

Awet Secondary School,
Kambi ya Simba, Tanzania,
August 2005

“In Tanzania, close to the towering Mt. Kilimanjaro, the vast plains of the Serengeti, and the Great Rift Valley, lies a village called Kambi ya Simba. It is a rural village, with one road in and one road out . . .”



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IN OUR VILLAGE

KAMBI YA SIMBA THROUGH THE EYES OF ITS YOUTH

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A PROJECT OF AWET SECONDARY SCHOOL, TANZANIA, EAST AFRICA
AND WHAT KIDS CAN DO, INC.

Edited by Barbara Cervone

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BY THE STUDENTS OF AWET SECONDARY SCHOOL, TANZANIA, EAST AFRICA
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Providence, Rhode Island

Contents

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10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

PREFACE.....	V
GREETINGS.....	I
SOIL COVERS OUR FEET.....	3
RIVERS AND RAIN.....	5
WHEAT, MAIZE, AND PAPAYAS.....	9
LIVING WITH LIVESTOCK.....	11
UGALI.....	14
TWO METERS BY THREE.....	17
THE VILLAGE DISPENSARY.....	20
TWENTY CUSTOMERS A DAY.....	23
OX-PLOWS AND TRACTORS.....	26
A BUMPY RIDE.....	29
WIRELESS.....	31
MADE BY HAND.....	35
SINGING AND DANCING.....	37
THE MORE YOU WIN, THE MORE YOU PLAY.....	41
GOOD FRIENDS.....	43

VILLAGE GOVERNMENT.....46

WRITING DOWN EVERY WORD.....49

GOD’S BLESSINGS.....52

CHILDREN AND SACRIFICE..... 55

THEY CALL ME YAME.....58

I WANT TO BE A LEADER.....61

MORE ABOUT TANZANIA.....64

MAP.....70

OTHER FACTS..... 69

SWAHILI GLOSSARY.....71

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.....74

Preface

IN TANZANIA, CLOSE TO THE TOWERING MT. KILIMANJARO, the vast plains of the Serengeti, and the Great Rift Valley, lies a village called Kambi ya Simba. It is a rural village, with one road in and one road out. Its 5,000 residents, spread over 40 square kilometers, are farmers. Their fortunes rise and fall with the crops and the weather. By every measure they are poor, in a country that ranks among the poorest in the world. They know scarcity, which can make “enough” seem like plenty. In a world of digital technology and designer coffee, they illuminate the night with lanterns and drink from streams and pumps that often carry illness.

Poverty alone does not define Kambi ya Simba. As in so many small villages across the African continent, life here holds much richness and many stories. Yet a romantic view of village life misses the mark, as its young people show us in this book. The village life they document is at once ordinary and surprising, entrepreneurial and backward. Its dreams are both wide and narrow, its times both good and bad. I asked Romana, one of the students on our project’s team, what she likes best about the village. “Here, you know everything by heart,” she said.

Kambi ya Simba first entered my own heart through my son, Carl, who started an agro-forestry project there while in college and now runs a microfinance program for rural women in a handful of Tanzanian villages. At once, I imagined a connection with the work of What Kids Can Do, our nonprofit organization whose mission is to bring

youth voices to the public stage. Since its start in 2001, WKCD has worked closely with teenagers around the United States, using a variety of media to publish their thoughts on community, family, school, society, and, increasingly, global understanding. *In Our Village*, created with a team of secondary school students in Kambi ya Simba, marks our international debut, as the first project WKCD has carried out with young people outside North America.

I first met the students and faculty of the Awet Secondary School when my family and I visited Kambi ya Simba in December 2004. Their generous spirit and curiosity about the world was as large as their school was spare. The school's headmaster hoped that when we returned to the United States, I might raise funds for the school. Instead, I proposed another trip, this time to write a book with his students documenting life in Kambi ya Simba through the eyes of its youth. His generous assent gave *In Our Village* its start.

For two weeks in August 2005, I came back and worked with a team of Kambi ya Simba students, gathering the photographs and stories presented here. Our core group included ten student collaborators sixteen to eighteen years old, their three young teachers, my teenage son Daniel, and myself. On our last day, forty or more students crowded the classroom where we were meeting and joined the final stages of our process.

