



Swimming in the Zambezi

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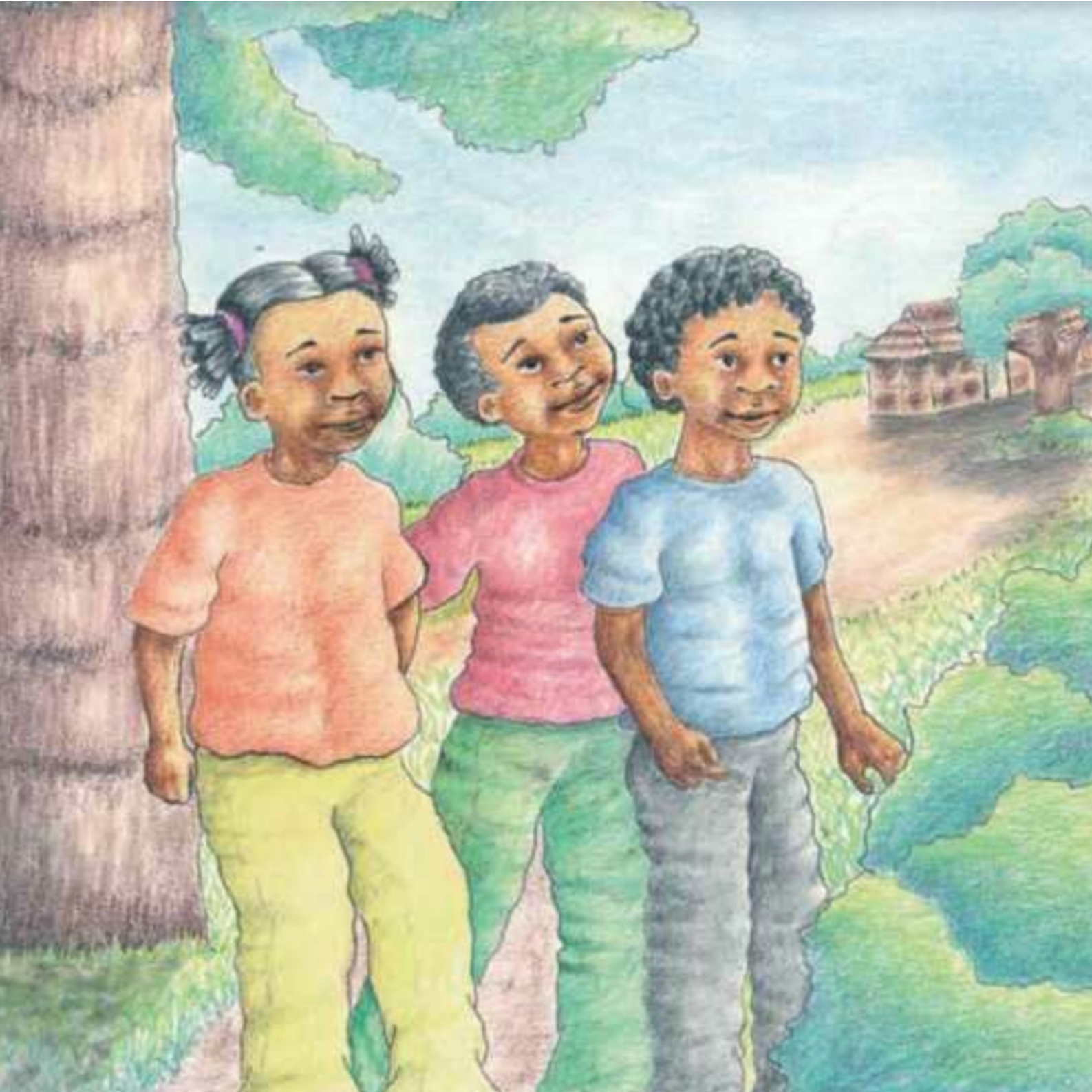
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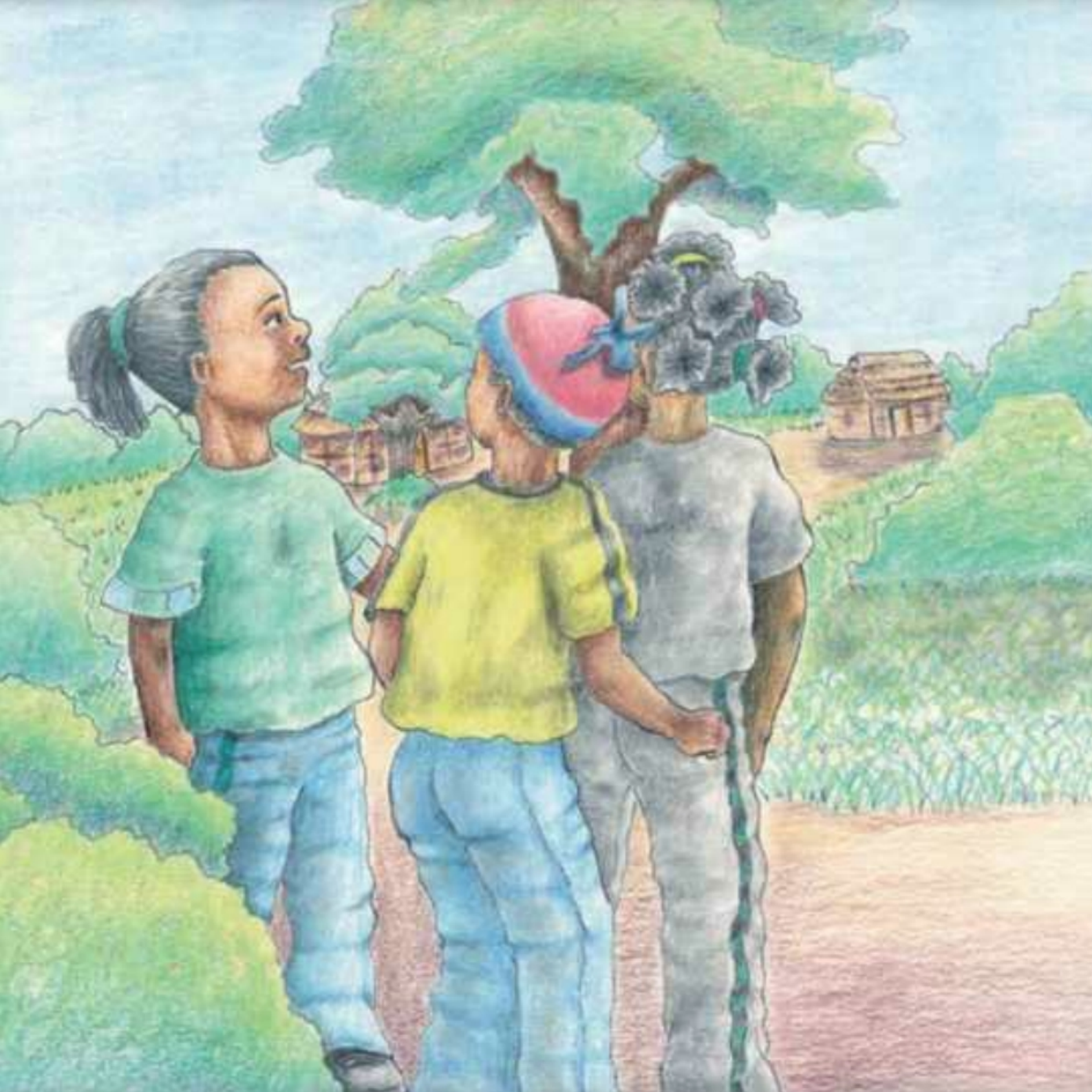




"A friend is one who overlooks
your broken fence and admires
the flowers in your garden,"



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



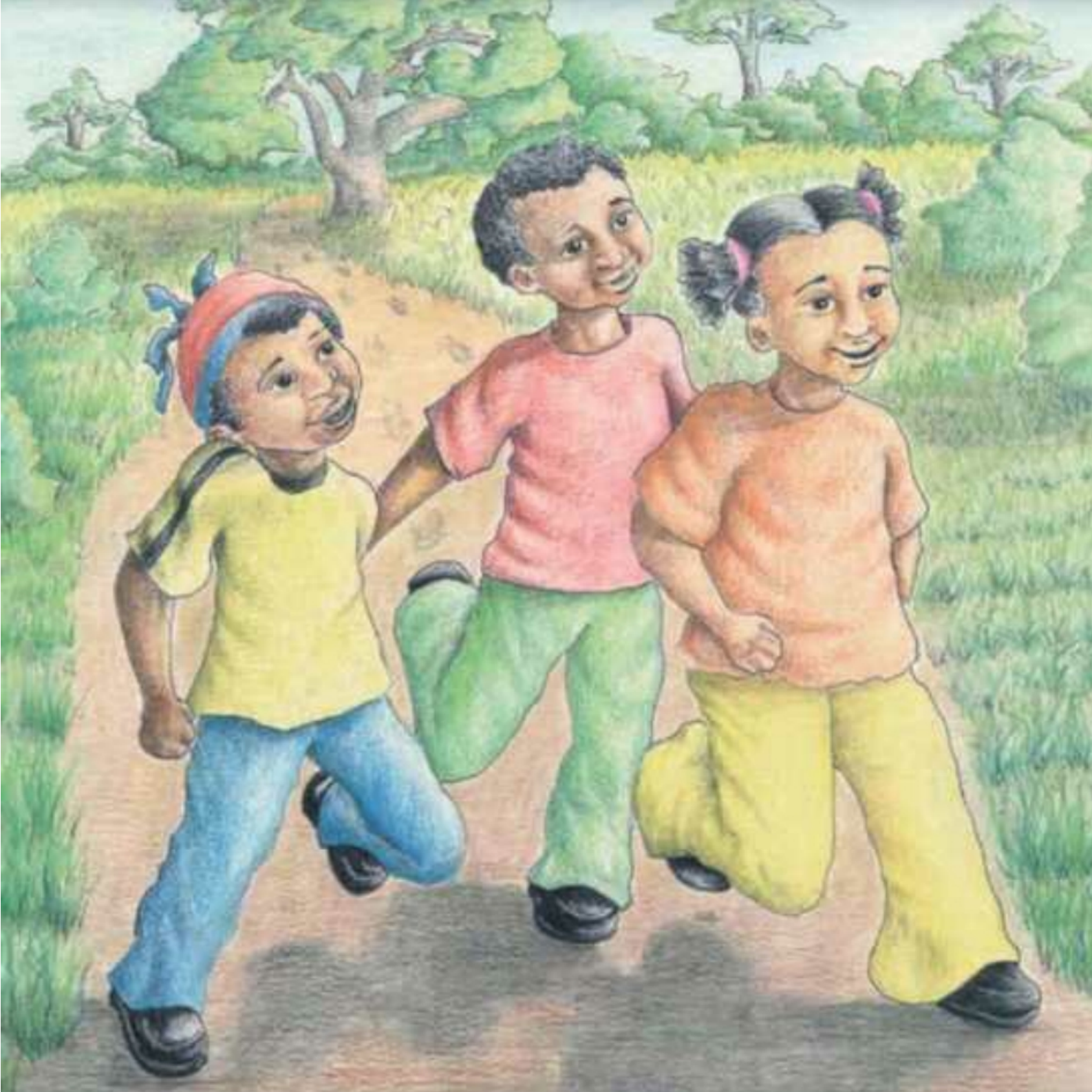
The excited buzz of their voices was
heard all over the village.

They called their friends.

“Nakamwu, I’m waiting for you.”

“Hurry up, Chaze.”

“Silume! Come on!”



