

# **The Death Trap**



**THE DEATH TRAP**

by

***Kaule Katai***

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# 1

## The Death Trap

We were cycling fast down Dole Hill, knowing that very soon night would fall upon us. Our village was a further five kilometres away from the foot of the hill. We had exactly less than an hour before nightfall. My colleague, James, was leading the race down the hill. I was about ten metres behind him when I saw him brake suddenly to a stop. Within seconds, I was next to him and asked, "What is the matter?"

I could see his body shaking like a leaf, from his hair down to his toe. He did not tell me what the matter was but simply pointed ahead of us. What I saw about fifty metres ahead, made me gasp and shudder with fright. Instinctively, I tightened my grip on the handle-bar of my new bicycle.

I could see what looked like two dangerous beasts; one with a fully grown mane. Yes, that was a lion, and the other was a lioness. The two beasts which were first lying down stood up to face us. This was indeed a death trap!

It was not unusual for people travelling at that time of the day to meet such dangerous beasts like lions in that part of the country. Our village was a few kilometres from the Sumbu Game Reserve, where almost all the time, wild animals would wander from the confines of the Reserve and terrorise village gardens and their owners.

I looked at my friend James and tried to whisper to him that everything would be alright, but I noticed that he seemed to be losing his foothold on the ground and was slowly starting to fall down. I instantly knew that my friend was either in the process of fainting or was having a heart-attack of some kind. Then I remembered a story that my father had told me when I was ten years old about the nature of lions and lionesses.



*Lion and lioness of the jungle*

\*\*\*\*

"Lions are beasts that express a lot of fear like gazelles when taken by surprise also," he started.

"How do you frighten a lion, father!" I remember encouraging him to continue with the story.

"You should know that they often move in what are called prides. A pride of lions would have about two or more in number. You would easily recognise a male by its over-grown mane around its neck. Females or lionesses are plain in the neck, looking like over-grown dogs," he explained.

"How do you instil fear in them?" I persisted.

"This is what happens when they want to attack you. The male would start to roar; graah, graah, graah! for quite some time while the lioness would sternly be watching you, to see whether you would make any movement. After roaring hard, the lion would now prepare to attack by advancing towards you, because its aim is to kill for the lioness; it brings out all its verociousness. This is the time when you should now give it a scare of its life!" my father boasted.

"How do you do it?" I further asked.

"As the lion advances, you should also start advancing towards it. If the lion is growling and snarling as it meets you, you should also growl and snarl: simply make some strange

noise of some kind! This act shows the lion that you are as deadly and dangerous as it is. What follows thereafter can surprise you! The lion and perhaps the whole pride would scatter and run away immediately to a distance of about five kilometres. That would then give you ample time to run as fast as your legs or your bicycle can take you, because if you don't, lions usually come back to check out what really frightened them; Was it real or phoney? If you are still around, then you would surely find your own death," he narrated.

"What if the lioness urinates before the lion attacks?" I asked, because a friend of mine had informed me that if the lioness urinates then you are out of danger because the anger in both beasts is subdued.

"If the lioness urinates before the male attacks, then the lion would simply stand still in front of you for quite some time, watching you. During this time, don't move a toe or a finger because if you do, the lion would immediately strike. If it proves beyond all reasonable doubt that you are harmless, the beasts would leave you alone and continue on their journey," my father finished the tale.

\*\*\*\*

The lion was now ten metres in front of us and it was roaring angrily and hungrily at us. My friend James had by now regained his strength and was standing up again holding on to his bicycle shakingly. I then whispered to him, "Let us ring our bicycle bells at the same time and make a similar growling noise while advancing boldly towards the beasts."

Before he could have a chance to refuse my instructions, I had already started ringing my bicycle bell and also growling and snarling like a lion: graah, graah! and advancing towards the beasts majestically without showing any fear at all. To my consolation, James also started after me, ringing his bicycle bell and roaring too!

At a frightening and lightening speed, both beasts jumped into the thick forest out of our small path. I screamed to James, "Now, let us ride and go away from this evil place!"

\*\*\*\*

We tried to jump on our bicycles the first time, but we both fell off due to fright. We tried the second time, we again fell off! On the third attempt, we were speeding like *impalas* down the bushy path towards our village. We never looked back. I was now ahead of James. I didn't care whether he was behind me or not. It was each one for himself and the devil for us all. It was my survival that mattered now, not anyone else's.

We rode our bicycles like mad people. When my grandmother who was sitting outside her hut saw us, literally flying on our bicycles towards her, she ran into her hut and shut the door hard behind her.

We both disembarked from our bicycles at my grandmother's hut and immediately fell down to the ground unconsciously.

\*\*\*\*

When my grandmother came out of her hut about a minute or two later, she found both of us lying sprawled on the ground as if dead on one side of her hut and two bicycles placed against her hut on the other side. She was so terrified that she started screaming out my grandfather's name for help.

The screaming attracted many men and women who found our two unconscious bodies lying sprawled on the ground. As they came nearer, they immediately knew that we had had a near escape from the jaws of a lion. We had the lion's scent all over our bodies.

*This story teaches us not just to be brave, but also to learn from others, how to cope with crises that one encounters in life.*

## WHAT CAN YOU REMEMBER?

### Section A

1. What means of transport was the author and his friend using when they came face to face with the two beasts?
2. How would you describe the two beasts that stood in the path of the two men?
3. Why was James speechless when he was asked, "What is the Matter?" And why was he falling down?
4. Why was it not, unusual to meet wild animals in that part of the country?
5. In the story, what is referred to as "The Death Trap?"
6. According to the explanation given by the author, what would you do to surprise a lion that is about to attack you?
7. If you were about to be attacked by a lioness then it suddenly urinated, what would be your reaction?
8. Suggest reasons that might help to explain why the author and his friend James fell to the ground unconsciously when they reached the village.
9. How did the villagers know that the author and his friend had escaped from the jaws of a lion?

### Section B

1. Explain the meaning of the following words:
  - (a) nightfall
  - (b) a beast
  - (c) a mane
  - (d) game reserve
  - (e) fainting
  - (f) surprise
  - (g) phoney
  - (h) unconscious
  - (i) verociousness

## Section C

1. Arrange the following phrases and words meaningfully:

### Phrases

- (a) to speak in low voices
- (b) to walk fearlessly with pride
- (c) speeding like *impalas*
- (d) showing a lot of fear
- (e) a colleague
- (f) to lose a foothold

### Words

- fall down
- cycle fast
- terrified
- friend
- majestic
- whisper

2. A lion, *impala* and a *gazelle* are all wild animals. Mention ten other wild animals that you know, putting them into two groups as follows:

### Peaceful wild animals

e.g. *roan antelope*

### Dangerous wild animals

e.g. *buffalo*

3. The author had used the phrase, "*It was each one for himself and the devil for us all....*" What did he mean by this statement?



## 2

### A Myth OR A Reality

All the fifteen girls were excited as each of them signed the visitor's register which was spread on a concrete slab a few metres from what looked like a gate to the Kalambo Falls spectacle.

The beauty and splendour that emanated from the falling body of water, thirty metres away, added to the excitement that was going on amongst the girls.

As soon as the last girl had endorsed her signature on the register, the Guide suggested that I gather the girls together so that he could give us a briefing on the short history of the Kalambo Falls.

The girls had been drawn from all streams of the school; starting from grade eight up to grade twelve. Jane, the Head-girl, was also present and was in fact the Chairperson of the Motomoto Secondary School Geography Club. Joyce, a well-known notorious girl of the school, was also there and her behaviour at this moment was slowly getting out of hand.

Visiting places of interest, such as National Monuments and Industrial Plants, was not unusual for the Motomoto Secondary School Geography Club. The Club made sure that it made a tour of at least two places of interest annually. Already, the Club had paid a visit to Kapiri Glass Factory at Kapiri Mposhi and now they were here at Kalambo Falls in the north-eastern border of Mbala; a place surrounded by the evergreen forests and giant igneous rocks, one of which was the solid deep channel taken by the Falls itself.

No sooner had the girls gathered than the Guide started what seemed like a fairy tale of a briefing.



*Amongst evergreen forests where the Kalambo Falls lies*

"The first fires ever known to have been used by man were made here at the Kalambo Falls. You could also rightly say that the first *homo sapien* started eating cooked food from this place." He seemed to recite the story as if he had done it a million times.

"When you descend down to where the waterfall ends, you should follow rules, instructions and obey everything I am going to give you right now," the Guide continued.

"Hey, what instructions and rules!, you mean we have to have all that rubbish even here in the bush like Kalambo?" Joyce, the notorious girl retorted.

"Oh yes, because if you don't, you alone will remain here amongst these rocks and forests. Other people who had disregarded the rules and regulations of this place had disappeared' just like that," snapping his thumb and the middle finger together at the same time, the Guide emphasised his point.

"Me! I can't remain here; nothing can really happen to me. Those are just myths that you want to threaten us with," Joyce replied arrogantly.

"Just wait and see what happens if you are still a 'doubting Thomas'. Anyway, you should remember the following dos and don'ts:

“Don't wash in the stream near the waterfall with soap; take off your shoes or sandals near the waterfall; don't swim naked upstream before the waterfall; use polite language near the falls; don't throw stones or any rubbish at the waterfall; and don't smoke cigarettes of any kind at the waterfall.

“Contrary to the above don'ts, you can do the following: you can throw silver, or other coins on the waterfall; you can sing songs of praise and you can throw foodstuffs that you may have.

