

Brick-making at Nzungilo

Friday February 10th, 2006

We leave the hotel early in the morning, we are now heading to Nzungilo and the primary school.

If Malolo, visited yesterday are considered “kushoto mwa dunia” this is extremely “kushoto mwa dunia” We are going back the same way as we came, and here are lots of monkeys, via the road to South Africa back to the “crocodile river” before entering the road to Nzungilo. Back through the bushes again and it is difficult to find the “road”, but our driver knows...he asks a woman strolling along in the bush. Soon it is time for a new problem with the car, suddenly the engine stops, after some checks, it seems like there has come air into the fuel pump. There are a manual pump to use and while pressing this, the air disappear and the engine can be started again.

The distance from Malolo to Nzungilo are only 17 kilometers, but the last 12 kilometers is up through the mountain on extremely rough roads, to call them roads are sometimes not adequate... and these last kilometers will take approximately two hours.

Our driver knows how to handle a Toyota Landcruiser and I am really impressed that the vehicle manage to climb these rough road. There are no buses or trucks which are able to get to Nzungilo. It is only a vehicle of our kind which can do it. Consequently, they are quite isolated from the other villages as no food supplies or other merchandise can come to this village by ordinary transportation methods. For instance, the food supplies which are coming from WFP are stored at the Malolo Primary School on behalf of Nzungilo. When they need supplies, they are walking down the mountain road and carries the supplies either on their heads or using a donkey when available. Can you imagine your self carrying a sack of rice, having a weight of 50 kilos on your head? No, probably not. These people lives under very special conditions, it is really tough. On the other hand, they have some positive things, such as no mosquitos, no deseases as the village are located high up in the mountain and the mosquitos do not like to be here.

Here are not as warm as down in the valley, a nice breeze sweeps over the highland, and the scenery is absolutely fantastic, one of the most beautiful places on earth I have seen. Up here you are close to God...



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In our car and on the roof, we have the cement, the chimney for the new stove, and the tools needed for the brick-making. When we arrive, they have sand and water in place, but as usual, we must start to greet the people. We are invited to the head masters office and are introduced by Willbroad. The head master is telling us that he is very happy to have us here and that we will help them to build a new stove for the school kitchen. All the children comes out from the school to look at us and the teachers let them do so as this is the second time only they are visited by wazungo. Some pictures are taken (of course) before we start to work.



Today we need to fabricate one hundred bricks only, as this is what's needed for the stove in this village. After the bricks has been fabricated, Janet are invited by the cook, a young girl, 18-19 years old, to help her to prepare the Ugali



At the time we are going to eat, the school have its hour for song of joy and prayer. This being done by marching around the school; accompanied by drummers, and they all singing Christian songs. Here in this village everybody are Christians, there are no Muslims. We are shooting some video sequences and I follow the children around the school which they find very amusing.

It is time to go back to Dodoma for the weekend and we need to return the same way down the mountains. We have a tough journey the last hours in the dark and arrive to the hotel just before 9 PM.



Salama
"Baba Kjelli"