We began our work together by taking stock of the village's assets, whether hard or soft, ample or constrained. The students generated a list of thirty or more, from land, livestock, and tractors to friendship, faith, and the wisdom of elders. We narrowed the list to twenty and the students wrote down everything they knew about each, creating a common pool of knowledge from which to draw. In three teams, we then fanned out to

collect the photographs and interviews that fill these pages. We worked on weekends and after school until the sun gave way to kerosene lamps. Each expedition to take photographs entailed walking five miles or more, stopping along the way to review photos and notes.

None of these students had ever held a camera before this project. Within minutes, however, they mastered the three digital cameras I brought, and thereafter they were loath to put them down. They took over a thousand photographs during our two weeks of work, and, with only a few exceptions, the pictures here are theirs.

Creating the accompanying narrative was less straightforward. Instruction at Awet Secondary School is in English, but neither students nor teachers are practiced in class discussions that are not linked to the prescribed curriculum. Moreover, I spoke "American"; they spoke "British" (and, of course, their national language *Kiswahili*); and some of the villager residents we interviewed spoke only the local *Iraqw*. We worked hard to understand each other.

For that reason, I have rendered here a mix of voices, hoping to make the "we" in this narration as true as possible to its diverse contributors: students, teachers, the villagers we interviewed, and local "experts" who provided many of the facts and figures. I drew, as well, on essays written by all 350 students at Awet Secondary School as part of our project. I tried hard to keep my own voice from intruding, seeking always to shape one coherent text from the words of many.

As we finished, I asked students to reflect on their work on this project. This is what they told me: It stretched our imagination in so many ways. Before this, we had never seen a book with photographs. Few of us have journeyed beyond the town of Karatu,

nineteen kilometers distant. Of the larger world, we know only what our teachers have told us, a small encyclopedia we carry in our heads, containing facts and words, a few pictures, and no sound. Lacking electricity and computers, we have not traveled the Internet or watched other media that would show us life elsewhere, true or false.

Also, on our parting, they told me this: It astounds us—and we remain unconvinced—that anyone outside our village would care about our stories and our challenges. In a sense that goes beyond this phrase, your interest means the world to us. To us, it means “the world.”

Barbara Cervone

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Greetings

IN OUR VILLAGE AND THROUGHOUT TANZANIA, we greet each other from early in the morning until late at night. It is the way we start a conversation. We shake hands as part of the ritual. This communicates solidarity. We use an African handshake, which has three parts. We start by clasping right hands and, without letting go, we slip our hand around the other person’s thumb, then go back to the clasped hands.



Our greetings vary depending on the ages of the two people, expressing respect along with friendship. So when a younger or lesser status person greets an older or higher status person, they say *shikamoo* (I respectfully greet you) and the person responds *marahaba* (I am delighted). When two adults of roughly equal status greet, they say *habari*. If it is morning, they might say *habari ya asubuhi*; if it is evening, they would say *habari ya jioni*. When two young people meet, one might say *mambo* or *vipi* to which the other might reply, *poa* or *safi*.

We also ask each other for news. How is everything at home? (*Habari za nyumbani?*) How are the children doing? (*Watoto wazima?*) *Hawajambo* (They are fine) or *salama* (well) are typical responses. We end the exchange with two words you will hear everywhere, all the time, in Tanzania: *karibu*, which means welcome or you are welcome, and *asante*, which means thank you.

For us, greeting and shaking hands is like breathing.

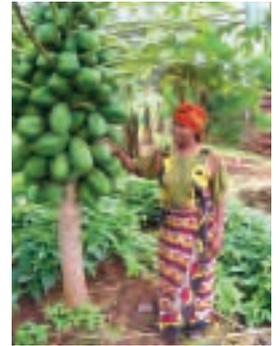


Wheat, maize, and papayas

AGRICULTURE MAKES UP HALF of Tanzania's gross domestic product. Most of what we plant in Kambi ya Simba, though, we eat ourselves or feed to our animals. Roughly half the village land is arable. Three-quarters of that is cultivated. Wheat is the closest thing we have to a cash crop, but *mahindi* (maize) covers 50 percent of our fields. We also grow *mbazi* (pigeon peas), beans, barley, and millet; and we raise sunflowers for their oil.

We have two growing seasons, November to February and April to July, which follow a set routine. We “inter-crop,” growing crops in pairs and in rotation. We plant maize and pigeon peas in one season, wheat and beans the next. On the road into our village in May, gold and red nasturtiums sometimes carpet a field.

For a farmer, how much a crop yields matters more than anything else. In the past thirty years, our village has watched its crop yields fall. In 1974, wheat yielded 12 to 14 metric tons per acre. Now it yields less than three tons. The yield from maize has dropped to one-third of its former level.