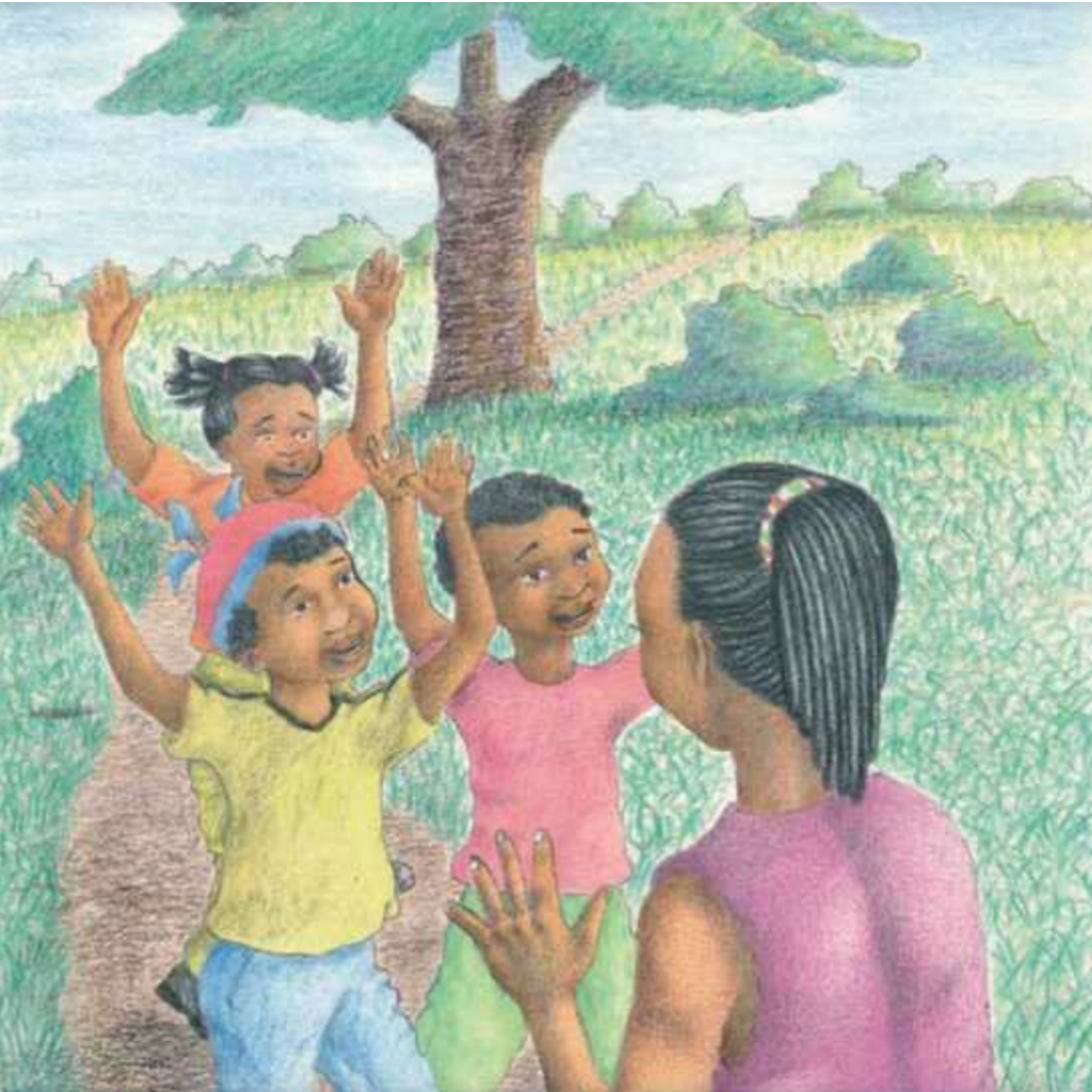
Maria looked around for Ntwala.

Ntwala took them
swimming every Sunday.

“Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaaa! Ntwaloo!”
she called.



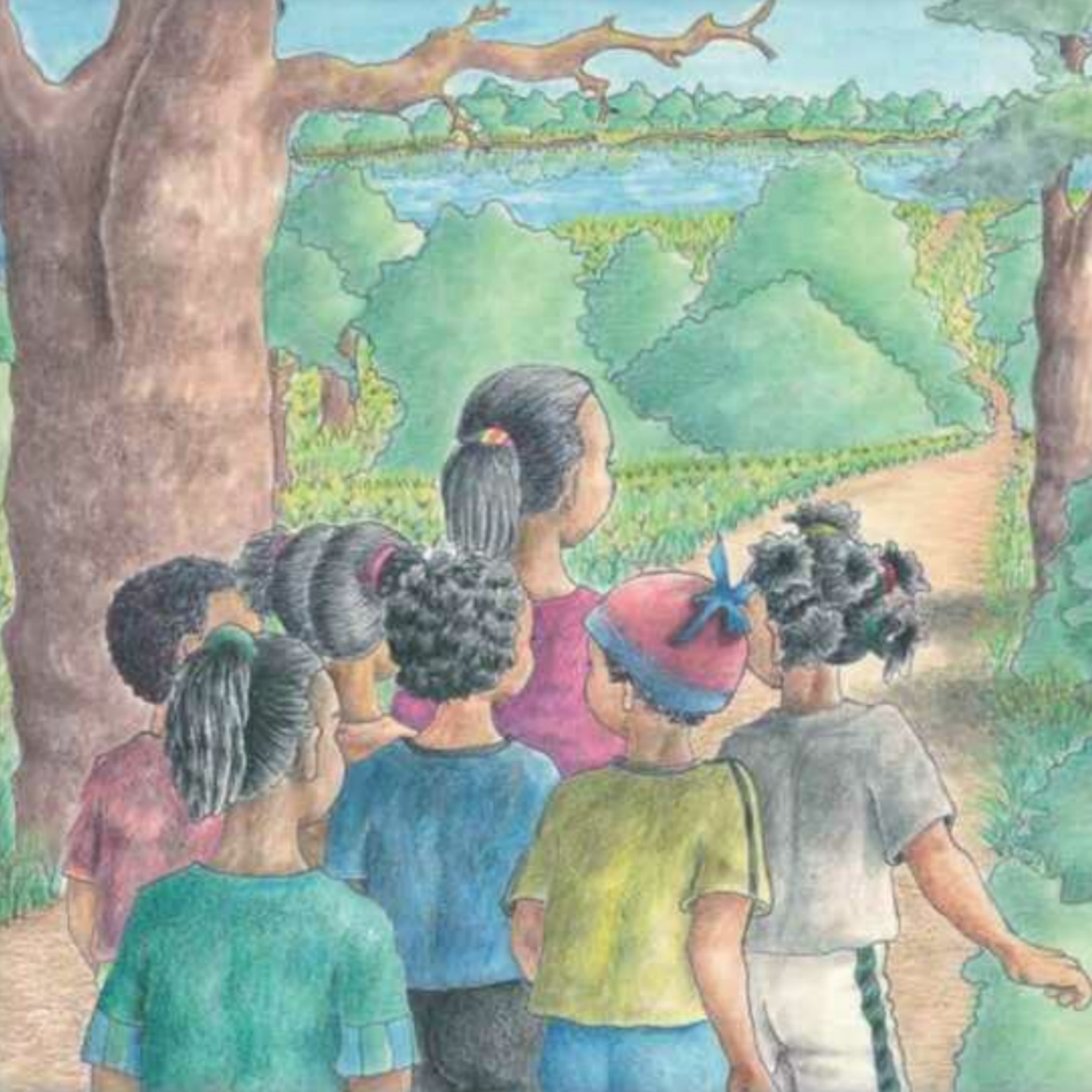
Ntwala shouted from the
other side of the village,
“I’m here! I’m waiting for you.”
All the girls ran to find her.



“Are you ready to go swimming today?”

Ntwala asked them.

**“Yes,” they shouted happily as they
hopped and jumped with excitement.**

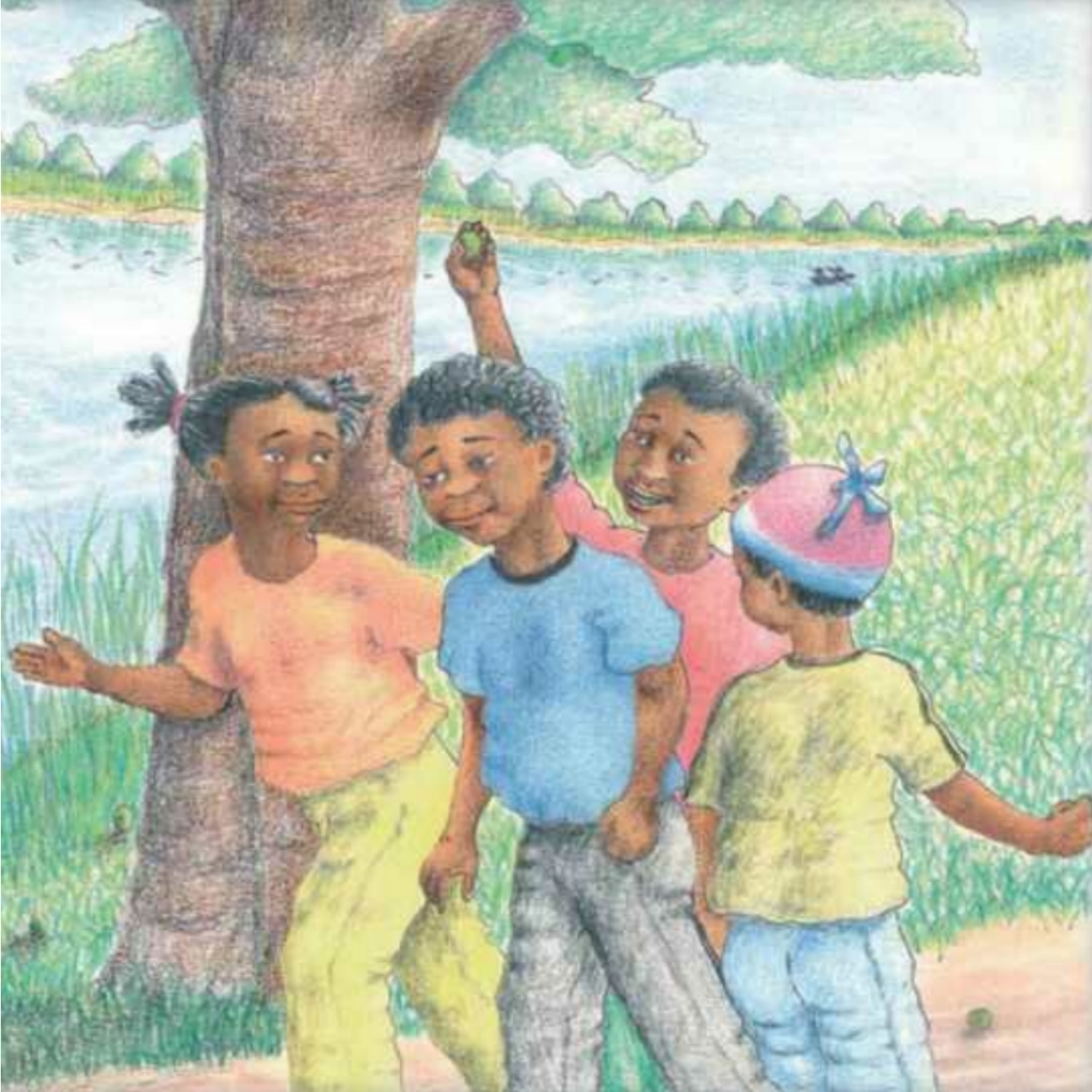


As they walked to the river

Ntwala told them stories.

