

Kisirusiru, the foolish one

Cissy Kiwanuka Luyiga
English



Once upon a time, there was a farmer and his wife who had only one child, a boy called Kisirusiru.



One day as Kisirusiru was taking the goats out, a goat's horn tore his shirt.

His mother sent him to the shop to buy a needle so that he could mend his shirt. Kisirusiru bought the needle and put it in the pocket of his shirt.





As he was going home, he found boys playing football and joined them. The needle fell out of his pocket and got lost.

When he reached home he told his mother what had happened. "My child," said his mother, "next time put the needle on a piece of paper." "Yes mother, I understand," replied Kisirusiru.

The next day, the boy picked up a pot to go and fetch water. He remembered what his mother said, and wrapped the pot in a piece of paper to carry it back home.

But on the way the paper got torn and the pot fell down and broke into pieces, spilling the water on the ground.

When he got home, his mother patiently explained, “My child, next time put the pot on your head. Then you’ll be able to carry it without spilling.”

“Yes mother, I understand,” said Kisirusiru.





The following day, Kisirusiru's father told him to take the goats out to graze.

He remembered what his mother had said, and put the goat on his head.

The goat kicked and scratched Kisirusiru's head. Soon blood was pouring down his face.

"When will you stop your stupidity?" said his father, exasperated.

"Goats are tied and pulled with ropes! If you can't behave properly, you'll have to leave this house."

The next day, the man sent his son to go buy some meat at the market. Remembering what his father said, Kisirusiru tied a rope around the meat and started pulling it home. He ran very fast so as not to keep his father waiting.

Imagine how the meat looked when it reached home?





His father was so angry he told him to pack his things and go away.

When his mother heard this, she decided to leave with her son.

When they left, they took the kitchen door with them - to have something to start building a new house.

They had walked for quite a while but could not find anywhere to build their new house. When it became dark, they decided to climb up a tree and sleep.



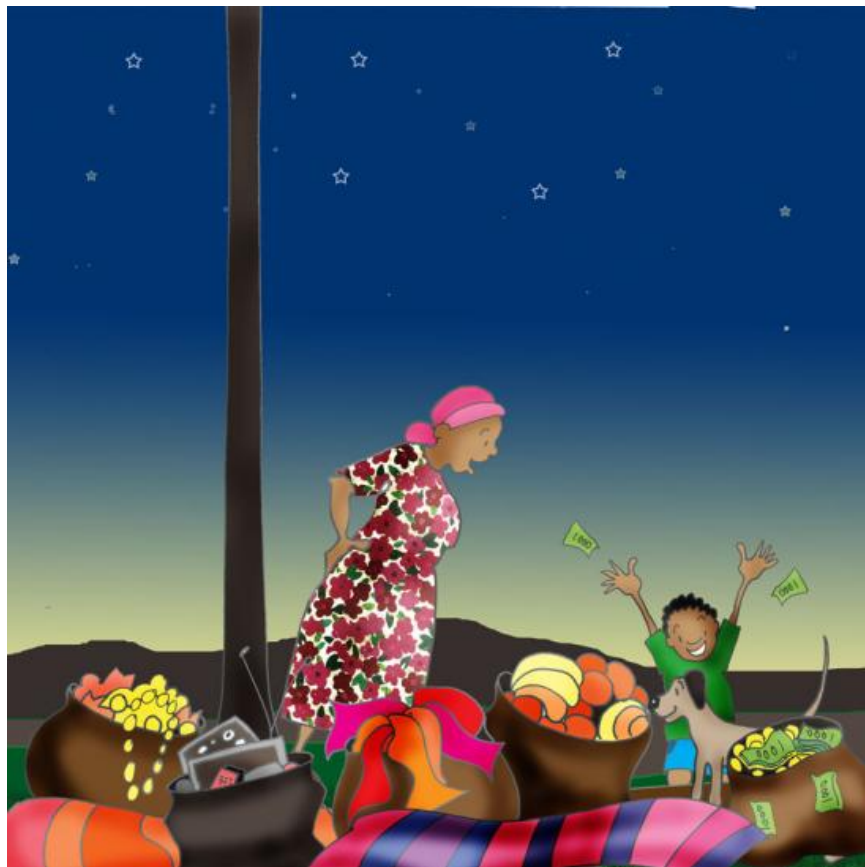


They had just climbed the tree, pulling the door up after them, when they heard noises down below.

They saw three dangerous looking men with huge sacks. They were so scared that they let go of the door. It crashed to the ground, terrifying the men so much that they ran away leaving everything behind.

Kisirusiru and his mother climbed down the tree. When they opened the sacks, they found money, clothes, blankets, everything they needed to set up house.

They soon found a place to build themselves a new house, and lived happily ever after.

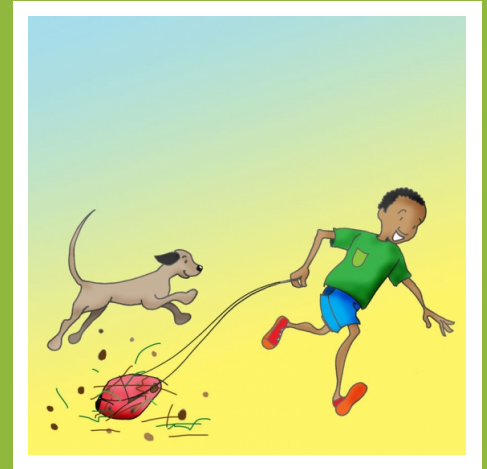


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