Jacob Dallan, our village agricultural expert, explains:

Many factors affect harvest. Rain is one—not just the amount, but also the time it falls, neither too late nor too early. Fertility is second. Tired soil needs compost and fertilizer. Third comes good planting habits, like rotating crops. Then, there is seed quality. Basic seeds, where one year’s plant produces next year’s seed, do not compare well with the new, improved seeds you can buy with enough money. But the improved seeds do not produce more like them, to use in the following year.

Several women in our village have received small loans from a local development organization, to grow vegetables and fruit for sale. They have turned acres of land into bounty. They show the power of irrigation, fertilizer, strong seeds, and caring hands. “I grow papayas, tomatoes, spinach, carrots, lettuce, onions, even coffee,” Lusía Antony boasts. “My customers, they make a parade. They ask, ‘What is fresh today?’”

Living with livestock



IN OUR VILLAGE, LIVESTOCK COUNTS as family. We include animals in our yearly census. Records show that in 2004 we had 1,923 sheep, 1,910 goats, 1,900 chickens, 1,855 cows, 229 donkeys, and 75 pigs. We use cattle for milk and labor, chickens mostly for eggs, and sheep and goats for their hide. We trade livestock at the *mnada* (monthly market) that passes through our village. We rarely use our livestock for meat, except when a special occasion calls for a feast. When a family owns just a few animals, one sick cow spells hardship. The cost of veterinary medicine can exceed a month’s income.

Joseph Tarmo is the agricultural and livestock field officer for Kambi ya Simba. He knows better than anyone how land, water, agriculture, and livestock mix in our village. What he says may come as a surprise.

The issue with livestock is not what you think. We have too many cattle, not too few. When we use cattle for their labor and milk, that is fine. But when we keep them for

their value as property, maybe as a bride price, maybe to sell in times of trouble, this creates problems. It is a tradition across East Africa that makes us poorer, not richer.

Too many cattle stress the land, the water, the crops. When cattle graze freely, they also share diseases more easily. They produce poor breeds. “Fewer livestock. Zero grazing.” In village seminars, this is what I teach. I see progress, but it is slow. You cannot tell a farmer in one day how to change a lifetime of habits.

One homestead, just north of the village center, puts “zero grazing” on display. In front of the house are five trees, with a pile of hay and an animal tied to each, so it may not graze freely. Each of them—two cows, a goat, a sheep, and a donkey—has a purpose, the old man, Anthoni, who owns them explains. “My wife, when she was younger, she carried the water. Now the donkey does.”

If you think roosters crow only at dawn, you surely do not live with one. They sing *kokoreka* whenever they please.



Ugali

NOON AND NIGHT THE STIFF PORRIDGE *ugali* warms our stomachs. We make it from our maize, drying its kernels in the sun and then grinding



them into flour. Once a week, rice and beans or chicken may change place with *ugali*. When we can, we eat spinach, carrots, potatoes, and other greens from local gardens. The sweet bananas from our trees are the length of an adult's middle finger. They sell for as little as 20 shillings (two cents) in the village center.

We wake in the morning to *chai* (tea) with milk, sometimes accompanied by *chapati*, a fried bread resembling a pancake and made with maize flour. The restaurant, up a short hill from the village center, serves two dishes for dinner: rice and beans, and *chips-mayai*, a scrambled egg cooked with French fries. At school, we line up for our meals with a metal bowl in hand, scooping *ugali* from big pots into our dish.

Mama Elena, a primary school teacher who rents a room in the village center, describes the routine for cooking *ugali*:



First prepare the fire, from charcoal or small woods. Put a pan with water over the fire and allow it to boil, slightly. Start adding maize flour, stirring gently, gently with a *mwiko*. Add more flour, still stirring, gently, gently. Stir until it gets solid but not hard. When it is ready, the *ugali* separates from the sides of the pan. A sweet smell should touch your nose.

In times of scarcity we ration our food, sometimes eating just one meal a day. We share with those who have nothing. At weddings and funerals, especially after a harvest, everyone contributes to the table. Boiled sweet potatoes fill one bowl, rice and goat meat another.

In Tanzanian villages like ours, the average adult's daily caloric intake is estimated to be 1,900. The Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations recommends an adult daily minimum of 2,400 calories.

