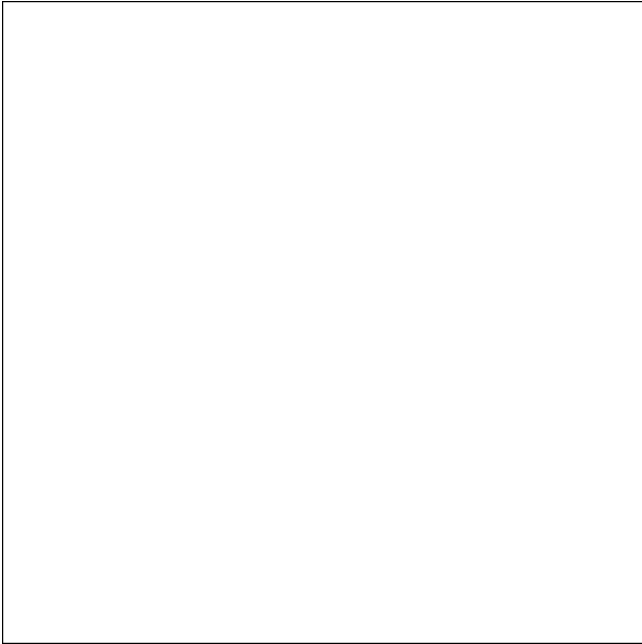




Okuyoga momulonga gwaZambezi

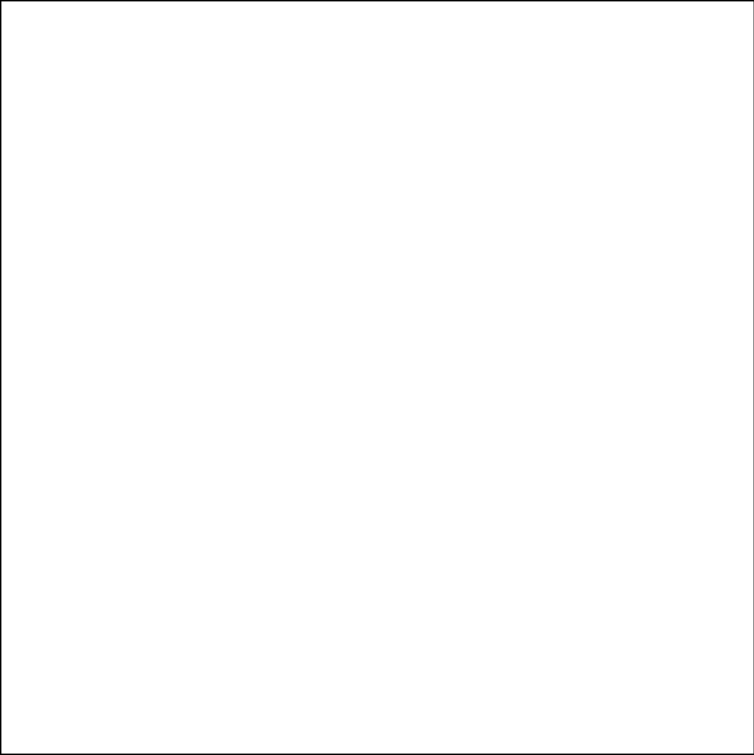
Swimming in the Zambezi

 Imelda Lyamine, Albius Chunga Mulisa, Maria Simasiku,
Florence Habayemi Shitaa

 Kleopas Jambeinge

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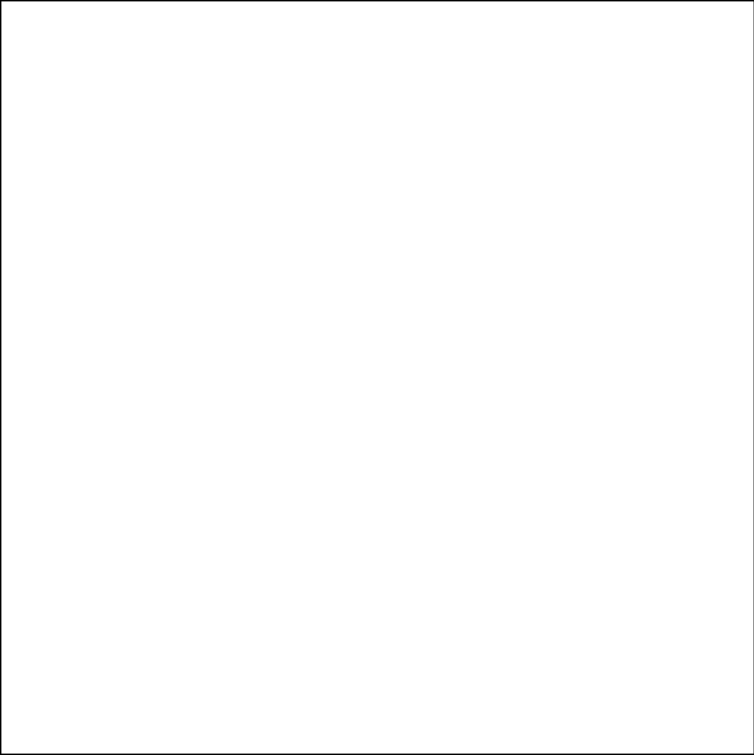
 Oshindonga ng / English en



Osha li Osoondaha ethimbo lyomutenya. Uukadhona
uugundjuka muLusese owa li wa gongala momuti omunene
gwomusikili moCaprivi.

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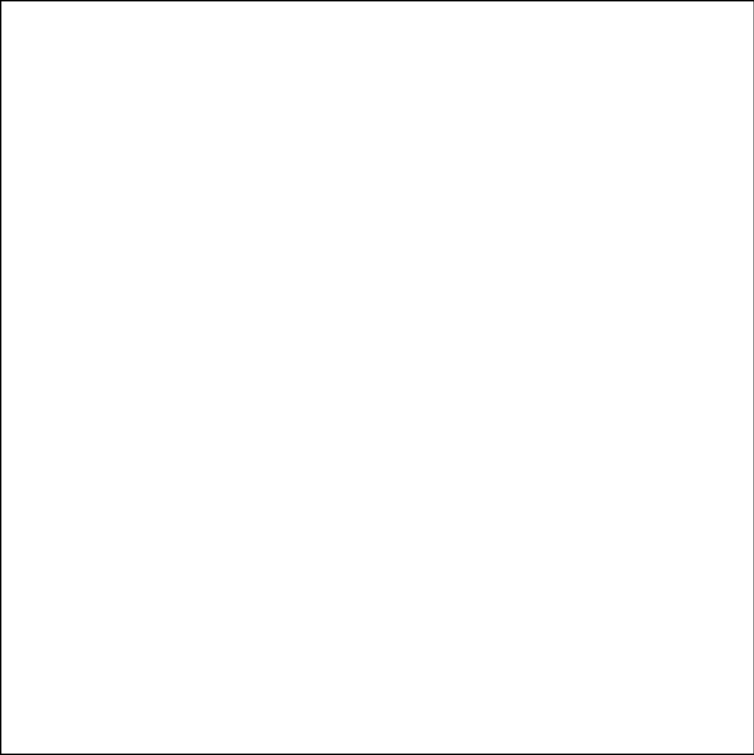
It was a bright sunny Sunday afternoon. The young girls in
Lusese were gathering under the branches of the biggest
Musikili tree in Caprivi.



Eigidho eshambukwi lyomawi gawo olya li tali uvika
momukunda aguhe, sho taya ithanathana nookuume kawo.
“Nakamwu, onde ku tegelela.” “Endelela, Chaze.” “Silume! Ila!”

