




Oothigwa nadho wo odha pumbwa ohole

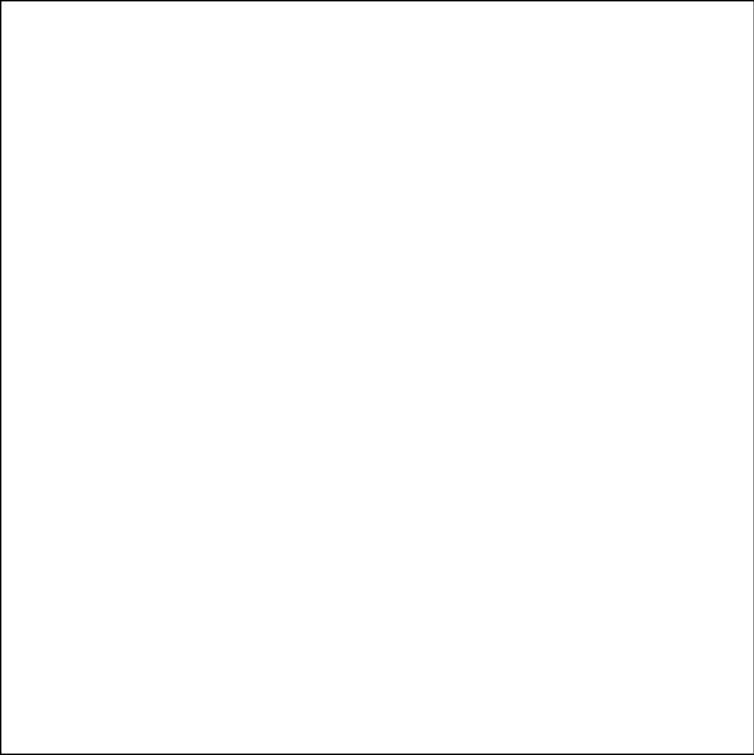
Orphans need love too

 Kandume Ruusa, Sennobia-Charon Katjiuongua, Eliaser Nghitewa

 Jamanovandu Urike

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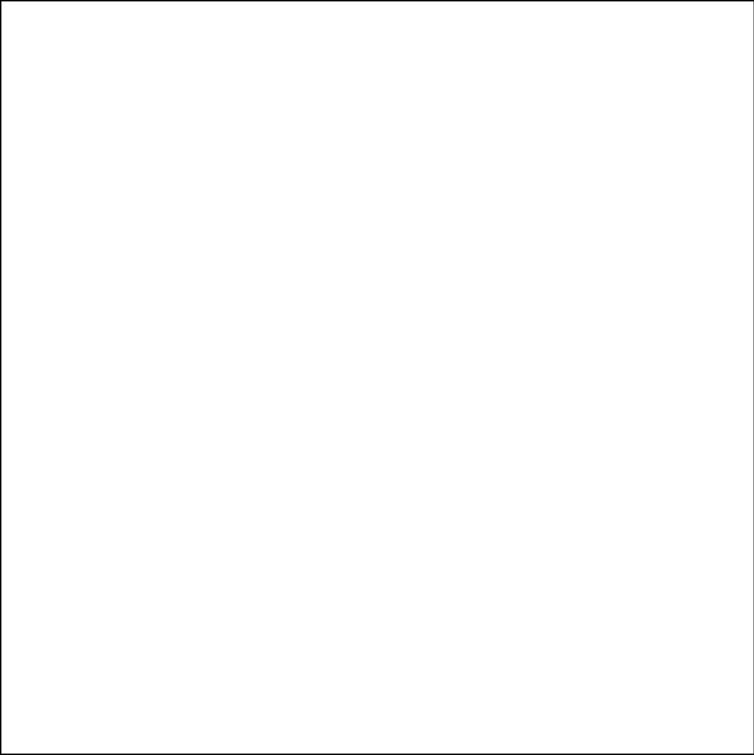
 Oshindonga ng / English en



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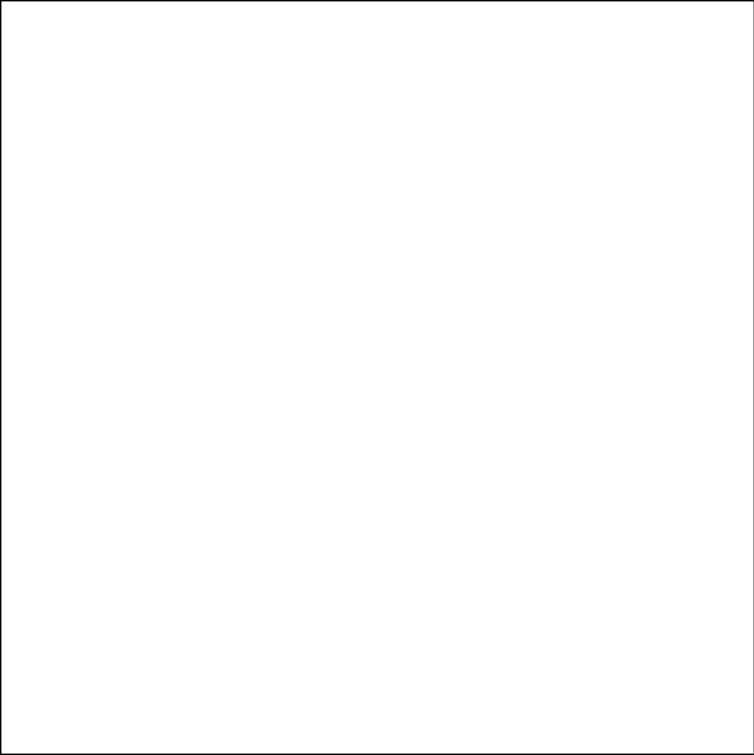
Every morning Hilifa woke up early to prepare breakfast for his mother. She had been sick a lot recently and Hilifa was learning how to look after his mother and himself. When his mother was too ill to get up he would make a fire to boil water to make tea. He would take tea to his mother and prepare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



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.

