

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.



Our Author



Janet is 16 years old and lives in Uganda. She wants to be a doctor when she grows up.



1001 Stories Presents

KAKAMA AND REBELS

PART TWO

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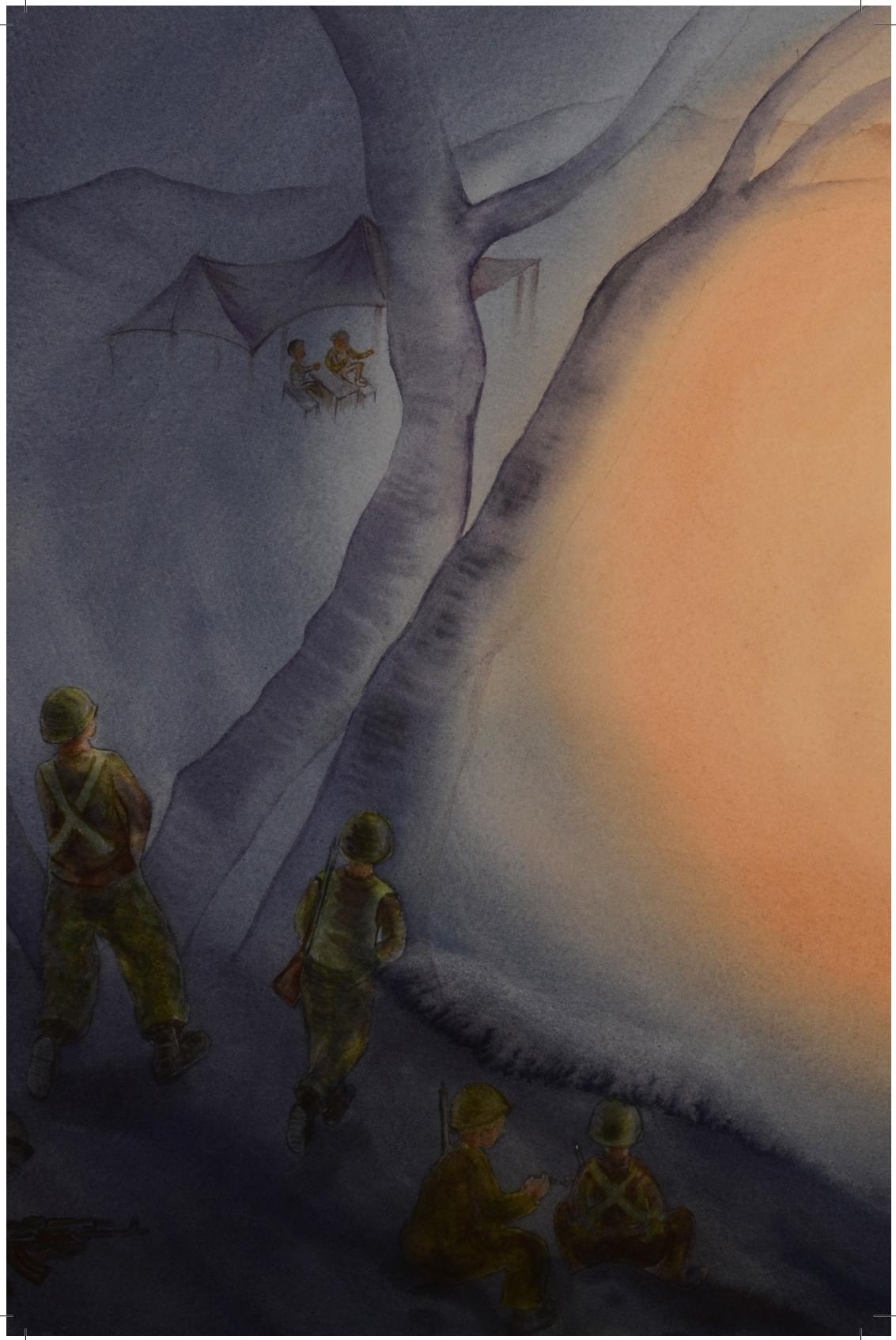