“These are only rules for the area above the waterfall. And if we happen to descend down stairs to the bottom of the waterfall, you will have a pleasure of seeing the following things: A variety of fruits such as bananas, mangoes, oranges, pawpaws and tangerines, don't pick any fruit and eat!”

“You will also see beautiful animals and birds but most of them have some parts of their bodies missing. Please, don't laugh at any such deformities because if you do, it won't take an hour before we see you no more,” the Guide concluded.

\*\*\*\*

As the Guide went on listing the dos and don'ts, I emphasised the importance of noting down the rules in their notebooks. All the girls except Joyce, jotted down what was said and for a few minutes, I thought the girls looked very worried indeed. I mean, their faces showed it.

The next one hour was the most memorable, as one experience after another came to unfold before our eyes and filtered through our memories and stayed there forever.

When we clambered down to where the waterfall begins, we saw all around us a spectacle of beauty and splendour. For the first time, we observed that we were in some kind of a v-shaped valley but hanging very high up!

The mountain sides surrounding the little river called Kalambo, on which the waterfall lies, were covered by thick evergreen forests, creating a picture that resembled the *Selvas* of the Amazon Basin. In many places, we could see bodies of huge rocks that stood out, protruding from the mountain sides

like they were going to fall down on us. And as we looked down where the waterfall tumbled down into the abyss, each one of us caught his or her breathe! What a marvel! What a master piece of God's creation!

The gushing water that tumbled down on the huge rocks to more than a hundred metres, simply spread out and floated down in a mist of pure white cloud! There was no more to see but the milky-spread of tiny droplets of water that came from above the waterfall.

When the girls saw that rare beauty below them, they all shouted at the same time, "Sir, why don't we go down the stairs and see what it is really like down there!"

"Not until you promise me that you will behave yourselves," I answered.

"Of course we shall," replied the team leader, Jane.

"And who can misbehave under that beauty, Sir?" chipped in the naughty girl, Joyce.

I ignored Joyce and asked the Guide if we could go with him a little further down the stairs that were opposite the main face of the waterfall. He agreed but warned strongly that if any girl didn't respect herself down there, the expedition would turn out to be a very unpleasant experience for all of us.

I assured him that everything would be alright and that I would deal with any girl who didn't conform to the rules given earlier.

\*\*\*\*

The Guide led the way down the stairs; I followed him behind, then Jane and the rest took the hindmost. It took us exactly thirty minutes to reach the 'misty cloud'; that is, the bottom of the valley below where the waterfall seemed to plunge into a cloud of white mist.

We could feel a cool breeze of wind blowing from nowhere but amongst us. It was frightening at first, but we all thought it was because of the mist that was hovering around us. We could hear lots of sweet melodies from the numerous birds that were invisibly amongst us. Invisibly, because we could not see a single bird physically that was singing one of those sweet melodies.

As the valley view before us widened, we noticed that the green grass looked like it had been mowed. The whole valley appeared like a *golf-course* of some kind. We could see, dotted here and there, guava trees, another of oranges, many bananas and so on and so forth; arranged in such a way like some expert gardener had planted and nurtured them. Each tree had appetising big fruit hanging on it. Very tempting indeed!

"Girls, don't dare get any fruit from any of these trees," I warned them again.

Each one of the girls was speechless. I knew what was going on in their minds most of them. They were thinking of spirits! They thought a spirit of some kind was the custodian of that beautiful park in front of them.

The Guide then suggested that the girls take off their shoes and feel the water of the Kalambo River.

When each one of us cupped the river water in our hands, we were treated to another surprise: the water was not only too clear but was as cold as ice-block. "Why is the water icy?" Joyce asked.

"Because it falls from the sky up there," the Guide pointed up at the waterfall. "And because of the thick forests and high mountains surrounding this small but beautiful valley," the Guide further explained.

"But I can't see any single bird that is singing right now," Jacqueline, the smallest girl in the group complained innocently.

"Don't ask about the birds Jack," warned Jane, "the Guide said we should keep quiet about them," she reminded her.

The Guide then whispered to me that I should let the girls wander around on their own so that they can enjoy the coolness of the valley.

"Now girls," I beckoned, "you should move around a bit on your own and see what you can remember when we get back to school. You are given exactly thirty minutes in which you should explore and take pictures for those with *cameras*; eat some of your snacks that you carried and draw sketches of what interests you here," I suggested.

I had a *canon Camera* myself and proceeded to my own area of choice and started taking pictures. After a few snaps, I proceeded to draw a rough sketch of the valley. This place was a wonder and I had to enjoy every minute of my being alone in that place.

So, it was each one on her own until after thirty minutes when all would gather again for the ascent up to the site and the journey back to school.

\*\*\*\*

We had separated for only twenty minutes when Jacqueline came running to me, panting and breathlessly reported, "Joyce is eating the forbidden bananas behind those banana trees," pointing where the trees were about forty metres away.

Without asking any further questions, I got hold of Jacqueline's hand and started running while pulling Jack behind me to where I could find Joyce .

I found her, and she was at ease eating her huge banana! She had actually eaten two already. That was the third!

When she saw me, she didn't show any fear at all. She lazily said, "Sorry Sir, but I didn't carry any food with me and no one in the group would agree to share her food with me. So, I decided to sample from nature's provision!"

"But, you are not supposed to eat any of the fruits here. Didn't you hear the Guide right?" I questioned her angrily.

"Yes, I remember, but this is not the *Garden of Eden* where certain fruits were forbidden. And besides, I am okay as you can see for yourself," she answered back.

I left her and went to the Guide to report what had happened. He suggested that I call all the girls back at once so that we return to the surface quickly before some other girl fell into the same trap.

When the girls had gathered I said, "We are climbing up to the surface now because some of you, like Joyce, can't follow simple instructions and rules. She has already eaten bananas and that is bad enough. So, up we go now; and I don't want anybody to protest."

Most of the girls grumbled and threatened to beat up Joyce but I quickly intervened. The girls reluctantly agreed to climb up.

To the amazement of everybody, Joyce refused to follow the other girls, saying, "Everyone hates me. I am going to stay here for a while. I will come later. "

I was really angry with her. I ordered her strongly, to follow her friends up the stairs or else I was going to cane her severely. Knowing how I used to cane bad girls, she obeyed and followed behind immediately.

\*\*\*\*

As we approached the site of the monument, I saw Joyce start scratching herself all over her body. She then threw her blouse off her shoulders. I immediately shouted to Jane to ask Joyce what was going wrong with her.

As Jane was trying to get some sense from Joyce, I saw that Joyce was also trying to remove her skirt off her body as well.

At that point, each one of us had seen what was happening to Joyce. Her eyes had grown so big that they were almost popping out of her head. She was terrified! It seemed like *Fantasy Island* to all of us.

I went to her and asked, "What is the matter with you? What is it? What are you seeing or feeling? Who is after you?"

She could not answer any of my questions. All she managed were lots and lots of tears streaming down her cheeks like Kalambo Falls itself!

Then thick saliva started to foam around her mouth! When the girls saw this situation, they became really afraid and started hurrying to where we had packed our school *minibus*.

By this time, some fifteen minutes had already elapsed. Joyce's arms and legs had now grown very stiff. That meant she could not walk on her own.

The Guide and I lifted her to the bus. The Guide then suggested that we see a local herbalist of Kalambo village who would definitely know what was wrong with the girl.



I drove very fast and within five minutes, we were at the herbalist's hut. After examining her, he informed us that the girl had insulted the spirits of Kalambo Falls by eating the sacred bananas.

He then forced Joyce to drink some liquid concoction and made her chew one or two roots. Joyce went to sleep like she had been hit by some powerful spell.

The herbalist said, "She will be fine when she wakes up tomorrow afternoon!"

\*\*\*\*

We reached the school around 18.30 hours with Joyce still asleep. She was taken to the dormitory and placed in her bed without a care in the world!

When I visited Joyce the following afternoon, she looked up at me and humbly said, "Sir, I am so sorry." Then she began to sob; sobbing really heavily.

*Remember, rules, instructions and regulations are instituted for people not animals. Those who don't adhere to laid down rules always land into trouble.*

## WHAT CAN YOU REMEMBER?

### Section A

1. How many people visited the Kalambo Falls?
2. Name the two girls who are fully described in the story. What was the role of each girl named?
3. What is a National Monument? Mention five other National Monuments that you have read about in your other readings.
4. What group was visiting the Kalambo Falls? What other places had it visited previously?
5. According to the Guide's explanation, what historical artefact is mostly remembered as having been discovered at Kalambo Falls?



6. Explain what a myth is. Give one or two myths that you have heard about.
7. What did Jacqueline report about that started the drama down the valley floor?
8. Joyce broke one important instruction that was given to the group of girls. Which one was it and what happened to her?
9. Was the happening at Kalambo Falls a myth? Discuss.
10. What does the phrase *doubting Thomas* mean?

### Section B

1. Explain the meaning of the following words:

- |                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| (a) a spectacle | (f) abyss      |
| (b) splendour   | (g) unpleasant |
| (c) descend     | (h) breeze     |
| (d) arrogant    | (I) melodies   |
| (e) memorable   | (j) herbalist  |

### Section C

1. Categorise the dos and don'ts which you have read about in the story as follows:

#### **Dos**

e.g., sing songs

#### **Don'ts**

don't laugh at birds with missing parts

2. Is it advisable to take persons like Joyce on tours? What would be the best way to treat them?



### 3

## The Chimpanzee and the Boys

“Scotland”, that is what or how Mbala (then Abercorn) is described. It is situated 1 200 metres above sea level. Surrounding the town are beautiful hills and mountains that rendered visitors to describe the town as 'Scotland' because of the hills and mountains that are covered with an evergreen forest and temperatures that are always below 25°C even in the hottest season of the year.