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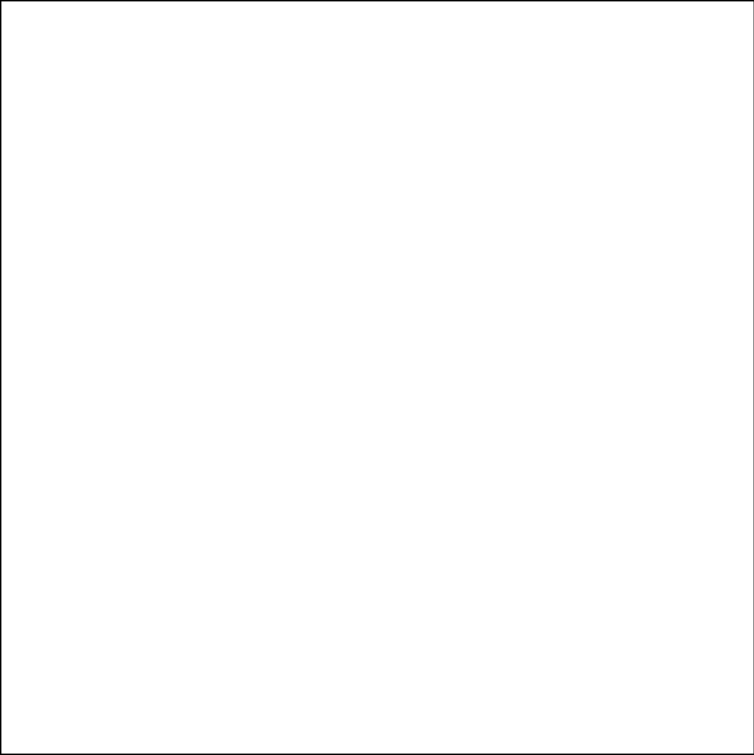
One morning he asked his mother, “What is wrong Mum? When will you be better? You don’t cook anymore. You can’t work in the field or clean the house. You don’t prepare my lunchbox, or wash my uniform...” “Hilifa my son, you are only nine years old and you take good care of me.” She looked at the young 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 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 tonono 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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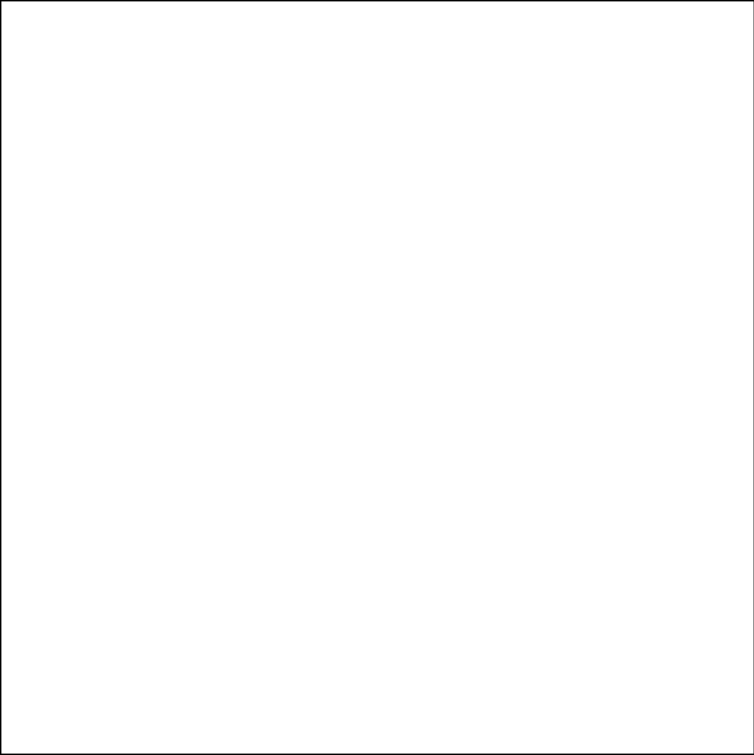
Hilifa walked to school thoughtfully. He couldn't join in the chatter and games of his friends as they walked along. “What's wrong?” they asked him. But Hilifa couldn't answer, his mother's words were ringing in his ears, “No cure. No cure.” How could he look after himself if his mother died, he worried. Where would he live? Where would he get money for food?



Hilifa okwa kuutumba pokataafula ke. Ota tongolola nokuthethenga nominwe dhe pokataafula, e ta dhiladhila, “Kagu na epango. Kagu na epango.” “Hilifa, owu li ngaa pamwe natse ano?” Hilifa ta petuka. Feelani Nelao okwe mu thikamena. “Hilifa, thikama! Onda ti ngiini?” 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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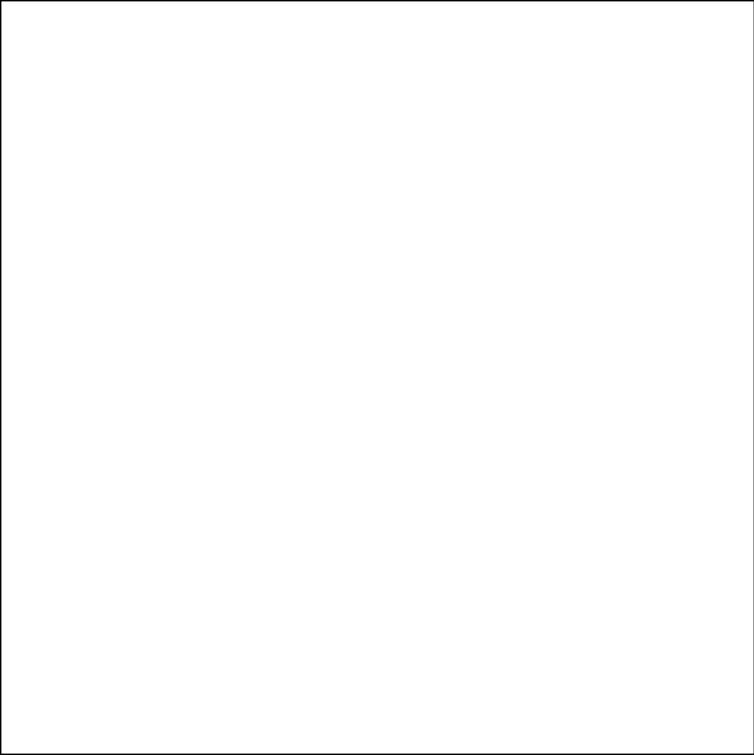
Hilifa sat at his desk. He traced the worn wood markings with his finger, “No cure. No cure.” “Hilifa? Hilifa, are you with us?” Hilifa looked up. Ms. Nelao was standing over him. “Stand up Hilifa! What was my question?” Hilifa looked down at his feet. “You won’t find the answer down there!” she retorted. “Magano, tell Hilifa the answer.” Hilifa felt so ashamed, Ms. Nelao had never shouted at him before.



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.

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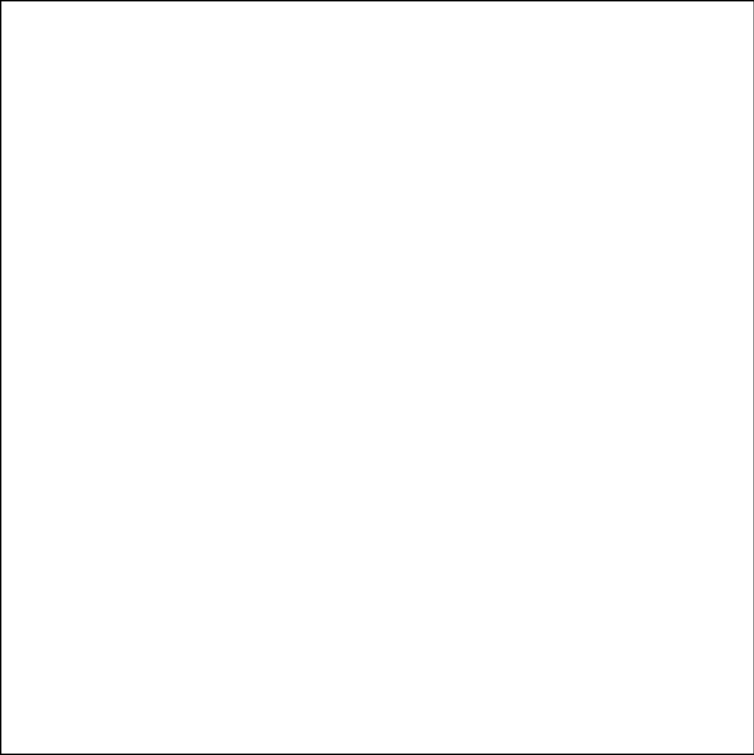
Hilifa struggled through the morning. At break time he sat in the classroom. “I have a stomach ache,” he lied to his friends. It wasn’t a big lie, he did feel sick, and his worried thoughts buzzed inside his head like angry bees. Ms. Nelao watched him quietly. She asked him what was wrong. “Nothing,” he replied. Her ears heard the tiredness and worry in his voice. Her eyes saw the fear he was trying so hard to hide.