Two meters by three

SEVEN HUNDRED FAMILIES LIVE IN OUR VILLAGE. Homesteads stand next to fields and footpaths and dot hillsides and valleys throughout the 40 square kilometers of Kambi ya Simba. Our land is wide, but our homes are small. They may be just one room, two meters by three. You will not find a house with four rooms here.

We build our homes in several ways, depending on what we can afford. Houses with burnt brick walls and a corrugated iron roof are best. They last forever. But they are rare in our village. You must buy the iron roof and bricks in Karatu and then find a way to haul them up and down the hills to Kambi ya Simba. Houses with walls made from trees and soil or clay, topped with an iron roof, are next best. The wood adds sturdiness, but it is a precious resource. Most common are houses with grass roofs and walls made of dirt or cow dung. Both need refreshing every couple of years, though soil cakes more quickly than dung.





Volcus Clavery Mkamba, a student at Awet Secondary School, explains more:

Most homes in our village consist of two or three small rooms shared by six family members, usually two parents and four children. The rooms are in a line, with a sitting room in the middle and a door at the center. The sleeping rooms are on either side. Most often, the males sleep in one, the females in the other. At night, the livestock joins the family and the sitting room becomes theirs.

Sometimes a family will hang newspaper as decoration on the inside walls of the sitting room. It shows they are prosperous. When a daughter or son marries and moves to a house of their own, their families write good wishes in white paint on the outside walls, for everyone to see. If it is a son, they say *bahati nzuri* (good luck). If it is a daughter, they write *kwa heri* (farewell). They draw flowers to show their love.

After a strong harvest, we may use the extra income to expand our homestead. We might build an outhouse in the back or a small room for cooking by the side of the house.



A bumpy ride

IN OUR VILLAGE, OUR FEET CARRY US EVERYWHERE. Kilometers and kilometers of dirt paths criss-cross our land. The north end of our village stands at 1,800 meters (5,906 feet), the south at 1,300 meters (4,265 feet). More small valleys than you can count lie between those two points. Walking means going up one hill and down another. Everything slopes, including our fields. We know our footpaths by heart. At night, especially at the full moon, we find our way by a bend in the path, a silhouette of trees, a maize field.



Bicycles also provide transportation, for those who can afford one. They are a prized possession. There may be as many as 100 bicycles in our village; it is difficult to keep track. You will see few females riding bicycles, but we suspect that will soon change.

Wilfred Maho, a farmer and bicycle owner, says:

I dreamed of owning a bike for several years. Last year my crops made me lucky and I saved the money I needed. I searched the streets and shops of Karatu for the right bike, not brand new, not old, one as strong as me. The bicycle I found may not be

perfect, but it makes me happy. When I can, I give other people a ride. The rider sits crossways on the bar in front of the seat, getting off to walk if we come to a hill. I will tell you this: If you ride a bike in Kambi ya Simba, you must know how to patch a tire.

Transportation out of Kambi ya Simba takes patience. Ruts and stones cover the dirt road that connects our village to Karatu, nineteen kilometers away.

A *dala dala* (public bus) makes two trips a day. Passengers of all sizes, vegetables, boxes of supplies, sometimes live chickens—they form a big jumble, one on top of another. The overflow, including humans, joins the luggage on the roof. Most times the trip takes an hour, longer when the bus breaks down.

In 1996, Tanzania had an average of one motor vehicle for every 1,000 inhabitants. The number has increased a lot since then, but it is still low by most counts. Our village of 5,000 has eight vehicles, all of them with four-wheel drive. We have five motorcycles, too. In March and April, the rain makes the dirt road between Kambi ya Simba and Karatu impassable except by foot. Our shoes sink deep into its mud.

Wireless

ELECTRICITY REACHES LESS THAN 10 PERCENT of Tanzania's population. In rural areas, that drops to almost zero. In our village, four small generators



provide all the electricity we have. We run them until they die. They lead short lives.

Yet almost 20 percent of our villagers now own mobile phones (*simu*). Farmers with crops or livestock to sell in markets outside Kambi ya Simba call ahead and find where they will obtain the best price. “It puts me in front,” one farmer says. Our teachers use their mobiles to communicate with each other, with families and friends living elsewhere, and with the world beyond.

In 2003, about 6 percent of Tanzanians had access to a telephone, and 70 percent of these used cellular phones.

Lazaro Xumay Gidri has found a way to link a generator to digital technology and make money:

I bought a generator in Arusha for 250,000 shillings (\$250 USD), along with a satellite antenna, television, VCR, and two fluorescent lights. I set everything up in a room in

the center. For 300 shillings (30 cents) people can charge their mobile phones. At eight in the evening, people come to watch the news on satellite TV. They pay 100 shillings (10 cents) for ten minutes of news.

