

## Dar es Salaam January 30<sup>th</sup>, 2006

### Monday January 30<sup>th</sup>, 2006

DAY

Hard to believe, this is the last day attending the Swahili school. I must admit that it has been a hard time to learn a completely new language in a week. Well, maybe not to be able to speak fluently and read, but the intention is to have some understanding of the language. This is especially important as we are going to be in some rural areas where as speaking English not are common at all. In these cases, we do need to know the language more than zero.

We now need some practicing and without doubt, this we will get.

We had earlier this week handed over a list of questions to our teachers, as they were going to help us translate these into Swahili. Those we are to use doing interviews with teachers and headmasters enabling us to find out how they fulfill the reporting back to WFP, how the food is stored, rotation of the food, number of children having daily breakfast, etc. The basic Swahili can also be most useful when holding lessons in school, which we also are going to do.



#### NOTES ABOUT SWAHILI

One of the things learned, which I mentioned in my earlier reports, is the importance to say a word correctly or to spell it right. It is enough to miss a character in a word and suddenly it will have another meaning. Following is just two examples which can cause an embarrassing situation.

- The word "kunywa" means "drink", if you write or say "kunya" instead; it means something you do in the toilet.
- The word "Jambo" means "Hello", if you write or say "Jamba" instead, this means "farting"

Consequently, which is valid for all languages at all times, think of what you are saying and say it very clearly to avoid misunderstandings.



Yesterday I told you the story about what I found in my coke. I told my teacher the very same history. She then said to me; I do not know how you will take this... but for some years ago I visited my sister in Arusha as she got a baby. While there, I had a coke and had some glasses until I saw what's in the bottle at the bottom.

It was not coke, but starts with the same characters. This story is a bit scary, and so disgusting that it is not appropriate to tell you the story in this forum. But if you want to hear it, please remind

Page #1 of 2



Last day of Swahili course



Kjell sending reports from WFP Country office in Dar es Salaam



Janet is working hard in front of the computers, the office back home are sending her a lot of jobs...

## Dar es Salaam January 30<sup>th</sup>, 2006

me when we meet, I will not forget the story and I will for sure not drink any more coke in this country.

### EVENING

Tonight we are invited to Karla's place. As we were in WFP Country office this afternoon, sending reports, checking the mail boxes, etc. Karla took us directly from the office to her place. She lives not far away from the office, the northern part of Dar. This is the place where all the diplomats live. One of Karla's next door neighbors is the prime minister.

The house is surrounded by concrete walls and fences, which are most common in these areas. The gate is opened by guards and we can enter. Inside are her two dogs, one of her own, named Ceasar, and another one which is a foster-dog. Caesar is a boxer and two years old and wants to say hello and play. He jumps on me and licking me frequently, my trousers looks at the end that one must think that I have been crawling in the mud...



Martina, Peter, Janet and Karla

It is really a beautiful house with lovely trees, such as mango, banana, cashew nuts, etc. Some other friends are already here, Peter and Martina from Italy. We are having some drinks and dips outside on the deck; it is still approximately 30 degrees outside. We are all enjoying the heat and each others company. We are being served absolutely fantastic spinach lasagna together with salad and garlic bread. Thank you Karla, this was a perfect last evening in Dar before heading to Dodoma.

### PS!

Yesterday I mentioned that I met 2 Swedish girls, unfortunately some of the text was missing. The girls originated from a school in Sweden named Viback in Smaland, and one of the girls was living in Stenungsund outside Gothenburg. She immediately asked me if I was from Gothenburg, which I could not deny due to the specific dialect.



Links of interest regarding The School Feeding Project

<http://storiesworthtelling.org>

<http://wfp.org>