Located exactly two kilometres from the town, towards sunrise, is a lake known as Lake Chila; a beautiful pool of clear water that would approximately cover an area of about a kilometre in length and width.

The deepest part of the lake could be slightly over ten metres. On the southern shores of the lake lies well-kept greens of the *Mbala Golf Club*, a recreation centre for a few “Boers” and Britons who had not yet left Zambia immediately after gaining its Independence on 24 October 1964.



*Sail boats dotted on Lake Chila*

Dotted on the small lake were motor boats and sail boats that were being “manoeuvred” by “*Ventures*”; a term that was used to describe those people who came for a training stint at Mbala Outward Bound Lake School.

\*\*\*\*

The day is Saturday, 7 November 1965, almost a year after Zambia had gained independence from the British colonialists. Mr Whitehead, the owner of the largest supermarket in Mbala at that time, sat in an easy chair in the confines of the Mbala Golf Club. He was enjoying his special *Whisky on the rocks*, sipping from a glass very slowly, he was not alone though. Squatting on the carpet next to Mr Whitehead's chair was a huge black male Chimpanzee. He was called by the name, Mike. Mike could weigh a massive 90 kilogrammes.

Mike the Chimp, already had a drink and was feeling excited and could be seen smiling and scratching his master's back and legs. Mr Whitehead had trained Mike how to ride a bicycle, to go into town and collect groceries from his Supermarket, to sense danger if there was any, and especially looking out for thieves around the house and on the way back from town to their house. The house was located near the Golf Club facing Lake Chila.

Mike could dance to any *rhumba* tune and *rock and roll* sounds too. Mike could also drive a car very ably indeed although he never had a licence! Mike the Chimp could also be seen doing some shadow boxing: he had watched some boxing bouts on the film strip that Mr Whitehead ran on his small sound projector.

Mike was routinely sent into town for groceries every Saturday at 12.30 hours, that was thirty minutes before closing time. Other days were Tuesday and Thursday.

Living in the same neighbourhood with Mr Whitehead and his Chimp were three boys of thirteen years of age, Chola, Mwila and Kambole. Chola was the son of the newly appointed Mbala District Governor; Mwila was the son of the new District Secretary and Kambole was the son of a well-known Medical Doctor of the Mbala General Hospital.

The three boys had always seen, watched and observed the errands that the Chimp made during the week. They also knew what groceries the Chimp collected from West Woods, Mr Whitehead's supermarket. On three occasions, the trio stealthily followed the Chimp from behind simply to go and see what items he collected from the Supermarket. What they saw strengthened their evil intentions. For instance, they could see biscuits, sweets, chocolates, rice, bread, butter, condensed milk, macaroni, grilled sausages and other delicious foods. All these could be packed neatly for Mike the Chimp in a large basket that he tied on the carrier of his bike.

Then Mike would jump on his bike and cycle very fast down Lake Chila Road. But they had observed that before Mike reached home, he could disembark in a small Play Park, where he could start swinging on one of the swings for thirty minutes while being watched and cheered at by small children who came to play with their parents. None dared touch his bike as he or she would be in trouble. At one time, they had watched fearfully as Mike slapped a girl who had tried to move his bike to another location. The slap was so hard that the girl's nose was broken so badly that it needed six stitches at the hospital; and it was Kambole's father who had mended that girl's nose.

After swinging for thirty minutes, then Mike would cycle the last two hundred metres home to deliver the basket of groceries to his master, Mr Whitehead.

\*\*\*\*

Mike the Chimp had a feeling that those three boys didn't like him. He had a feeling that they *had something up their sleeves* for him. Why were they following him each time he took his bike for a ride into town? Why were they watching him in the Supermarket? And why should they be sitting at a distance watching him as he swings himself on the Swing? The Chimp had a plan for the 'clever' little boys. One day, he thought, the boys would be trapped and be trapped real good!!

\*\*\*\*

Mike could not talk like human beings but could be heard making noises now and again. Mr Whitehead would talk to Mike, and Mike would be seen nodding his head; a clear sign that there was an understanding between the two.



*Mike the Chimp who danced to rhumba*

So, on this Saturday afternoon, Mr Whitehead stood up and got Mike's hand and walked out of the Golf Club towards their house.

At exactly 12.20 hours, an empty basket was given to Mike who went inside the garage to get his bike. After tying the basket behind him, Mike waved bye bye to his master and sped towards the town centre.

\*\*\*\*

"I can see the monkey coming now," said Kambole excitedly.

"You are right," observed Mwila "but he is cycling very very fast today."

"What we should do is to wait here until he returns from town, then we pounce on his basket and its contents," Chola advised his friends.

"And by the time we are through with all that food, Kambole will even be lighter in complexion," Mwila joked.

"Yes, and Chola will be as fat as the monkey coming towards us now," Kambole joked.

"Be quiet, here he comes now," whispered Chola.

At that time, Mike the Chimp sped past them as if he hadn't seen them. What the boys didn't know was that Mike had already made a trap for them and that day could be the day.

\*\*\*\*

As the boys waited for their loot, they started scheming on what was going to happen in less than an hour's time.

"As soon as the monkey places his bike against that usual pillar, you, Kambole, should move very quickly and carefully," said Chola.

"He usually swings on that green Swing next to the Sea-saw, the one on your left about thirty metres away," Mwila added.

"You must be careful and ensure that nobody should see you, Chola; as you go to shift his bike from there to that thick *lantanna* bush over there at the edge of the Play Park away from those three people," Kambole went on giving instructions according to how the operation would be carried out.

"Immediately I hide the bike in that bush, you boys should come running so that we transfer all that food into this bag as quickly as possible," Chola concluded while looking in the direction they expected the Chimp to appear from.

\*\*\*\*

No sooner had Chola stopped talking than Mike arrived with what looked like a heavily-packed basket behind his bike. Immediately Mike arrived, the three boys split.

Kambole watched as Mike the Chimp dropped from his bike. Mike took the bike to the usual pillar near the green Swing. He then went to the opposite end of the *Play Park*: to the right side where the red Swing was. He jumped on it and started swinging crazily while making a lot of noises. A number of children with their parents went closer to watch the Chimp swing.

As soon as more people had gathered around the red Swing, Kambole beckoned to Chola to run quickly and pick up the bike. Chola knew the sign and did as planned.

Very quickly, he dumped the bike behind the bush, away from the crowd. Kambole and Mwila arrived, and with lightning speed, the three boys started transferring groceries from the Chimp's basket to their bag. Within an instant, Chola had opened one packet of *have-some-more biscuits* which they started munching hungrily.

Little did they know that the Chimp had already seen them.

\*\*\*\*

The Chimp dropped down the Swing as swiftly as *a green mamba*, running so fast toward the *lantanna* bush that the crowd was left wondering what the Chimp was up to.

The boys had just completed their task of packing the stolen items in their bag when they heard a strange laughter behind them. When they turned around, they were so surprised and afraid that they just stood there trembling, not knowing what to do next. The strange laughter was coming from Mike and of course, they knew what Mike would do to them!

Mike, in a flash of a second, took one step forward and caught Chola by the collar of his shirt and pulled him closer, then gave him a head-butt that sent the boy reeling backwards, and in the process, falling unconsciously down heavily to the ground, with a great thud! Kambole and Mwila tried to run but were also caught firmly by their necks. Mike then brought their heads together and banged them! The two boys fell unconscious down to the ground!

Chola was bleeding heavily through his nose and had a cut on his forehead. Kambole and Mwila had also started bleeding from their noses.

At this time, a crowd had gathered, noting the case at hand for which the three boys were being punished.

When Mike noticed that the boys were not waking up, he took a plastic bag, went to the water-tap and filled it with water. He came and splashed the water in the faces of the boys.



Groaning and turning, the three boys came to life! The crowd roared with laughter because they didn't expect the Chimp to behave like a human being. They had more to see.

When Mike realised that the boys had recovered enough, he got a small long metal chain that he normally carried for the locking up of his bike and tied their hands together. He then fastened the chain to the carrier of his bike. Having finished this job, he bent down and picked the bag where the groceries had been packed. He then transferred all the groceries in his basket and tied it on the carrier. After that, he got hold of the bike and started walking home while pulling the three boys behind him.

At this time, the boys were crying! They were worried about what would happen to them once Mr Whitehead discovered what they had done. They were also worried about what their parents would do to them.

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Mr Whitehead was worried that Mike had not returned as per his usual time. It was now ten minutes after 13.00 hours. Something could have happened to Mike. Worried as he was, he went into his car so that he could go to the Supermarket to find out if Mike had been there. Just as he was about to start the engine, he saw, in the rear-view mirror of the car, Mike pulling behind him what looked like three small boys. There was also a large crowd behind which was shouting and insulting the boys. Mr Whitehead knew the local language; he therefore understood all the bad words that were being thrown at the boys.

Mr Whitehead came out of his car and asked Mike, "What happened boy?"

Mike made a few granting noises and displayed gestures and signs that showed clearly that Mike was telling a story of how those boys had pounced on the groceries and tried to steal them and of course, how he had single-handedly caught them red-handed.

Mr Whitehead knew the parents of the boys, especially Kambole's father, who was in fact, his personal doctor. He went to the boys.

"Kambole, what happened? Is it true that you and your friends attempted to steal my food? Tell me the truth now before your father hears about it," Mr Whitehead threatened.