With the VCR, I show American action movies and movies from Nigeria. I charge for that, too. For football games, the cost depends on the stakes, from 200 to 300 shillings per game. Fuel for the generator costs me 2,000 shillings (\$2) a day.

In much of our country, the world of electricity and digital technology still seems far away. Firewood accounts for 92 percent of the nation's total energy consumption. Kerosene lamps provide the light for our village.

Solar energy, we are learning, may one day meet our needs. We just acquired a small solar battery, which powers one light bulb in an office in the village center.





The more you win, the more you play

YOU WILL NOT SEE TANZANIA'S FOOTBALL TEAM in the World Cup. You will not find our school's name on a silver trophy. Still, we cheer our school's football players as if they were champions. After school, one form (grade level) challenges another on a nearby field. It has no lines marked on it, so "out of bounds" is a matter of opinion. The best players get picked for the school team. They wear their yellow and green uniforms when they compete against other villages.

Girls play netball, a team game based on running, jumping, throwing, and catching. The rules say only fourteen players may take the court at one time, but we allow as many as want to play. The aim is to score as many goals as possible from within an area called the goal circle. On our court, the goal circle markings are imaginary.

Two board games are popular in our village. *Bao* involves distributing, capturing, and redistributing sixty-four seeds on a game board with four rows of eight holes. It belongs to the *mancala* game family. *Mancala* is one of the oldest board games in the world, although no one knows how old. It may have begun as a game played in holes scooped in the sand or earth. Many people say *bao* tests the limits of the human mind.



Drafti, or draughts, is also an old game, left behind by the British. It is checkers, with a little chess. Men play it in the village center, using bottle caps for pieces. You win the game if you take all of your opponent's pieces, if they cannot make any more moves, or if they give up.

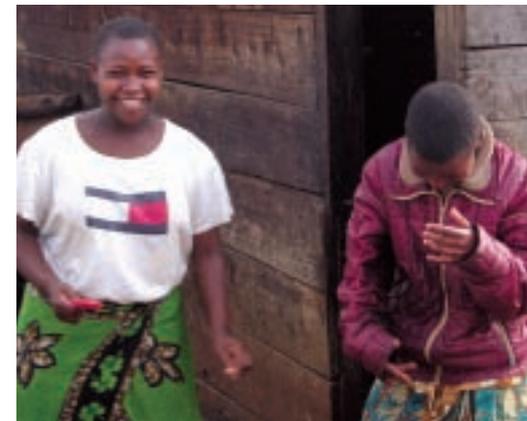
Emanuel Bayo has played *drafti* for just one year. He already claims the village title, and no one argues with that.

I play after I finish my work, as often as I can. I study my mistakes and do not make them again. That is my champion's secret. The people I play, most have been playing for eight or nine years.

In *drafti* you keep playing until you lose, one opponent after another. The more you win, the more you play. I get to play a lot.

Good friends

THEY SAY TANZANIANS ARE THE FRIENDLIEST people on earth. We would not know. We can tell you this, though: When two people pass each other on our footpaths, they say hello. We greet and shake hands all the time, eager to



exchange news. We care about unity. We treat strangers as friends. We show respect and good behavior in the language we use. When someone enters a room or we want their attention, we say *karibu sana* (most welcome) several times. When we need something, we say not only *tafadhali* (please) but also *naomba* (I beg of you).

And we smile.

Since few people leave our village, friendships last a lifetime. We make friends at the places you would expect: church, school, special events, and celebrations. Our nearest neighbor may live a ten-minute walk away, but we call on each other for company and help. Disputes are rare and they never last long. We do not snatch from one another. We share. Only once in ten years has a case of stealing in our village needed to go to the court in Karatu. We do not have a court here.

When you are our age, what makes someone a good friend?

A good friend is someone you can exchange ideas with. – TRIPHONIA

A good friend helps you with your subjects. – HEAVENLIGHT

A friend is someone who values you. – SYLVESTER

Heavenlight is my best friend. She has good behavior. She keeps secrets.

We talk about science studies together, and we laugh, too. – SHANGWE

The walk from one point to another in our village can be long. It strengthens friendships along with muscles, one of our teachers says. We share stories that go on for kilometers.