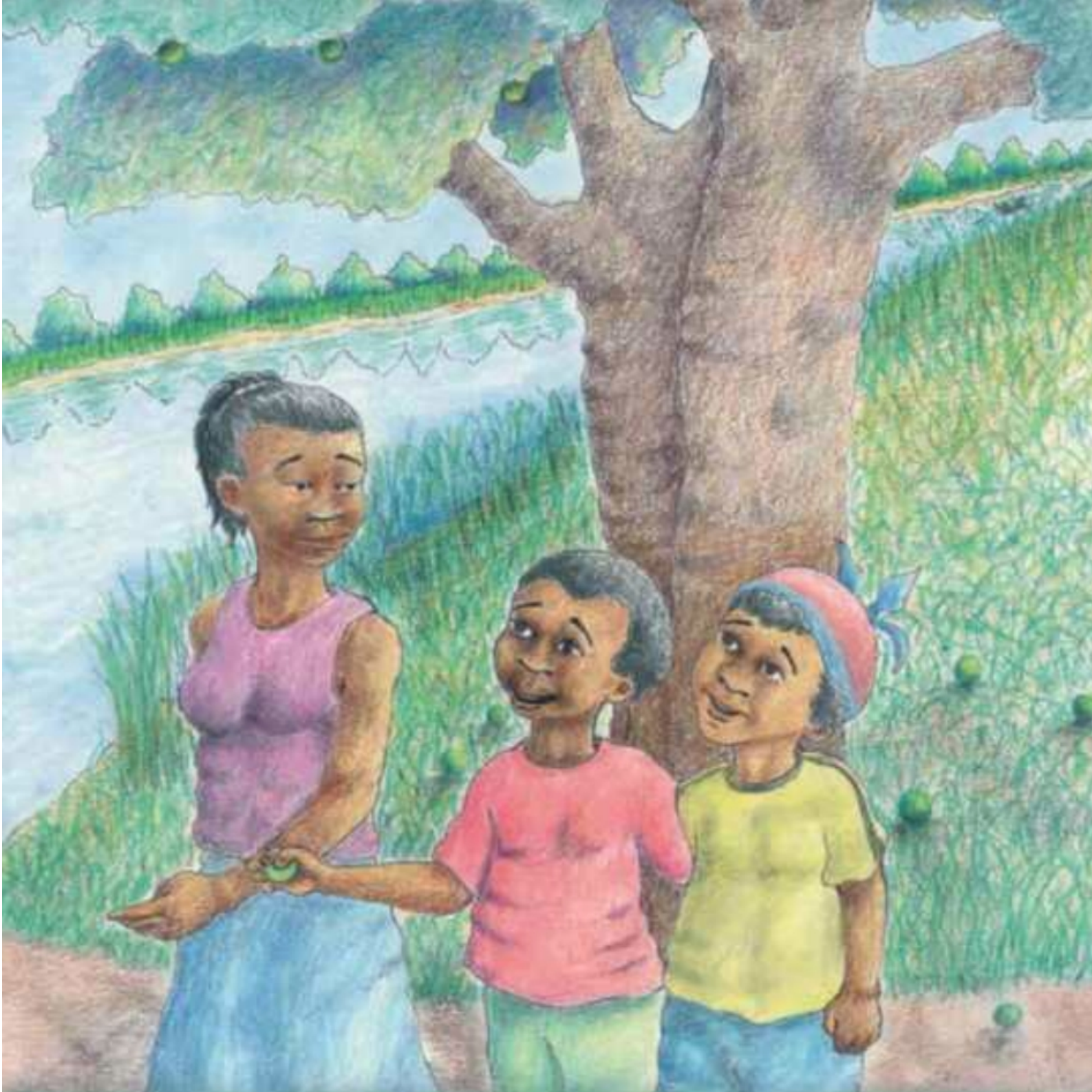
“Tell us about when our village was
flooded,” they called.

“Tell us about the Jackal and the
Baboon.”

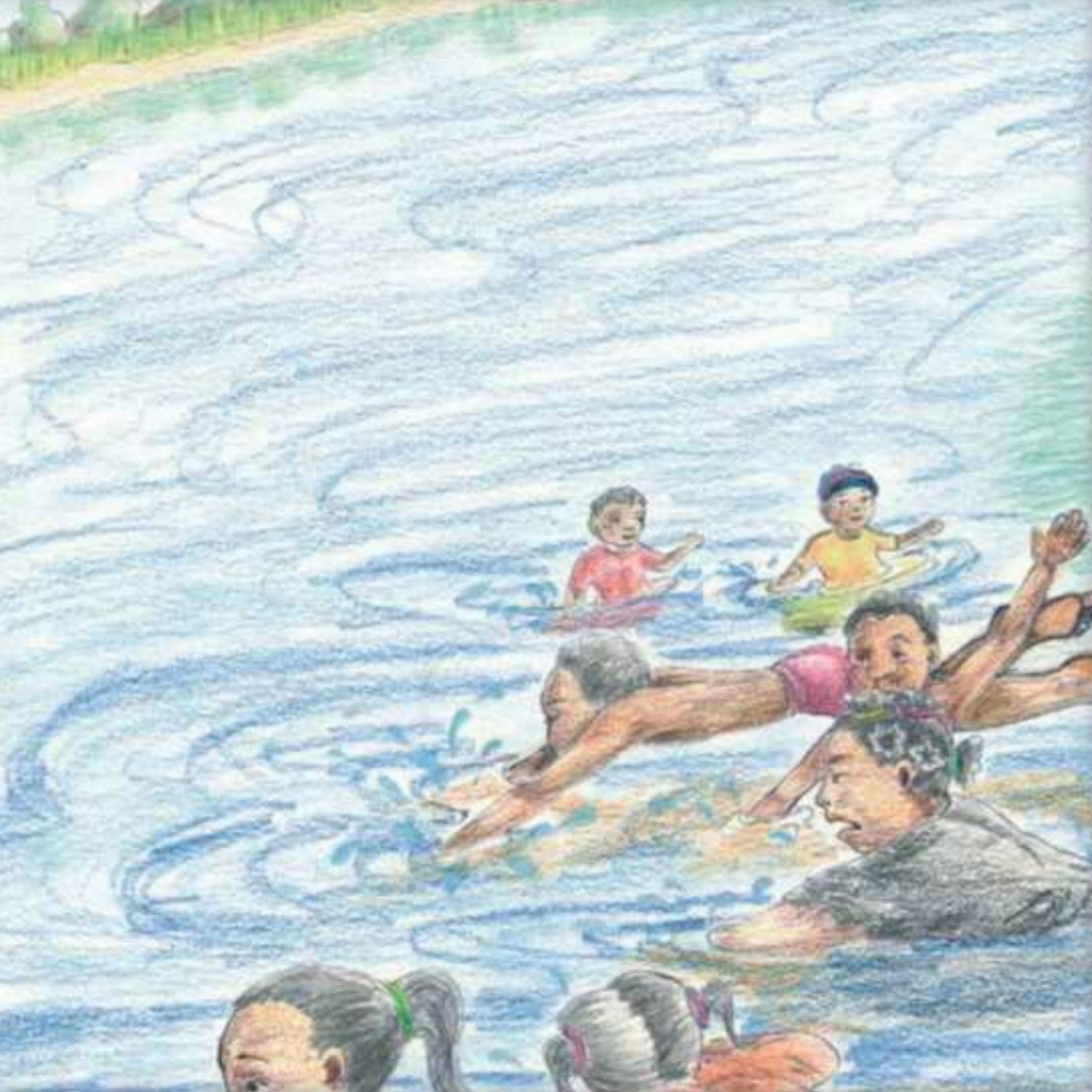


Beside the river there was an
enormous Marula tree.

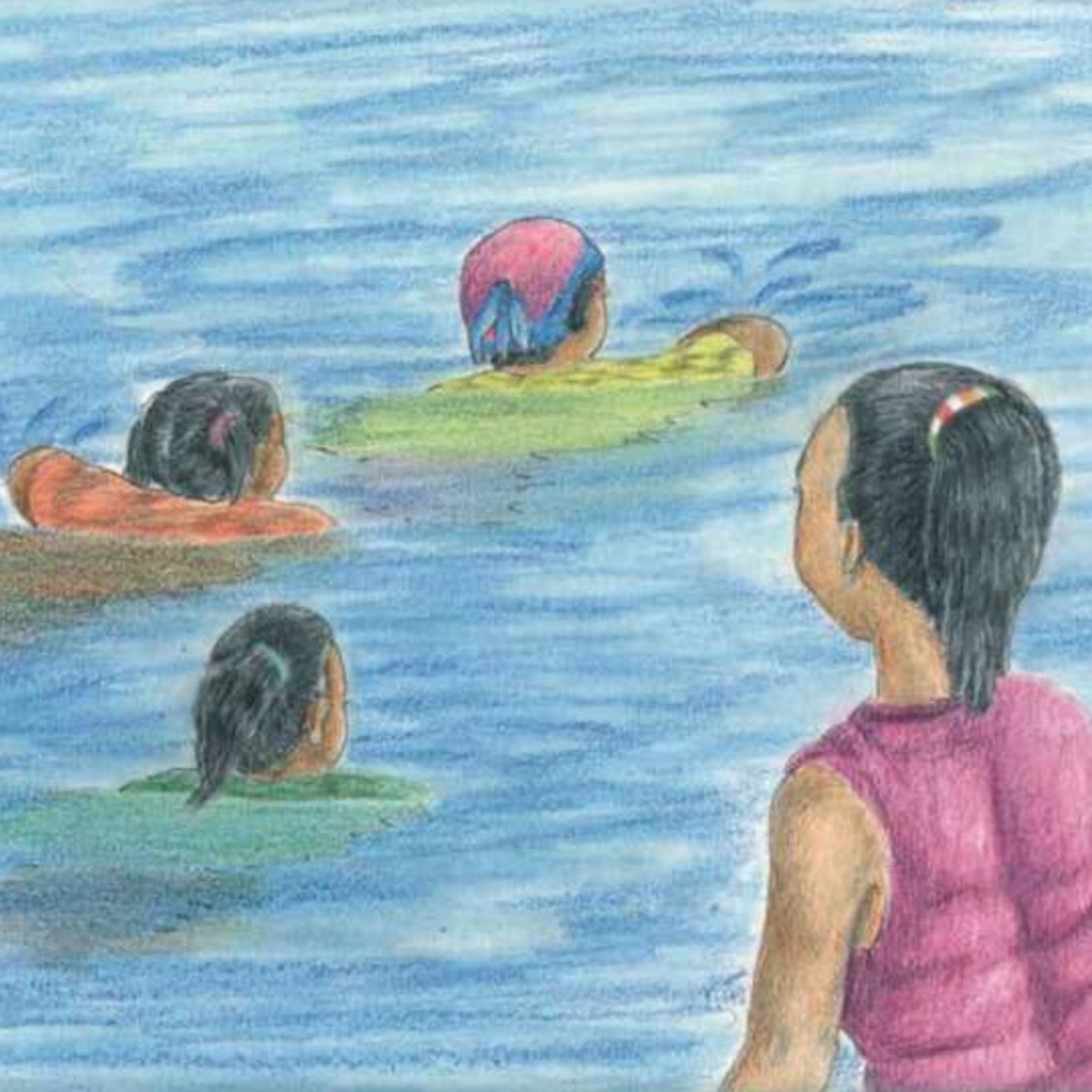
The girls looked for the
biggest marula fruit for Ntwala.