Kambole knew the wrath he would receive from his father if he ever got to know of their evil deed.

"It was not me... my friends took me with them... Sir... ," Kambole stammered.

"And whose idea in particular, was it?" Mr Whitehead continued asking Kambole.

"It was Chola who even took the basket," Kambole continued reporting.

"Alright, I will release you from the chains then I will inform your parents about what you did this afternoon," Said Mr. Whitehead in a threatening voice.

Mr Whitehead then untied the three boys and told them to apologise and to repeat three times that, 'I shall not steal from people I know and from strangers again.' Afterwards, the boys were told to go.

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It was not the end of the ordeal for the boys. Mr Whitehead reported them to their parents that evening when they met at the Golf Club.

The following morning, all the boys were given severe beatings by their parents for what they had tried to do the previous day. And Mike, the Chimp, was there to watch and laugh as each boy screamed for help.

*You should not indulge in thefts. Stealing is not good at all. Those caught stealing are sometimes beaten by mobs to death or shot dead by the Police. Stealing is punishable by law.*

## WHAT CAN YOU REMEMBER?

### Section A

1. What is the name of a Zambian town referred to as Abercorn in the story?
2. The same town is described as 'Scotland', why?
3. What nationalities of people had lived in Zambia before and after independence that have been mentioned in the story?
4. Who owned the Chimpanzee? By what name was the Chimpanzee called?
5. Name the three boys mentioned in the story. What evil intentions did the boys have for watching every movement the Chimpanzee made?
6. What important task was the Chimpanzee assigned to do every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday?
7. What game did the Chimpanzee like to play in the Park?
8. Which boy had his forehead cut by the Chimpanzee?
9. Describe how the Chimpanzee took the thieves home.
10. In your own thinking, is stealing good? If your answer is no, give five reasons why you say so.

### Section B

1. Explain the meaning of the following words:

(a) temperature	(i) wobbly
(b) evergreen	(j) routinely
(c) recreation	(k) errands
(d) boers	(l) delicious
(e) britons	(m) trapped
(f) ventures	(n) manoeuvres
(g) scheming	
(h) squatting	

## Section C

1. Explain the following phrases:
  - (a) *whisky on the rocks*
  - (b) ...stealthily follow...
  - (c) ...the Chimp had a plan for the 'clever boys' ... The word clever means.....
  - (d) ...the boys split
  - (e) ...Kambole knew the wrath he would receive.....

## 4

### I Will Never, Never Smoke Again



*Man smoking a cigarette*

Taking a bite into a succulent cucumber is a sweet experience, especially if you don't own a farm yourself where you can pick them at will. In most parts of Zambia, cucumbers are grown under shifting cultivation, normally termed a “thrash and burn system”. Other crops grown include; maize, cassava, millet, sorghum, sweet potatoes, gourds, beans and pumpkins.

My late aunt used to grow these crops using the thrash and burn method of cultivation. It was during one of those outings in the bush that she had an experience that she never forgot to tell anybody who asked her why she never smoked tobacco even though almost every old person smoked. It was a touching and interesting story.

"It is a long story Katai," she could start.

"How long is it? May I be given the pleasure of listening to it, I would implore her.

"Very well, but after I have told you this story, Katai, don't cry because others have cried before and you will always remember it; and surely you will never smoke these rubbish cigarettes," she told me.

"Come on auntie, I want to hear it," I could encourage her.

"You see, in your grandmother's village called Chiyanga," she could start, "the only form of real cultivation was *chitemene*, where you would cut and thrash trees and later burn the branches when they were dry.

"Men used to go out into the forest, about three or four kilometres away from the village. They would choose a good large area that was adequately wooded with such tree species as *muombo*, *mupapa*, *kaimbi*, *mubanga*, *sanginga*, *mutobo* and many other trees. The area would be covering an area of approximately half a kilometre squared. If there were six men, each one of them would choose his own woodland similar in extent and would start lopping down tree branches from the tall trees and cutting small bushes from the base line. Once lopping and chopping down had been done, women would then be invited to do their work as well.

"Women collected tree branches after they had dried, especially during the months of August and September of each year. They would then pile up the branches in a circular manner with stumps of branches pointing to the centre of the circle. Later, at the beginning of the rainy season, these circular pilings would be burnt. The ashes, that contain potash, enrich the soil remarkably. Burning also helps to kill insect pests in the soil and further destroys weed seeds."

"But you have not told me how you stopped smoking," I interrupted her, seeming impatient.

"Oh, how impatient young men of today have become, that is why you are marrying stubborn girls," she could amuse me, "I was just explaining to you how *chitemene* was done in the old golden days," she lamentably added.

"I am not interested in how *chitemene* was done, we have already learnt about that from our teacher at school. Anyway, continue with your non-smoking story," I made it clear to her .

"We had started off for the *chitemene* at 04.00 hours with your father, Kaule and your other father, Mubanga. We were walking very fast because we had to start working before 05.30 hours.

Your two fathers were very strong men. Your own father, who was older, was in front, I was in the middle and your younger father was behind me."

"In order to reach our *chitemene*, we had to bypass another *chitemene* that was owned by a person we didn't know because we had never met him or her before."

"Though we normally heard the noise of an axe striking, we really never saw the person physically and nobody seemed to be bothered about him any way."

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"When we reached our *chitemene*, the boys, that are your fathers, split up and went to work in their allocated areas. It was now their axes that were talking. I myself first sat down and remembered that I had to at least smoke some rolled tobacco before starting to lift up the branches, taking them to the centre pile.

"I discovered that the burley tobacco I had, was very little indeed. If I smoked that morning, I would have nothing to smoke later in the afternoon. All the same, I went ahead and smoked all that I had," she sighed.

"What happened then? Is that how you stopped smoking because you ran out of burley tobacco?" I could tease her.

"Oh no, this story frightens me when I start narrating it. We had worked very hard all morning and it was about mid-day when Mubanga, your younger father, came over to me to ask for a little tobacco, 'Dorothy, I saw you smoking in the morning, would you spare me a little of your tobacco please; I am dying of thirst.'"

"I told him that I had finished the little I had. He then suggested that we knock off early because he couldn't work without a

smoke! And I agreed with him. Besides, I also needed to smoke badly again."

"We informed Kaule, our elder brother, that it was time to go home because we could not continue working without smoking."

"Kaule didn't object. He simply picked his axe and came over and urged us to collect some firewood to take home."

"Collecting firewood only took us fifteen minutes and we were on our way back home. This time, I was walking ahead of my two brothers."

"As we approached the *chitemene* that belonged to the unknown person mentioned earlier, we heard a noise made by a chopping axe."

"Hey, the owner of this *chitemene* is around today, why don't we stop by and get to know him, perhaps he might give us a little tobacco for us to smoke," Mubanga quickly suggested.

"Oh yes, that is a good idea; isn't it Kaule?" I said looking in Kaule's direction.

"Because Kaule was a non-smoker, he simply looked at us and commented," 'Go ahead and see him, you will find me here.'

"Mubanga and I went to search for the one who was making noise with his axe. We had only walked for ten metres when we saw a young man perched high up on one of the tallest trees and was hanging dangerously like a bat on one of the branches."

"Young man, young man! how are you! I called to him on top of my voice, but the young man seemed oblivious of everything around him, except his chop, chop of his axe.

"I repeated my call a number of times. Then he stopped lopping and looked down. We didn't recognise his face. He was a stranger to us. Although his face was dripping with sweat, he also didn't show any sign of recognition of us. He was perhaps from a nearby village, I thought."

"The young man quickly glided down to us and shook hands and said, 'Sorry, I didn't hear your calling. I am from the next village. I thought of establishing my *chitemene* this side of the forest this year. My name is Chikampilibula, he rapidly told us.



"Thank you very much young man. This is my brother, Mubanga and I am Dorothy. I have another brother, Kaule, who is standing over there. Our *chitemene* is the one next to you on the western side, there. I kept on pointing to show him."

"Thank you for knowing you. I must really go up again and finish those two branches," the young man hinted.

"Sorry to bother you my brother, do you have a little tobacco which you can share with us? We have used all what we had. We are very thirsty indeed. I begged him."

"I am sorry sister, the only small thing I have is this,' pointing on his right ear, and I have to smoke this one at knocking off time," he explained.

"But despite this explanation, I insisted that he gives us or we share that little bit that was sticking out of his right ear.

"Chikampilibula realised that we were determined to share that little bit at all costs. He then said, wait here, let me check in my small bag perhaps I can find a little."

"When he came back, he offered some dry leaves that looked like burley tobacco to us and a piece of a *newspaper* cutting so that my brother could roll the tobacco into a cigarette.

"Mubanga rolled the cigarette quickly and grabbed a piece of fire-wood that was burning and lit the cigarette and started puffing on it. I then thanked the young man and bade him farewell."

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"We reached Kaule who said nothing. We started walking home very quickly. We had become also very hungry."

"We had walked for fifty metres when I turned to look behind me towards Mubanga. What I saw frightened me! Mubanga's face was slowly being transformed into some kind of a beast. He was growing strange hair on his face. I almost screamed but controlled myself and calmed my nerves. I then begged him, 'Mubanga, are you still smoking. why don't you leave me a piece also?'"

"His voice had gone! He simply growled like a lion! Kaule stopped in his tracks and looked at what used to be his brother."

"Mubanga could not answer but simply nodded. By this time, he had even grown a tail, a mane and his teeth, especially the canines, had elongated and clothes were tearing off from his body. He had also increased in size and was now quickly being transformed into a lion!"