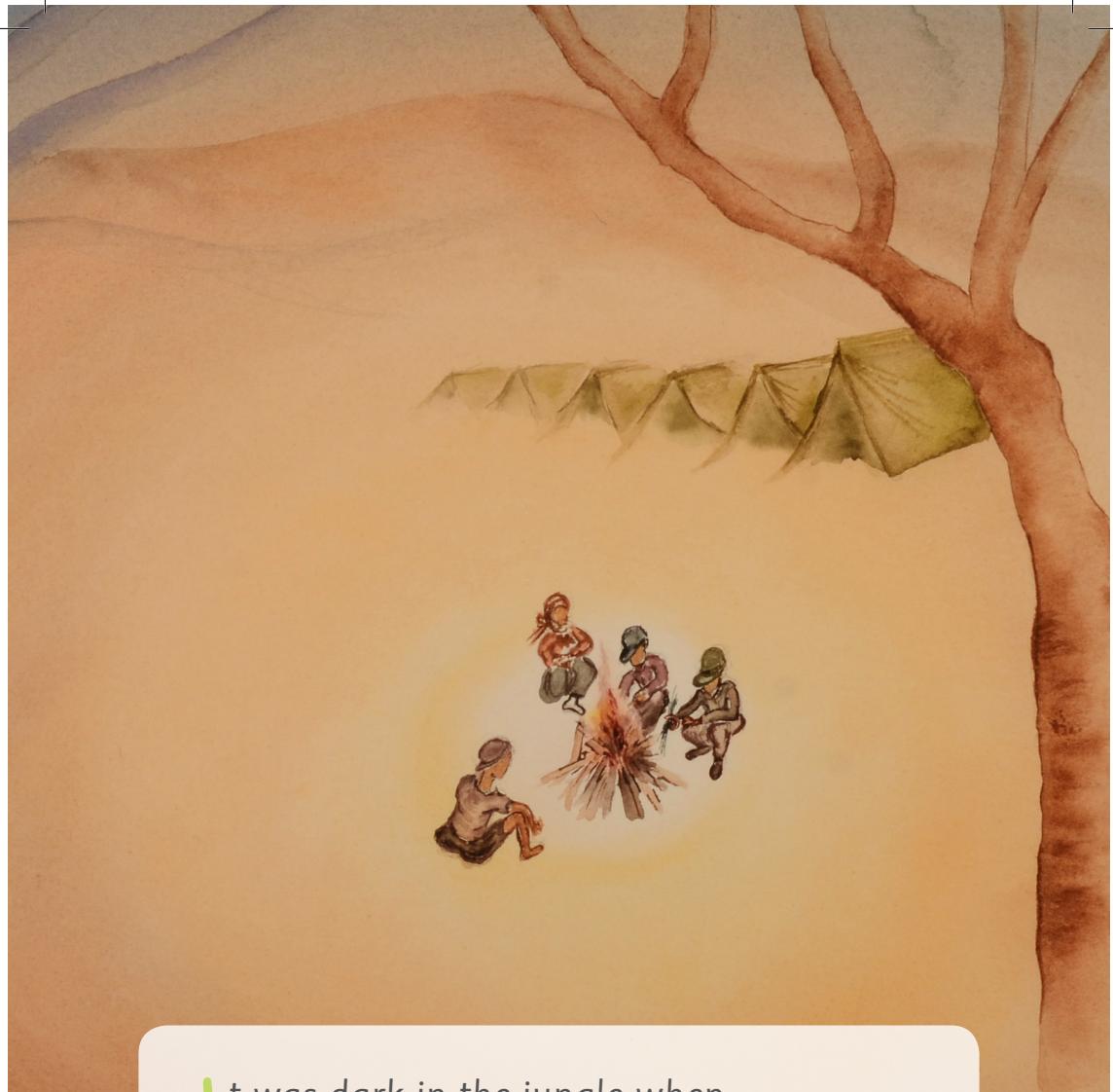
Ruthopara, Namori and all the kids at the orphanage were shocked and could not believe what happened to Kakama.

“Oh my Lord. Please save him. Please help him. Please...Please,” Ruthopara and Namori could not stop mourning. The soldier’s name was, Wakanabone and he was actually a lieutenant in the government army. He lost all of his team in an ambush in the jungle and he was the only one survived to tell a story. “I know where Kakama is and how could I not help him when his sister saved my life?” said Wakanabone. .

A few days later, Wakanabone came back to Namori, Ruthopara, and Taldavana at the orphanage. “We are going to go to the rebel’s camp in the jungle tonight and we will rescue Kakama,” said Wakanabone. “Please save him and bring him home. Please...,” said Namori.

