

## TEXT 1. HYENA AND HARE (PART 1)

*Welcome to "Radio Club"*

Lubala Kabassa is a radio reporter. He works for the radio. He will introduce each lesson to you. Practise the conversation. If you can, learn it by heart. Today it's a story and here is our storyteller.

**Storyteller:** No, today I'm not going to tell a story. I'm too tired.

**Lubala:** Listen. If you tell a story. I'll tell a story too.

**Storyteller:** Oh, no! I'm the storyteller. I'll tell the story.

It's an old story, but it's a good one.

**It's called Hyena and Hare.**

One day in January. in the middle of the dry season, all the animals were very thirsty. They went to the river, but there wasn't any water in it. So Lion called a meeting of all the animals.

"It hasn't rained for three months." he said.

"No. and it won't rain again until March." said Monkey.

"If we don't do something soon," said Hare sadly. "we'll all die."

"Right," said Lion. There's only one thing to do. We must dig a very deep well.

"Have we got any hoes?" asked Monkey.

"No. we'll have to buy some." replied Lion, impatiently.

"But we haven't got any money," said Hyena.

"Then we'll have to sell something." said Lion. "Now, what can we sell?"

He thought for a minute. Then he said slowly: "We'll have to sell our ears.

The animals didn't want to sell their ears, but they didn't want to die either. So they agreed to sell them all except Hare. He was so proud of his long beautiful ears that he refused to cut them off.

The animals sold their ears, bought some hoes with the money and dug the well. But Hare didn't help them at all. When the well was finished, the animals took some water to Lion. "Hare didn't help us dig the well," said Hyena. "He didn't sell his ears either," said Monkey.

"Right," said Lion. "He didn't help us. Then we won't help him. We won't give him any water from the well. He'll soon die.

A few weeks later the animals met again. Hare was still alive, and he looked very happy too. "I think he gets water from the well at night," said Monkey "He looks very sleepy. But how can we stop him? He's very clever, and he runs faster than all of us. " said Lion. "I've got an idea," said Hyena." Leave it to me. I'll catch him tonight.

That night Hyena went to the well with a heavy bag and hid behind some bushes.

## TEXT 2. HYENA AND HARE (PART II)

Today, the story continues. Don't forget, practise the conversation and learn it by heart if you can.

**Storyteller:** Wake up! You don't like this story, do you?

**Lubala:** I do like it. It's very exciting. Tell me. Will Hyena catch Hare?

**Storyteller:** Well, he might catch him.

**Lubala:** If he catches him, Lion will be happy.

**Storyteller:** Yes. And so will the other animals. Now here's Hyena and Hare part two.

It was very dark. Soon Hyena saw Hare coming along the path. While Hare was getting some water from the well, Hyena came out of the bushes with his heavy bag and took out a statue. It was as big as a man. Then he took out a bucket and poured sticky tar all over the statue. Then he ran back behind the bushes.

Hare came along the path, whistling happily. Then he saw the statue. "Hello," he said, "who are you? You weren't here a few minutes ago. Well, why don't you answer me? Are you deaf? Are you stupid? Can't you talk? Get out of my way. Come on, hurry up.. If you don't, I'll kick you. Right." Hare kicked the statue, and his foot stuck to the tar. He couldn't move it. So he kicked it with his other foot, but that stuck as well. He pushed it with his hands, but they stuck too. Finally he hit it with his head, and his ears stuck to the tar. . Hyena came out from the bushes. "Hello," he said, "what are you doing there, Hare? Well, why don't you answer me? You do look funny! Your feet are stuck to the tar, and so are your beautiful ears. Now listen very carefully. You didn't cut off your ears, and you didn't help us dig the well. I'm very angry with you, and so is Lion He's going to punish you. "

Then Hyena cut Hare free from the sticky tar and began taking him to Lion. Hare was very frightened, but then he had a good idea.

"Hyena," he said quietly, "I drank a lot of water at the well. Let go of me. I must go to the toilet." "But you might run away." "No, I won't. I promise you." "All right," said Hyena, "but be quick. "

As soon as Hyena let go of Hare, he ran away as fast as he could. Hyena ran after him, but he couldn't catch him. Then Hyena sat down on the path and began to cry. "Oh dear," he said, "what shall I tell Lion tomorrow evening? He won't believe me, and neither will the others. Oh dear, why did I listen to that wicked Hare ?"

### TEXT 3. I WANT TO BE AN AIR-HOSTESS

#### *"Radio Club"*

Today, Badibanga, the director of the radio, is at the airport. Lubala has just arrived from Abidjan.

**Badibanga:** Hello, Lubala. How was your journey?

**Lubala:** Fine, thank you. They gave me a huge meal and lots of drinks.

**Badibanga:** Did they? And where's your luggage?

**Lubala:** It was left in Abidjan. They'll send it to me next week.

Today I must go and interview some air-hostesses.