"We were speechless. What now? We asked ourselves. I told Kaule that he runs back to Chikampilibula and see if he could get help. Within five minutes, Kaule was back with bad news that the young man was gone! What then?"

"When I looked to our left side, I saw a hut on top of an ant-hill. The small huts of that nature were used by travellers as they sought rest or by people chasing monkeys from their fields. I decided that we go up in that hut and sit there while Kaule runs home to go and inform our father."

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"Something surprising happened: as we reached the top of the anthill, we saw Mubanga change to his usual self again. His speech returned, the mane went, the tail shrank and everything about him was human again."

"I was dumb-founded! I had heard of such stories where people changed themselves into beasts, like crocodiles, snakes and lions, and back to humans again. Those had been stories but now my own brother was the culprit. What was I to do?"

"I told Mubanga to go down the anthill. I wanted to know something: was an anthill some kind of remedy to my brother's misfortune? As soon as he stepped down away from the ant-hill, he became a lion again! I shouted to him to climb back to the top of the anthill at once. When he did, he became human again!"

At that point, I would be filled with such a great fear that I would simply stare at her in disbelief.

"I repeated my instructions of going down and climbing up several times and each time there were same transformations. As we sat on top of that ant-hill, waiting for Kaule to bring help, we both wept. I knew my brother had to live on top of that ant-hill the rest of his life if he had to remain in human form.

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"After an hour of waiting, my father and other men from the village came running to us. They were all armed with guns."

"Dorothy, tell us what happened, and where is this man who gave you the tobacco,' my father went on asking ungrily but calmly."

"I told him the whole story. My father and the village headman gave my brother a lot of small roots to chew, some lotions to rub his body with and some leaves to smoke. But when they instructed him to walk down the anthill, he changed into a lion down there; roaring madly now, even attempting to attack some villagers."

"When he was told to climb up, he was human again. There was no solution to his misfortune. The only solution was to terminate the life of my brother. My father shot him dead right there on the anthill. And as he died, he roared like a lion and transformed himself into the beast! It was a shocking and saddening experience for me."

"Mubanga's body was never taken to the village but was buried right there on top of that anthill of transformation."

"So, Katai, how could I have continued smoking the stuff that led to the killing of my own brother? And he was the youngest and our last born! I swore then, that I would never, never smoke again," concluded my aunt.

*"Thank you aunt, for telling me this story. I have learnt that young people should not smoke cigarettes or indeed take any type of drugs. Also, young people should refrain from befriending strangers because some strangers harbour evil intentions on young people," I confessed to my aunt.*

## WHAT CAN YOU REMEMBER?

### Section A

1. Mention four crops that can be grown under shifting cultivation in Zambia.

2. What local term is used to describe a thrash and bum practice of cultivation?
3. The following are some of the varieties of tobacco grown in Zambia: turkish, virginia and burley. Which variety is mentioned in the story?
4. Near what village did the major event in the story happen?
5. What is the name of the author of this story?
6. Apart from Auntie Dorothy, how many other people mentioned, were in the forest on that day of transformation?
7. Auntie Dorothy and Mubanga felt thirsty; thirsty from what? What did they decide to do after feeling this thirst?
8. Chikampilibula said he had no tobacco but Auntie Dorothy insisted that they be given tobacco. Why did she insist?
9. What happened to Mubanga after smoking the tobacco from Chikampilibula? How was the problem solved temporarily?
10. From the story, what permanent cure was used to save Mubanga from that terrible attack? Who found the cure?

## Section B

1. Explain the meaning of the following words:

(a) <i>chitemene</i>	(g) pests
(b) succulent	(h) amuse
(c) implore	(i) tease
(d) woodland	(j) narrate
(e) lopping	(k) oblivious
(f) potash	(l) transformation

## Section C

1. Explain the following phrases:

(a) thrash and burn
(b) ...their axes were talking...
(c) ...we were speechless...
(d) ...I was dumb-founded...

## Section D

1. Explain briefly how *chitemene* is done, mentioning months of real hard work.
2. Outline the problems associated with smoking, especially among the young in Zambia. Suggest solutions to these problems.



## Lukombo Knocks Out Eddie



*Lukombo wins*

Lukombo, one of the teachers at Senga Boarding Secondary School, told his beautiful young wife, Catherine, who he had just married three months earlier that he was going down to the staff room to collect a pile of exercise books for his grade 12 class pupils so that he marks their written homework that they had handed in the previous day.

"Okay darling," replied Catherine, "I myself am going to the market in our local area. I want to go and buy your favourite relish, beans and some oranges," she added.

"Now, as you make your way towards the market, remember to avoid the path that passes near the boys' dormitories. They usually attack lonely girls. It is better to use the one that goes around the Headmaster's house," Lukombo warned his wife.

"But I don't think boys are all that bad. Yesterday I passed near their dormitories and the situation was peaceful. You are just jealousy that one of those bigger boys might propose to a young wife like me. No chance, I am all yours," saying that, Catherine rushed to her husband and gave him a peck on the cheek.

"Catherine, this isn't a joke. Those boys stay here for three or four months before they go for their holidays. That is long enough to make some of them behave like wild animals sometimes. Remember, some of them have even left wives and children at their homes. So, I am warning you, and take care because I love you so much. Please take the Headmaster's path," Lukombo pleaded with his wife.

"Alright darling, but you should know that whatever happens, I love you very much and no one can take that love away. I know how to protect myself," Catherine boasted.

At that time, Lukombo left his house and headed for the school staff room. He was worried about his wife. She was a woman of great beauty whom everyone admired.

He remembered how, when one day he had walked in the midst of the school boys with his wife beside him, the boys had whistled and cheered! Later, he remembered the comments the boys had made about the beauty of his wife. His worry deepened.

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He was worried because the school was specifically well-known for having very naughty boys, who frequently attacked or bullied innocent people, especially the girls in the *location*, as the suburb was normally called, that was near the school. Deep down his heart, he knew his wife was going to be in big trouble.

The real name of Mr Lukombo was James Bwalya. He had won his nickname in one of the English lessons when one of his pupils had asked, "Sir, what is the exact translation of a Bemba word *Lukombo* in English?"

"Well, I don't know it could just as well remain as a *lukombo*," Mr Bwalya had replied.



The boys went wild with laughter. What he didn't know was that he had created himself a nickname. From that day up to the time he got married, they called him *Mr Lukombo*; and he accepted it! His wife was now called *Mrs Lukombo* but that didn't bother him. He knew that the more noise one made about one's nickname, the stronger it became. In fact a *lukombo*, translated into English simply meant a gourd. So, why worry about that. Other teachers had worse nicknames!

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Edward Simwanza, was one of the most notorious boys of the school. He usually liked insulting, teasing, harassing and fighting other boys. He was huge and strong. Everybody feared him. He liked fighting because he was the chairman of the school boxing club. Not only was he feared by his fellow pupils, even some teachers feared him too. For instance, he could more frequently than anybody else come for lessons late and often left the class in session at will.

Everybody complained that the Headmaster had failed to discipline him. They called him, Eddie, because his full name, Edward, was too long for him.

Eddie's dormitory was the last one on the northern end of a column of other dormitories that were on the eastern half of the school. Eddie's dormitory was very near the path which was, at that time, taken by Mr Lukombo's wife. Earlier in the morning, she had taken the Headmaster's path but decided to take the shorter route that went nearer to the boy's dormitory.

The time was 12:00 hours. A bell, to signal that lunch was ready for the boys would start sounding any time. The boys had already started coming out of their dormitories.

Mrs Lukombo started walking very fast; fast because she had seen many boys' faces peeping through their dormitory windows at her. As she came nearer Eddie's dormitory, she looked briefly at the dormitory only to come face-to-face with those eyes of the bully, Eddie, who was now coming towards her with a suspicious smile on his ugly face.

Catherine now knew that she could be in serious trouble. She could hear other boys shouting at Eddie, "Leave her alone, Lukombo will tear you to pieces!" She could also hear his reply, "To hell, today she is mine and let Lukombo come, I shall crush him like a louse!"

Catherine now increased her pace but she was caught by her right hand by Eddie who had come running after her.

"No please, leave me alone. I don't want you...!" Catherine pleaded.

"But why do you pass near our dormitory if you refuse to be helped with your heavy basket?" Eddie asked.

"It is the shorter route to my house. And please, let go of my basket," Catherine protested.

"And we hear you are Lukombo's wife. Haah, haah! You must be his sister not his wife, such a cute thing like you! I can't imagine you marrying that *gwangi*, Lukombo! Why did you do it," Eddie teased and insulted her.

"Please, leave me alone or else I shall shout," Catherine threatened.

At that time, a lot of other boys had gathered to see what Eddie was doing with the teacher's wife. Many warned him that he should stop what he was doing or else Lukombo would come and kill him but Eddie gave them a deaf-ear.

"Please I beg of you, to leave me alone," Catherine was now in tears begging Eddie to let her go.

"I shall only leave you alone after I have seen and touched your naked breasts," Eddie threatened her while holding her close to his body tightly.

Just then, a struggle ensued between Eddie and Catherine. In the process of the struggle, Catherine's blouse and bra were torn off her body beyond recognition. Eddie managed to fondle her breasts before she escaped his grip and ran very fast to her home to report to her husband. She had run away leaving her hand-bag and basket behind on the path. Nobody dared pick them; even Eddie was seen to be afraid now.

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And then, the bell for lunch for the boys sounded. Every boy now rushed to the dinning hall to eat. Eddie also went for the food.

