala to Chaze.
“Maria will apologise to your mother too.”



Maria gha tongwere nyina Chaze, “Napumura Chaze yoyishi ghana wini mutangu. Munithiyererepo. Chaze ne muyendhange, yimango eyi na mupumura.”

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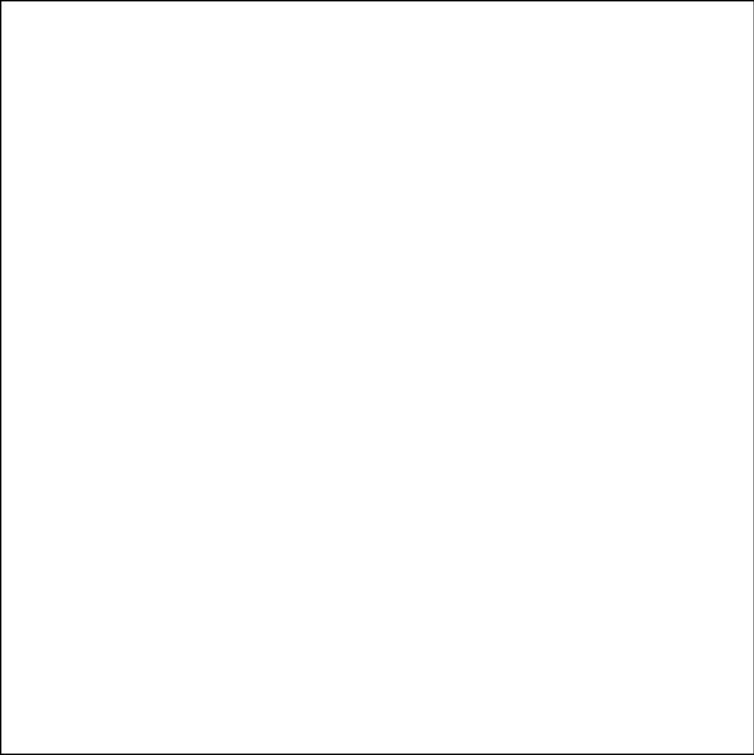
Maria told Chaze’s mother, “I hit Chaze because she won the race. I’m sorry. Chaze is my friend, it was bad to hit her.”



Nyokwetu Sibungo gha tegherere kwaMaria. “Oyo ne mbadi ghuhunga Maria, yimango yokupumura hanu. Natumera koyi ghuna rombo mathiyerero. Nakuthiyerera.” Nyokwetu Sibungo gha tongwere Ntwala, “Gho mupiterithi gho muwa.”

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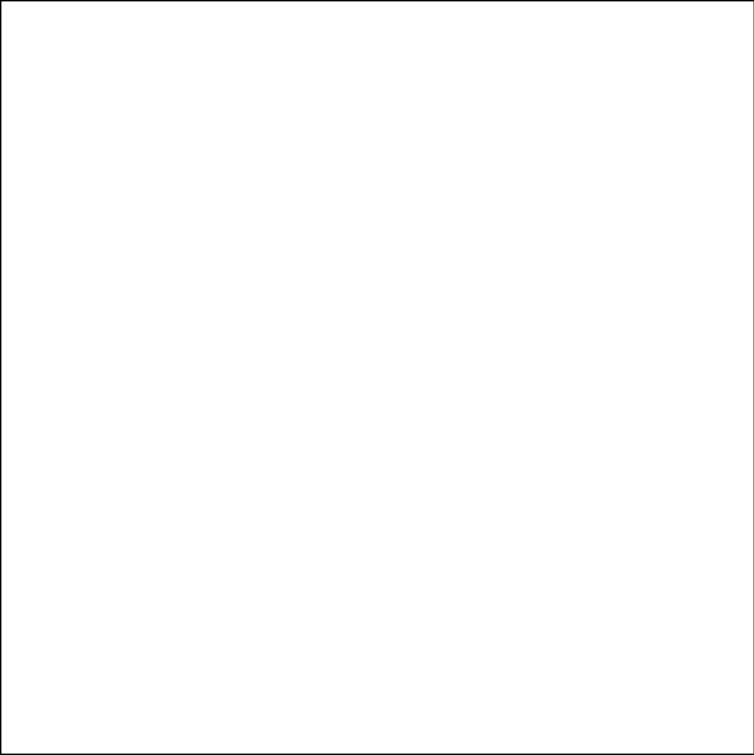
Mrs. Sibungo listened to Maria. “That was wrong Maria, it is bad to hit people. Thank you for apologising to me. I forgive you.” Mrs. Sibungo told Ntwala, “You are a good leader.”



Nyokwetu Sibungo gha ghambithire hanuke waheya. “Ntwala ghana ghayara thiwana mahumbithero gho kumuroghera Maria. Ghana pumura Chaze yoyishi ghana yongaritha mutangu. Kenge keho ne mbadi gha kukutangawera kuyogha karo.”

. . .

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.”



“Ene nawe,” Chaze gha menyamenyine, mbadi nakushana
Maria gha kukare kudimbo Shundaha gho kurandako.
Nashana ka kutangawera nendi naye thivike thokurandako!

. . .

“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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