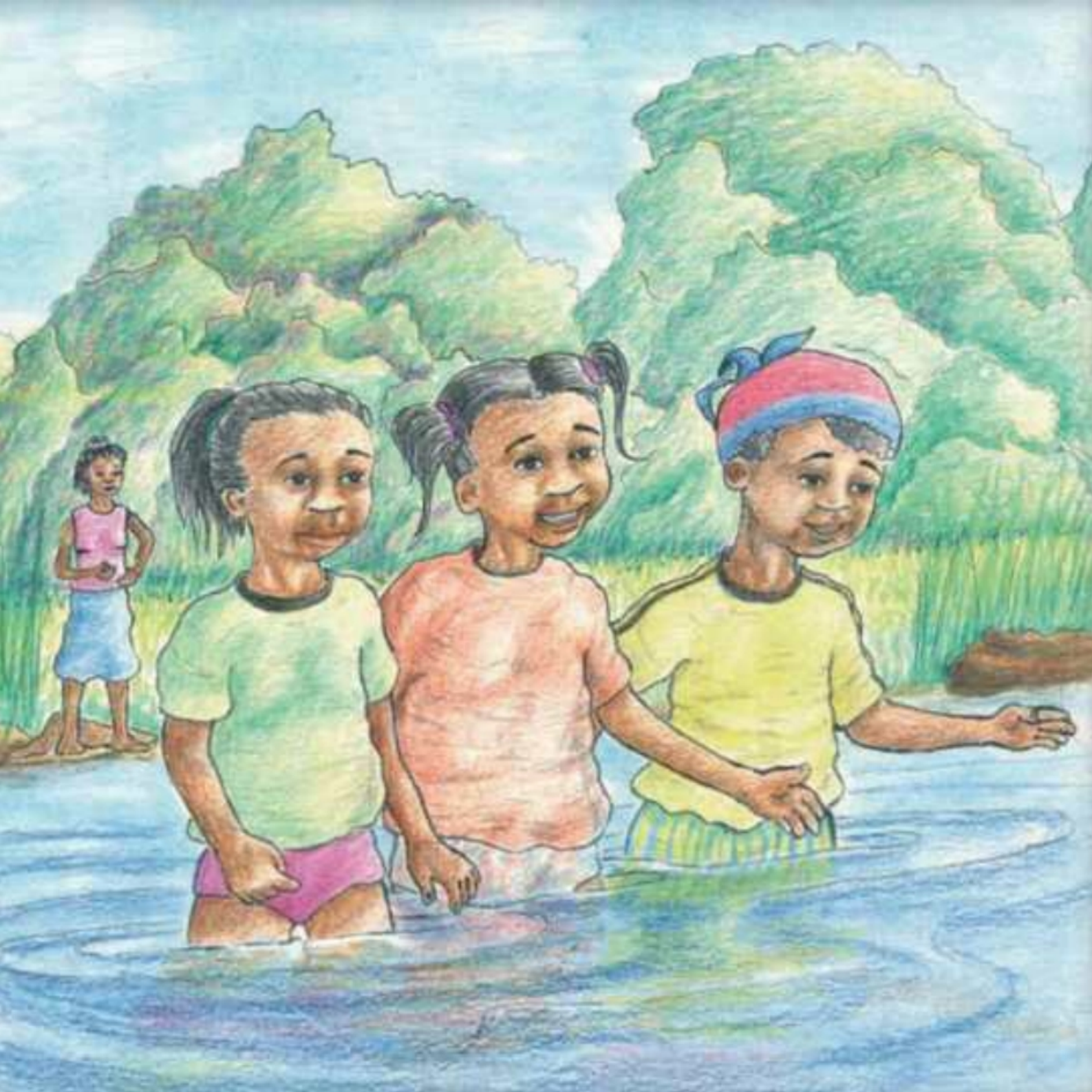
**“I’ve got the biggest,” shouted Joy.
She gave her
marula fruit to Ntwala.**



“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 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.

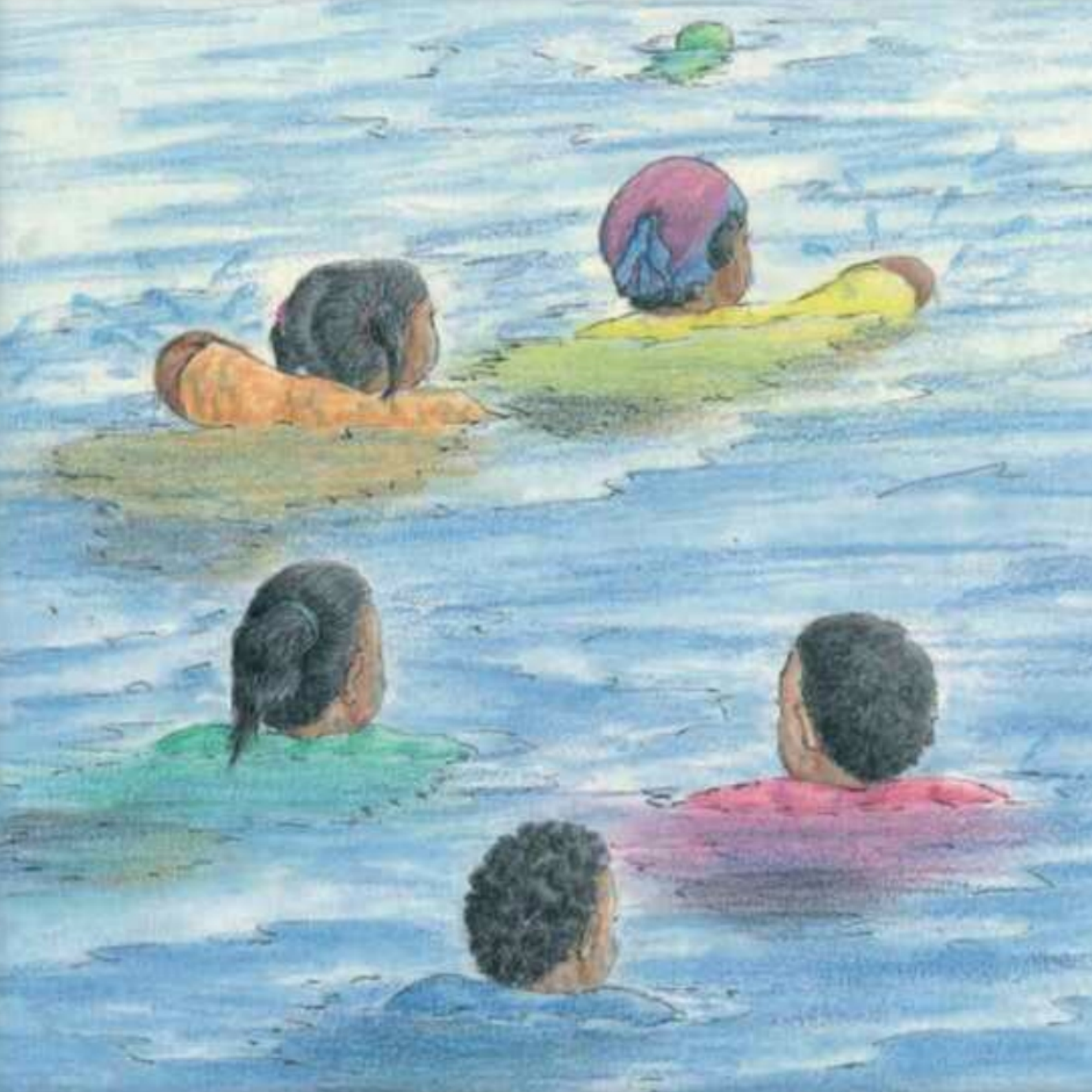


“Competition time,”
she shouted at last.

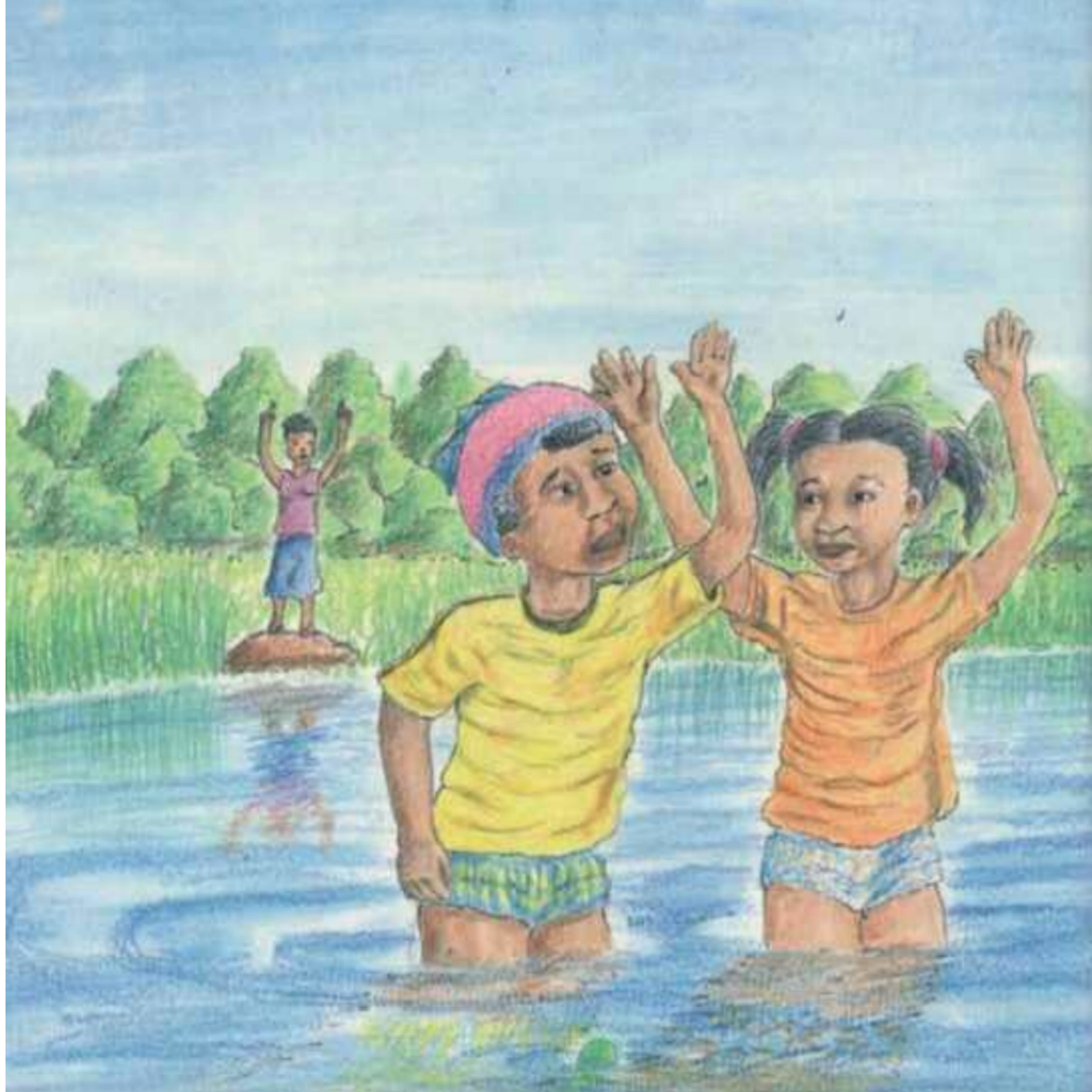
“Stand in a line.”

She picked up the biggest marula fruit.