Eddie ate in the Central Dinning Hall. His table was located in the middle of the central column of tables. After a prayer had been said and the boys had settled down to eat their lunch, amid laughter about what they had witnessed Eddie do to the teacher's wife, there entered Lukombo and his wife Catherine!

The whole dinning hall was dead silent. Slowly and calmly, Lukombo and his wife advanced to the table at which sat Eddie and his three table-mates.

"Which one among these four boys harassed and put you in great shame my darling?" asked Lukombo.

Pointing at Eddie she said, "That one called Eddie, with a big black pimple on his forehead."

Mr Lukombo then walked two steps forward, towards where Eddie was sitting and asked him to stand up. When Eddie stood up, Lukombo asked him a question and said, "Is it true that you Eddie, molested and embarrassed my wife in front of your friends? Because if you deny to accept responsibility of what you did, I am going to kill you."

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Eddie was motionless. We knew he was thinking of bolting to the door. But the door was sealed by prefects. There was no escape for Eddie. His only way out was to fight Mr Lukombo, but Lukombo was no push-over. It was believed that at Luwingu Secondary School, where he had been teaching earlier, he had killed a school boy simply by 'soaking' him with only one uppercut.

"No Sir, I didn't do it. I was trying to help her carry the bas..." before Eddie could finish the sentence, there was a thunderbolt of a blow that caught him on his right side of the head!

Eddie flew up high in the ceiling and went and landed across on a table five metres away from where he had been standing! His body went limp and motionless. Also, two teeth were seen

hanging loosely from his upper jaw. Blood was spluttering from his nose like a bottle of champagne that had just been popped out!

Mr Lukombo and his wife left Eddie lying across the table like that and went to report the matter to the Headmaster.

No sooner had Lukombo left the dinning hall than shouts of Lukombo, Lukombo, Lukombo, knocks out Eddie! started being heard. Eddie was finished. He was no more.

Members of the Red Cross organised themselves and rushed Eddie to the local clinic in that unconscious state for medical checkup.

Eddie stayed in the local clinic for three weeks. The blow that he had received left his right eardrum damaged for life. It also left his dental formula unbalanced forever.

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When Eddie came out of the clinic after three weeks, he was expelled from school for gross indiscipline. Mr Lukombo was promoted to Deputy Headmaster and became fully responsible for the discipline of all the boys in the school.

*The lesson learnt from Eddie's story is that great respect should always be accorded to our teachers and their families. After all, teachers are our parents away from home. A child who always respects elders will often be given sweeter things than others. Indiscipline is punishable and all people hate it. Eddie deserved to be punished.*

## WHAT CAN YOU REMEMBER?

### Section A

1. What was the real name of Lukombo? Why was he given this name?
2. Why was Catherine told to use the path that went around the Headmaster's house?
3. Why was Catherine so sure that even if she used the path near the boys' dormitory she would still be safe?

4. What made Catherine use the path that went near the boys' dormitory?
5. Why did Catherine start walking very fast when she reached the boys' dormitory?
6. Mention two things about Eddie that made other boys fear him.
7. What happened to Catherine in the struggle with Eddie?
8. Did Eddie accept his wrong? What punishment did he receive from Mr Lukombo?
9. What did the school authority do to Eddie? What happened to Mr Lukombo?
10. Do you think people like Eddie should be allowed to stay in school? If your answer is yes, why do you think so?

### Section B

1. Explain the meaning of the following words:

- |               |                   |
|---------------|-------------------|
| (a) location  | (g) nickname      |
| (b) suburb    | (h) protest       |
| (c) dormitory | (I) embarrass     |
| (d) naughty   | (j) thunderbolt   |
| (e) harass    | (k) splutter      |
| (f) bully     | (l) <i>gwangi</i> |

### Section C

1. Explain the following three phrases:
  - (a) ...gave them a deaf-ear.
  - (b) ...the dinning hall was dead silent.
  - (c) ...Lukombo knocks out Eddie.

### Section D

1. Suggest ways or solutions that would be used to reform boys like Eddie at boarding schools in Zambia.
2. Do you think Lukombo's action was justified? If you say yes, Why?

## 6

### Kamuchape Cleanses the Village



*Traditional healer with his charms*

My own mother was fighting with what seemed to be a spectre at the local cemetery. That is the direction she had run to after drinking a bottle half-full with some concoction known as *muchape*. At first, she had simply fallen down to the ground with strength that I hadn't known her posses. Thirteen young men had tried to pin her down to the ground but she had tossed them around like match sticks. She had then stood up and, a few minutes later, had fled towards the local cemetery.

The *Kamuchape*, as the medicine man who had been called to cleanse the village was called, stood in the centre of a large arena that had been formed by a multitude of villagers who had come to witness the cleansing.

He had been called because five youngstars had died mysteriously in unknown circumstances. People suspected

witchcraft and sorcery. The elders had decided that a *Kamuchape* be called from across the border, in Tanzania, to come and arrest the situation.

The *Kamuchape* informed the people who had gathered that the place where Febby, because that was the name of my mother, had run to, was the village where the headman himself hid his instruments which he used to kill his subjects. The village headman was also present amongst the villagers. He of course denied all allegations levelled against him.

All the young people, especially the youth, from the age of eighteen years and twenty-five years were given tots of *muchape* medicine so that their eyes could be opened more and their strength doubled in order to help in the retrieval of all tools that were used in witchcraft and sorcery in the village. These were hidden and stored in unknown and very unusual places such as caves in the mountains, under huge rocks, river beds and graves in the cemetery. And, because my own mother was still under the age of twenty-six years, she was given the strongest *muchape* to go and capture the headman's equipment.

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By 10.00 hours that morning, all the young people had been given *muchape* and were out tracking down the tools of witchcraft and sorcery.

The centre figure, *Kamuchape*, was busy urging the crowd to sing hard so that those who had been sent out should start returning, bringing strange objects. The great song went like this:

*Go, go, go and get it  
Get it that has finished the souls of people  
Souls of innocent people killed by maniacs  
These maniacs of the village!*

*Come back, come back the crowd is waiting to see!  
Waiting to see the owner of the horn*

*The horn of witchcraft that has killed many souls  
Souls of innocent people killed by maniacs!  
These maniacs of this village!*

*We know you have found and captured it!  
It is so big, huge and devilish like its owner!  
The maniac who has finished innocent souls  
Souls of innocent people of the village!  
These maniacs must die today!!*

People sang and sang this song; I don't know how many times but it was refrain after refrain. Then, all hell broke loose! One of the first youths to take the *muchape* came back running at full flight. The crowd gave way for him to run through to the centre of the arena where the *Kamuchape* stood with his whisk.

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The youth whose name was Chitalu, fell heavily to the ground while clinging firmly to what seemed like a powerful force that was pulling him around in circles on the ground. At that time, the crowd now intensified the singing the ...*Go, go, go and get it ...song.*

After about ten minutes of much struggle on the ground, the *Kamuchape* dipped the ends of his whisk in the *muchape* and whisked the stuff at a point where Chitalu's fingers seemed to hold on firmly. What was seen then, was amazing, shocking and frightening!

When Chitalu's fingers unfolded, a now visible long horn, measuring about sixty centimetres, was seen on the ground. It was making darting movements in all directions. Sparks at the sharp end of the horn, like those produced by burning charcoal, were coming out! The thing was adorned with a variety of beads that appeared in a number of colours; yellow, red, green, white, black, pink, blue and orange.

The horn was sparkingly oily; it had been rubbed with oil of some kind. Everyone thought it was castor oil. As the *Kamuchape* continued to pour *muchape* on it; a hissing sound from the horn could be heard. The sight was extraordinarily incredible!



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After twenty minutes, Chitalu stood up, and in an hypnotic manner, went straight to a man named Kalonde and pulled him inside the arena. The conversation that followed was shocking!

"Are you the owner of this weapon?" *Kamuchape* asked.

"Yes Sir," replied Kalonde.

"How many people have you killed with your weapon?"

"No Sir, I have only had three children," replied Kalonde shakingly.

"Are you telling the people that children are not people?" asked *Kamuchape*.

"Well, yes Sir, they are but they are too young and innocent to comprehend the world," explained Kalonde.

"And to what use are these children put when they come in your custody?" *Kamuchape* further queried.

"They help me collect food and relishes from other people's homes, Sir," replied Kalonde.

"Would you identify the parents of the late children?" *Kamuchape* asked.

"Yes Sir, but I am afraid for my life. They will definitely kill me right now if I identified them," lamented Kalonde.

"Are you a parent yourself? And how many children do you have?" asked *Kamuchape*.

"Yes I am Sir. I have five children but my practice doesn't allow to take my own children's lives but other people's," explained Kalonde.

"Alright, we shall now do something to you which will not enable you to practice sorcery again," *Kamuchape* suggested.

*Kamuchape* then told one of his right-hand men to bring him six bottles of *muchape*. This *muchape* was manufactured out of a mixture of faeces from dogs, lizards, chickens, snakes, lions, leopards and many other walking and crawling animals.

Kalonde was told to drink and empty the stuff within an hour. The same fate, it was learnt, awaited other witches and sorcerers that day.

Kalonde managed to drink the black stuff from all the six bottles. Within five minutes of finishing that drink, Kalonde

started vomiting and purging publicly. He vomited and purged so much that in the process collapsed! His wife carried him to their hut half-dead.

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As the *Kamuchape*'s song continued being sung, more and more youths returned from the forest, from the rivers and from various village huts they had entered, bringing strange objects of witchcraft and sorcery that ranged from simple plastic dolls to strange wooden carvings of fishermen and hunters, spears, guns and axes. All these objects were clad in beads of different colours and were smeared with castor oil.