Sho Hilifa a kambadhala okuninga oomwaalu dhe, oonomola odha li tadhi nukanuka momutse gwe. Ita vulu oku dhi kwata ethimbo lya gwana ye e dhi yalule. Mbala mbala okwa etha. Ota dhiladhila 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 yOmwaalu gongeleni omambo,” Jefolou Nelao osho a popi. Ombaadhilila Hilifa okwa mono omafano ge li membo lye, okwa kambadhala okutuula mo epandja ndyoka, ashike okwa lata.

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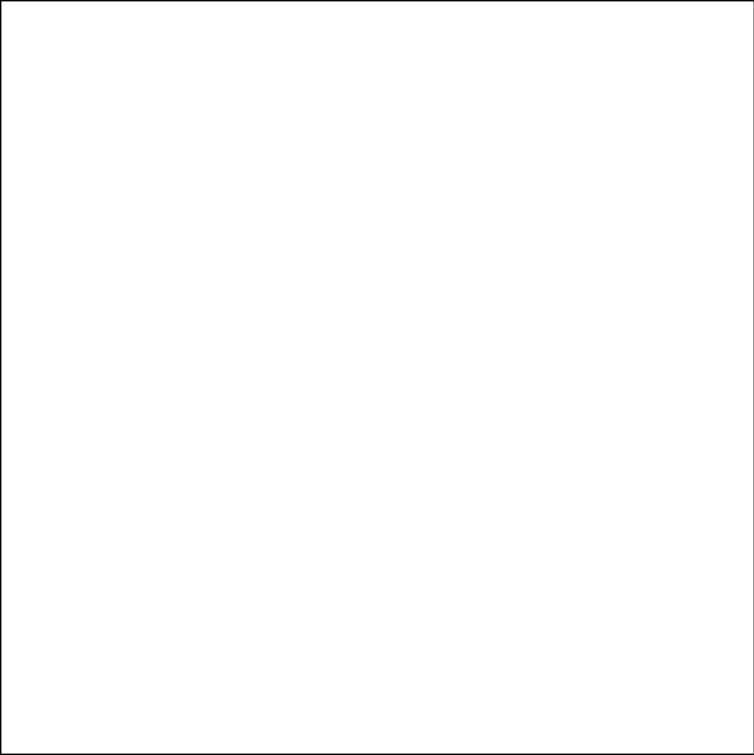
When Hilifa tried to do his maths the numbers jumped around in his head. He couldn't keep them still long enough to count them. He soon gave up. He thought of his mother instead. His fingers began to draw his thoughts. He drew his mother in her bed. He drew himself standing beside his mother's grave. “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.



Feelani Nelao omafano gaHilifa okwe ga mono. Sho uunona wa piti mo u ye komagumbo okwe mu ithana, “Hilifa ila mpaka, onda hala okupopya nangoye. Oshike sha puka?” osho e mu pula nuukeka. “Meme ote ehama. Okwa lombwele ndje kutya oku na o-AIDS. Ota si?” Hilifa ta pula. “Kandi shi wo Hilifa, ihe ngele ote ehama unene, noku na o-AIDS, ke na okwaaluka.” Iitya mbyono natango, “Ita aluka. Ita aluka.” Hilifa okwa tameke okulila. “Inda kegumbo Hilifa,” osho a ti. “Otandi ya okutalela po nyoko.”

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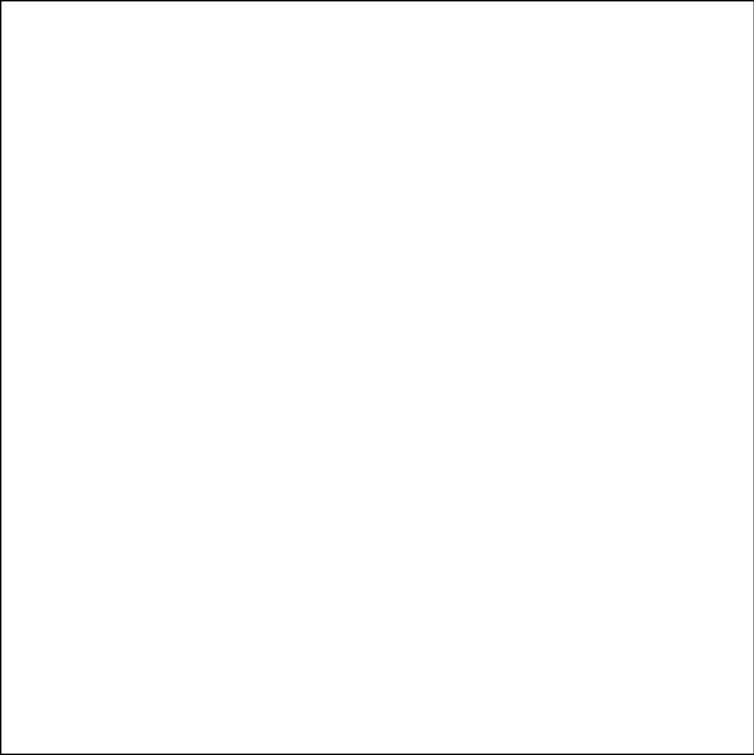
Ms. Nelao looked at Hilifa’s drawings. When the children were leaving to go home she called, “Come here Hilifa. I want to talk to you.” “What’s wrong?” she asked him gently. “My mother is ill. She told me she has AIDS. Will she die?” “I don’t know, Hilifa, but she is very ill if she has AIDS. There is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



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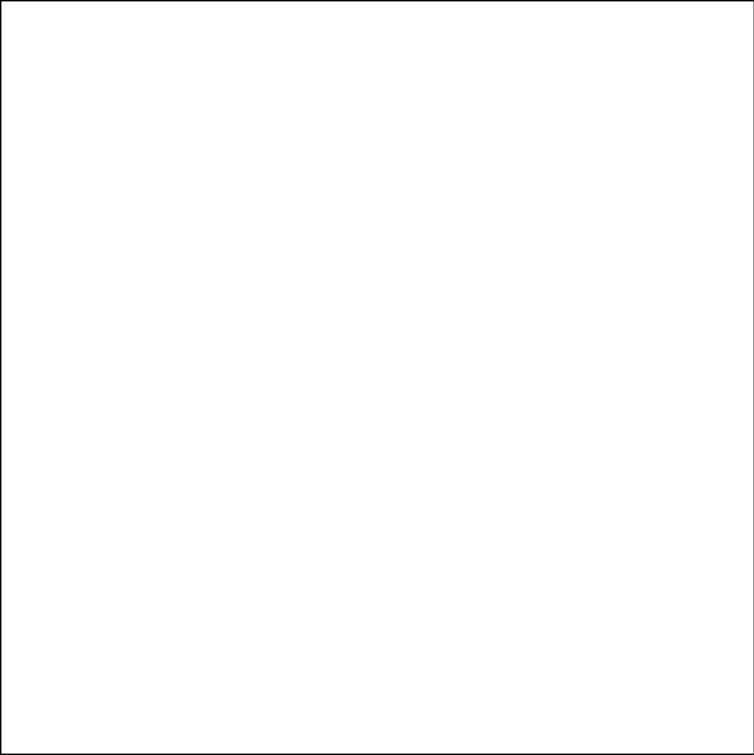
Hilifa went home and found his mother preparing lunch. “I’ve cooked for you today, Hilifa, but now I am very tired. Look after the vegetable garden and take some tomatoes to the shop. They will sell them for us.” After lunch Hilifa went to the vegetable plot. He looked at the bright colours of the vegetables,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



