



Once upon a time in the charming town of Makhanda, nestled in the heart of Africa, there lived a young boy named Ntumba. Like most children in his community, Ntumba loved the taste of juicy mangoes that hung plentifully from the trees that lined the streets. But there was one particular mango tree, standing tall and proud, that captured Ntumba's curiosity. Day after day, Ntumba would gaze at the tree from his bedroom window, its branches reaching out like the wings of an eagle. He dreamt of climbing to the top, where he imagined he could touch the sky and feel the wind caress his face. The desire to explore the unknown was burning within him. One weekend, Ntumba summoned all his courage and set out on his adventure. As he approached the mango tree, its grandeur overwhelmed him. With each step, he could hear the whispers of the leaves, almost as if the tree was encouraging him to climb higher. Ntumba started his ascent, gripping the rough bark with determination. The branches swayed gently beneath his weight, making him feel as light as a feather. He looked down and saw his familiar world transform into a miniature landscape of homes, bustling streets, and chattering children. Higher and higher he went, until finally, Ntumba stood on the topmost branch, the world stretching out before him like an artist's canvas. Makhanda was an exquisite tapestry of colors and sounds, as if nature had painted its secrets just for him. With his heart filled with joy and a sense of accomplishment, Ntumba plucked a mango from the tree. Its sweet aroma filled the air, and he took a bite, savoring its juiciness with every mouthful. Ntumba knew that this moment, high above his beloved town, was a gift from the mango tree. As the sun began to set, Ntumba climbed down from the tree, his heart brimming with gratitude. He carried the

taste of adventure, the scent of mangoes, and the stories hidden in Makhanda within him forever. From that day onward, whenever Ntumba looked at the mango tree, he knew that it held more than just beautiful fruits. It was a symbol of his dreams realized, an emblem of the great heights he could reach if he dared to believe in himself. And so, dear child, whether you find yourself in Makhanda or any other corner of this vast world, remember Ntumba's story. For within each of us lies the power to climb our own mango trees and embrace the beauty that awaits us at the top.