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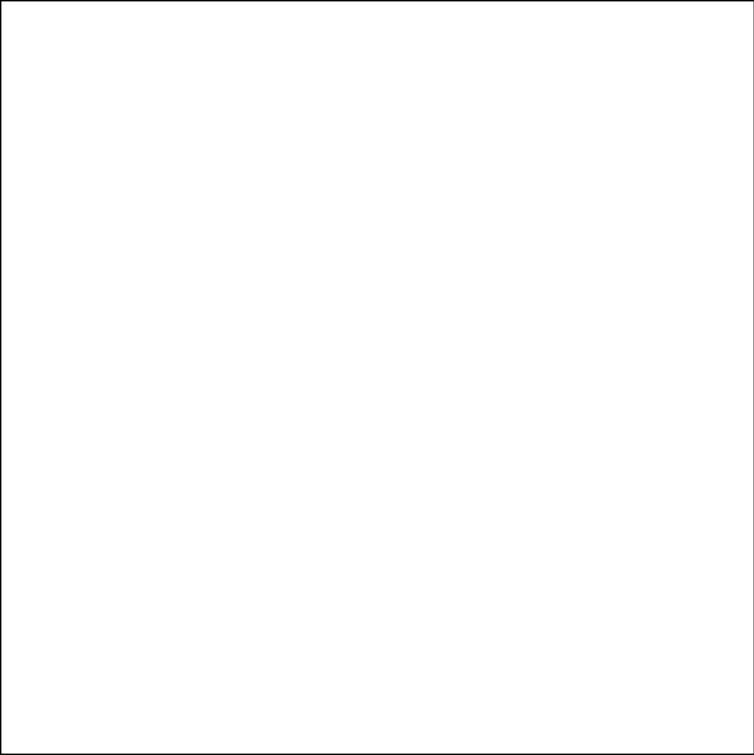
The excited buzz of their voices was heard all over the village.
They called their friends. “Nakamwu, I’m waiting for you.”
“Hurry up, Chaze.” “Silume! Come on!”



Maria okwa li ta kongo Ntwala. Ntwala ohe ya fala Osoondaha kehe ya ka yoge. “Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaa! Ntwalee!” ta ithana.

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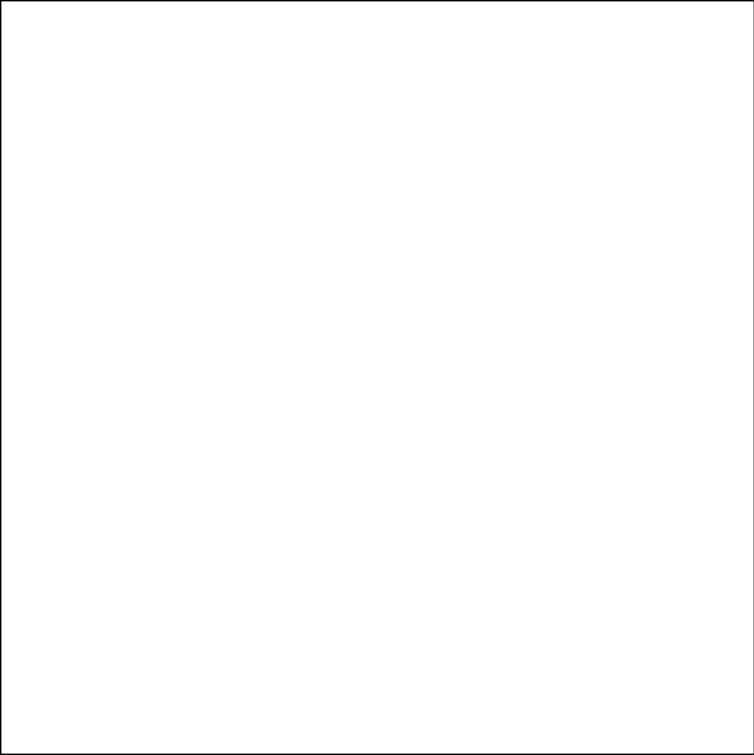
Maria looked around for Ntwala. Ntwala took them swimming every Sunday. “Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaaa! Ntwaloo!” she called.



Ntwala okwi igidha okuziilila kombinga handiyaka yomukunda, “Ongame nguka! Onde ku tegelela!” Uukadhona auhe tawu tondoka wu ke mu konge.

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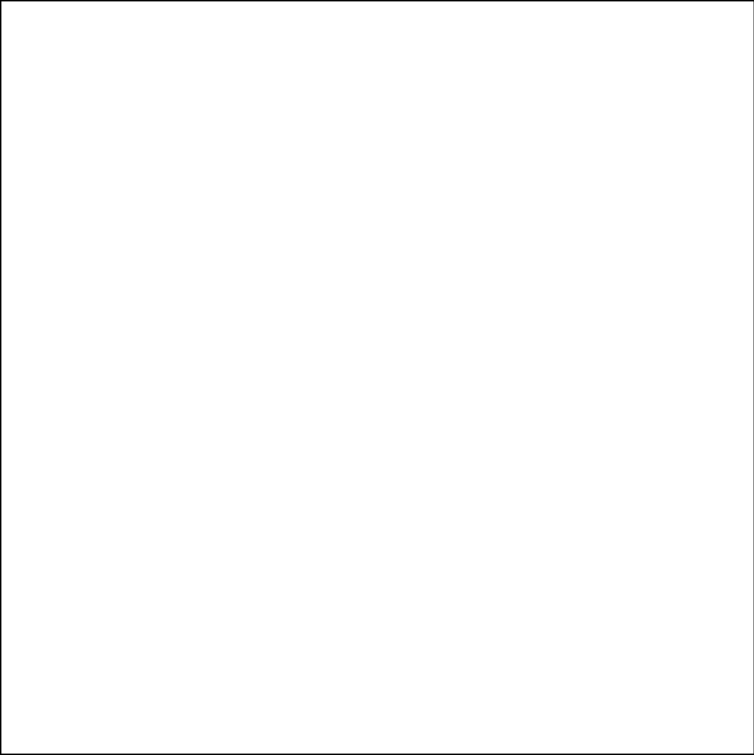
Ntwala shouted from the other side of the village, “I’m here! I’m waiting for you.” All the girls ran to find her.



“Omwi ilongekidha tuu oku ka yoga nonena?” Ntwala te ya pula. “Eeno,” oyi igidha nenyanyu taya nuka kenyanu.

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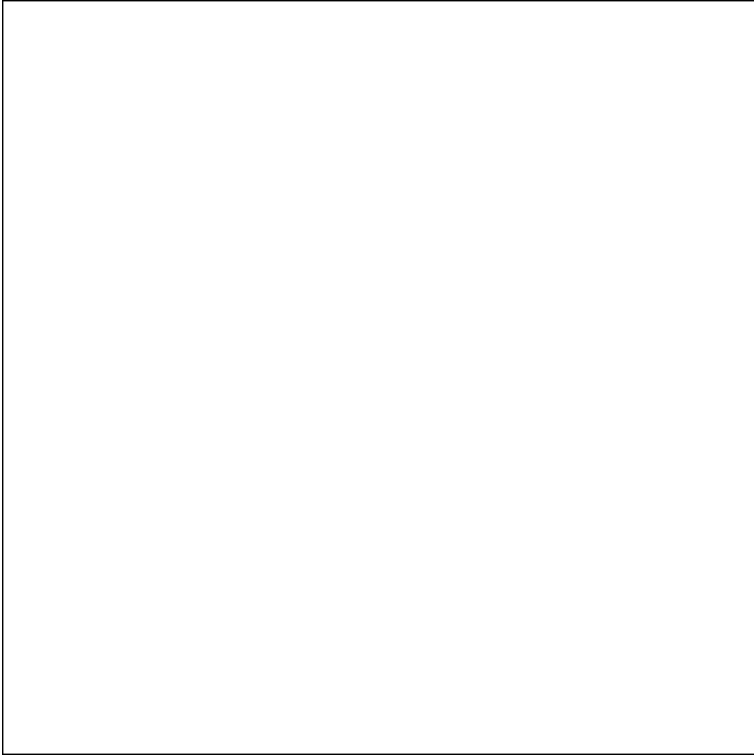
“Are you ready to go swimming today?” Ntwala asked them. “Yes,” they shouted happily as they hopped and jumped with excitement.



