

1001

Our storytelling program, 1001 Stories, brings meaningful learning to some of the hardest to reach populations around the world. We aim to facilitate the creation, development, and gathering of 1001 empowering stories from every participating local community.

Children love to tell stories. However, in many places in the world, their creative voices are rarely heard or cultivated. The 1001 Stories Program conducts storytelling workshops that build on children's natural potential to become original storytellers. Through the 1001 Stories Program, children are empowered while their literacy skills are developed.

When integrated with technologies, these stories become an effective tool for literacy by growing reading and writing skills grounded in local languages and local themes in underserved areas worldwide.



Uganda

Our Author



JANET NAKAAZI

Janet participated in the story workshop when she was 12 years old. She lives in Uganda and wants to be teacher when she grows up.



1001 Stories Presents

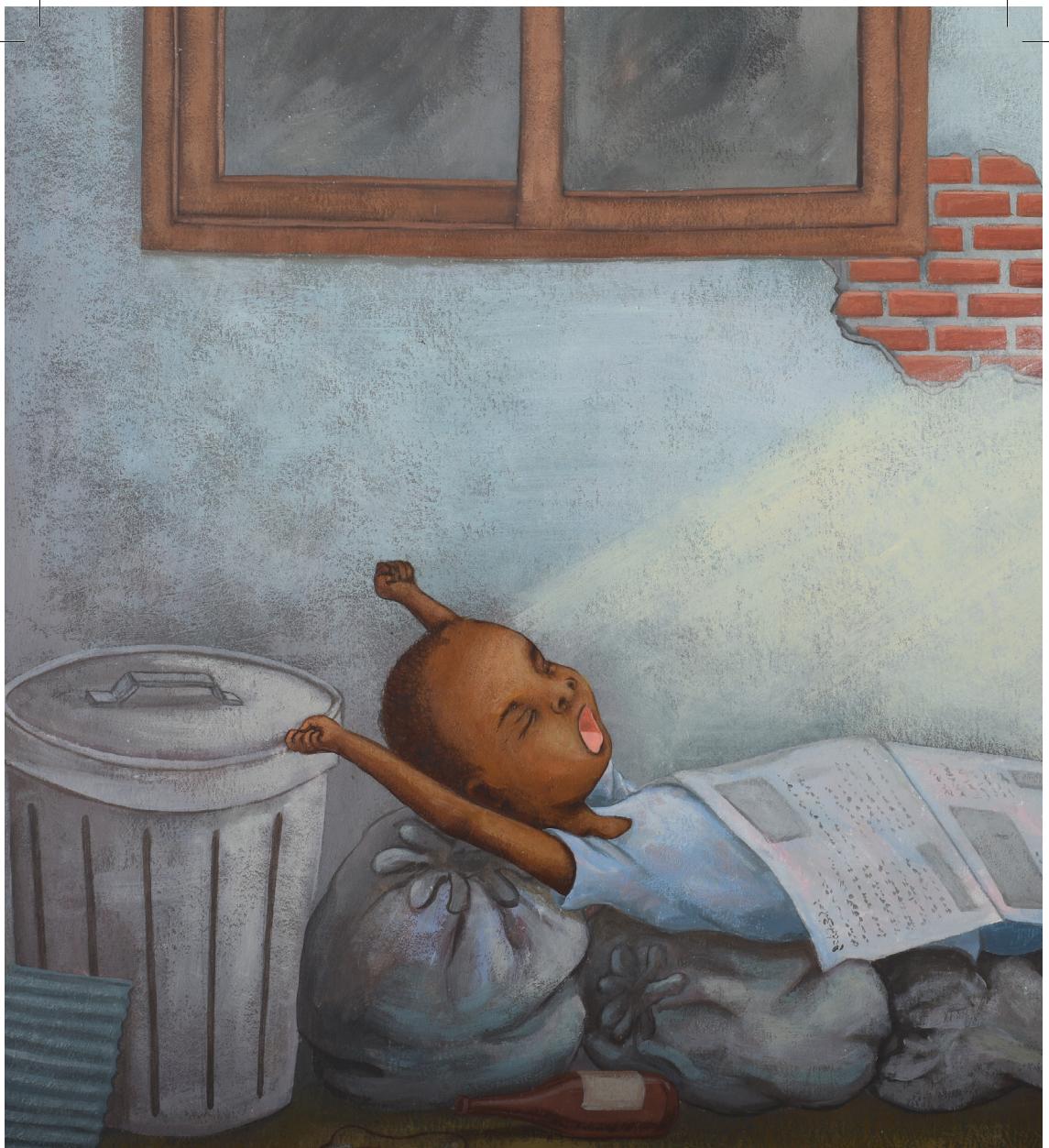
THE STREET BOY PART TWO

Written By:
Jannet Nakaazi

Illustrated By:
Narae Park

Edited By:
Grace Hyunkyung





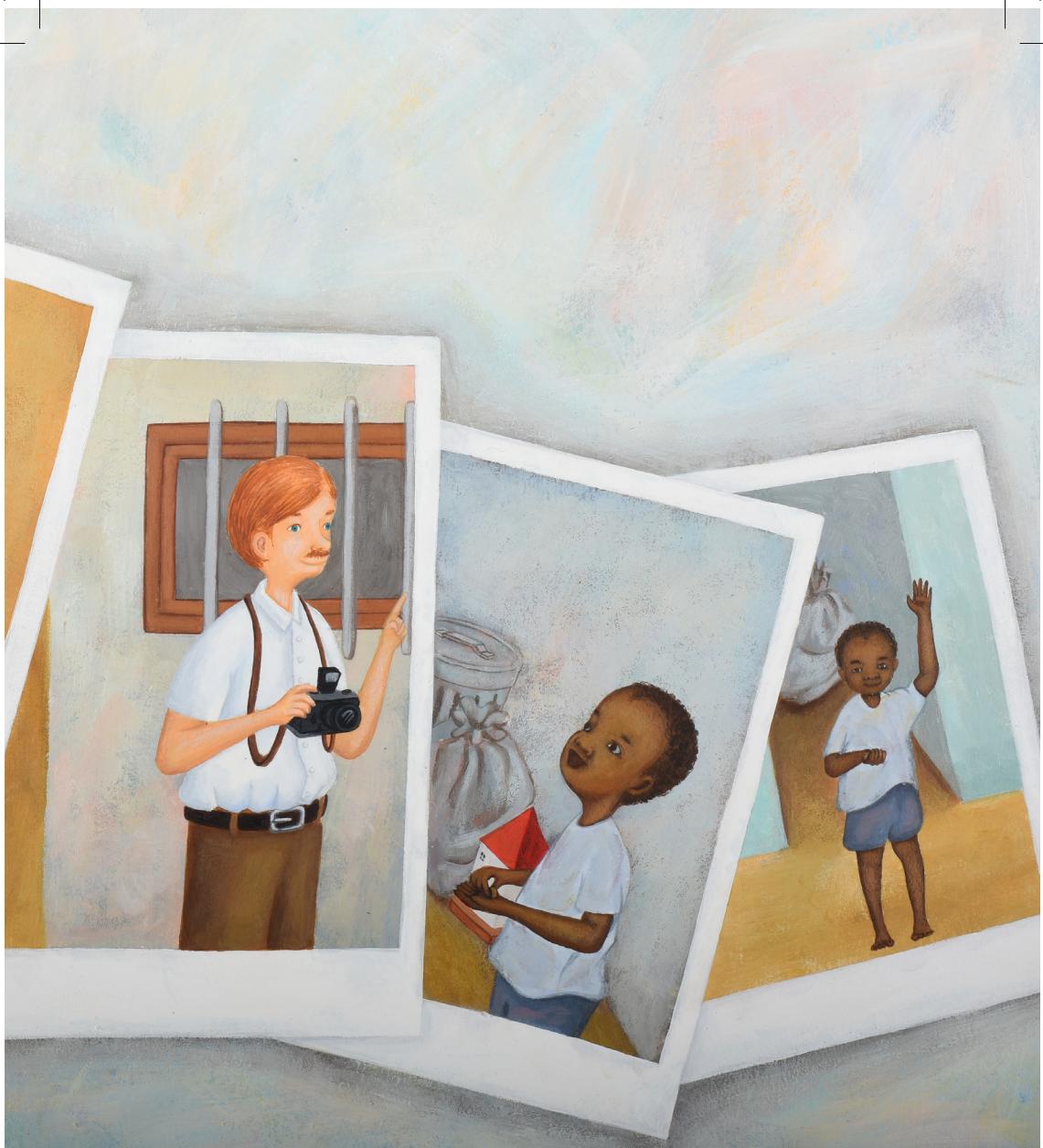
wake up again in the middle of a dumpsite.
The stinking smell is a friend of mine. Since I
have no blanket or pillow, I feel body-ache every
morning, but I shake it off with my hunger. Being
hungry is harder than anything else. I search my



pockets, but I have nothing. I don't remember when my last meal was. I don't have much strength to get up. I just lay down feeling the sun shining on me. Perhaps, today is finally my last day.