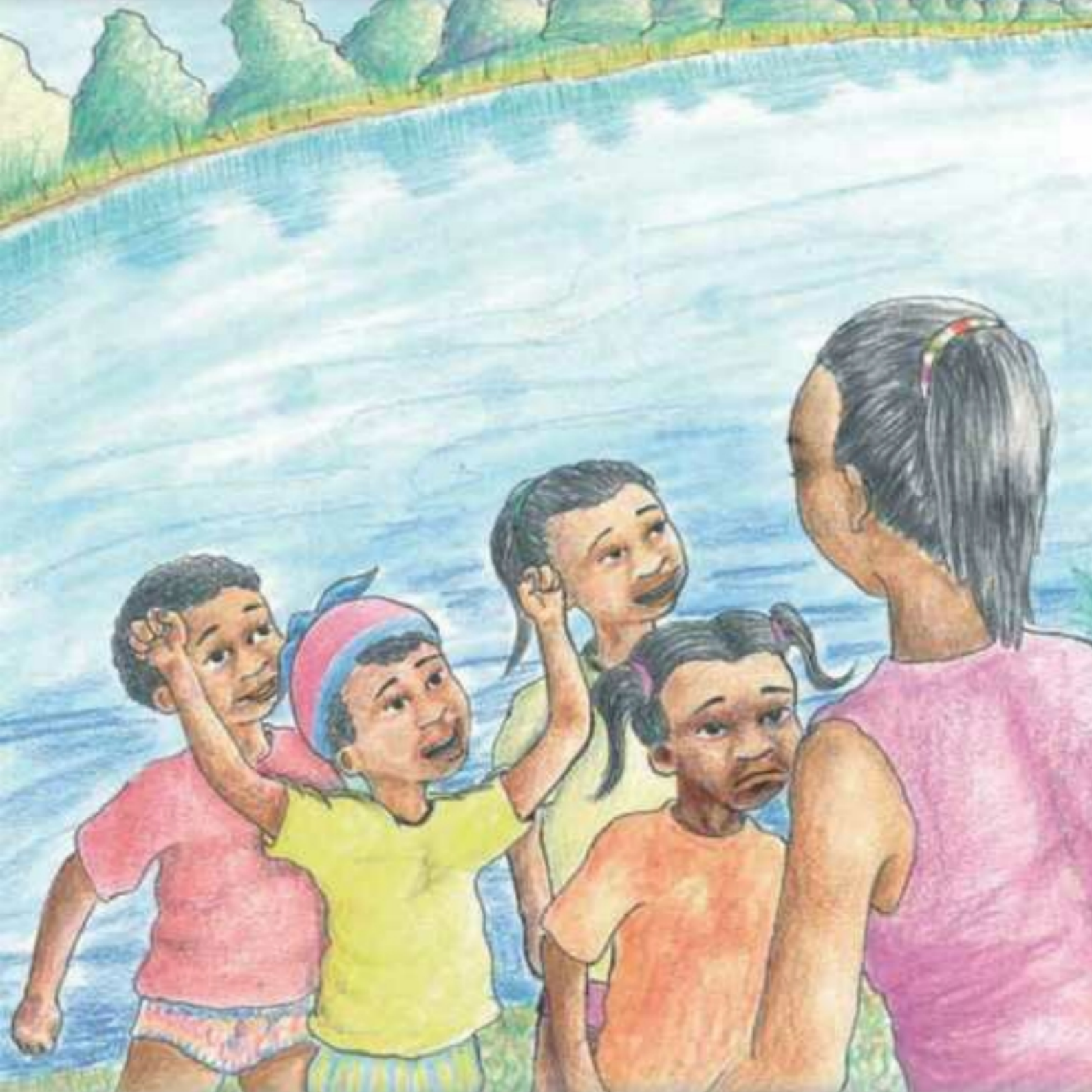
She threw it as far as she could
into the water.



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



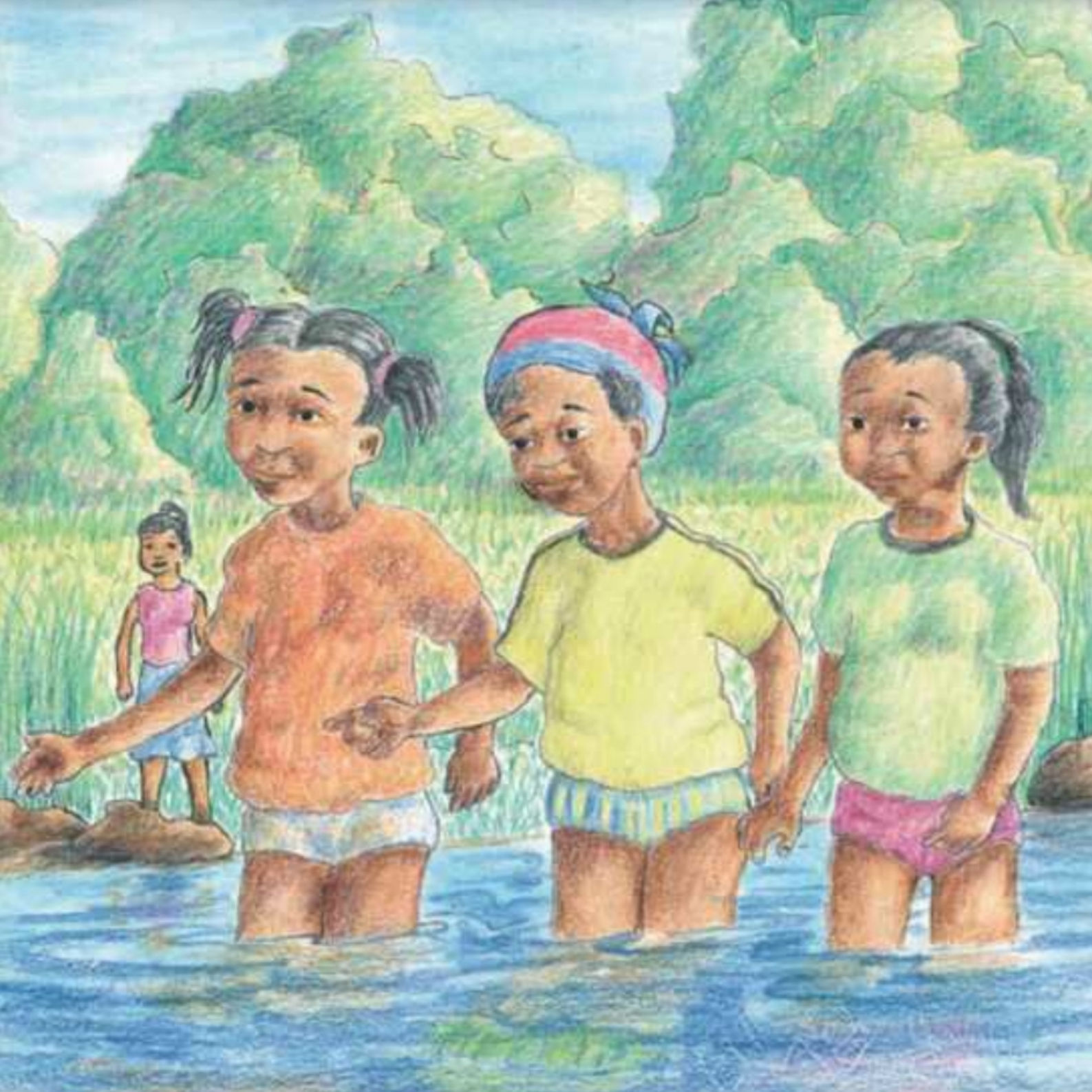
**“I’m first!” shouted
Maria and Chaze at the same time.
“You are both first,”
called Ntwala.**



“I want to race again,” said Maria.

“OK!” said Chaze.

**“Can we, Ntwala?”
asked the other girls.**



“Stand in line again,”

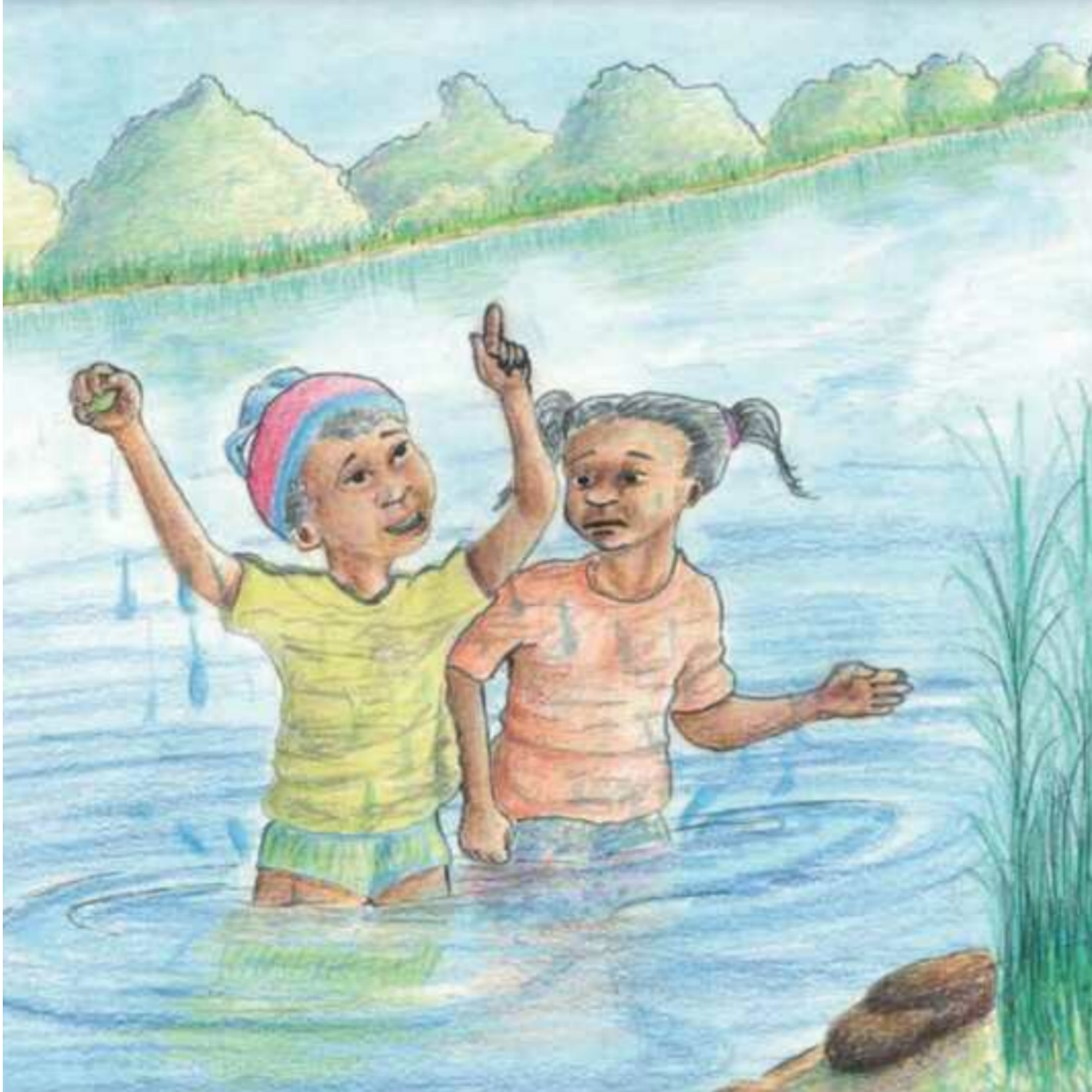
Ntwala told them.

She picked up a marula fruit
and threw it as far as she could.



“One, two, three. GO!” she called.