Sho ya li taya ende yu uka komulonga, Ntwala okwe ya hokololele omahokololo. “Tu hokololela sho omukunda gwetu gwa li gwa kungululwa po kefundja” osho ya pula. “Tu hokololela ehokololo lyaKaandje nondjima!”

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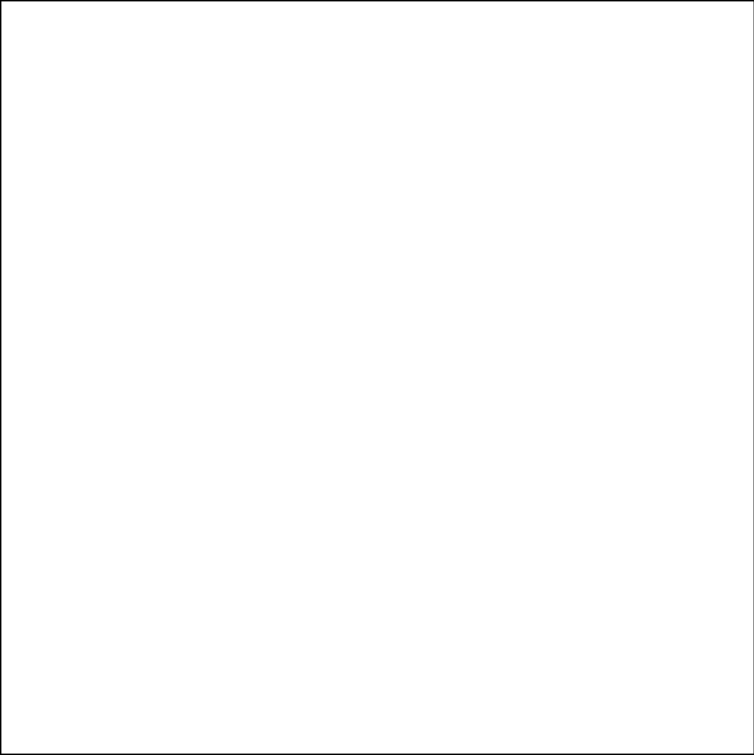
As they walked to the river Ntwala told them stories. “Tell us about when our village was flooded,” they called. “Tell us about the Jackal and the Baboon.”



Ontega nomulonga opwa li pu na omugongo omunenenene.
Uukadhona owa kongele Ntwala oongongo oonene.

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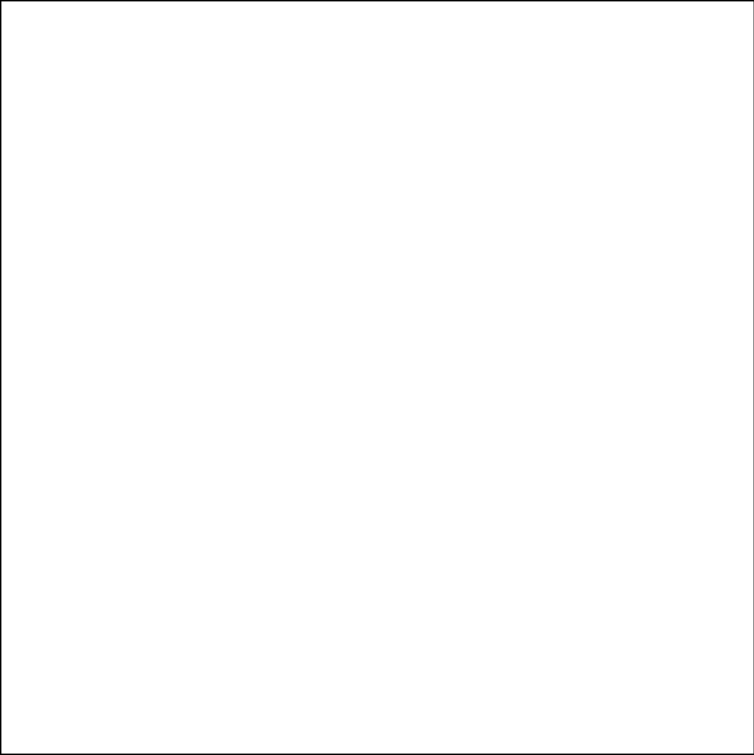
Beside the river there was an enormous Marula tree. The girls
looked for the biggest marula fruit for Ntwala.



“Ngame ondi na ndjika onene,” osho Joyi i igidha, ye ta gandja ongongo kuNtwala.

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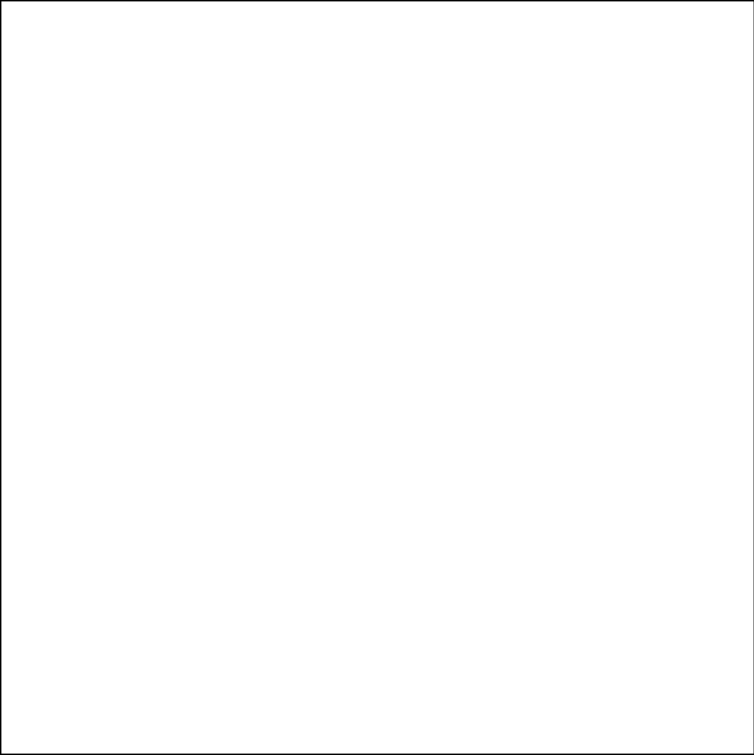
“I’ve got the biggest,” shouted Joy. She gave her marula fruit to Ntwala.



“Indeni mu ka yoge,” Ntwala osho a lombwele uukadhona. Ayehe oya tondokele momeya taya yayagana yo taya kwekwela sho ya gumu omeya omatalala gomulonga gwaZambezi.