Feelani Nelao okwa thiki mbala, konima Hilifa sho a yi. Oya kala ethimbo ele taya popi nayina ya Hilifa. “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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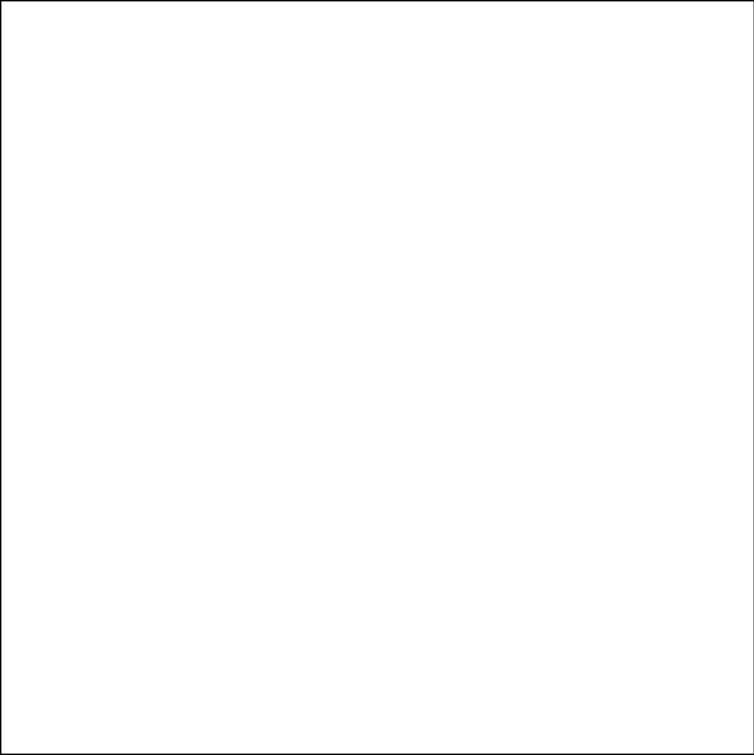
Ms. Nelao arrived soon after Hilifa left. She spent a long time talking to his mother. She asked Hilifa’s mother, “Meme Ndapanda, are you taking the medicine for AIDS?” “After my husband died I was too ashamed to go to the doctor,” she told Ms. Nelao. “I kept hoping I wasn’t infected. When I became ill 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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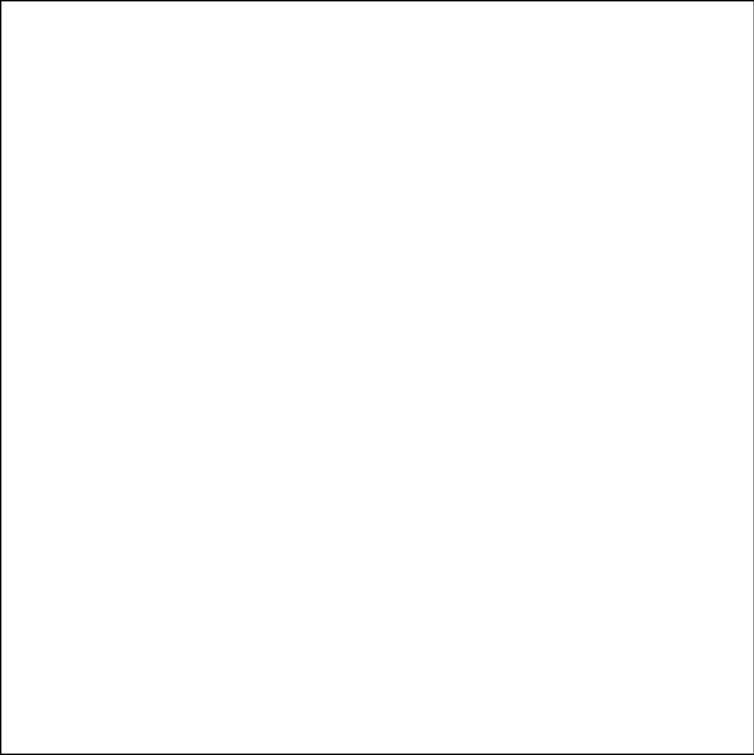
When Hilifa came home his mother asked him, “Hilifa, my son, I want to take a walk with you. Will you help me?” Hilifa took his mother’s arm and she leaned on him. They walked to where the tall thorn trees grew. She asked him, “Do you remember playing football here with your cousin Kunuu? You kicked the ball into the tree and it got stuck on the thorns. Your father got scratched getting it down for you.”



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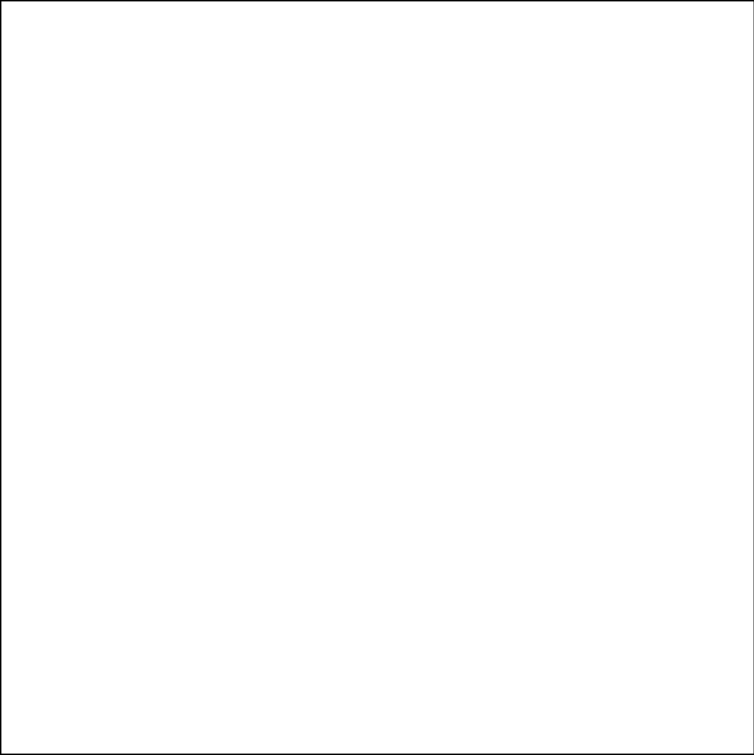
“Look, there’s an omandjembere bush. Go and pick some to take home.” When Hilifa was picking the sweet berries, she said, “Do you remember when you were small you ate the berries and the seed inside. You didn’t go to the toilet for a week!” “Yes, my stomach was sooo sore,” remembered Hilifa, laughing.



