

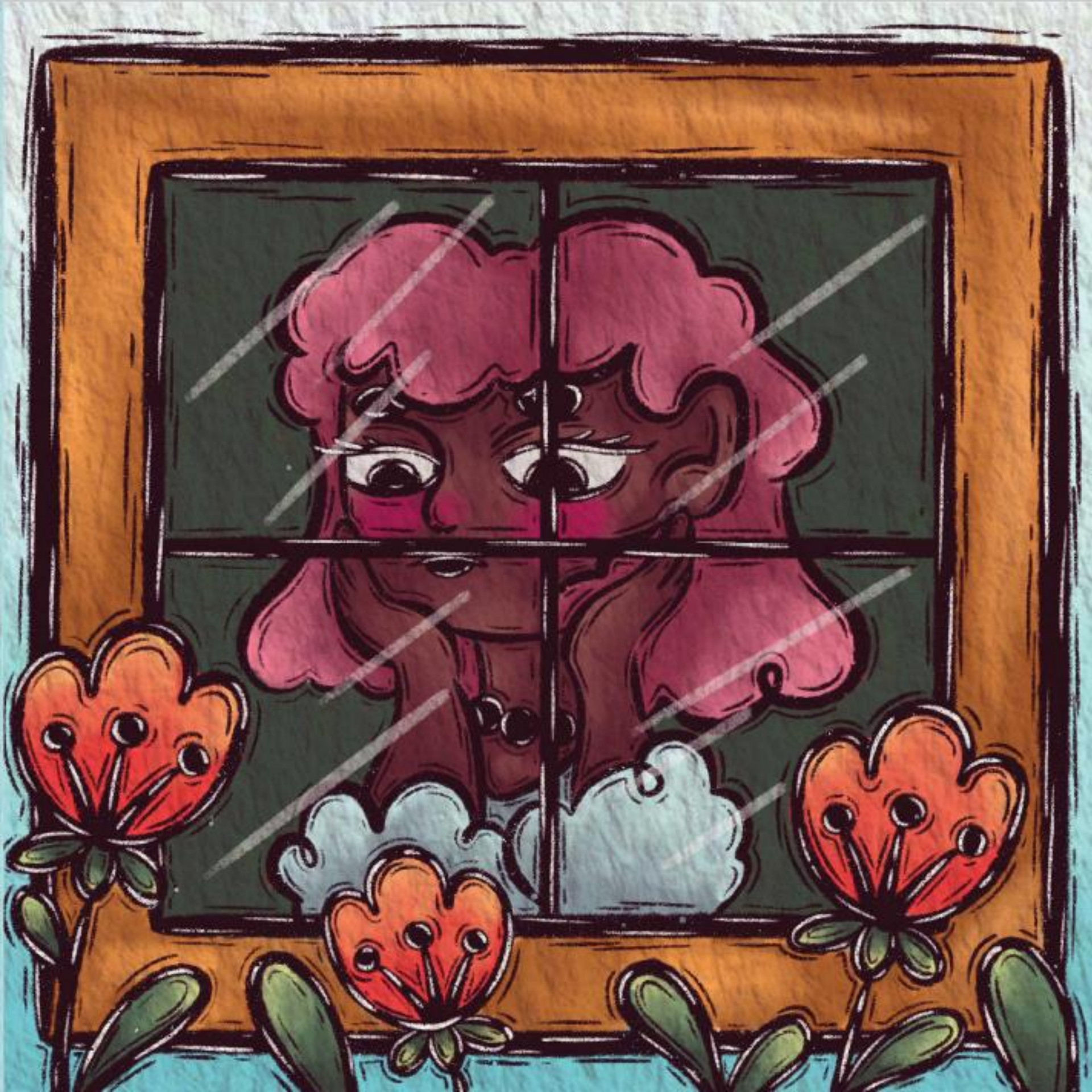


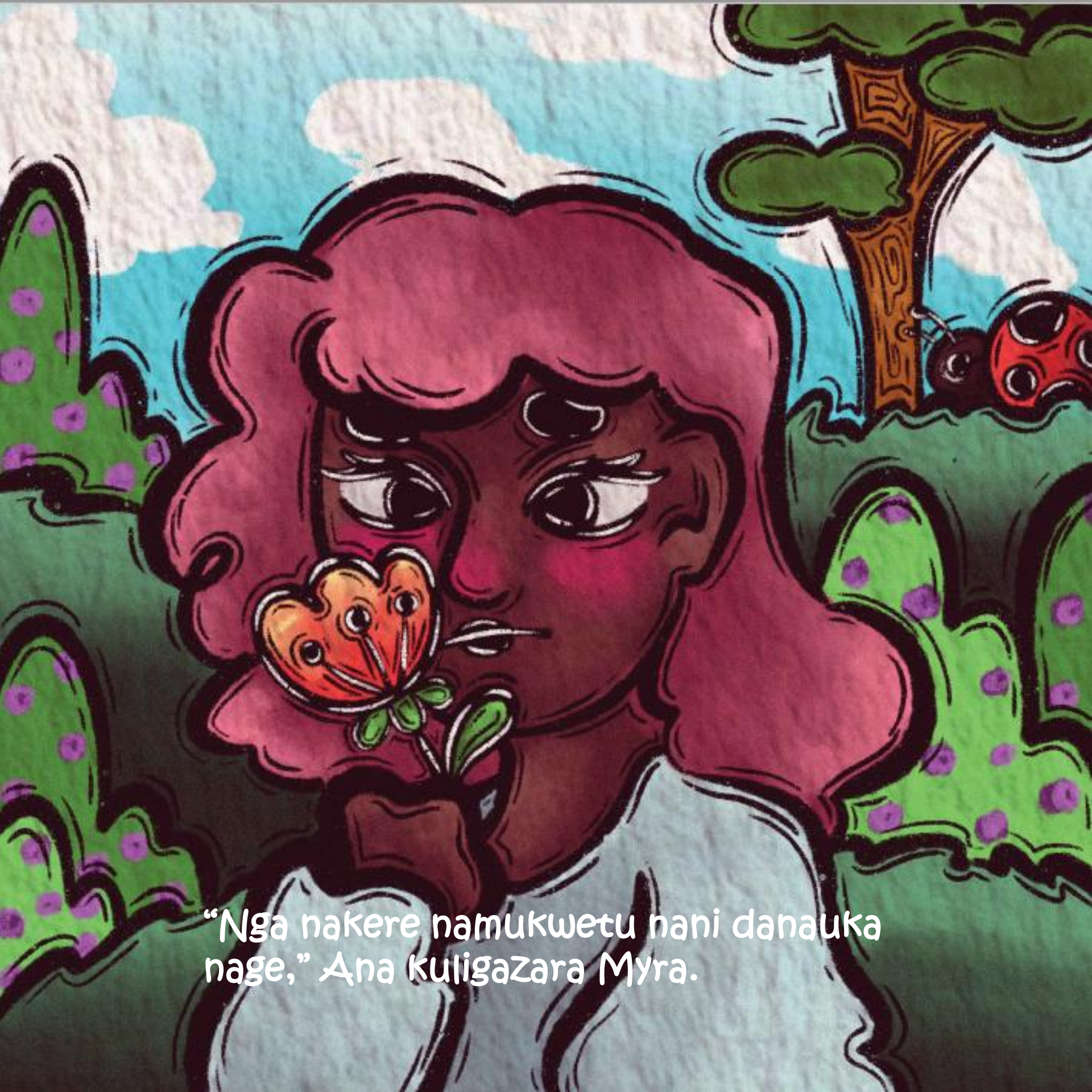
**Va kwawo  
va Myra...**

**Charmaine // Gamxamûs**

**Belia Liebenberg**

**Benisia K. Nghivali**





“Nga nakere namukwetu nani danauka nage,” Ana kuligazara Myra.



“Ngapi Myra,” kansuva ana kupura. “Nyame Pandu, kuvhura nikara mukweni.”







“Ove nyove yilye?” Myra ana kupura embimbidi.  
“Nyame Omuwa,” lina ku limburura embimbidi