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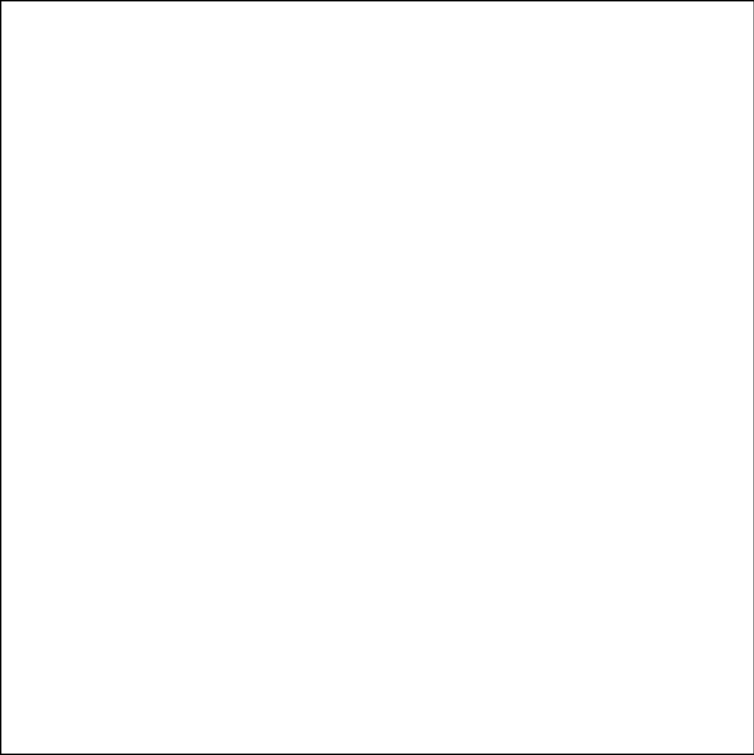
“Off you go and swim,” said Ntwala to the girls. They all ran into the water, shrieking and giggling as they felt the cold water of the Zambezi River.



Ntwala okwa thikama komunkulo, ta tala oongandu. Ota tala aakadhona aanene nkene taya thigathana taya mbwindi. Ota tala uukadhona uushona tawu dhenge ontente yo taya ilongo okuyoga.

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

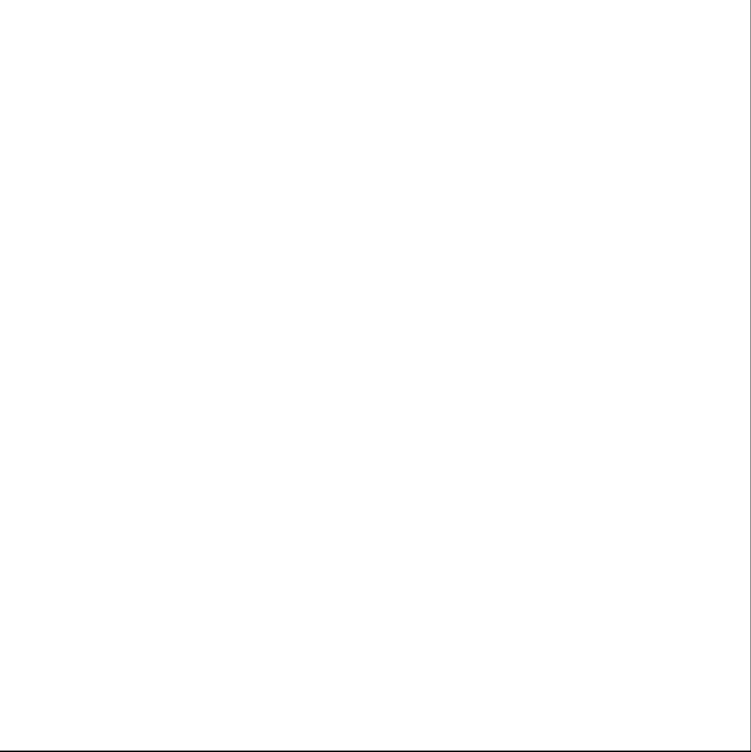


“Ethembo lyethigathano,” osho i igidha lwahugunina.

“Thikameni momukweyo!” Okwa kutha ongongo onenenene, e te yi umbile momeya, kokule ngaashi ta vulu.

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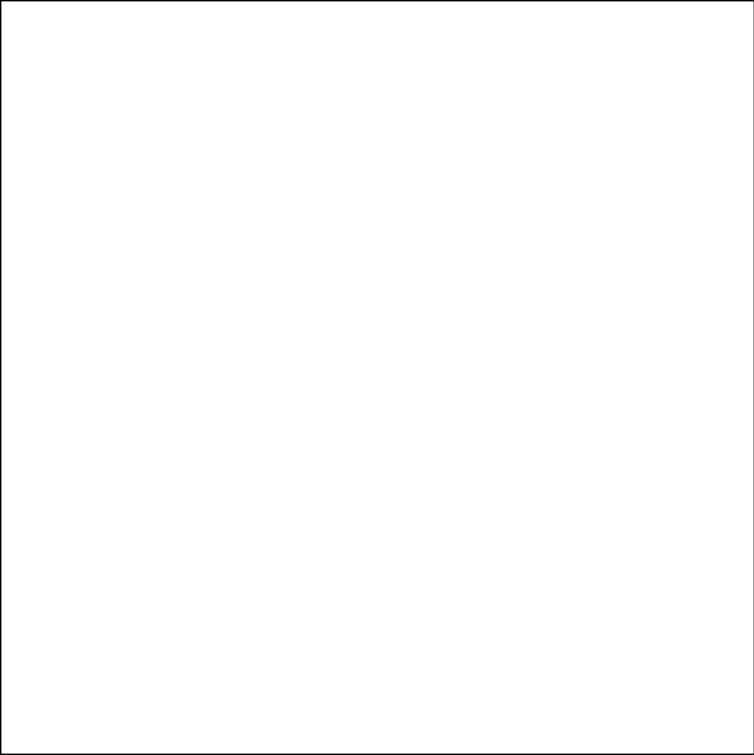
“Competition time,” she shouted at last. “Stand in a line.” She picked up the biggest marula fruit. She threw it as far as she could into the water.



“Yimwe, mbali, ndatu. Tamekeni!” osho i igidha. Uunona auhe owa tondokele momeya, wo tawu yogo wu uka kongongo. Ntwala ote wu tala.

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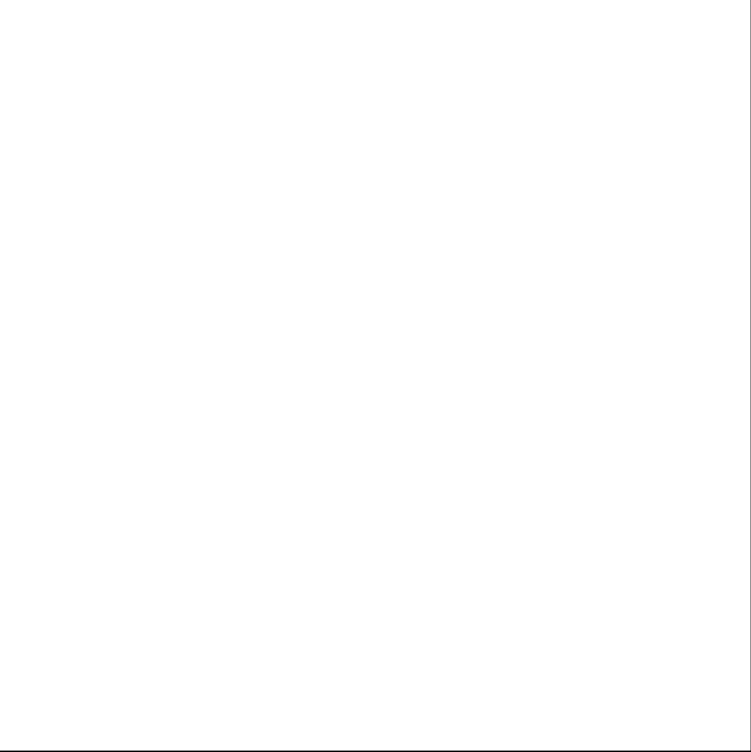
“One, two, three. GO!” she called. The children ran into the water and swam to the marula fruit. Ntwala watched them.