Someone shakes my shoulder. I open my eyes and a foreign tourist appears with a camera. He says things I don't understand, but he shows me money. I say to myself, "Thank God! You send me a savior!"



He showed me pictures I took with him in the middle of my dumpsite. He also gave me a photo. I never had my own photo ever before. He gave me money and left.



I put the money in my pocket and look around. "I saw it!" someone said aloud behind me. They are the brothers. I feel so scared, but manage to say, "What? What are you talking



about? “

“We saw that white man giving you money and taking photos with you” said the brothers.



I start to run, but I have not much strength to run fast. They grab me by my neck and start to beat



me up and take the money. When I wake up, I
can't open my eyes.



Someone is wiping my face with wet towel. I try to open my eyes, but they are too swelled up. “Oh! Are you waking up now?” said a stranger. I manage to peak at the man through my swollen eyes. I am in for big trouble. It’s the man who was beaten up by the brothers 6 months ago.



I couldn't do anything while he was being beaten up. He might feel angry that I was just looking at him being beaten up. I feel scared again to be with the man. I want to run away, but I can't move. The man examines all my bruises. "I saw you laying down unconscious and bleeding on the street. I brought you here."



My name is Kakama. Don't worry about anything. I will take care of you here" said the man. He cleans my body and put some white cream on my wounds. He also gives me a bowl of porridge. "Can you lean on the wall? Let's see if you can eat some food. If can you, you will live" said the man.



I feel this is not real. This is not right. I cannot possibly pretend that I don't know anything about what happened to him 6 months ago. The guilt feeling is just so strong and make me shed tears. The man who was beaten up in front of my own eyes is here helping me heal!



“Are you OK? Why are you crying?” said the man. I decide to confess to him. I take a deep breath and start to tell him what I can’t hold anymore in my mind.

“Uhhhh. I have something to tell you,” I start to pour out my heart.



“When you were being beaten up long time ago, I was there, too. I was not able to help you or stop them from beating you up. I ran away scared. Don’t be nice to me. I am not worthy to receive your care”

“Is that it?” said the man. I nod and say sorry.



"I remember that day. I was scared as much as you were. It's OK. I have no grudge on you" said the man.

I stop crying. Peace of mind comes in and fills my heart. The porridge tastes so good and is the best meal I ever had. "Do you live on the street? Do you want to live here with me and work for



me?" says the man. With the most joyful color of voice I reply, "Really? Can I really do that? I can work. Tell me anything I need to do!"

"Do you have a name?," asked the man. "My name is Kasumba," I replied. "Kasumba! What a good name! You can help me with many things," replied the man.



Since it is truly a miracle, I ask him to verify. “I get to live here and work for you?” asked again Kasumba. “Yes. That will be great if you can,” the man replies.



4 weeks pass by and I am all healed up. I start to help him make shoes. He is really the best man I know of in my life. He is really honest and I am so happy. I do not need to look for food by searching trash bins or dumpsites. I don't need to sleep on the dumpsite, either.



I still dream the brothers time to time. When I wake up from nightmares, I pray to God not to dream or see them in my life.

One day in Kakama's workshop, he asks me. "Kasumba, I wish you could forgive people." "Forgive people?" I asked. He stops his work and looks at me.



"We often do evil things and we get blames. Also, others do the same. If we continue to hold grudge on others, this world becomes a very difficult place to live. However, this world is not as bad as it could be. You know what? That's because people forgive other" says Kakama.



Kakama continues, “Of course it is not easy to forgive others. However, if you do, actually it is you who will benefit the most. You will feel much better and become happier. Don’t hold grudge on the brothers anymore. I see you still waking up from nightmares.”



I understand why he tells me all the right things, but it is not easy to forgive those who do evil on me. They beat me to death. How could I forgive them? Kakama continues, “I know It is hard for you. It’s hard for me as well.”



Kakama continues to make shoes. I start to ponder. If Kakama did not save me from the street, I would have died. He forgave me and he took me to his place to help me heal. That's why I am alive today. I start to feel the feeling of relief and happiness.



H e is right. It's not easy to forgive someone, but it is actually me who benefits the most. I can be happier if I forgive. I decided to forgive others. I will forgive others as I have been forgiven. It's hard, but I will start to forgive and care for others for my own sake. At least, that's what I can start to do today.