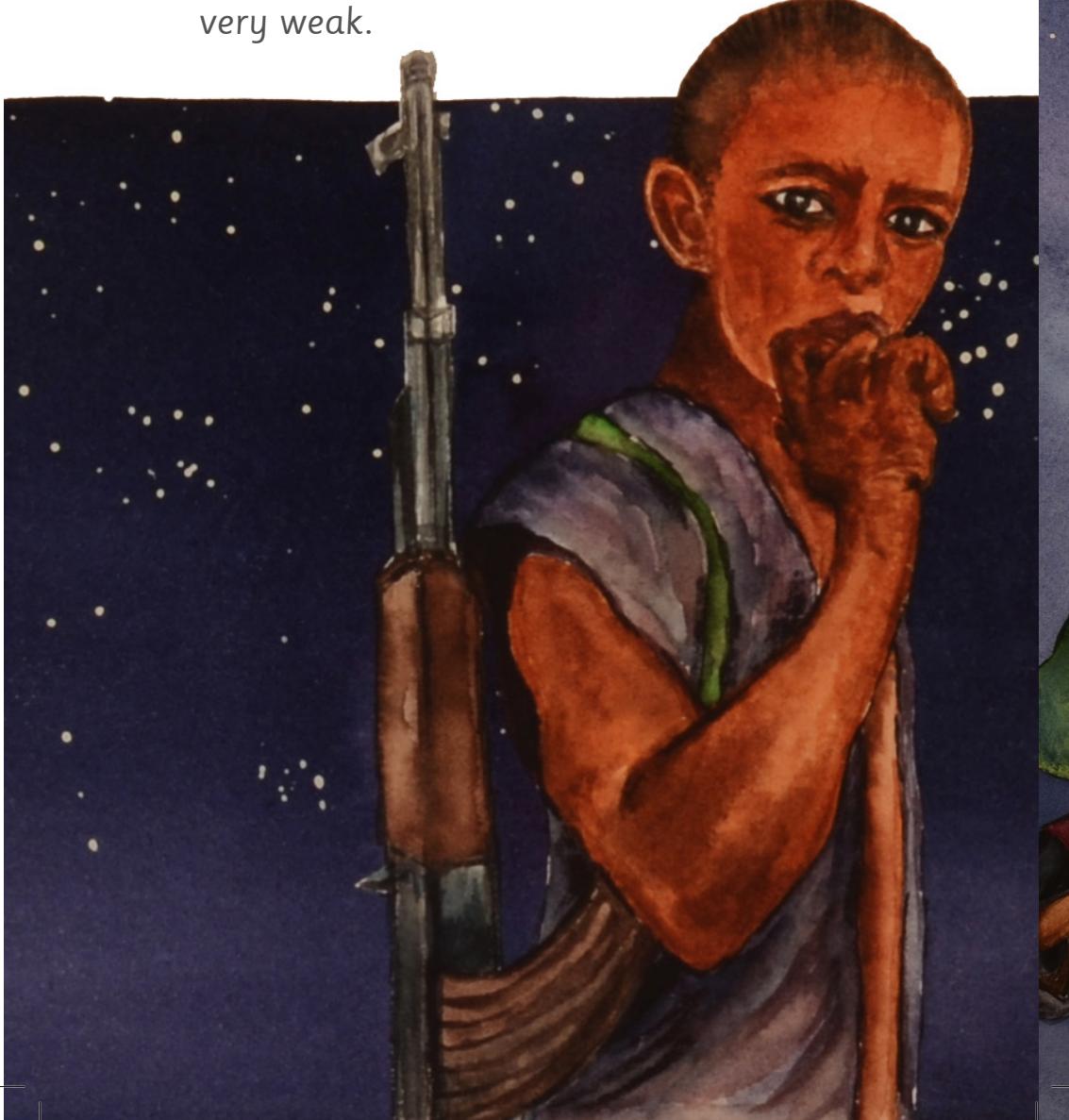


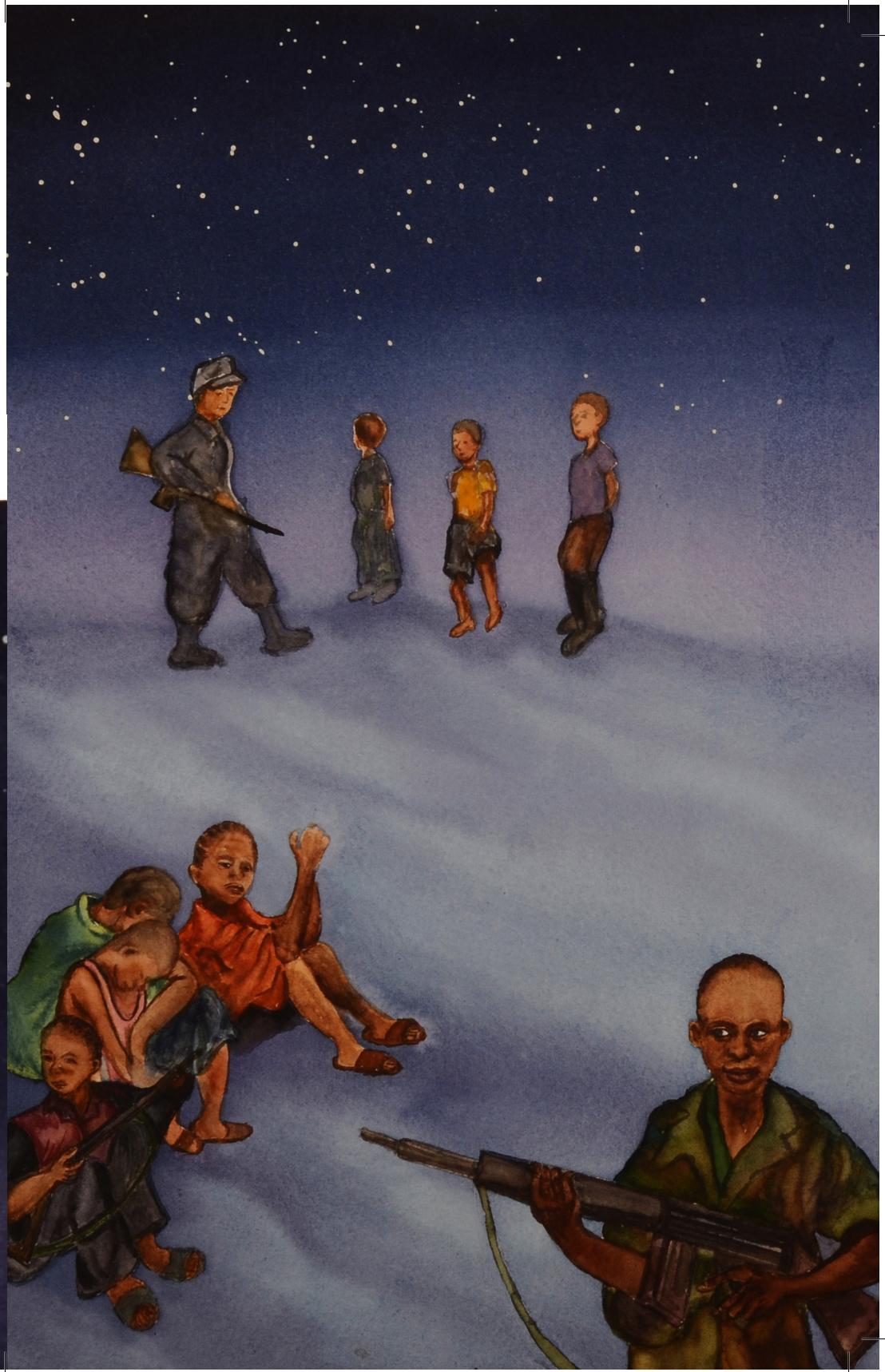




t was dark in the jungle when Wakanabone's 12 soldiers reached the rebel's camp. They snuck behind a large oak tree near the rebel's trench and watched the camp in the dark. In the middle of the camp, there were about 25 rebels drinking around a fireplace and laughing loudly.

The rest seemed to be out for hunting for more boys to turn to rebel fighters. Their rifles were set aside, but close enough to grab them if needed. There were a few boys in dirty military uniforms carrying dishes to the rebels. The boys seemed very scared and very weak.