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

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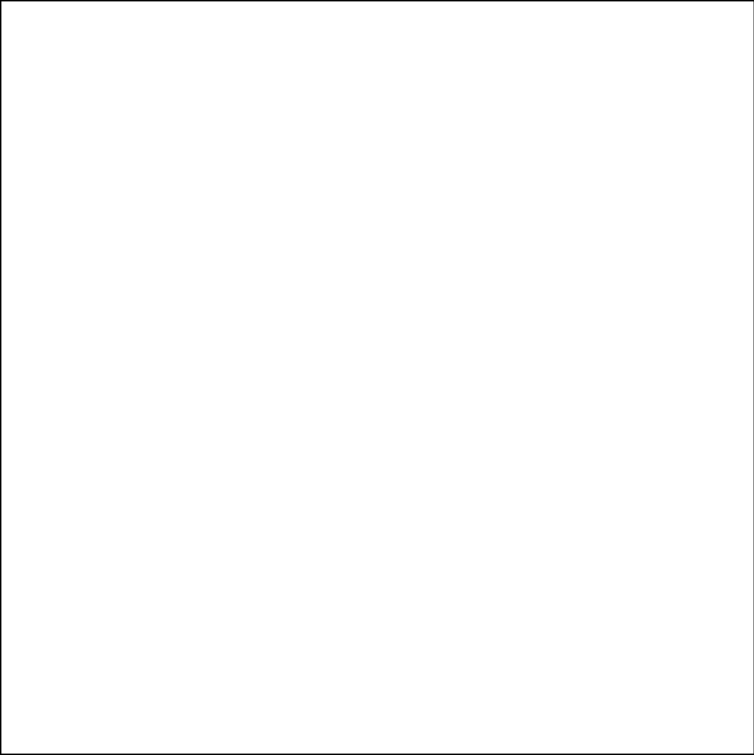
When they got home Hilifa’s mother was very tired. Hilifa made some tea. Meme Ndapanda took a small box from under her bed. “Hilifa, this is for you. In this box are things that will help you remember where you come from.”



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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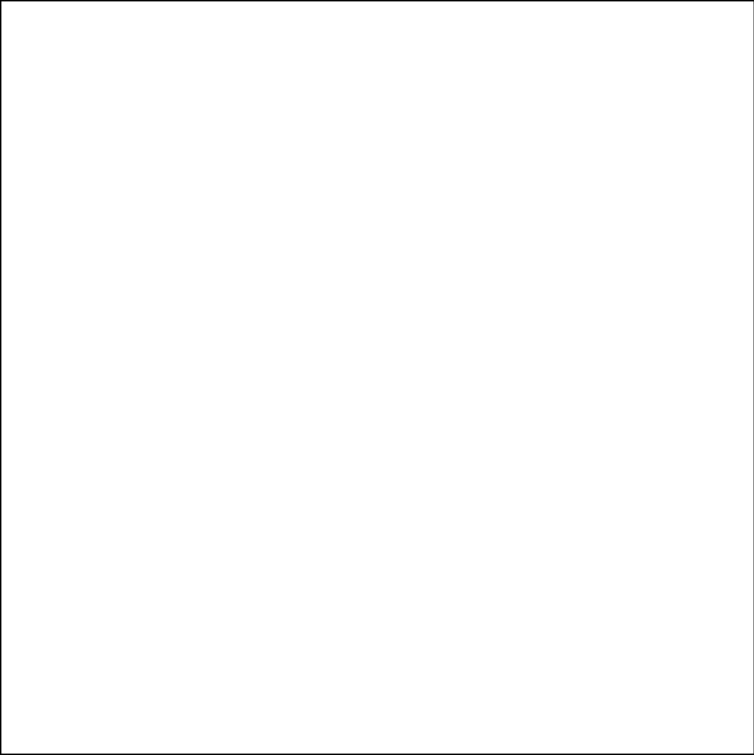
She took the mementos out of the box one by one. “This is a photo of your father holding you. You were his firstborn son. This photo is when I took you to see your grandparents, they were so happy. This is the first tooth you lost. Do you remember how you cried and I had to promise you that more would 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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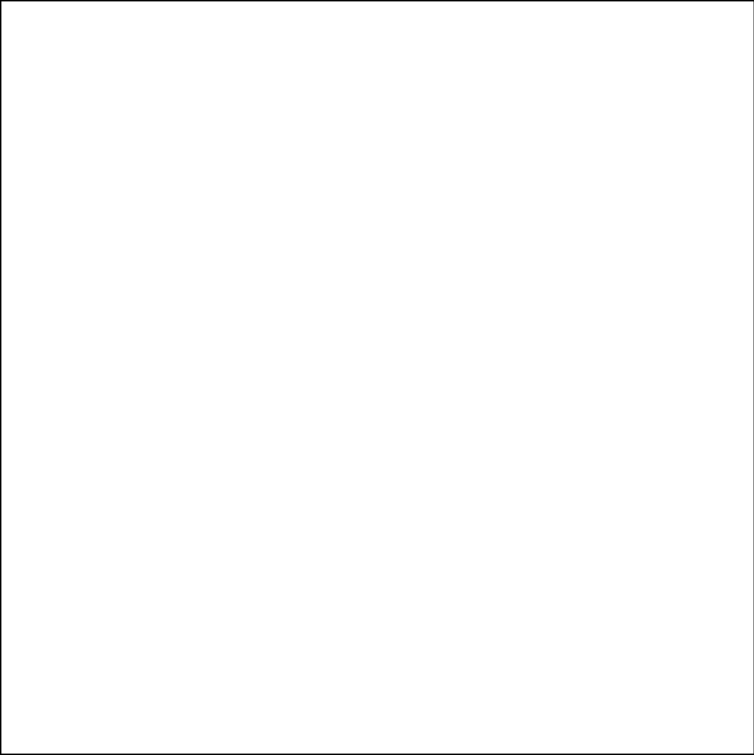
Hilifa held the box and began to cry. His mother held him close by her side and said a prayer, “May the Lord protect you and keep you safe.” She held him as she spoke. “Hilifa, my son. You know that I am very ill, and soon I will be with your father. I don’t want you to be sad. Remember how much I love you. Remember how much your father loved you.”



“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. “Aawe! Mumwandje. Itandi kala nawa. Owa tonatela ndje nawa, ondi uvite uuntsa okukala nokamati kandje okawanawa ngeyi.”

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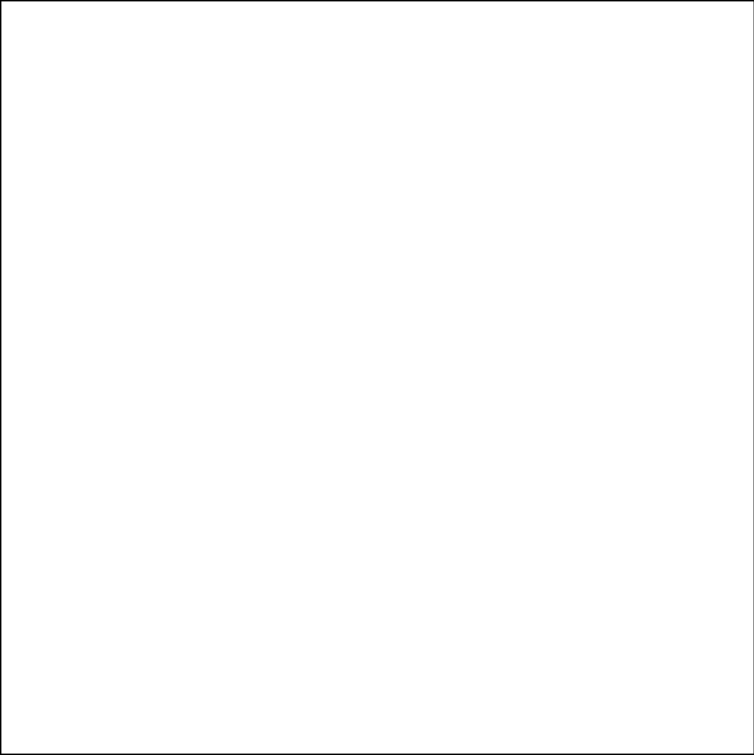
His mother continued, “Uncle Kave from Oshakati sends us money when he can. He told me that he will care for you. I have talked to him about it. You’ll go to school with Kunuu, his son. Kunuu is in Grade 4 like you. They will take good care of you.” “I like Uncle Kave and Aunt Muzaa,” said Hilifa. “And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



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 uukolele. Nuuna a tameke okweehama, ngaaka okwa kwatwa ko-AIDS.”