“Ongame gwotango!” Maria naChaze taya igidha oshita. “Ne amuhe omwe ya oshita,” osho Ntwala a ti.

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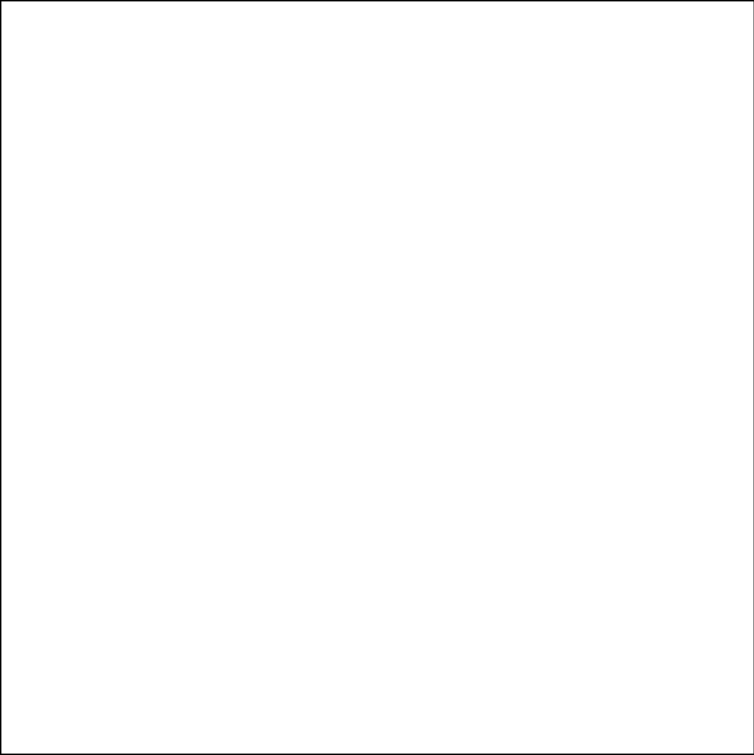
“I’m first!” shouted Maria and Chaze at the same time. “You are both first,” called Ntwala.



“Onda hala methigathano ishewe,” osho Maria a ti. “Eewa!” osho Chaze a ti. “Natu ye mo ishewe, Ntwala?” uukadhona uukwawo tau pula.

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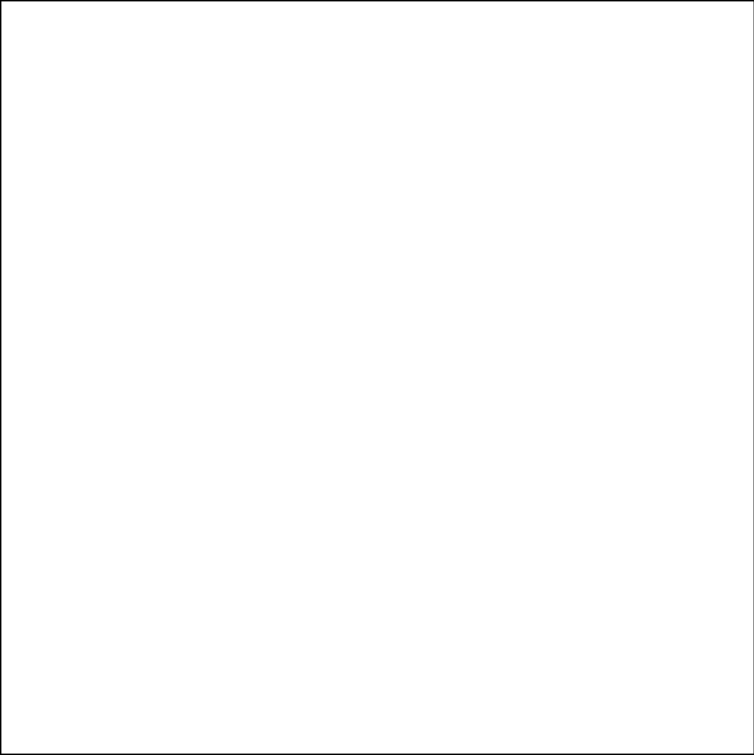
“I want to race again,” said Maria. “OK!” said Chaze. “Can we, Ntwala?” asked the other girls.



“Thikameni momukweyo ishewe,” Ntwala osho e ya lombwele.
Okwa kutha ongongo nokwe yi umbile kokule ngaashi ta vulu.

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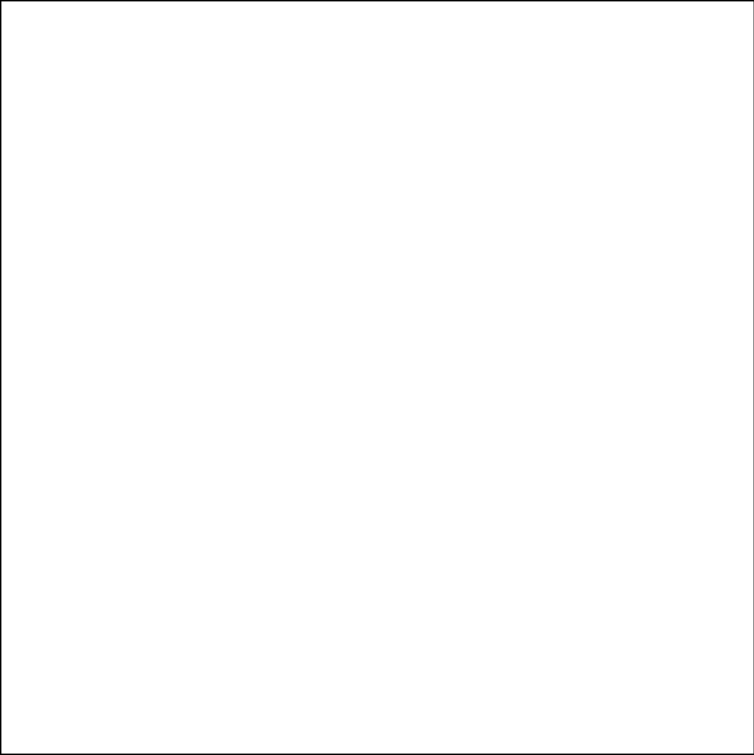
“Stand in line again,” Ntwala told them. She picked up a
marula fruit and threw it as far as she could.



“Yimwe, mbali, ndatu. Tamekeni!” osho i igidha. Aanona oya tondokele momeya e taya yogo ya uka kongongo. Ntwala okwe ya tonatele.