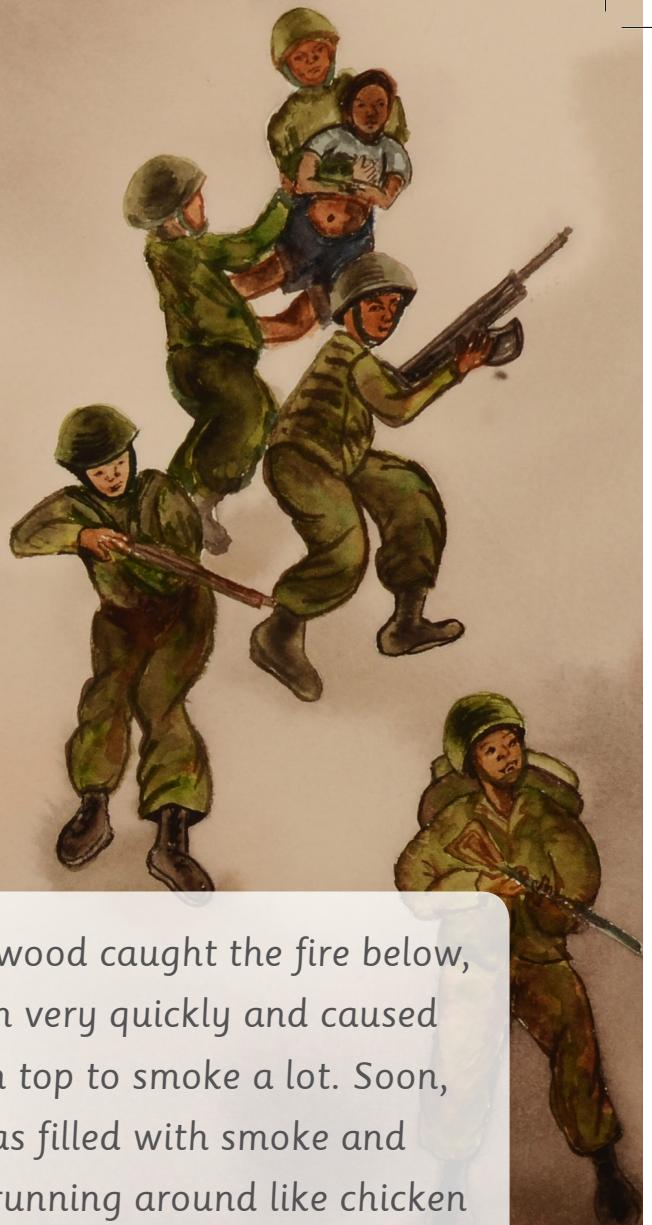
There was also a boy tied to a tree close to one of their huts. "That must be Kakama," quietly whispered Wakanabone to his fellows while pointing his finger to the boy. Kakama seemed unconscious and his head was pointing down and his both hands were tied and raised to a chain hooked to the tree branch.



Wakanabone told his men to go about 50 meters west of the camp and quietly pile up wet woods on top of dry woods in about 20 meter long to cover one side of the camp and wait for a signal. When the men took a few hours to pile up the woods quietly, Wakanabone told them to set the wood on fire.