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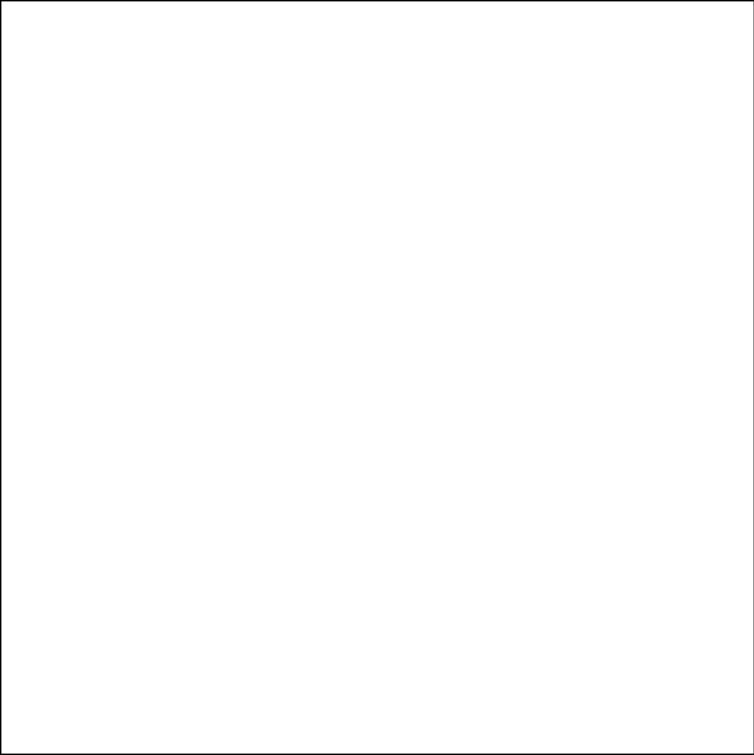
The next morning at school Ms. Nelao taught them about HIV and AIDS. The learners looked afraid. They heard about this illness on the radio, but no-one spoke about it at home. “Where does it come from?” asked Magano. “How do we catch it?” asked Hidipo. Ms. Nelao explained that HIV is the name of a virus.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



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 moombinzi dhawo. Katu na okulongitha okakululo kamwe nenge okayikushitho kokomayego. Ngele tatu ulula omakutsi getu otu na okulongitha oonane nenge iiyululitho ya yogoka.” Okwa fatulula wo nkene oonane nuumbi yi na okukala ya yogoka. “Ngele otwa mono oshiponga e tapu holoka ombinzi otu na okupula aakuluntu ya opaleka oshilalo. Otu na okumanga oshilalo noku shi gamena,” Feelani Nelao osho e ya lombwele.

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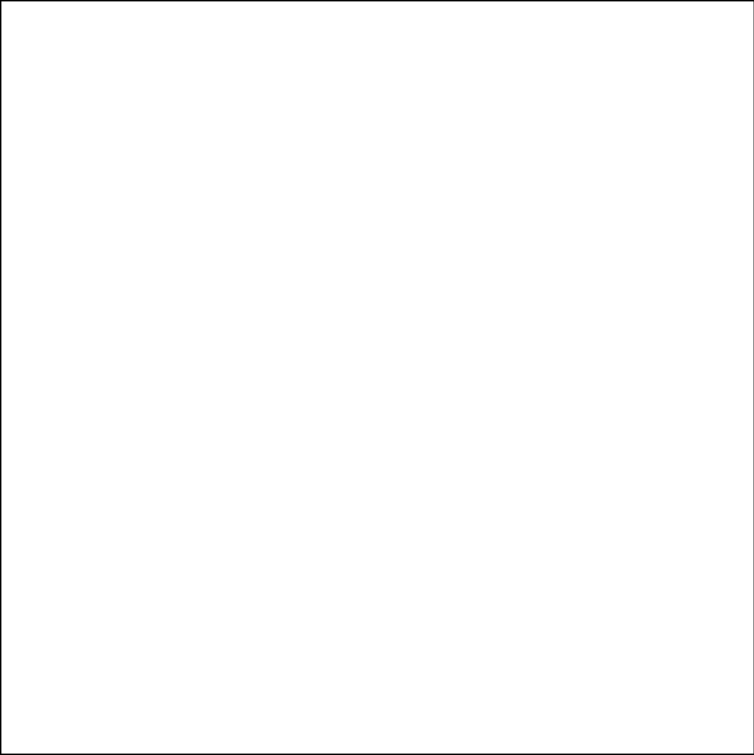
Ms. Nelao explained some of the ways we can be infected with HIV. “If someone has HIV or AIDS we can catch the virus from their blood. We should never share razors or toothbrushes. If we get our ears pierced we must use sterilised blades and needles.” She explained how needles and blades should be sterilised.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



Opo okwe ya ulukile ekalata. “Shino osho omikalo dhimwe ito vulu okukwatwa kombuto yo-HIV,” osho e ya lombwele. “Ito 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. Ito mono ombuto okuzilila mokukolola nenge mokushemita. Osho wo ito mono ombuto tayi zi moomwe nenge miilyani 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 bedbugs.”



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

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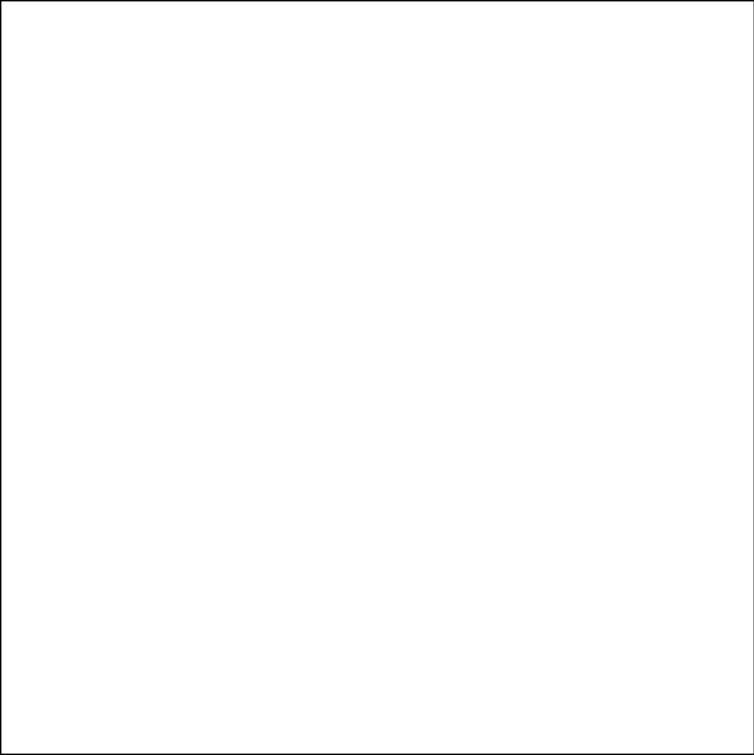
“What do you do if you’ve got it?” asked Magano. “Well, you
must take care of yourself and eat lots of healthy food. Look at
our food chart,” she said. “Who can remember what food is
good for you?” she asked.