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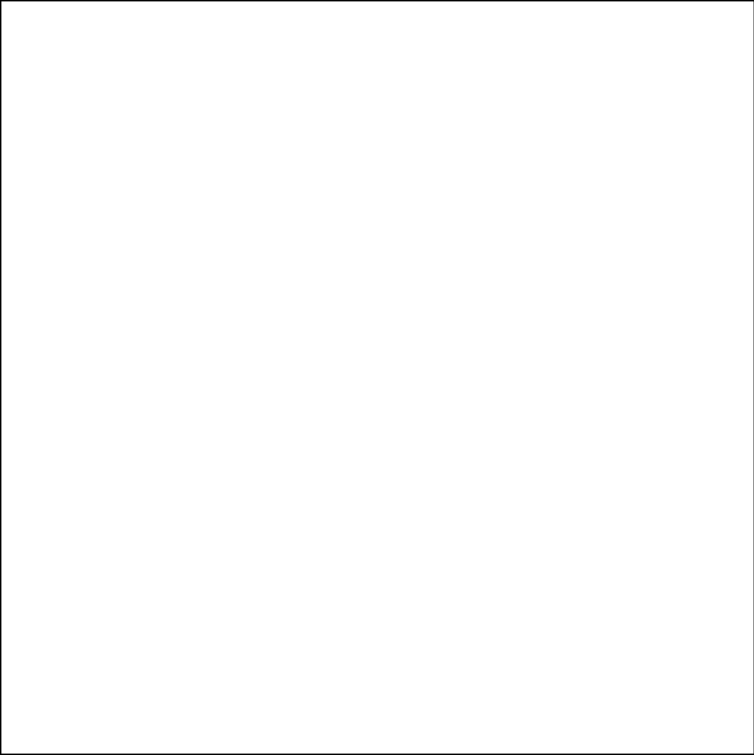
“One, two, three. GO!” she called. The children ran into the water and swam to the marula fruit. Ntwala watched them.



“Ongame gwotango!” Chaze osho i igidha. Maria okwa kankama okuyoga. “Chaze oye omusindani,” Ntwala osho a ti. “Owa ninga nawa, Chaze. Natu yen i kegumbo ngashingeyi.”

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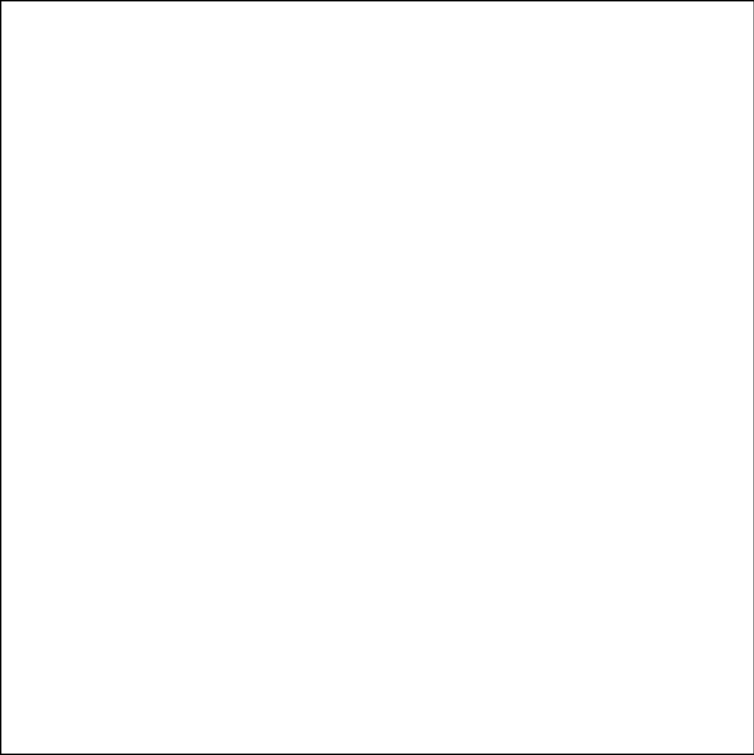
“I’m first!” shouted Chaze. Maria stopped swimming. “Chaze is the winner,” said Ntwala. “Well done, Chaze. Let’s go home now.”



Aanona oya shuna kegumbo pamwe naNtwala. “Tu hokololela ehokololo Ntwala,” oye mu pula. Oye hole okupulakena omahokololo ge.

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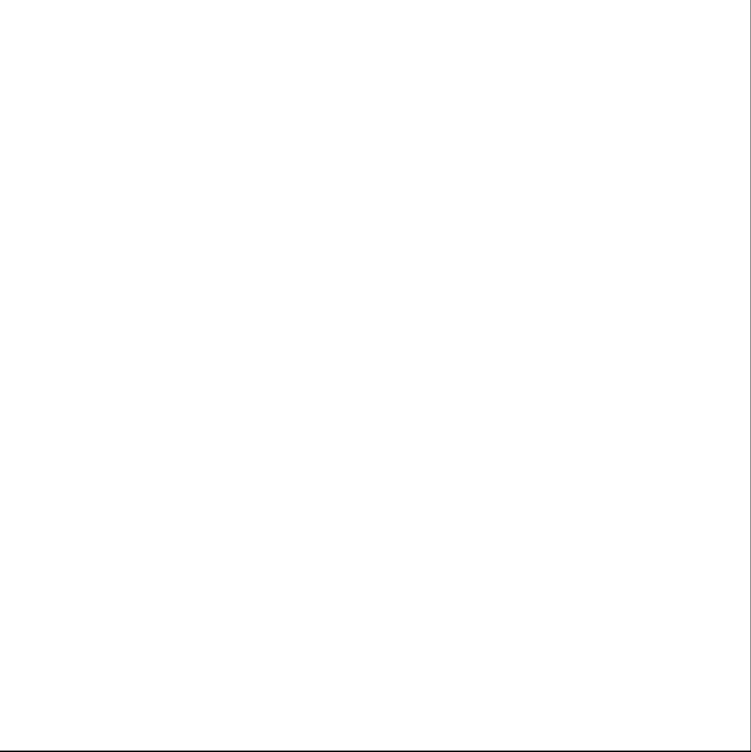
The children walked home with Ntwala. “Tell us a story, Ntwala,” they asked. They loved to listen to her stories.



Maria okwa nyongolele konima ya Chaze, e te mu undulile pevi. Chaze okwa tameke okulila. “Yina yaChaze ote ku dhenge,” Joyi ta lombwele Maria.

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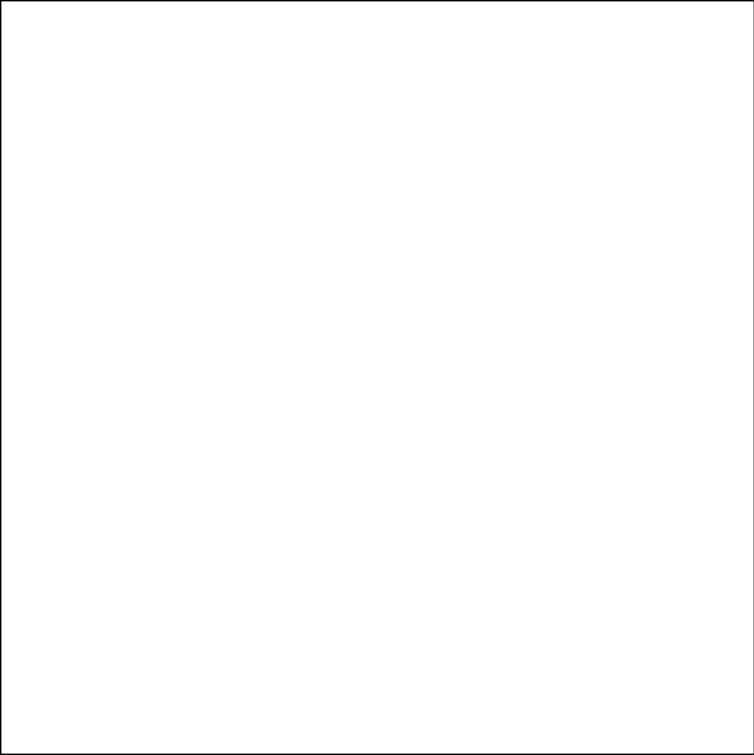
Maria crept up behind Chaze and pushed her to the ground. Chaze started to cry. “Chaze’s mother will beat you,” said Joy to Maria.