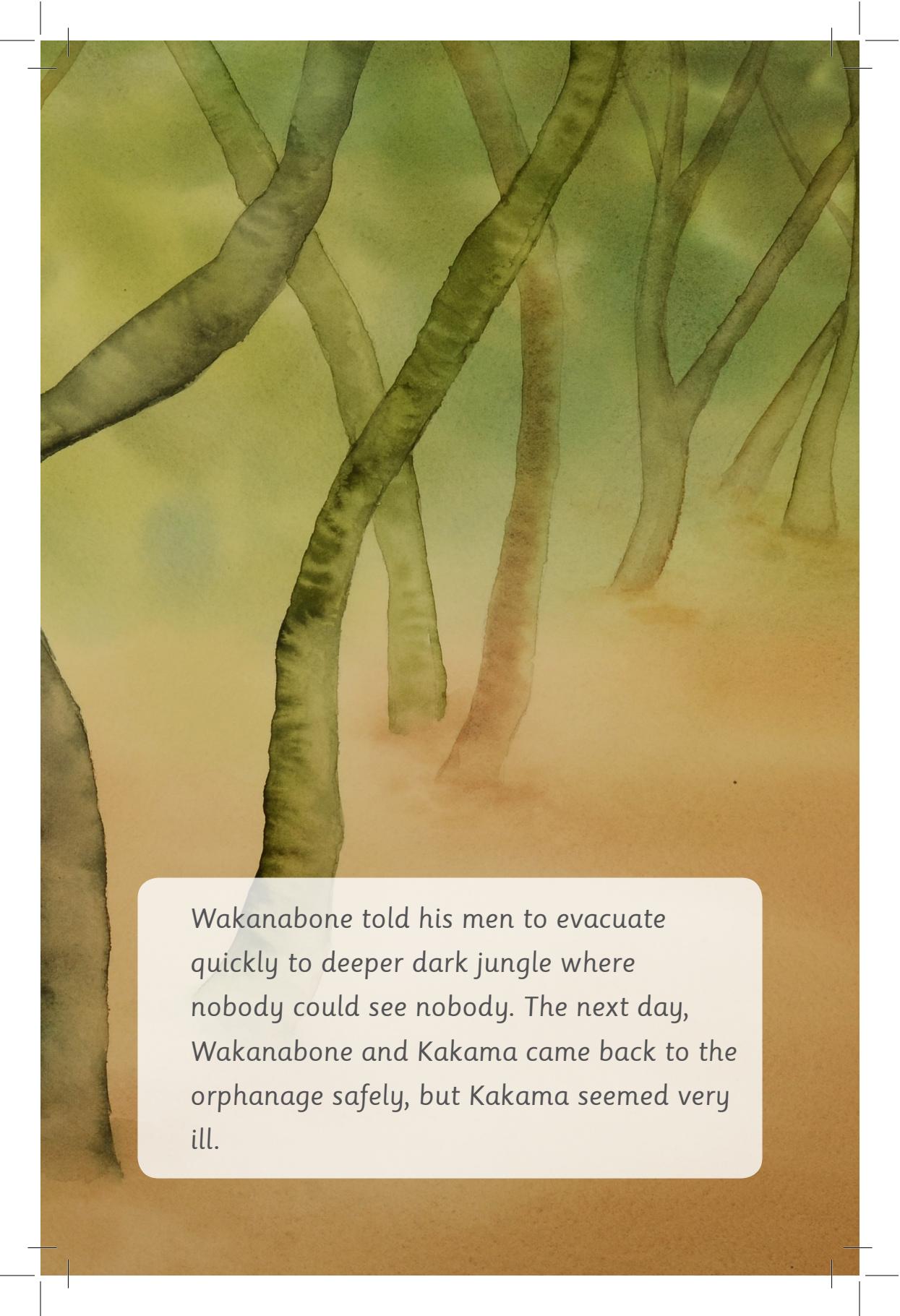






When the dried wood caught the fire below, it started to burn very quickly and caused the wet wood on top to smoke a lot. Soon, the camp site was filled with smoke and the rebels were running around like chicken without knowing what was happening. The smoke got into their eyes and they