God's blessings

CHURCH BRINGS PEOPLE TOGETHER in our village, and we have three: a Catholic, a Lutheran, and a Pentecostal church. Some of us attend churches in nearby villages, like the Roman Catholic Church in Upper Kitete, 12 kilometers away.



In Tanzania, there are equal numbers of Christians, Muslims, and followers of native religions, and we value religious tolerance. In Kambi ya Simba, we are mostly Christians, yet we welcome all faiths.

We go to church on Sundays to support each other—and to pray. Praying together is always more effective than praying alone, we believe, and we pray a lot: for rain, recovery from sickness, a good harvest, a safe journey, stronger cattle. We seek God's blessing for special occasions, too, from weddings, births and deaths to a football competition with a nearby village.

In a village with few books, the Bible is the first text we hold in our hands. Reading the verses helps us relate to the transformations in our own lives.



But it is the music that often lures us most to church. Every church has a *kwaya* (choir), and singing, dancing, drumming, and folk tales spill out the door. Audio cassettes (*kandas*) of church music have become a big business across Tanzania.

Robert Masong, the minister at our village's Lutheran church, reports:

The church was built in 1994, at which time its members were using a classroom for their prayers. The new church enabled nearly 300 members of the community to attend. Five people regularly work for the church—a caretaker, an evangelist, and several others part-time.

Each Sunday, the caretaker and evangelist commence the service. The service has a choir as a way of attracting anyone at all to pray with us. In addition to worship, the church is blessed with a one and a half acre farm to support itself. The church we built ten years ago is already worn out and unsatisfactory. We have put in place a plan to build a new one.

As for providing charity, our churches step in when they can. They may help one family with school fees and another with medicine for a sick child.

Children and sacrifice

CHILDREN FILL OUR VILLAGE. Forty-four percent of the population in Tanzania is under fourteen. We are a young country, though this may be changing.

Fifteen years ago, the average mother in Kambi ya Simba gave birth to six live babies. Now our average birth rate has dropped to 3.8.

Once it was good to have a lot of children. They fetched water and firewood; they herded cattle and goats; they gathered vegetables; they went to the store. They did whatever their parents needed. They stood in for wealth. Now, having too many children can extend poverty. Children need development; they need education. And this *takes* wealth.

Angela Marco Malle, a mother of four, says:



When I was a child, work, not school, made my life. That is the way it was, especially if you were a girl. Parents saw their children as fruit for the labor they provided, and they picked them early. Now, children are our fruit for the future they bring, not the water they carry. And rather than pick them early, we must let them ripen.



In my household, I am the father and the mother. I do the work of two. I want my three sons and daughter to have the education that I never had. Yes, I want my children to help me when I am old. Yes, I want them to have good manners. But I also want them to find what they are good at, to acquire the education that makes them strong. I tell them they must do real work and control their lives.

As young people, we are grateful for the sacrifices of our families. We want to give back.

I want to help street children by giving them food, clothes, and shelter. – LUCY JOSEPH

I want to ensure that the women in my country get the education they deserve and the right to inherit land. – LUCY JOSEPH

I want to deliver my country from poverty and disease. – JULIUS

I would like to balance the budget of the country. – PIUS

I want to teach people about good agricultural and industrial practices that will help our country develop. – WAYDAELI

I want to help protect the environment, especially the ozone layer, so that we preserve our planet. – PILI

I would like to use knowledge effectively in order to fight oppression of any kind.
– PASCHALINA

They call me Yame

WHEN GREETING SOMEONE OLDER THAN YOU in Swahili, you say “*shikamoo*” to show respect. Only 2.5 percent of Tanzania’s population is over 65. In our village, that includes about 140 people. Our elders form a village council. They meet to share memories and discuss village affairs. We consider their knowledge sacred.



Elders in our village never live alone. Generations sleep under the same roof and eat from the same pot. We give each other strength.

The oldest person in Kambi ya Simba is 103 years old.

My name is Emanuel. They call me Yame. I was born in 1902, in the village of Mbulu. School ended for me after one year. The head teacher asked my parents if I would care for his cattle. My parents said yes.

I fought in World War II. Carrying a gun to shoot people, that made me unhappy. It went against my nature. I have yet to be paid for my service in World War II. I still ask the government, Where is my money? They never answer. After the war, I was appointed Minister of Peace and Safety for the Mbulu-Karatu district. It was a job that made me proud.



I have outlived my wives. My first wife, she died after our second child was born. That was before I went to fight in the war. My second wife, she died last year. I have eight children. My great-grandchildren, they keep me company, here in the sun.