“Maria, oshike wa dhengele Chaze?” Ntwala ta pula. “Okwa sindana mokuyoga. Kashi na uuyuki,” Maria osho a ti.

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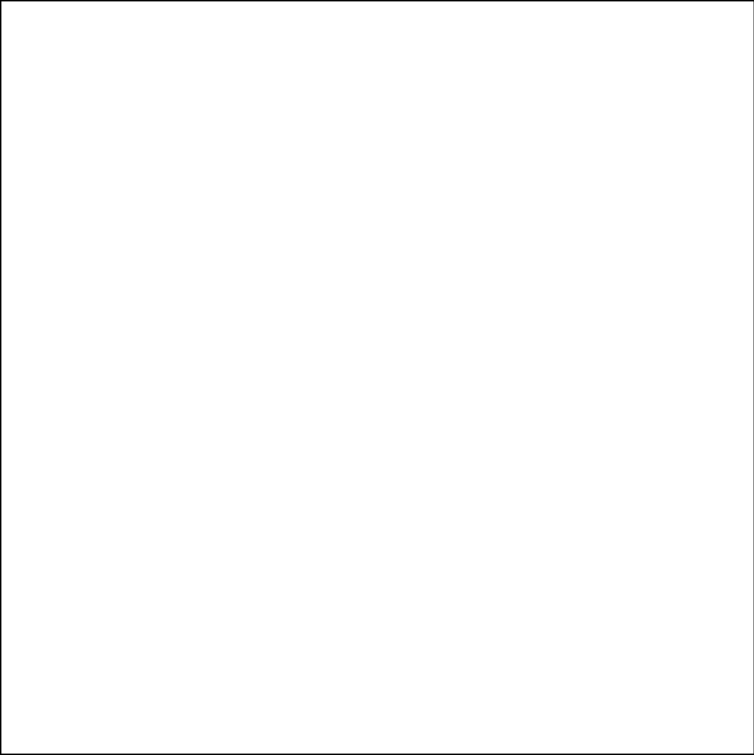
“Maria! Why did you hit Chaze?” asked Ntwala. “She won at swimming. It’s not fair,” Maria said.



Ntwala okwa lombwele uukadhona auhe wu kuutumbe mongonga. "Omukuluntusikola okwe mu lombwele shike?" osho a pula. "Oshiwinayi okukondja. Aantu mboka ya kondjo oye na okugeelwa!" Nakamwu osho a ti.

. . .

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, pa mukweni ombili,” Namasiku osho a ti. “Chaze naye ne mu dhenge,” Joyi osho a ti. “Aawe osha puka okukondja,” Ntwala osho a ti.

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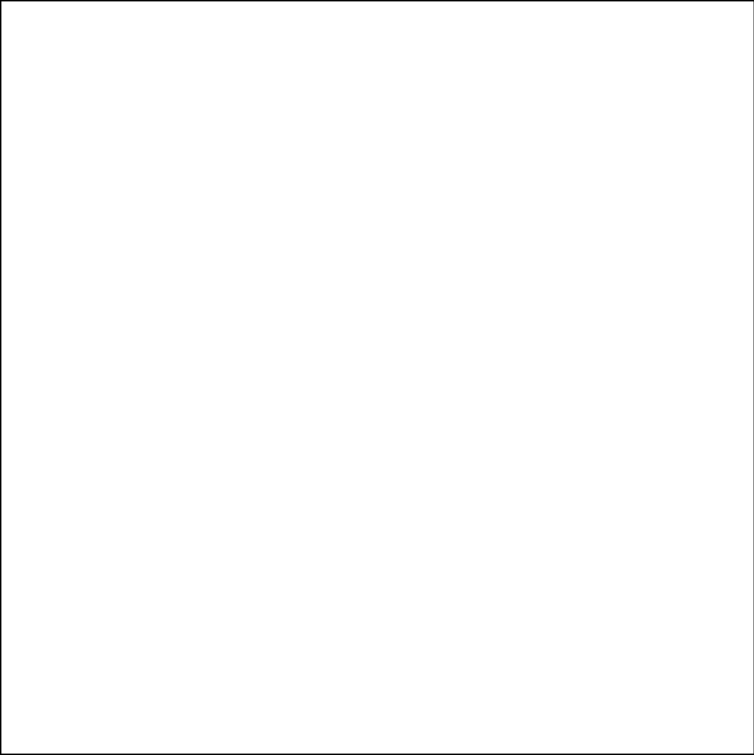
“Maria must say sorry,” said Namasiku. “Chaze must hit her back,” said Joy. “No, it is wrong to hit each other,” said Ntwala.



Ntwala okwa ti, “Maria ita ka yoga we mOsoondaha tayi landula.” Maria okwa lili nomahodhi oga li taga kunguluka. “O-Ombili Chaze. Ombili sho nde ku dhenge. Itandi ka dhenga we nando ogumwe,” osho a gandja ombili.

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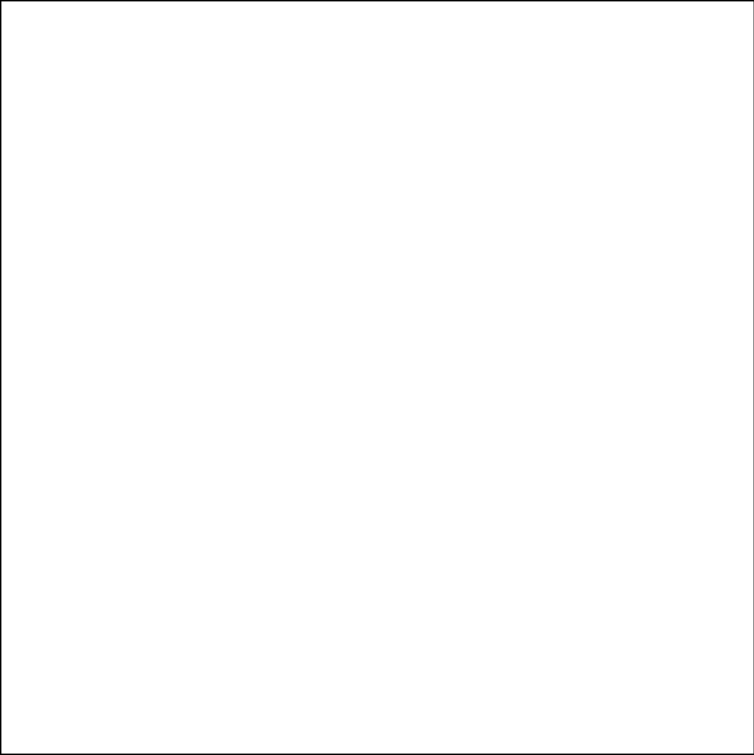
Ntwala said, “I think Maria should miss swimming next Sunday.” Maria cried a flood of tears. “I... I... I’m sorry Chaze. I’m sorry I hit you. I’ll never hit anyone again,” she apologised.