**Lubala:** Here I am at the airport with some charming young air-hostesses.

Let me see, you've just got off that plane over there. haven't you?

**1st Air-Host:** Yes, that's right. I've just arrived on the plane from Brussels.

**Lubala:** What's it like being an air-hostess?

Do you like travelling round the world?

**1st A-H:** I don't know! I haven't stopped working since nine o'clock this morning serving dinners, giving out drinks, selling cigarettes, looking after babies. I'm worn out!

**Lubala:** How do you become an air-hostess?

**1st A-H:** Well, first you must have the Diplôme d'État.

**2nd A-H:** Then you take an exam, and they interview you.

**1st A-H:** After that, if you're chosen, you're sent to Kinshasa for two weeks, and then you are trained in Paris for a year.

**Lubala:** How long have you been working here?

**1st A-H:** I've been here for years. I joined Air Zaïre in 1975.

**Lubala:** What sort of girls do they want as air-hostesses?

**1st A-H:** You mustn't be shy.

**2nd A-H:** You must be good at English and very patient and friendly.

**1st A-H:** You must never lose your temper. Some passengers are very rude.  
(Suddenly a passenger came across the airport, shouting.)

**Passenger:** Where's my case? I've just got off that plane and I can't find my case.

**1st A-H:** Well, sir, it was probably left at the airport in Paris.

**Passenger:** What! Why did you leave it in Paris?

**2nd A-H:** Probably it wasn't put on the right plane, sir.

I'll send a telegram to Paris as soon as I get to the office.

**Passenger:** I don't want a telegram. I want my case.

I won't leave this airport until you find it.

**Lubala:** Well, um, being an air-hostess isn't always easy. Next week...

#### TEXT 4. THE ENGLISH CLUB'S TRIP TO KENYA

##### *"Radio Club"*

Today Lubala is talking to some tourists at the Zairian frontier.

Lubala: Hello. Did you enjoy your trip to Bunia?

First tourist: Yes, we did. But we couldn't go to Uganda.

Lubala: Why not?

Second tourist: We had forgotten our passports. We'd left them in Goma.

*Some High School pupils from Zaïre went to Kenya.  
They did remember their passports and here's their story.*

Last month we had a marvellous trip to Kenya. The Kenyan students welcomed us as soon as we got out of the plane. They picked up our cases and took them upstairs. We slept in their beds, and some of them had to share beds or sleep on the floor.

The first night we talked and talked. We asked each other questions. We told each other jokes. They showed us their photo-albums. As the school we were staying in was on a hill near Nairobi, it was quite cold at night. But we were quite tired, so we slept very well. In the morning we went downstairs for breakfast. We didn't enjoy it very much. They had put salt and sugar in the porridge together. We didn't like it at all. They hadn't put enough sugar in the tea either. But the rest of the food was all right.

The school we were in was a mixed boarding-school. But the boys and girls weren't allowed to go to each others' dormitories. We liked their big school hall with the brand-new piano which the pupils could play themselves. They had bought it the week before we arrived. It's a pity we haven't got one like that in our school. Kenyan teachers were very nice. They talked to their pupils like friends. Kenyan hairstyles were very funny-a lot of hair on top and a parting in the middle. But they all wear the latest clothes.

During our stay we visited the old slave fort in Mombasa, which isn't far from the sea. And one day we went to Mombasa harbour. The President had visited the port the day before, and they'd put up flags all along the road. We thought they'd put them up for us!

On our way back to Zaïre we stopped in Goma and did some shopping. Then we went to a coffee plantation. That's quite a long way from Goma, but the road is very good and it only took an hour to get there. We enjoyed our trip and were sorry to leave. If I had enough money, I'd go there again next year by myself.

## TEXT 5. THE MAGIC CALABASH (PART I)

*"Radio Club "*

Today it's storytime again.

Lubala! What's the story about today?

Storyteller: It's about a girl called Ayo who lost her calabash.

She asked a witch if she could help her.

Lubala: What did the witch say?

Storyteller: She wanted Ayo to pound some stones. Now listen to the story, it's from Sierra Leone and it's called **The Magic Calabash**.

An old widow lived in the forest with her two children, her own daughter, who was called Tunde, and her step-daughter, whose name was Ayo. She love Tunde very much, but she didn't like Ayo. So Ayo did the housework while Tunde went out dancing every night.

One day the widow filled a calabash full of clothes and told Ayo to take them to the stream and wash them. While she was there a bright-red bird flew out of the trees. Ayo stared at it and didn't notice that the river had carried her calabash away. She ran along the river asking people if they had seen her calabash. But nobody had seen it.

Late that night poor Ayo went to sleep under a tree. In a dream she saw the same bright-red bird, who said: "At the end of this path lives a witch. If you do what she tells you, she'll give you a calabash."

The following morning Ayo found the witch sitting outside her house. "Go away," she said, "I don't want to see anybody. My legs hurt."