When I first came to the village, we had to chase away the lions. That is why it is called *Kambi ya Simba* (Lion's Camp). We killed elephants when they threatened us, and ate their meat.

For many years, I staged traditional plays and dances for the village. I was the village healer, too. Medicinal roots, I know what they cure and how to apply them.

Some days I worry for our village. The rains are fewer. The soil is poorer. But we are a strong people. We care for each other. When I sit here, outside on my blanket, everyone who passes says "*shikamoo.*"

I want to be a leader

FEW STUDENTS WHO GRADUATE FROM OUR SCHOOL continue their studies. The reason is simple: we cannot afford university tuition. In our daily lives, we make do with so little. It breaks our hearts that we must do without further education, too. Still, we dream of our future—dreams that would take us away from the village we know so well:



I want to be a scientist in order to reach the sky as American scientists have. — FAUSTINE

I want to be a journalist or a reporter and travel to Europe. — REBEKA

I want to be the headmistress at a secondary school. — GOODNESS

I want to be president of Tanzania. — LUCY

I want to be a pilot. — SHANGWE

I want to have only four children, if God wishes, by use of family planning. — MATLE

I want to be a doctor in a modern hospital. — PASCALINA

I want to be a teacher at the university. — EMELIANA

I want to be a pastor in my church. – RUBEN

I dream to continue my studies in another country. God bless me for my opinion. – CLAUDIA

I want to be a tour guide in a national park. – HEAVENLIGHT

I want to be an artist. I also want to work in a radio station. – HALIMA

I would like to be an agricultural officer. – VICTORY

I imagine being a secretary in an office. – ROZINA

I would like to open my own school and I will name it Tenga Academic School. – FUMENCE

I want to be a doctor and a musician. I want to run my life softly. – GLORY

I want to be a teacher of Kiswahili. – PILI

I want to be a lawyer. – FISSOO

I want to be a driver of big cars. – MODEST

I want to be a master of literature. – REGINALD

I would like to be a peaceful person. – LUCIAN

I want to be a leader in my country. – THOBIA



Other facts



LOCATION: East Africa, bordering the Indian Ocean, between Kenya and Mozambique

AREA: 945,087 square kilometers

ARABLE LAND: 4.52% (2003)

IRRIGATED LAND: 0.16% (1998)

CLIMATE: Varies from tropical along the coast to temperate in highlands

TOTAL POPULATION: 36.7 million (2005)

AGE: 0–14 years, 44%; 15–64 years, 53.4%; 65 years and over, 2.6 % (2005)

URBAN POPULATION (% of total): 35.4% (2003)

POPULATION GROWTH RATE: 1.83% (2005)

LITERACY: 78.2%: male, 85.9% and female, 70.7% (2003)

GOVERNMENT TYPE: Republic

CAPITAL: Dodoma

INDEPENDENCE: Tanganyika became independent on December 9, 1961 (from a United Kingdom-administered United Nations trusteeship). Zanzibar became independent on December 9, 1963 (from the United Kingdom). Tanganyika united with Zanzibar on April 26, 1964 to form the United Republic of Tanganyika and Zanzibar; it was renamed the United Republic of Tanzania on October 29, 1964.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS: Coffee, sisal (used to make rope), tea, cotton, pyrethrum (insecticide made from chrysanthemums), cashew nuts, tobacco, cloves, corn, wheat, cassava (manioc), bananas, fruits, vegetables, cattle, sheep, goats

INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS: Agricultural processing (sugar, beer, cigarettes, sisal twine), gemstones, gold and iron mining, soda ash, oil refining, shoes, cement, apparel, wood products, fertilizer, salt

PUBLIC EXPENDITURE ON EDUCATION (% of GDP): 2.9% (2002)

PUBLIC EXPENDITURE ON HEALTH (% of GDP): 2.7% (2002)

POPULATION WITH SUSTAINABLE ACCESS TO IMPROVED SANITATION: 46% (2002)

INTERNET USERS (per 1,000 people): 7 (2002)

(Statistics from *Human Development Report 2005*, United Nations Development Program)

Swahili glossary

(Assembled by students and teachers at Awet Secondary School)