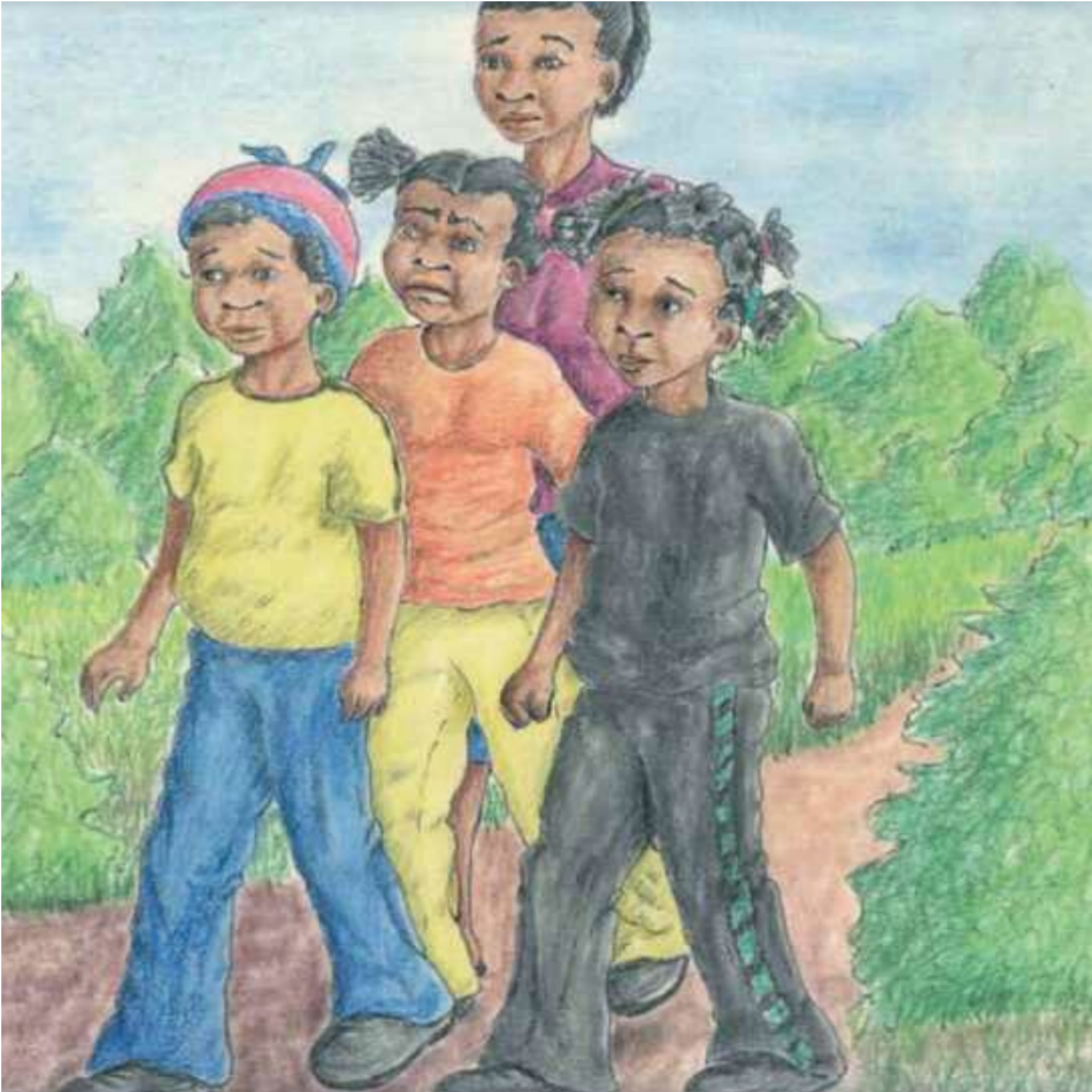
**The children ran into
the water and swam to the marula fruit.
Ntwala watched them.**



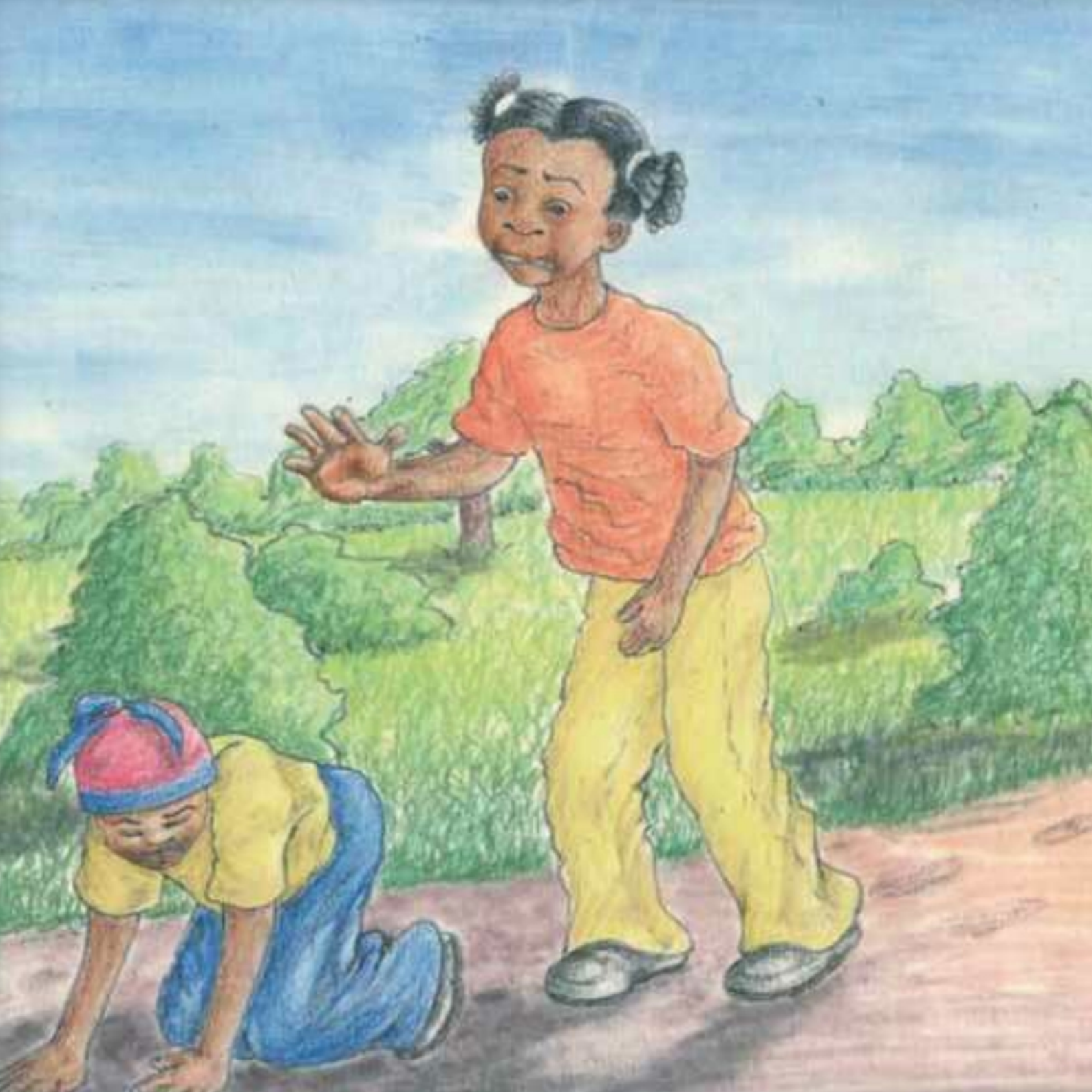
**“I’m first!” shouted Chaze. Maria
stopped swimming.**

“Chaze is the winner,” said Ntwala.

**“Well done, Chaze.
Let’s go home now.”**

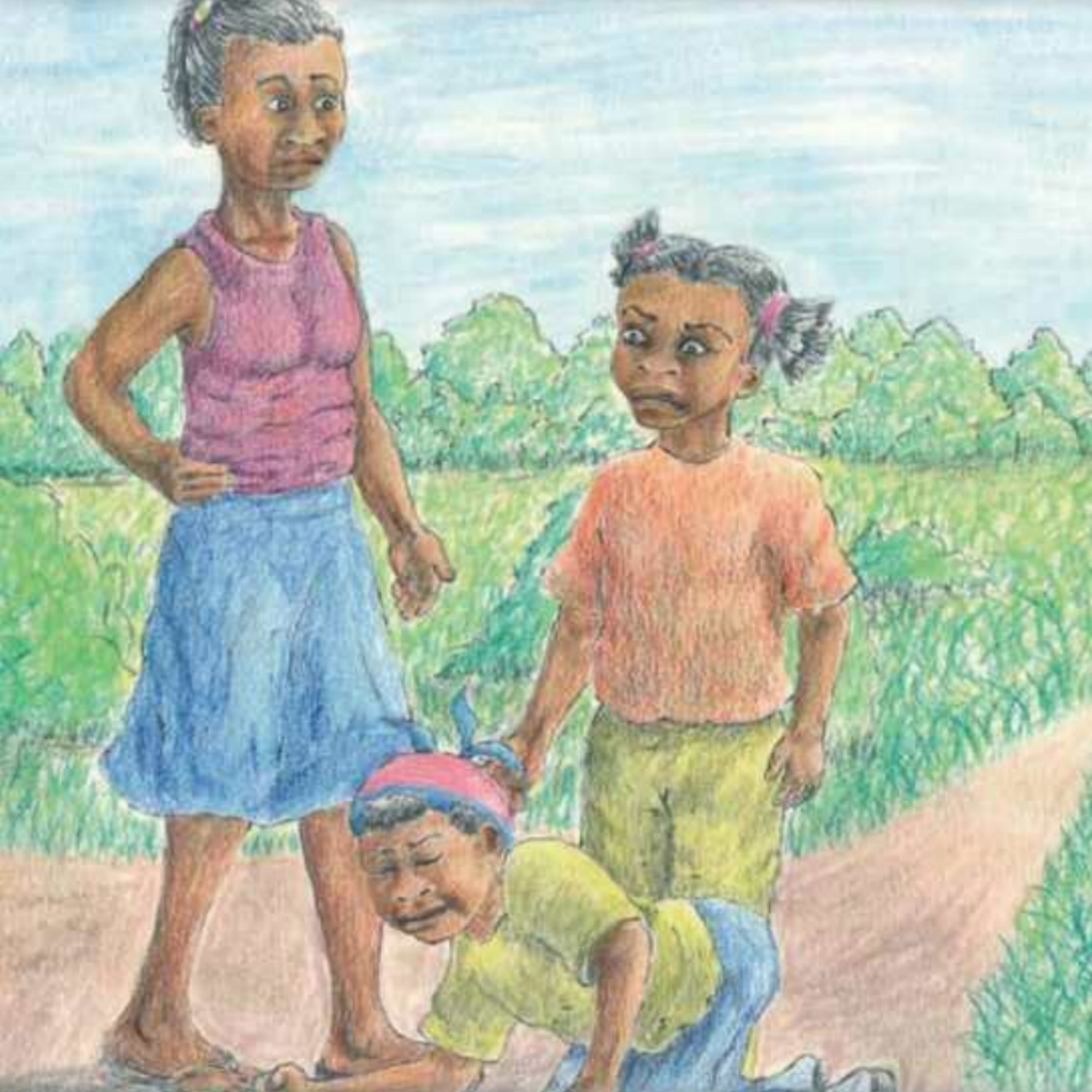


The children walked home with Ntwala.
“Tell us a story, Ntwala,” they asked.
They loved to listen to her
stories.



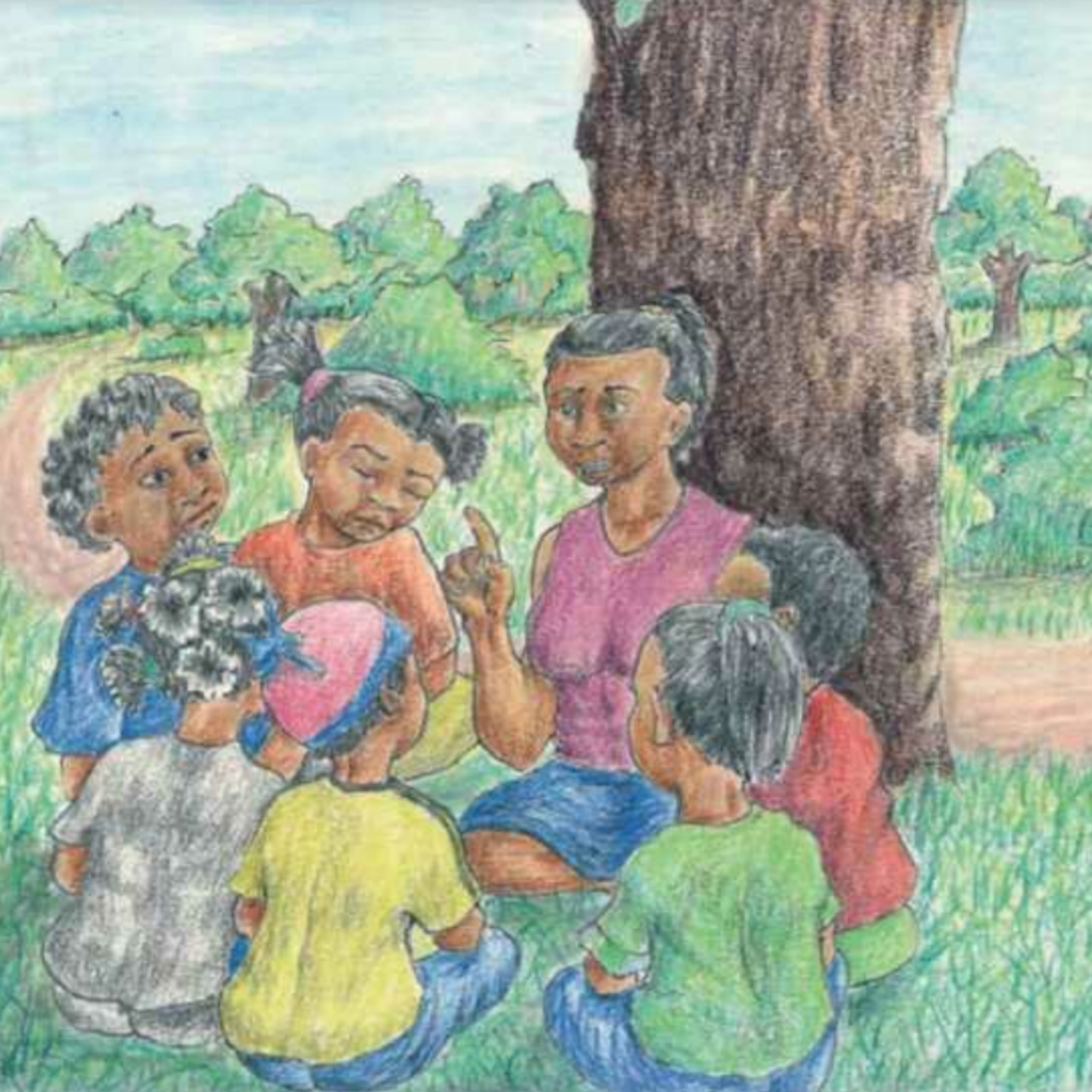
Maria crept up behind Chaze and pushed her to the ground. Chaze started to cry.