Ayo asked her if she could help her. "Yes," said the witch. "pound what you see in my mortar." Ayo started pounding, but it was full of stones! "I'm wasting my time," she thought. But soon the stones turned into soft white rice; "Now," said the witch. "I want you to get me some water in that sieve"; "Water in a sieve!" thought Ayo But although she thought it was impossible she poured some water into the sieve, and it didn't run out. Good," said the old woman. "Now I want you to change the bandage on my leg."

Ayo looked at the dirty smelly bandages on the woman's leg. She was near'y sick; but when she carefully unwrapped them, she found there was nothing wrong with the witch's leg.

"You're a kind girl," said the witch." Go down to the stream and take a calabash. But be careful! Don't take a big one. "

Ayo went to the stream and found the calabashes. The large ones shouted "Take me! Take me!" The little ones ran away crying: "Don't take me! Don't take me!" She picked the smallest calabash she could find and ran home with it.

## TEXT 6. THE MAGIC CALABASH (PART II)

- Radio Club "

Lubala; What will happen when Ayo gets home?

Storyteller: I can't tell you what will happen.

Lubala: Well, what's the end of the story?

Storyteller: I'm not sure what the end of the story is.

You'll have to read it yourself. Here it is. The Magic Calabash Part two.

When Ayo got home, her mother was furious and beat her with a big stick. Then Ayo showed her the calabash, and the widow cut it open. Gold and silver poured out. Tunde and the widow had never been so happy. They bought a new house in town, had lots of servants, drove around in a big car and drank whisky every day. But Ayo still lived in the kitchen and drank water. Soon there was no money left. The servants left because nobody had paid them. The widow didn't know what to do.

Suddenly she had a bright idea. "Tunde," she said, "I want you to go to the forest and bring back a calabash. But get a big one this time. "Tunde asked Ayo where she had found the witch. Ayo told her and warned her not to get a big calabash.

When Tunde found the witch she said, "Hey you, mammy, mammy! I've come here to get one of your magic calabashes. Where do you keep them? Hurry up! I haven't got much time!"

The old woman told her to pound the stones in the mortar, but Tunde said, "What! Do you think I'm a fool? I won't waste my time pounding stones!"

"It's up to you," said the witch, who was fanning herself with a piece of grass. Tunde grumbled so much that the stones didn't turn into rice for a long time. When the witch told her to get water in a sieve, she was very angry, but she remembered the calabash and got the water. Then the old woman told her to change her bandages.

Tunde tied a handkerchief over her nose and unwrapped the bandages so carelessly that the witch yelled with pain. But there was nothing wrong with her leg. "I've had enough of your stupid games, mammy," she said. "Tell me where my calabash is. "

The old woman told her and warned her not to take a big one. But Tunde was greedy, so she grabbed the largest one she could find. Then she ran home to show it to her mother

When she got home, Tunde cut open the calabash. Instead of gold out jumped snakes and toads, cockroaches and scorpions. Tunde, Ayo and the widow ran out of the house and never came back.

## TEXT 7. AT THE SCOUT CAMP

*"Radio Club"*

Badibanga is angry. He rushes into Lubala's office.

Badibanga: Lubala! Why is that lorry outside my office?

Lubala: It's the scouts' lorry.

Badibanga: Why do they need a lorry?

Lubala: So that they can go camping in Masi.

Badihanea: Well, why are they here?

Lubala: So that I can interview them.

*After they had been to Masi, one of the scouts wrote this report.*

Our last scout camp was held near a small village in the bush. The headman had been warned about us so that the villagers wouldn't be frightened when we arrived. We left home in two lorries that had been lent to our school. One of them broke down on the way. So when the others arrived, we had already unpacked our things and put up our tents. Some of us collected wood so that we could cook our supper. When we had eaten, the scoutmaster told us what we would do at the camp.

"During the next few days," he said, "you'll learn how to look after a person who's had an accident, what to do if a snake bites you, and how to follow tracks in the bush." He also told us that we would have a treasure hunt that night. He said that he had put clues in different places.

We left the camp at 8h30. We were in groups of five. There was no moon. and it was very dark in spite of our oil lamps. Some of the younger ones had never walked in the bush at night before, and they were nervous. So was I!

Although we walked fast, each time we got to a clue another group had already been there. "It's no good," I said, "I'm sure the treasure has been found by now. Let's sit down and have a rest." Suddenly we heard an awful noise-screaming, whistling, and banging tins. We thought it was ghosts. We were so frightened that we didn't stop running until we reached the camp. But no one was there. So we sat round the campfire and told each other stories.

Half an hour later the scoutmaster came back to the camp. "Back already!" he said. "You ran fast, didn't you? You won't sit down on a treasure hunt again, will you?" We were furious. He was the one who had frightened us. We were so angry that we refused to get up for P. T. in the morning.