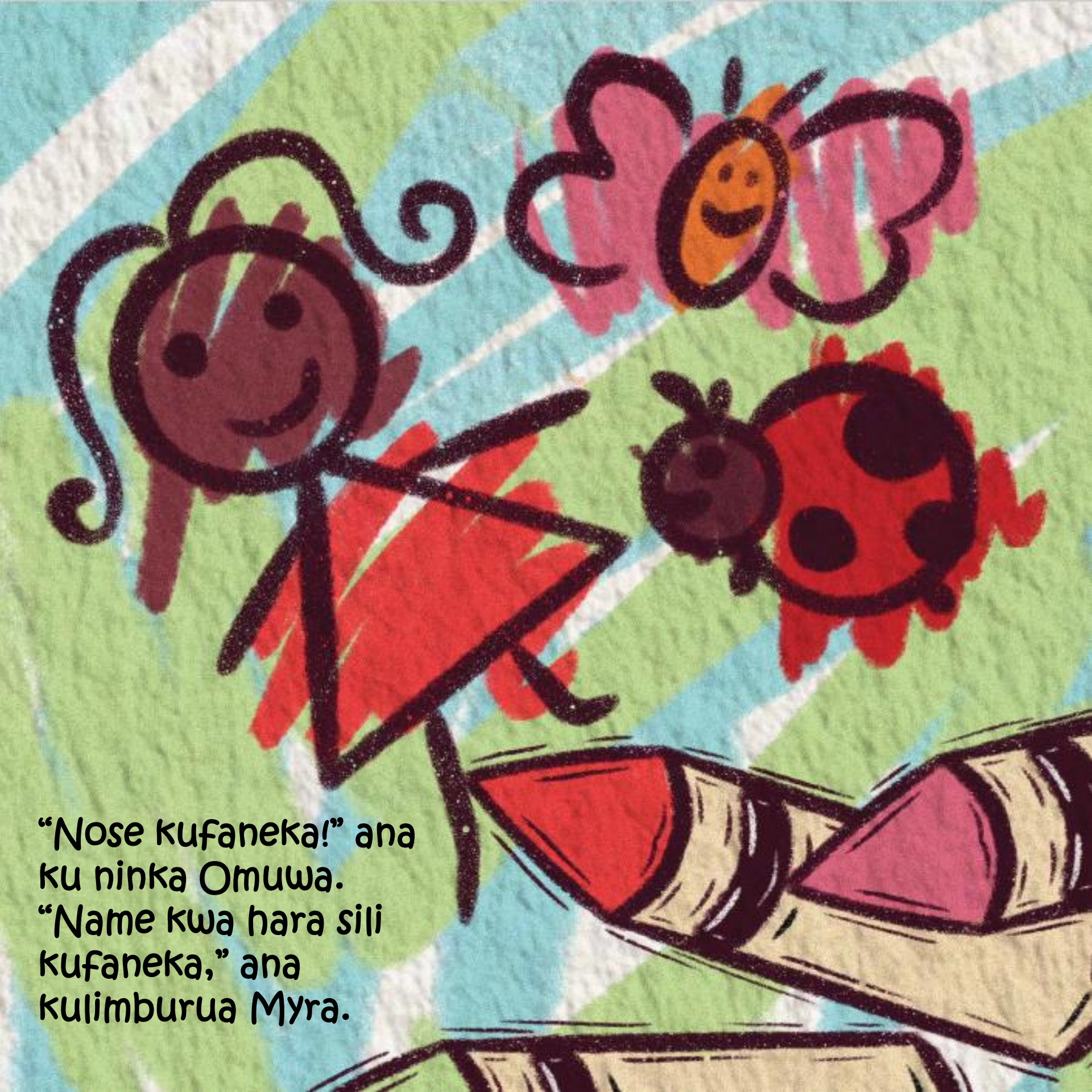
“Tu kareni ukaume,” ana ku ninka Myra.

“Tu danaukeni kumwe,” ana ku ninka Pandu. “Ngesi nakara novakwetu va vali!” ana kuuyunga Myra.





**“Tulyeni sikuki!” Myra ana tutantera vakwawo.  
“Wee! Sikuki! Sikuki, kwa hara sikuki! Vana  
kudimba Pandu na Omuwa.**



“Nose kufaneka!” ana  
ku ninka Omuwa.  
“Name kwa hara sili  
kufaneka,” ana  
kulimburua Myra.



“Tupwizumukeni ko nye tanko,” ana ku ninka Pandu apa ana kumana kuzaza Omuwa.



“One va kaume sili wovawa  
kupitakana,” ana ku ninka Myra.

“Nye tuna tovareke sili mo ku danauka  
kumwe.” Ana ku ninka Pandu.

“Inh! Inh” Omuwa ana ku kwatesako.  
“Mauwa! Mauwa! Nye tuna yihafesere!

Va kaume ta va dimbi moutatu wawo.



“Nakona kuza ko kembo ngesi. Ngatu  
limona mungura.

Mbaa Pandu!

Mbaa Omuwa!

Ana ku rekerera Myra.

“Mbaa Myra!” ana ku limburura Pandu.

“Mbaa Myra, natulimona!”

ana ku rekerera Omuwa.