“Chaze’s mother will beat you,”
said Joy to Maria.



**“Maria! Why did you hit Chaze?”
asked Ntwala.**

**“She won at swimming. It’s not fair,”
Maria said.**



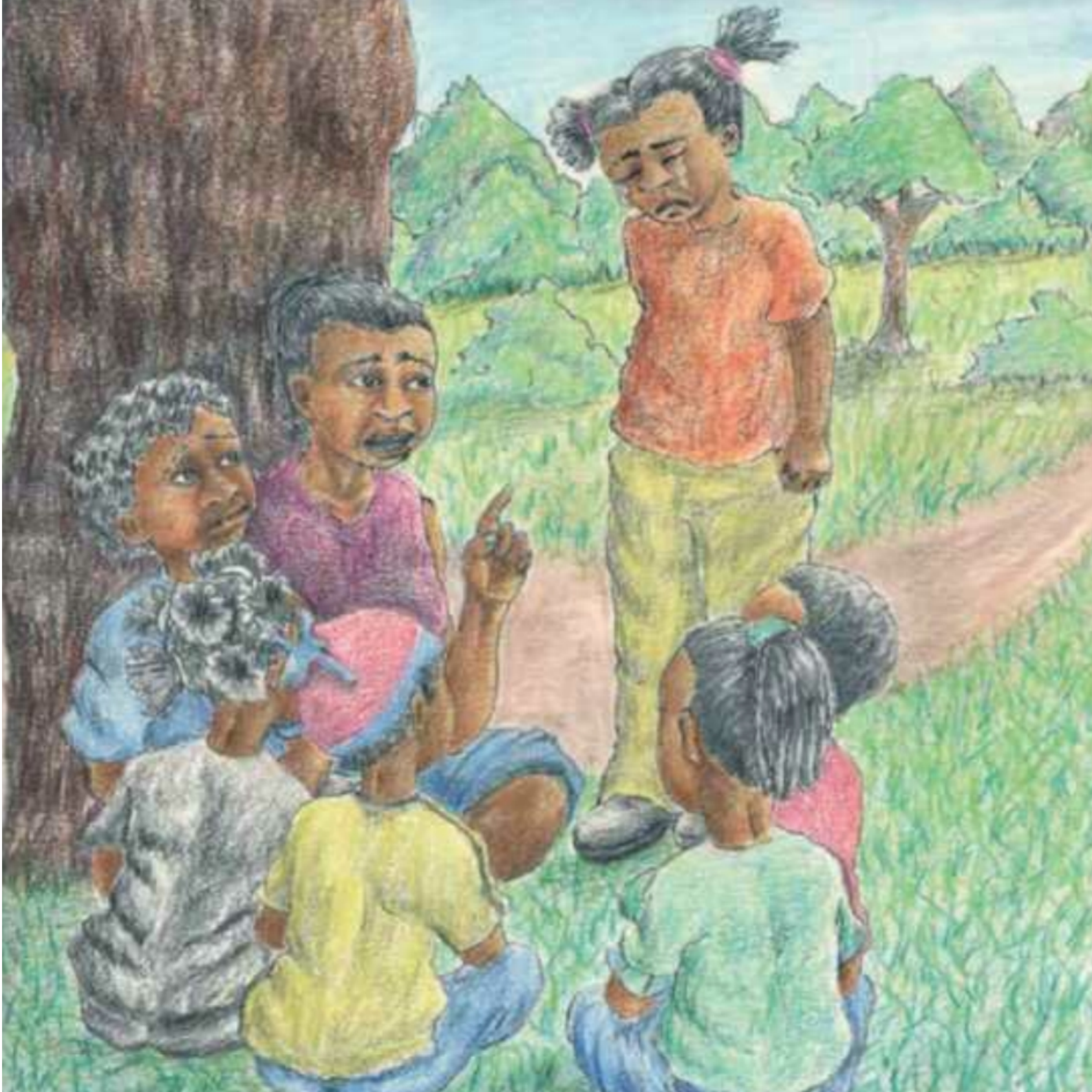
Ntwala asked all the girls to sit in a circle. “What did the principal tell us?” she asked. “It’s bad to fight. People who fight must be punished,” said Nakamwu.



“Maria must say sorry,”
said Namasiku.

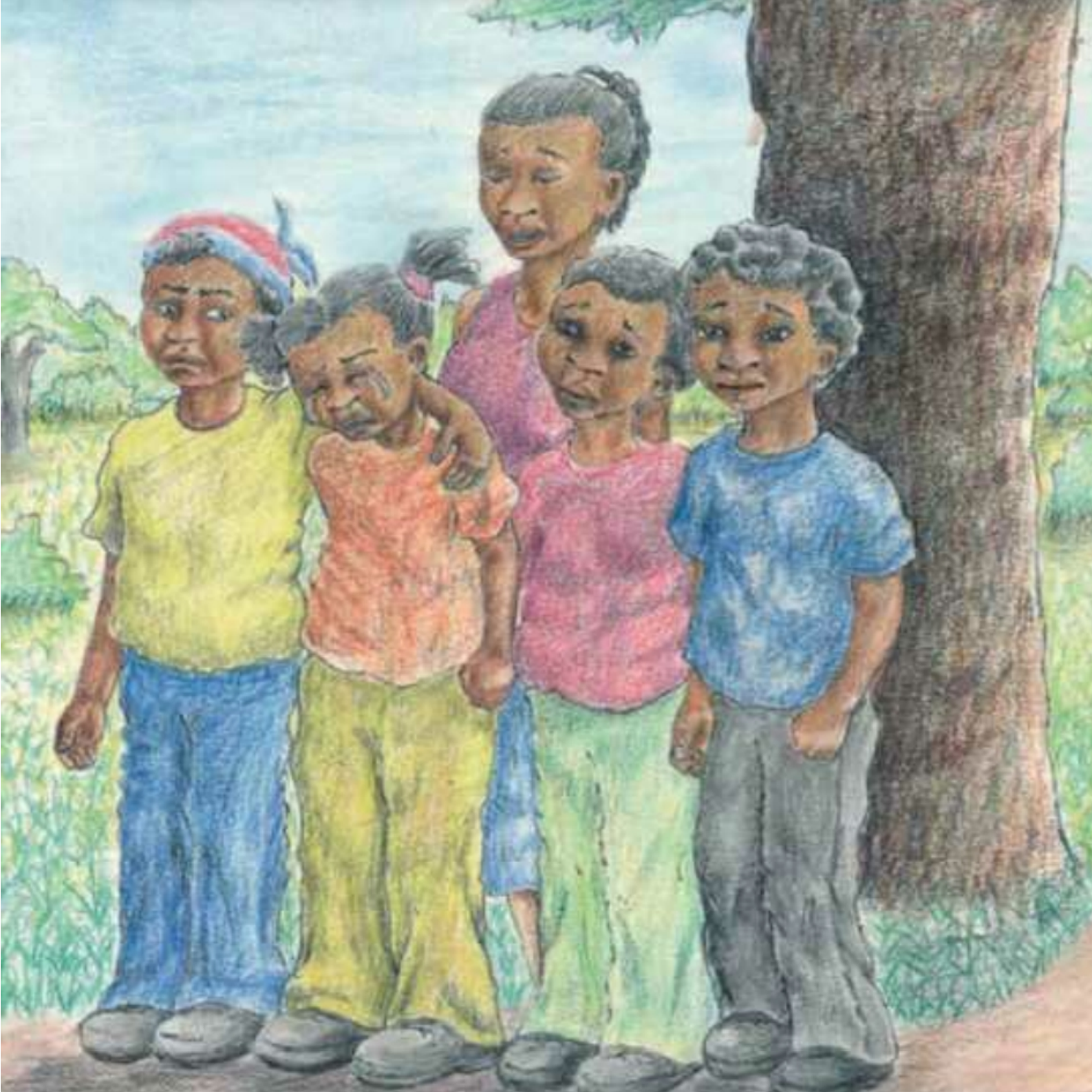
“Chaze must hit her back,” said Joy.

“No, it is wrong to hit each
other,” said Ntwala.



Ntwala said,
“I think Maria should miss swimming
next Sunday.”

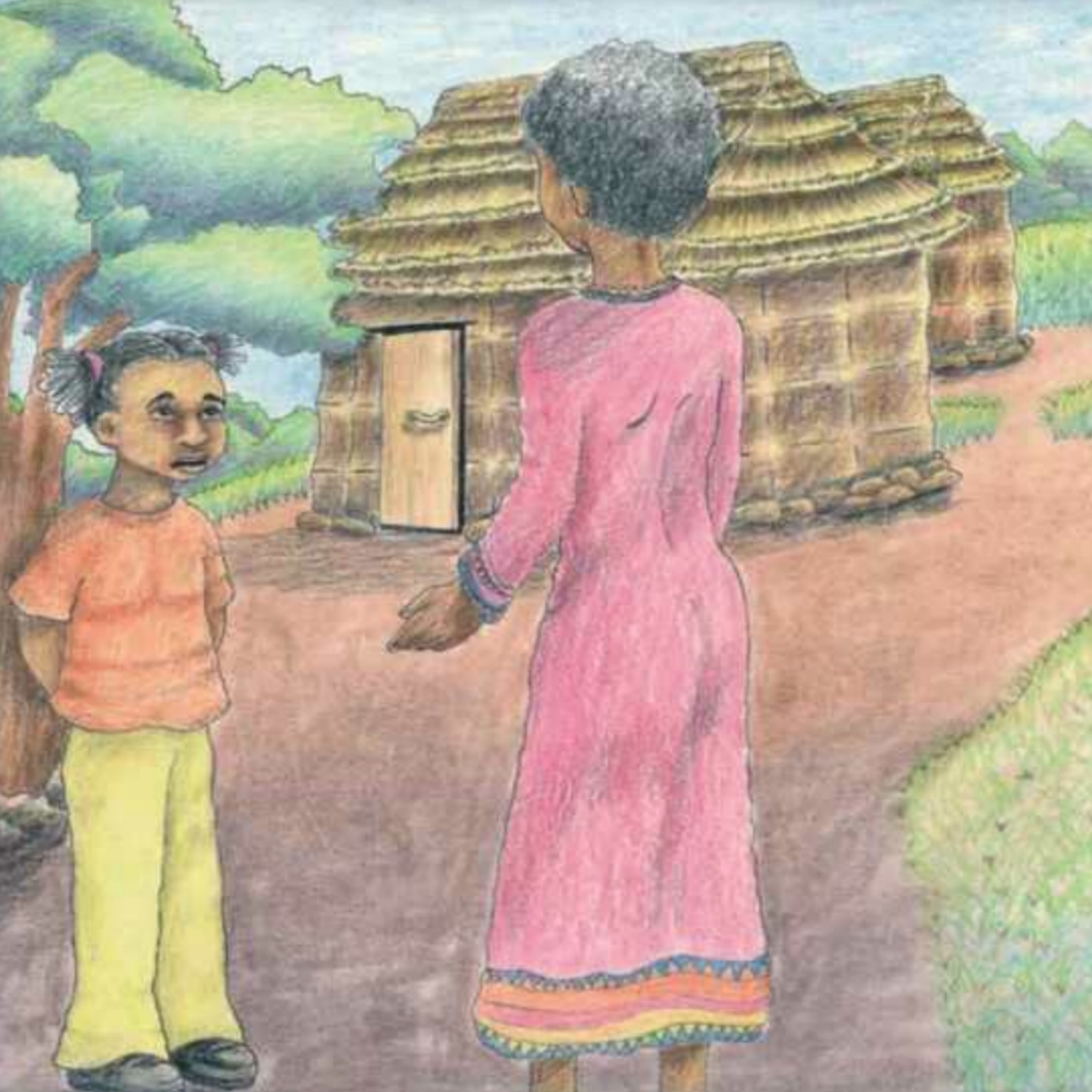
Maria cried a flood of tears.
“I... I... I’m sorry Chaze. I’m sorry I hit
you. I’ll never hit anyone again,”
she apologised.