All the objects were making hissing noises and producing sparks of fire. The *Kamuchape* had arranged a pile to be made for them in the centre of the arena.

\*\*\*\*

Time was running out. It was now 16.30 hours and my mother, Febby, had not returned from the direction of the local cemetery where she had run to. The *Kamuchape* encouraged the crowd to sing louder than ever before .

*We know you have found and captured it  
It is so big, huge and devilish like its owner!  
The maniac who has finished innocent souls  
Souls of innocent people of this village!  
These maniacs must die today!*

Still, my mother was nowhere to be seen. I became worried though young as I was. Only seven years then. I went to the *Kamuchape* and pleaded with him, that he goes to find my mother. My grandmother also told him to do something about my mother. The time was now 16.45 hours; my mother was still at large.

When everybody had started talking about the whereabouts of my mother, *Kamuchape* drank special *muchape*, which immediately transformed him into a *guru* of some kind! He

screamed with anger. He informed the people that the woman, (my mother) was in serious trouble. She was fighting the biggest witchcraft finding that ever existed anywhere he had been before. She had been knocked down several times but she was still holding on to it! The thing itself was getting tired. So, he was going to rescue the young lady himself!

He then broke into a run! He was so fast that young men and women, including myself, who had followed from behind couldn't catch up with him.

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When we reached the cemetery, we found my mother, together with the *Kamuchape*, holding on to an invisible thing that was dragging them along on the ground. It seemed, its intention was to go back down in one of the graves that had been dug, most probably by my mother, in the process of removing it from its hiding place.

My mother's face was covered with blood. She had injuries all over her body; on her arms, legs, her general body trunk and the worst of all, was her face. Despite all these injuries, she was still fighting on viciously.

A crowd again gathered in the village cemetery to watch what seemed to be the wrestling of the year. The *Kamuchape* ordered his right-hand man to pour *muchape* at a point where they seemed to be holding what seemed to be a huge monster. As he poured, a terrible, frightening sound that made every spectator run back a few metres was heard. The sound produced was like that of a dying person. This was followed by a heavy hissing sound and sparks were produced from the thing.

After that, my mother's hold was relaxed. She was given some other medicine which brought her back to reality again. She was very weak. She could not even sit up. She just lay down there motionlessly.

What people saw that day, lying there, in a grave, has always been told around evening fires up to this very day in that village, was a black he-goat hissing but slowly dying. It was decorated

all over its body, with strange objects and beads. The he-goat was lifted and taken to the village and thrown on top of the heap of other objects.

When silence had been maintained, the *Kamuchape* said, "Before I come for you, will you come forward if you know that you are the owner of this devil here that looks like a he-goat."

"I am the owner Sir," the village headman himself stepped forward not even showing any signs of fear at all.

The crowd roared with anger when they saw the headman step out of the crowd. Some young men tried to get hold of him so that they lynch him but the *Kamuchape* dissuaded them and said he had his own way of dealing with the devil.

"How many of your own people, have you killed using this he-goat?" *Kamuchape* asked.

"Sir, I cannot remember because it was given to me by a Tanzanian friend, Mohammed, a long, long time ago, at the end of the Second World War," the headman explained.

"Will you tell your people approximately how many you have killed with your he-goat."

"It could be more than fifty children and about two hundred and fifty adults," the headman estimated.

At this moment, the crowd again surged forward to try to get hold of the headman so that they lynch him to death, but the *Kamuchape* restrained them.

"Why do you kill innocent people?" *Kamuchape* asked again.

"I don't know, but what I know is that they help me produce food in the fields which I give to the hungry. Also, they kill game which I share with the people," the headman explained.

"And how do you sustain the lives of your workers? I mean, what foods do you feed them on?" *Kamuchape* asked.

"They demand human flesh, liver, heart and intestines; and I can't refuse to give them or they would kill me, my wife and my children," explained the headman.

"So, who do you send to go and kill the feed?"

"The he-goat does all the killings for me. As you can see, it is invisible and can go through doors, fences, walls and sees clearly

at night. All that it does is to horn any part of the body and that victim is gone and becomes mine," concluded the sorcerer.

"Very well for you. We shall now show you that your devilish powers can't match God's strength and wit. We shall slowly, but surely reduce you to size, until you turn to stone that we shall burn and melt to metal. This metal will be erected on this spot with an inscription on it that will read, 'Here lies the great headman sorcerer', " *Kamuchape* told the headman.

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When everyone had been called to total silence, the headman was given some potion of a certain medicine to drink. Within twenty seconds of swallowing the medicine, his arms and legs started shrinking, going back inside his torso.

The headman screamed but no one cared. Everybody wanted him dead. Within a minute, his whole body had been reduced to what one would describe as the size of a football! People could only see a smoothly-rounded rock bearing no features of a human being.

His wife and children wailed uncontrollably but were ordered to stop crying or they would also go the same way.

The next hour saw the burning of all the evil 'weapons' that had been collected from different parts of the village. As the fire raged on, the rounded rock, was also thrown in the fire, where it immediately screamed on top of its voice and presumably died of great pain.

We waited for another one hour. It was now dark, time was running towards 18.30 hours. Cold water was poured over the ashes to extinguish the remaining traces of fire. What was discovered in the ashes was amazing; a metal-plate with the inscription, 'Here lies the great headman sorcerer', was picked. It was two metres in length and thirty centimetres in breadth. That metal plate was erected at the very spot that the burning of the evil objects had taken place. The witches and sorcerers of the village were warned of the dangers of going back to their old evil ways again, because they risked dying instantly.

Two weeks after the *Kamuchape* incident, Kalonde tried to go back to his evil works. No sooner had he touched one of his evil objects than lightning struck him, killing him instantly.

Today, the people of that village are very happy because witchcraft and sorcery are stories of the past. Credit goes to *Kamuchape*.

*To the young, witchcraft and sorcery are real practices in society. What is needed is to wear a defensive armour of God.*

## WHAT CAN YOU REMEMBER?

### Section A

1. The author's mother had fled to some place. What place was this? What gave her the strength to run so fast?
2. How many youths had got involved in the exercise of cleansing the village?
3. According to the story, where was the equipment for use by witches and sorcerers hidden?
4. What were people doing in order to call back the youths who had gone in the bush to search for evil objects?
5. What object had Chitalu brought to the village? Describe its appearance.
6. What was strange about the object which Chitalu had brought to the village?
7. Who was the owner of Chitalu's catch? What was the use of this object?
8. What was given to the witches and sorcerers to stop them from using their objects again?
9. What was the state of the author's mother when they found her? What had happened?
10. What was the duty of the object to the owner that was captured at the cemetery? How was the owner of the object punished? Was the punishment fair?

## Section B

1. Explain the meaning of the following words:

(a) cemetery	(g) collapse
(b) cleanse	(h) vicious
(c) allegations	(I) monster
(d) comprehended	(j) dissuade
(e) custody	(k) invisible
(f) culprit	(l) extinguish

## Section C

1. Would you support the fact that witchcraft and sorcery exist in our African society? If your answer is no, why do you say so?
2. What is the difference between witchcraft, sorcery and magic?
3. Write your arguments for and against the idea that witches and sorcerers once discovered should be executed publicly or burnt alive.

## Urinated in the Corridor



*Corridor*

A quiet Saturday morning was suddenly turned into a noisy one a few seconds before breakfast at one of the Zambia National Service (ZNS) camps. A gun sounded at the Central Parade Square. A shout of Fall-in! Fall-in recruit! was heard above all other noises that were being made by the recruits in the Camp.

There were more than three thousand recruits in that camp, being trained in defensive tactics, in order that one day, they may defend their country from enemy incursions. I was one of the recruits. The month was December, and the year was 1977. I can't remember the exact date though it should have been either 25th or 26th.

I quickly stood up, with a novel I had been reading entitled, '*A Coffin from Hong Kong*', written by James Hadley Chase. Every recruit, including *privates* were streaming out of the dormitories of the barracks, rushing up to the Parade Square. I joined the stream to the Square.



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"Some of you recruits are lucky," I heard the voice say, "we have letters here that have arrived from the Government, seeking release for some of you so that you can go to various colleges," the voice continued.

There were cheers in the air. It was obvious that we were fed up with half-cooked beans, unbuttered bread, half-cooked beef and cold tea. Everyone wanted to go home, and that day seemed to be the day for the lucky ones.

"I want be slow to why you down if you keep on shouting down me up when the *Bwana* wants to speak some fings to you," another voice said in very bad English.

Everyone stood still and waited for the *Bwana* to call out the lucky names.

"Now you listen very, very carefully, the names are here. Once you listen your name, go and pile up your *katundu* and come to receive your letter so that they give you your truck to take you to the town so that you go to home and to college, okay?" he explained.

After many names had been called out, my name came third from the bottom of the list. I was happy. There was a lot of jubilation among those who had been selected to go to colleges. Colleges included: Nkrumah, University of Zambia, Luanshya Trades, Lusaka Trades, Nkumbi, and many others. I was to go to Mwezi myself.

That evening, I left the Camp with some of my friends in the ZNS Mercedes Benz truck. We were dumped in the town centre and told to find our way to our homes. I was lucky. My elder sister lived within town. When I reached her home, and after explaining the reason for being released so early instead of after twenty months, she was over-joyed with happiness.

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On 1 May 1978, I became a fresher at Mwezi Secondary School Teachers' College. In a few days, I had met and befriended four young men: Patrick, a Tonga, John, a Lozi, Teddy a Kaluunda

and Chewe, a Bemba. They were all good guys. We made quite a good team. However, I would like to comment on each of these friends of mine.