couldn't see. Wakanabone quickly ran to Kakama and untied him and got him out of the camp.





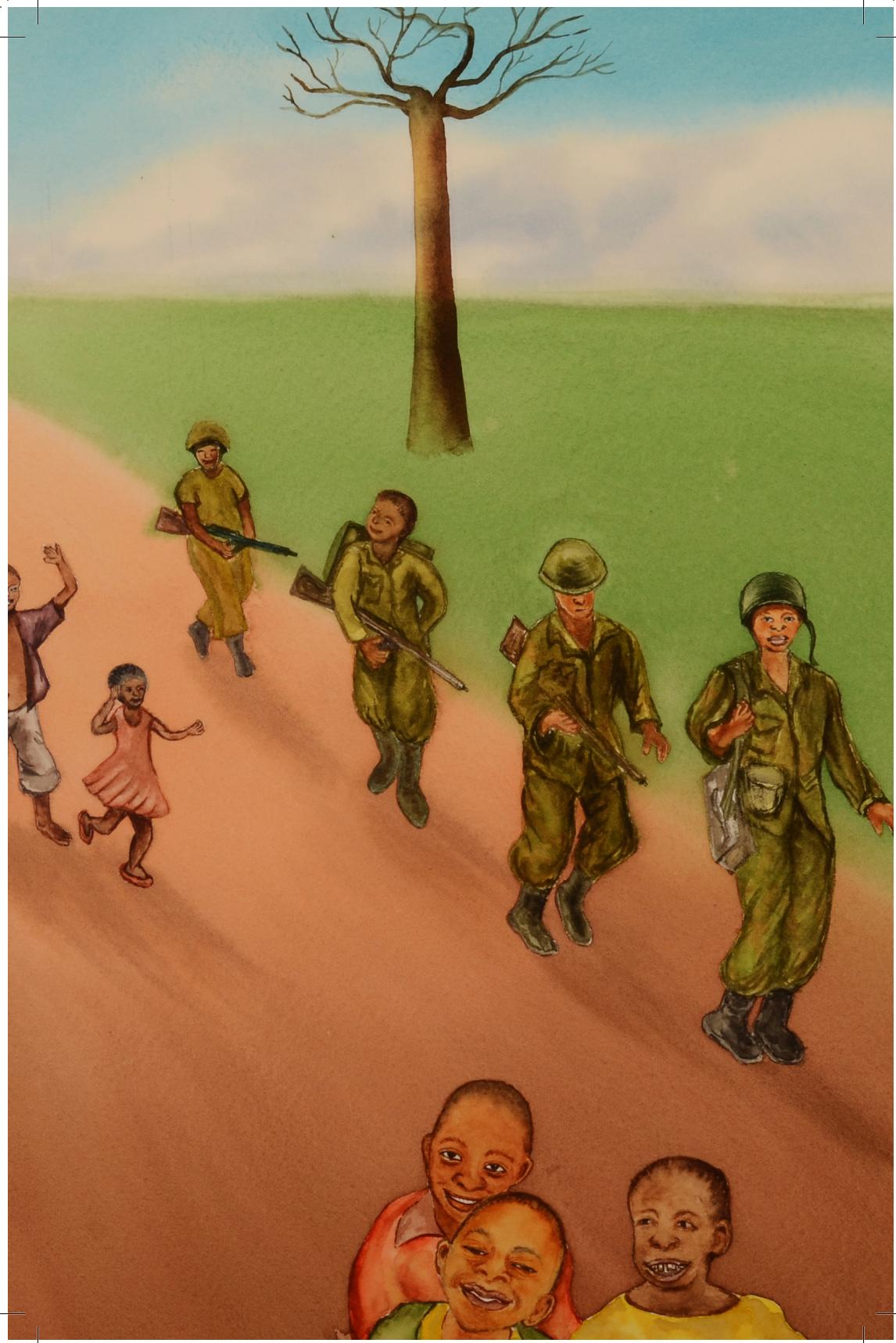
Wakanabone told his men to evacuate quickly to deeper dark jungle where nobody could see nobody. The next day, Wakanabone and Kakama came back to the orphanage safely, but Kakama seemed very ill.