Greetings

hello/how are you? *habari*

I'm fine (reply back) *nzuri*

greetings (to an elder) *shikamoo*

reply (to an elder) *marahaba*

greetings (youth-to-youth) *mambo* or *vipi*

reply (youth-to-youth) *poa* or *safi*

may I come in? *hodi*

welcome/come in *karibu*

good morning *habari ya asubuhi*

goodbye *kwa heri*

good luck *bahati*

Other civilities

please *tafadhali*

thank you *asante*

thank you very much *asante sana*

you're welcome *karibu*

you're very welcome *karibu sana*

forgive me *samahani*

sorry *pole*

I beg of you *naomba*

Inquiries (*habari + noun*)

how is your work? *habari za kazi?*

how is everything at home? *habari za nyumbani*

how are your studies? *habari za masomo?*

how are you this morning *habari ya asubuhi*

how are you this evening? *habari za jioni*

possible reply: "fine" *salama*

Forms of address

Bibi is a term of respect used to address women.

Mama is a term of great respect and is usually

used to address older women. *Bwana* is a term

of respect for men, meaning "sir" or "mister."

Mzee means "elder" or "old person." *Rafiki*

means "friend."

Some basics

yes *ndiyo*

no *hapana*

maybe *labda*

easy *rahisi*

hard *ngumu*

okay *sawalhaya*

and *na*

or *au*

but *lakini*
big *kubwa*
little *ndogo* or *kidogo*
good *nzuri*
bad *mbaya*
today *leo*
tomorrow *kesho*
yesterday *jana*

Numbers

one *moja*
two *mbili*
three *tatu*

four *nne*
five *tano*
six *sita*
seven *saba*
eight *nane*
nine *tisa*
ten *kumi*
twenty *ishirini*
fifty *hamsini*
hundred *mia*
thousand *elfu*
million *milioni*

Colors

black *nyeusi*
white *nyeupe*
red *nyekundu*
blue *blu*
green *kijani*
yellow *njano*
khaki *kaki*
brown *rangi ya udongo*
orange *rangi ya machungwa*

SOME WORDS IN THIS BOOK

AIDS *ukimwi*
assistance *msaada*
audio cassette *kanda*
banana *ndizi*
beans *maharagwe*
bicycle *baisikeli*
bird/airplane *ndege*
book *kitabu*
boy *mvulana*
bucket *ndoo*
cat *paka*
cattle *ng'ombe*
chalkboard *ubao*

chicken *kuku*
children *watoto*
choir *kwaya*
church *kanisa*
clothes *nguo*
communication *mawasiliano*
cooking fire *moto wa kupikia*
cooking pot *chungu* or *sufuria*
day *siku*
daytime *mchana*
desk *dawati*

doctor *daktari* or *mganga*
dog *mbwa*
donkey *punda*
dream *ndoto*
dress *gauni*
drought *ukame*
drugstore *duka la dawa*
dust *uwumbi*
education *elimu*
electricity *umeme*
elephant *tembo* or *ndovu*
family *familia*
farmer *mkulima*

father *baba*
field *shamba*
flour *unga*
fried bread *chapati*
fruits *matunda*
game *mchezo*
girl *msichana*
goat *mbuzi*
hair *nywele*
health *afya*
hill *kilima*
homestead *makazi* or *nyumbani*
journey *safari*
kerosene *mafuta ya taa*
land *ardhi*
lantern *taa*
lion *simba*
livestock *mifugo*
maize *mahindi*
maize porridge *ugali*
meat *nyama*
medicine *dawa*
milk *maziwa*
mobile phone *simu*
money *fedha* or *pesa* or *hela*
month/moon *mwezi*

mother *mama*
mountain *mlima*
music *muziki*
nest *kiota*
news *habari*
nighttime *usiku*
office *ofisi*
oil *mafuta*
paint *rangi*
pants *suruali*
parents *wazazi*
path *njia*
photograph *picha*
pigeon peas *mbazi*
plate *sahani*
public bus (large) *basi la abiria*
public bus (small) *dala dala*
rain *mvua*
rice *mchele*
river *mtu*
road *barabara*
rope *kamba*
salt *chumvi*
school uniforms *sari za shule*
school *shule*
season *majira*
sheep *kondoo*

shoes *viatu*
sickness *ugonjwa*
soil *udongo*
song *wimbo*
store *duka*
stream *kijito*
student *mwanafunzi*
studies *masomo*
sugar *sukari*
tea *chai*
teacher *mwalimu*
tractor *trekta*
transport *usafiri*
tree *mti*
unity *umoja*
used clothing *mitumba*
valley *bonde*
vegetables *mboga*
village *kijiji*
water *maji*
weather *hali ya hewa*
weed *magugu*
wheat *ngano*
year *mwaka*

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