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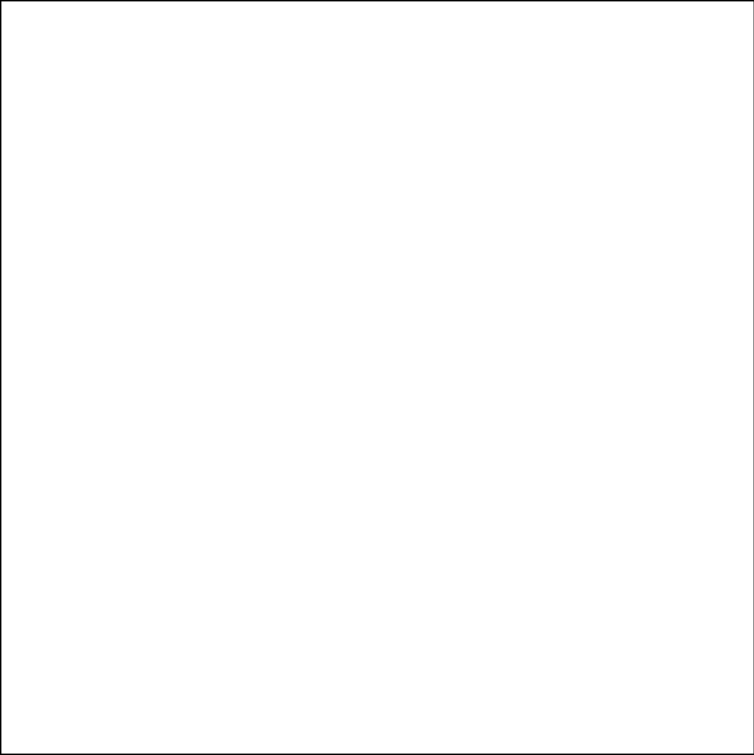
When Hilifa got home he told his mother what he had learned at school that day. “Ms. Nelao told us about HIV and AIDS and how to look after someone who’s ill. Magano and Hidipo are going to help me with my chores and we will do our homework together,” he told her.



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

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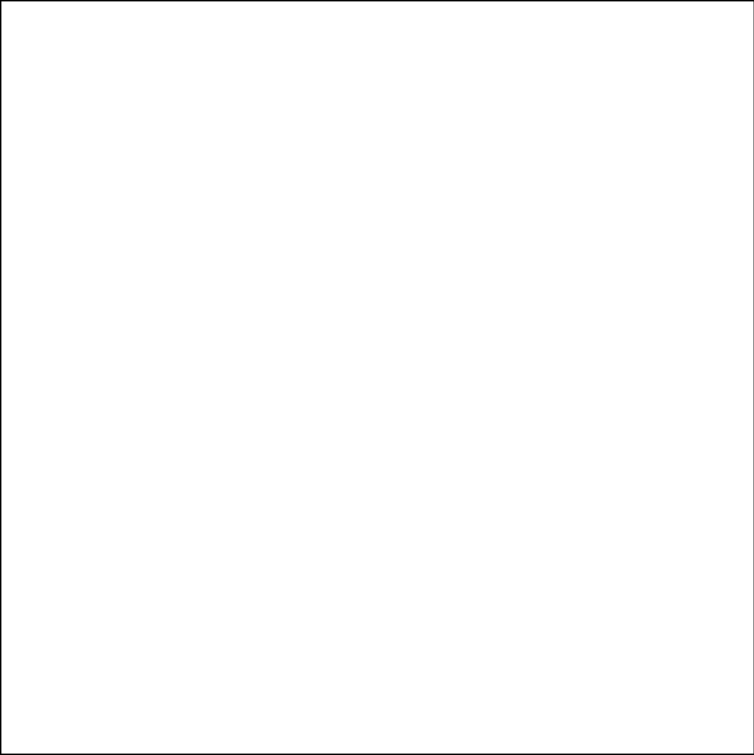
That afternoon Magano came and helped Hilifa to fetch water. Hidipo helped him to gather firewood. Then they sat and did their homework in the shade of the marula tree.



Feelani Nelao okwa lombwele aashiinda ya Hilifa 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.

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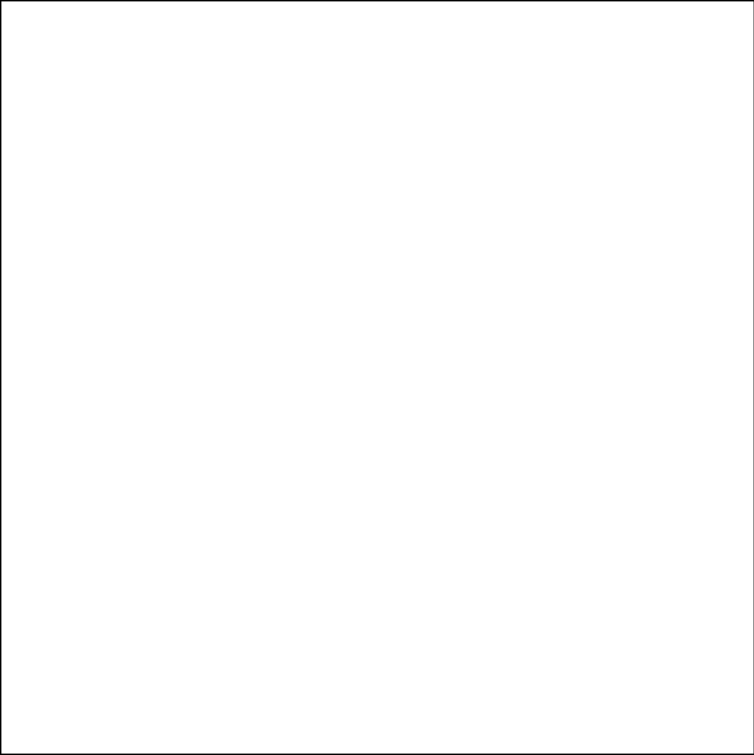
Ms. Nelao had also told Hilifa's neighbours that he was looking after his mother. They had promised to help him. Every night a different neighbour came with hot food for them to eat. Hilifa always gave them some vegetables from the garden.