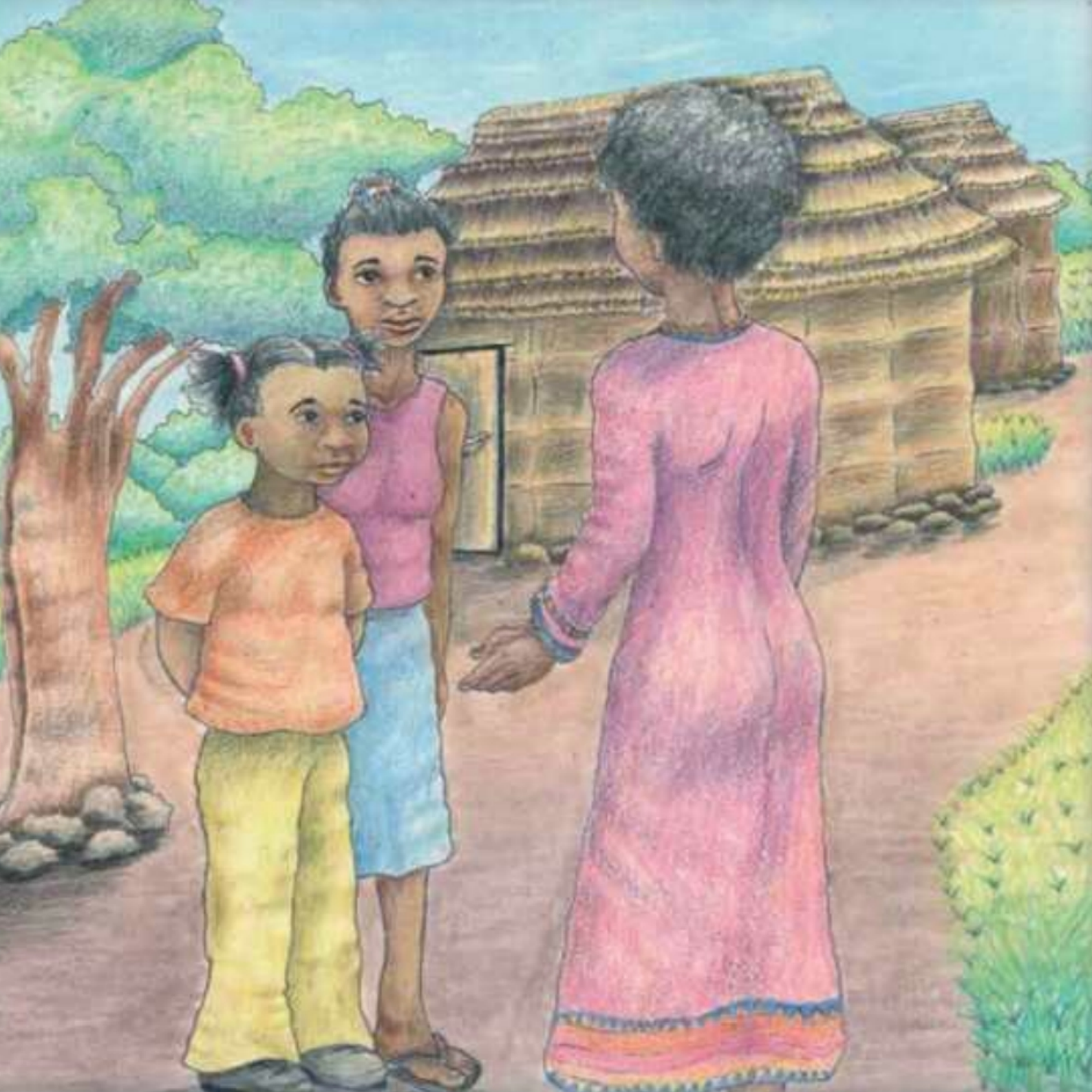
“I forgive you,” said Chaze and put her
arm around Maria.

“Maria and I will come home with you,”
said Ntwala to Chaze.

“Maria will apologise to your
Mother too.”



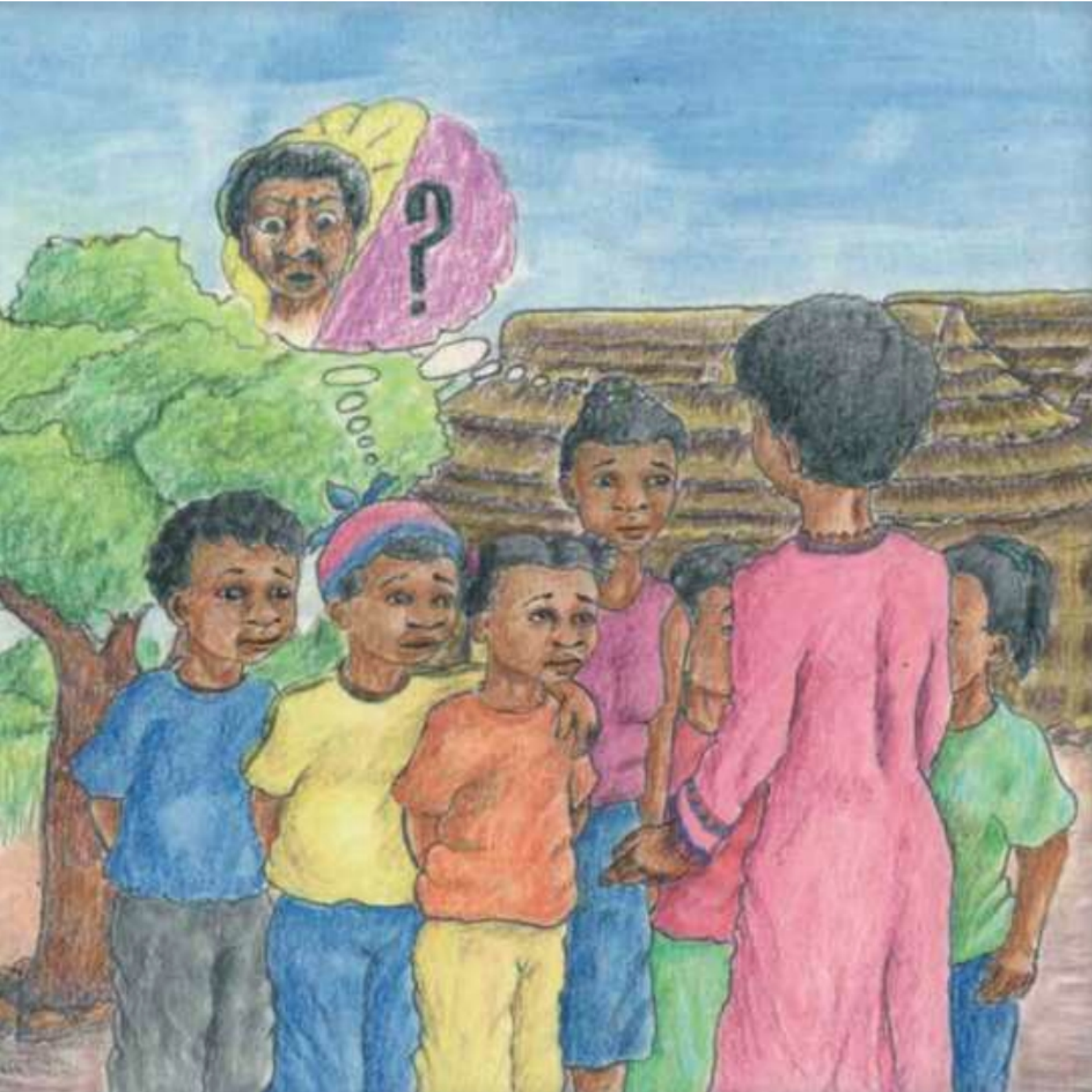
Maria told Chaze's mother,
"I hit Chaze because she
won the race. I'm sorry. Chaze is my
friend, it was bad to hit her."



Mrs. Sibungo listened to Maria.

“That was wrong Maria, it is bad to hit people. Thank you for apologising to me. I forgive you.”

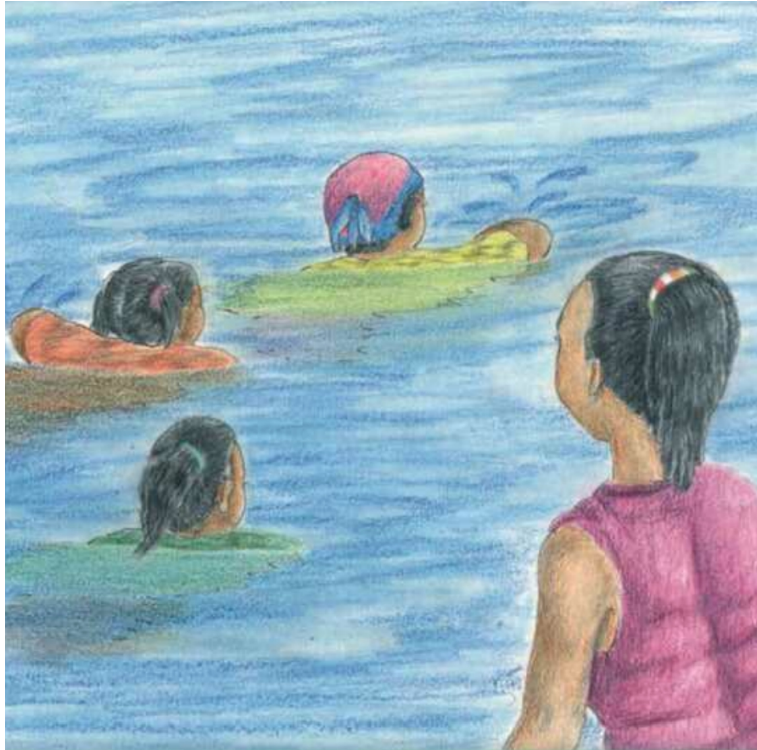
Mrs. Sibungo told Ntwala,
“You are a good leader.”



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.”



“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!”





-THE END-



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&  Kleopas Jambeinge



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