Patrick, was a timid character who shyed away from crowds, especially girls. John was a beer guzzler who could drink the whole crate of *Mosi* beer alone, without showing signs of getting drunk. Chewe, was our clown, who made us laugh and sometimes sent the whole college rocking with laughter. The last one, Teddy, was a very temperamental character. He would lose his temper over a small misunderstanding. He was powerful too. Nobody dared challenge him to a fight; the result was usually a hospital case for the challenger. So, he was our pillar of protection as a group.

As far as I was concerned, I was the unifying factor of the group. Whosoever had a problem within the group, he would normally present it to me first for advice. I was the parent of the group. And when I think of it, I was the only one who had a girl friend. All my friends called themselves *vicars* or *monks*.

We were never found together during lecture hours because each one of us had a different timetable, but we would re-unite during lunch hour and after supper.

We had a special table in the dinning hall, where nobody dared sit because if anyone did, then Teddy our *Mohammed Ali*, would do his home work. The term used was *Chasey*.

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Our group was very popular in that Teddy, Patrick, Chewe and John were great volleyball players. In fact, they formed the backbone of the college volleyball team. And, the team never lost a game whenever the four boys were there.

After knowing each other for six months, I noticed that our Teddy was becoming more and more aggressive towards other students. I also noticed that he had stopped combing his hair; his body was producing a bad smell and his behaviour was becoming violent. Another very noticeable thing about him was that he had stopped ironing his clothes and had also stopped washing his beddings.

I intimated my observations to John, Chewe and Patrick. They all agreed that we should talk to Teddy and find out what was going on in his private life. We had asked ourselves questions: was it the washing powder that he didn't have? Was it a comb which was missing? What about a tooth-brush, did he have it? Had he been after a girl and that girl had turned his proposition down? We were convinced that none of what we thought could have changed Teddy so much. What next? we asked ourselves.

We had to talk to him as a group. We were convinced that there was something big and strange going on in Teddy's life. Teddy, who never smoked, drank and never took any stuff that would change his appearance like that over-night! What was it?

We had a slight problem: who would start the topic about him when we met that evening? Everyone pointed at me. I reminded them that I might be beaten by him because his temper at times had become unpredictable. The boys suggested that if he attempted to raise hell in my room, then we would stand up and lynch him. With that encouragement and assurance, I gathered myself up and informed everybody that I would start the interview.

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We waited until we had had our supper and gathered as usual in my room, No 72, Mulungushi Hostel. As we sat there, the five of us, Teddy sensed that there was something fishy going on, for he asked, "Why are we so quiet this evening?"

"Yes we are quiet Teddy, because we have a small issue to discuss and that small issue is you," I replied.

"Hah, what is going on then? How do I become your subject of discussion?" he anxiously asked.

"Teddy," I began, "what I am going to tell you is not from my heart alone but from the hearts of all these friends of yours who love you so much."

"And what do your hearts think about me? Look, I don't care; if you want you can throw me out of this group. I can easily find another one, the college is very accommodating," he cut me short.

"No, no, no! It is not what you think Teddy; we feel you have changed. Look at yourself, your clothes, your hair, your teeth, they are all in bad shape and condition; and last night I saw your bed, it was something else! Just now look at your shoes! So dirty; no polish. What is happening? Tell us so that we can help you, I reminded him.

"This is rubbish! Is this the meeting I brought myself to; just to come and be insulted! Who is cleaner than me here? And who was the think-tank of this meeting anyway so that I sort him out?" he asked angrily.

Chewe stood up and warned him, "If you don't cool it down, we shall all come on you and squeeze the pips out of you."

"I quit from this group. I am on my own now. Don't bother to come to my room or else I will kill one of you." With these words, he walked out of the door and banged it hard behind him, and one of the hinges even came out loose.

We let him go. We had to search his locker. We were now convinced it could not be any other thing that turned a boy against his friends, but drugs, especially dagga, which was popular around the college campus at that time.

The big question now was: who was going to search his locker? We all had keys to each other's locker. So, I, still had Teddy's key. I told my friends that I was going to search his locker at 21.00 hours, the time I knew he went out to the Sports Hall for a volleyball practice session.

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I had to pass by the Sports Hall to convince myself that Teddy was training. Yes, I could see him there with sweat all over his face.

I rushed to his Kafue Hostel and went straight to his room. His room-mate was there but he never asked questions because

he knew our ties together. I didn't have to search far and long; within two minutes of my search, I found, in his sports bag, a huge bundle of dagga that could have weighed about one-and-half kilogrammes.

I was dumb-founded. In disbelief, I wrapped that bundle in a newspaper, locked the compartment and went back to my room where I had left my other three friends.

"What have you found?" John asked.

I simply threw the parcel in the newspaper at them and said, "Unwrap it, see and judge for yourselves. "

I could see their eyes popping out with shock and disgust as they unwrapped the whole consignment. They couldn't believe their eyes like I hadn't believed myself.

"What do we do now?" asked Chewie.

"We keep it here. I am sure he is going to miss it soon; that is if he smokes at all, " chipped in Patrick.

So, we agreed to keep that parcel of dangerous drugs in my locker .

That evening, we promised each other that we were going to stay together until the dagga-smoker showed up; then beat him up if he became unruly. And we stayed together that evening.

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At exactly 22.45 hours, the door to my room was kicked open and Teddy came in verociously advancing towards me. But before he could grab me by the collar of my shirt, John intercepted him and pushed him away backwards towards the door .

"I want to know! You have no right to come to my locker and start searching. It is my privacy you are tampering with," Teddy roared like a lion.

"We have always had each other's keys remember," I reminded him," and if tonight I intruded your privacy then, you have done so a hundred times to mine," I added.

"I want my stuff! Just give me my stuff! You don't know when I started taking it! It is my life; please give it to me," Teddy begged as he broke down crying like a child.

"No, we are not going to give it to you. It will slowly destroy and eat you. Look at yourself, you look like a charcoal-burner and not a student of this college; one who is going to be a teacher to innocent children," Patrick rebuked him.

"I am very disappointed with you Teddy. I don't think this group fits you. We shall give you your stuff and then get lost! We shall never want to see you again in this room!" I warned him.

Chewe got a bit of dagga and gave it to him. Teddy grabbed it and rushed out of the room.

Little did we know that that night Teddy was going to the *Railway Compound* to soak himself in drink and smoke and make a mess of himself!

\*\*\*\*

What we saw the following morning at college, in Kafue Hostel, shocked not only the entire student population but also the college authority as well.

When Teddy returned from his *Kachasu* drinking spree at 04.00 hours the next morning, he sat down and smoked and smoked his dagga to such excesses that he went walking dizzily like a zombie along the corridors of the hostel stark naked. He then started splashing urine all over the corridor walls and at the same time smearing faeces all over the place including his room. His room-mate ran out and reported the matter to college security officers who came to try to apprehend him.

The entire Kafue Hostel student body, including security officers failed to pin him down and handcuff him. He was as strong as a wounded buffalo. By 07.00 hours, they had not apprehended him; he was still running up and down the corridors of all the hostels now spraying urine at will. And, he was still in his birthday suit!

At this time, even the girls had come down from their hostels to come and witness the most comical event that had ever happened in the history of the college.

I was in the shower-room when John came calling my name and shouting, "Teddy is naked and is shitting and pissing everywhere and at anyone! The security guards have failed to apprehend him. Come, let us go and help them."

I quickly dried myself and got dressed. We rushed to his Kafue Hostel. Everyone of the students was afraid to go near him.

I left the crowd and walked towards him. He was naked, the way he was born!

As he turned around on hearing my footsteps, he surprisingly fell to his knees and started sobbing uncontrollably. He sobbed and sobbed, crying saying, "I urinated in the corridor! And everyone watched."

I rushed to his room and got a blanket to come and cover his nakedness. I then called the security officers to come and assist me take him to the hospital.

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At the General Hospital, they took him in the mental block section. A doctor was called, who declared that Teddy had developed permanent insanity because of abuse of dagga. He was not going to recover! And it was two months before the closure of the first term of college. What a loss, we thought!

*No one should take harmful drugs like dagga. They are a killer of the human mind and body. Run away; flee from friends who smoke cigarettes, who take alcohol, cocaine, heroine and other dangerous drugs that may ruin your life forever.*

## WHAT CAN YOU REMEMBER?

### Section A

1. The author writes about being found in some kind of a military camp. What word or words suggest that he was indeed in a military camp?
2. What was the meeting about?

3. The author had four friends. Name their tribes.
4. Which one of the author's friends was a beer-guzzler?
5. The author's friends were either called *vicars* or *monks*. Why?
6. One of the author's friends, Teddy, had changed suddenly. What was the change like?
7. The author discovered a strange parcel that belonged to Teddy. What did the parcel contain?
8. After a confrontation between the group and Teddy, what was the final decision made by the group?
9. What happened to Teddy the following morning after he had quarrelled with his friends the previous night? What did the doctor at the hospital say about Teddy's condition?
10. Would you say the author's group at college was a bad one? Why do you say so?

## Section B

1. Explain the meaning of the following words:
  - (a) barracks
  - (b) parade
  - (c) recruits
  - (d) consignment
  - (e) temperamental
  - (f) dagga
  - (g) verocious

## Section C

1. Explain the meaning of the following phrases:
  - (a) ...fall-in recruits
  - (b) ...streaming out of the dormitories...
2. To what extent are drugs a problem to the Zambian youth of today? Discuss.

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