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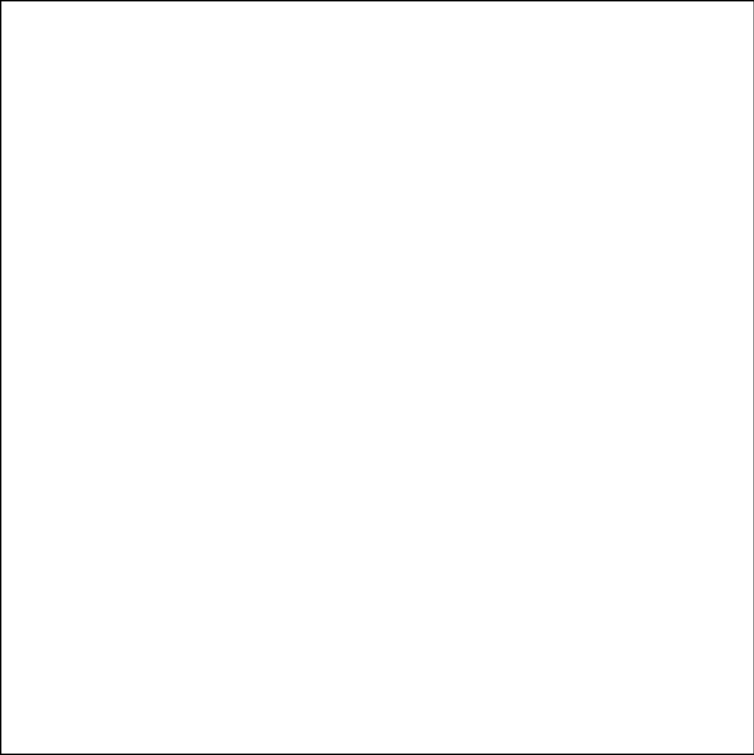
On the last day of the school term Hilifa was very happy. He ran home to show his mother his report card. He ran into the yard calling, “Mum. Mum. Look at my report card. I have got ‘A’, ‘A’, and more ‘A’s’.” Hilifa found his mother lying in bed. “Mum!” he called. “Mum! Wake up!” She didn’t wake up.



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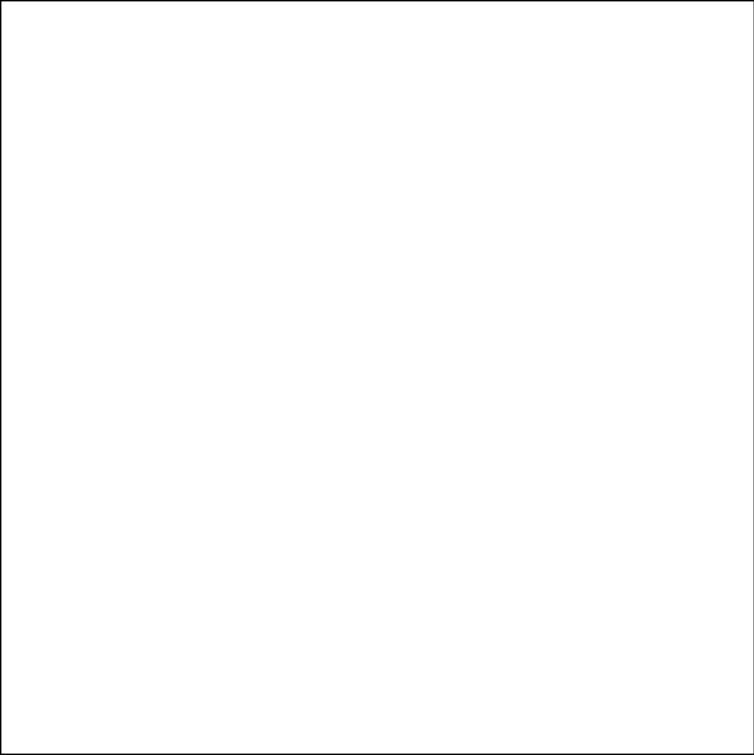
Hilifa ran to the neighbours. “My Mum. My Mum. She won’t wake up,” he cried. The neighbours went home with Hilifa and found Meme Ndapanda in her bed. “She is dead, Hilifa,” they said sadly.



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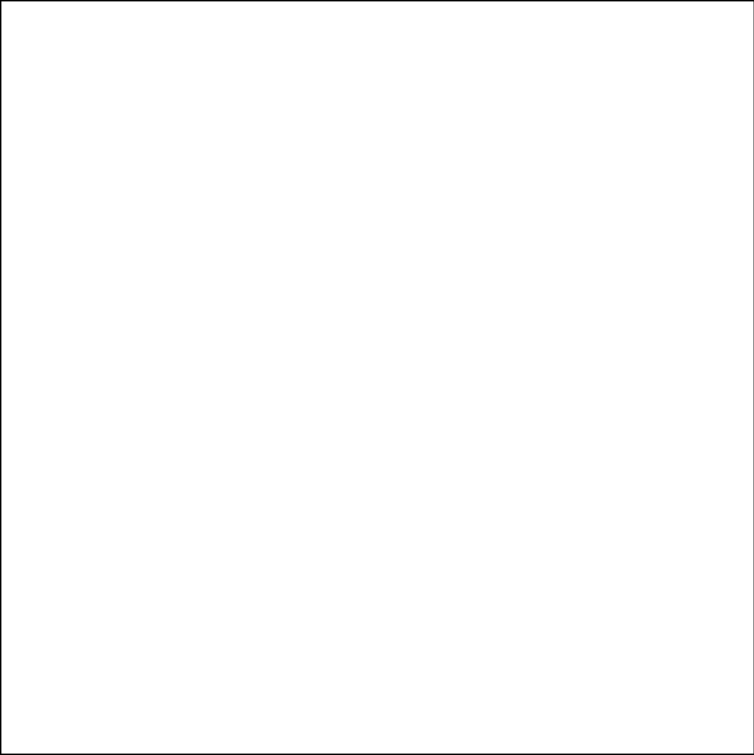
Very quickly the news spread that Meme Ndapanda was dead.
The house was full of family, neighbours and friends. They
prayed for Hilifa's mother and sang hymns. They talked about
all the good things they knew about her.



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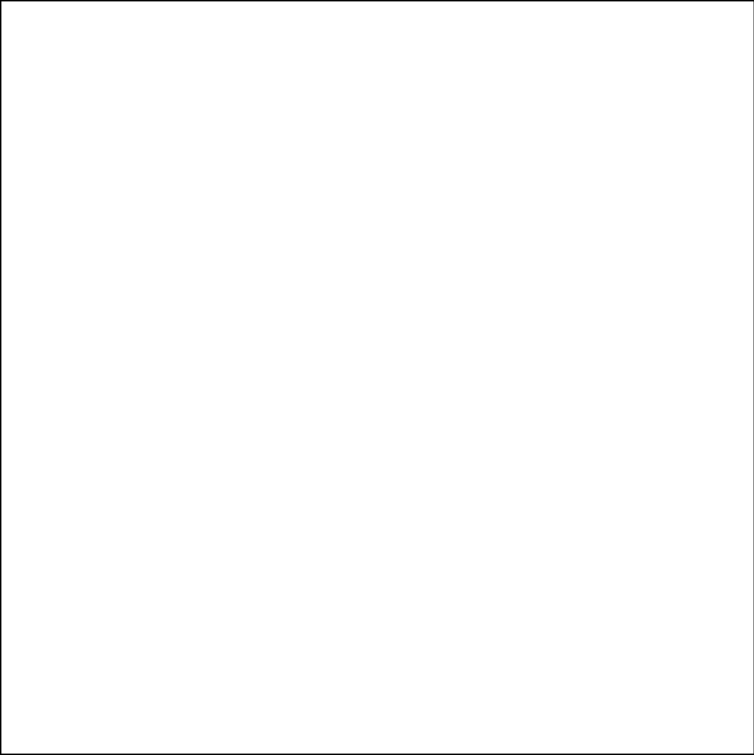
Aunt Muzaa cooked for all the visitors. Uncle Kave told Hilifa that they would take him back to Oshakati after the funeral. His Grandfather told him stories about his mother when she was a little girl.



Pefumviko Hilifa 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 iilonga 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 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.”



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.

. . .

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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Oothigwa nadho wo odha pumbwa ohole

Orphans need love too

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