“Onde ku dhimina po,” Chaze osho a ti, ye te mu idhingile mothingo. “Tse naMaria otatu yi kegumbo nangoye,” Ntwala osho a lombwele Chaze. “Maria oku na okugandja ombili kunyoko wo.”

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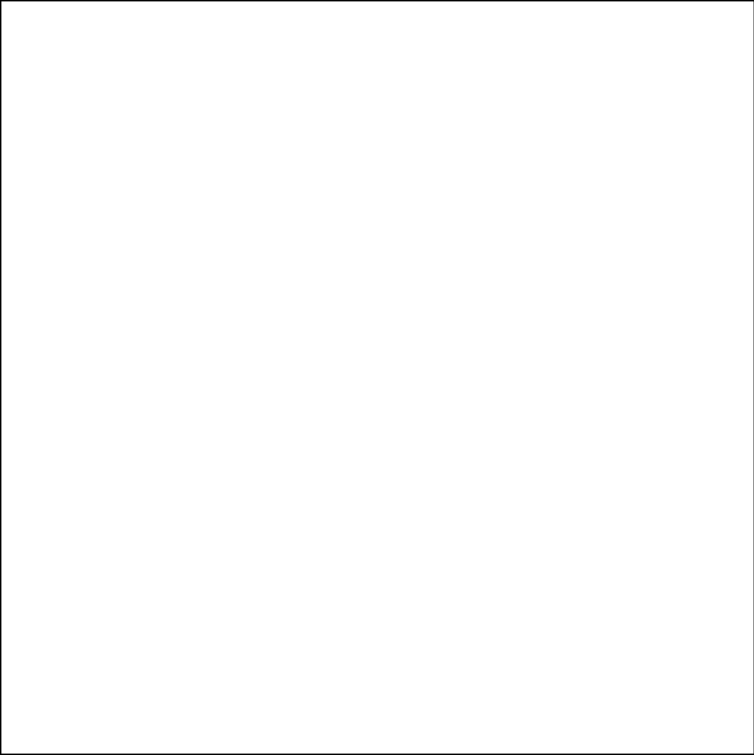
“I forgive you,” said Chaze and put her arm around Maria.
“Maria and I will come home with you,” said Ntwala to Chaze.
“Maria will apologise to your mother too.”



Maria okwa lombwele yina yaChaze, “Onda dhenge Chaze, oshoka okwa thigi ndje po mokuyoga. Ombili meme. Chaze okuume kandje, onda ningi nayi sho nde mu dhenga.”

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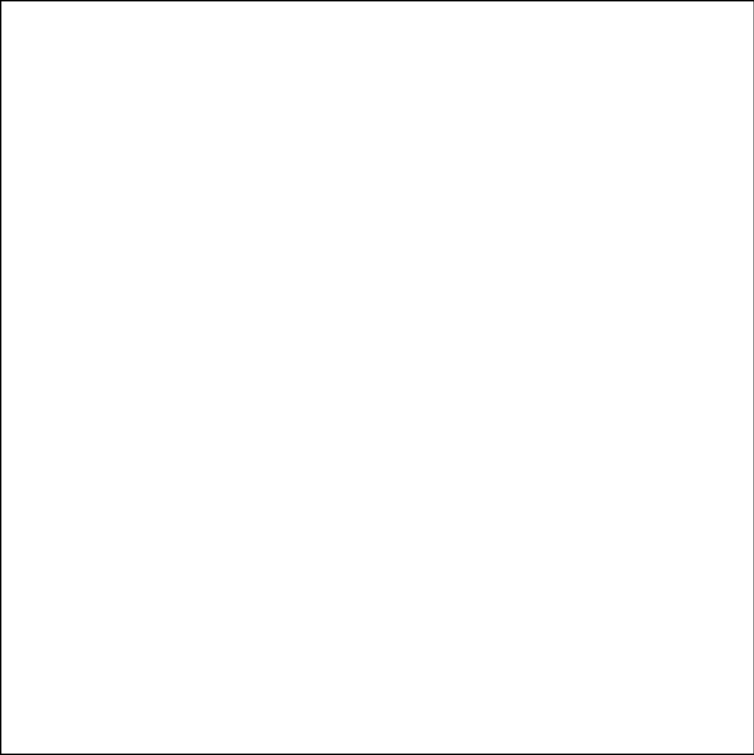
Maria told Chaze’s mother, “I hit Chaze because she won the race. I’m sorry. Chaze is my friend, it was bad to hit her.”



Omukulukadhi Sibungo okwa pulakene Maria. “Shoka osha li epuko Maria. Oshiwinyi okudhenga aantu. Tangi sho we ya okupa ndje ombili. Otandi ku dhimine po.” Omukulukadhi Sibungo okwa lombwele Ntwala, “Ngoye omuwiliki omwaanawa.”

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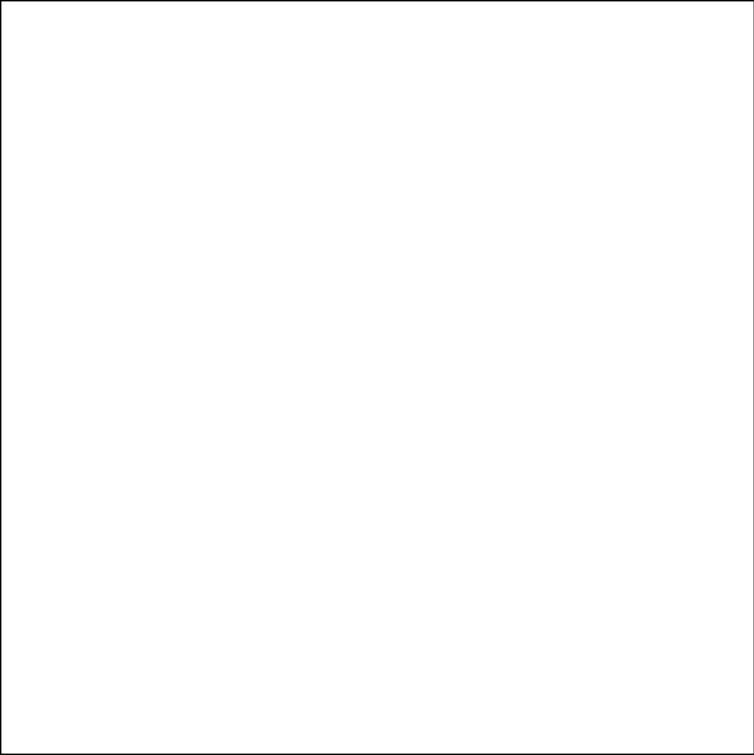
Mrs. Sibungo listened to Maria. “That was wrong Maria, it is bad to hit people. Thank you for apologising to me. I forgive you.” Mrs. Sibungo told Ntwala, “You are a good leader.”



Omukulukadhi Sibungo okwa popi naanona. “Ntwala okwa pe Maria egeelo ewanawa. Okwa dhenge Chaze molwaashoka ina sindana mokuyoga. Ngashingeyi ita ka ya mo we methigathano.”

. . .

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.”



“Ndele Meme,” Chaze ti imemeha, “Ngame inandi hala Maria a kale megumbo mOsoondaha. Onda hala naye wo a kale methigathano lyokuyoga moshiwike tashi landula!”

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“But Mum,” Chaze smiled, “I don’t want Maria to stay at home next Sunday. I want to race her at the swimming next week too!”



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Okuyoga momulonga gwaZambezi

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 Kleopas Jambeinge
 (en)