Namori and Ruthopara thanked God for Kakama's safe return to home. Wakanabone told them never to go back to the other town through the jungle to fetch water or walk at night. He said the rebel groups are uneducated, merciless, and horrible terrorists and they are roaming around mountains and jungles to terrorize small villages. "Are you OK?" asked Taladavana to Kakama. "Y...yes... I....a... m...O...K.," said Kakama very weakly... "Thank, God," Taladavana said.

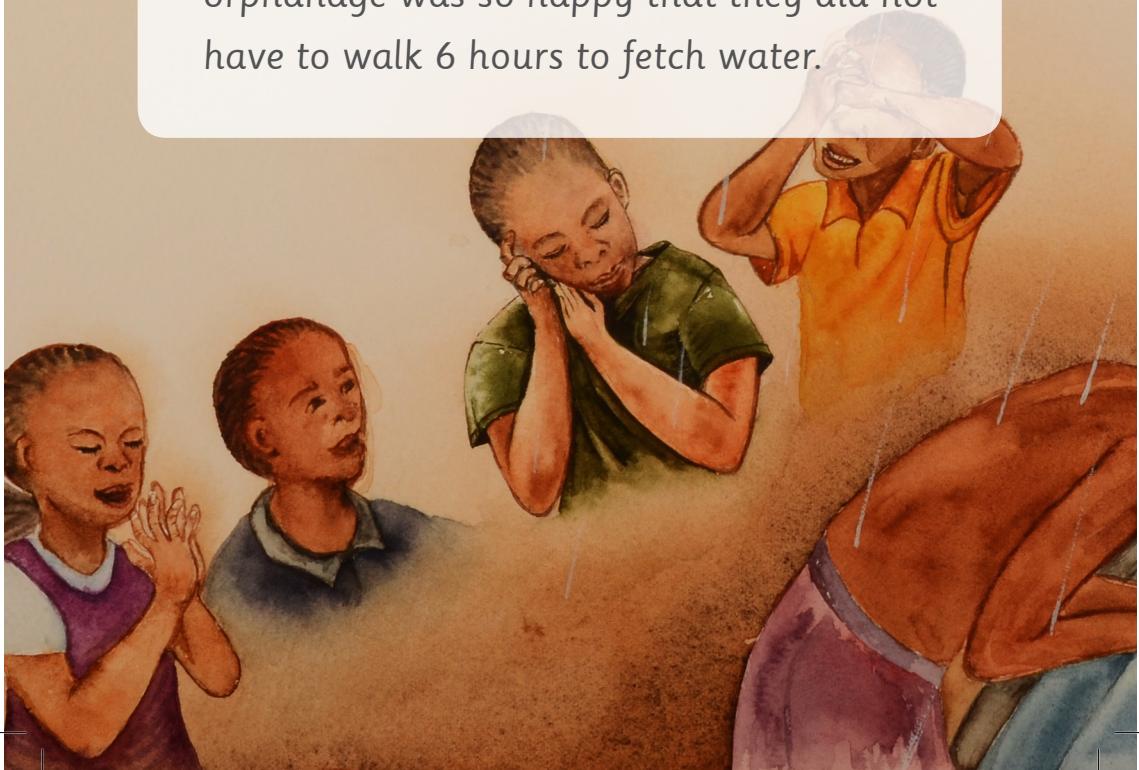


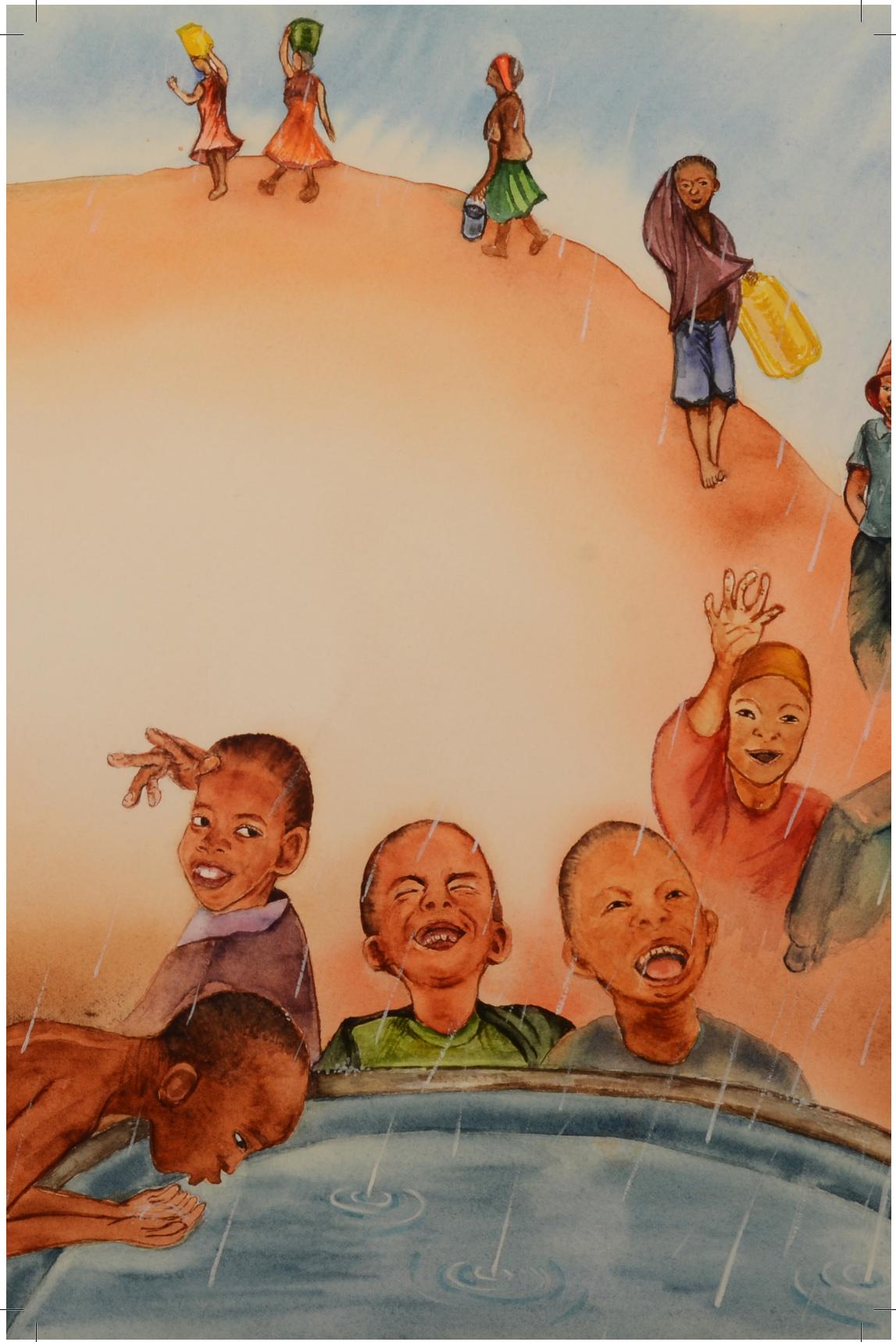
Everyone at the orphanage thanked Wakanabone and said good bye as he and his men were leaving for their army compound. Namoir and Ruthopara closed the gate tightly and gathered everyone to pray for their safety and also prayed for their country to be peaceful without merciless rebels. Since then nobody goes to the jungle to go to another town to fetch water.

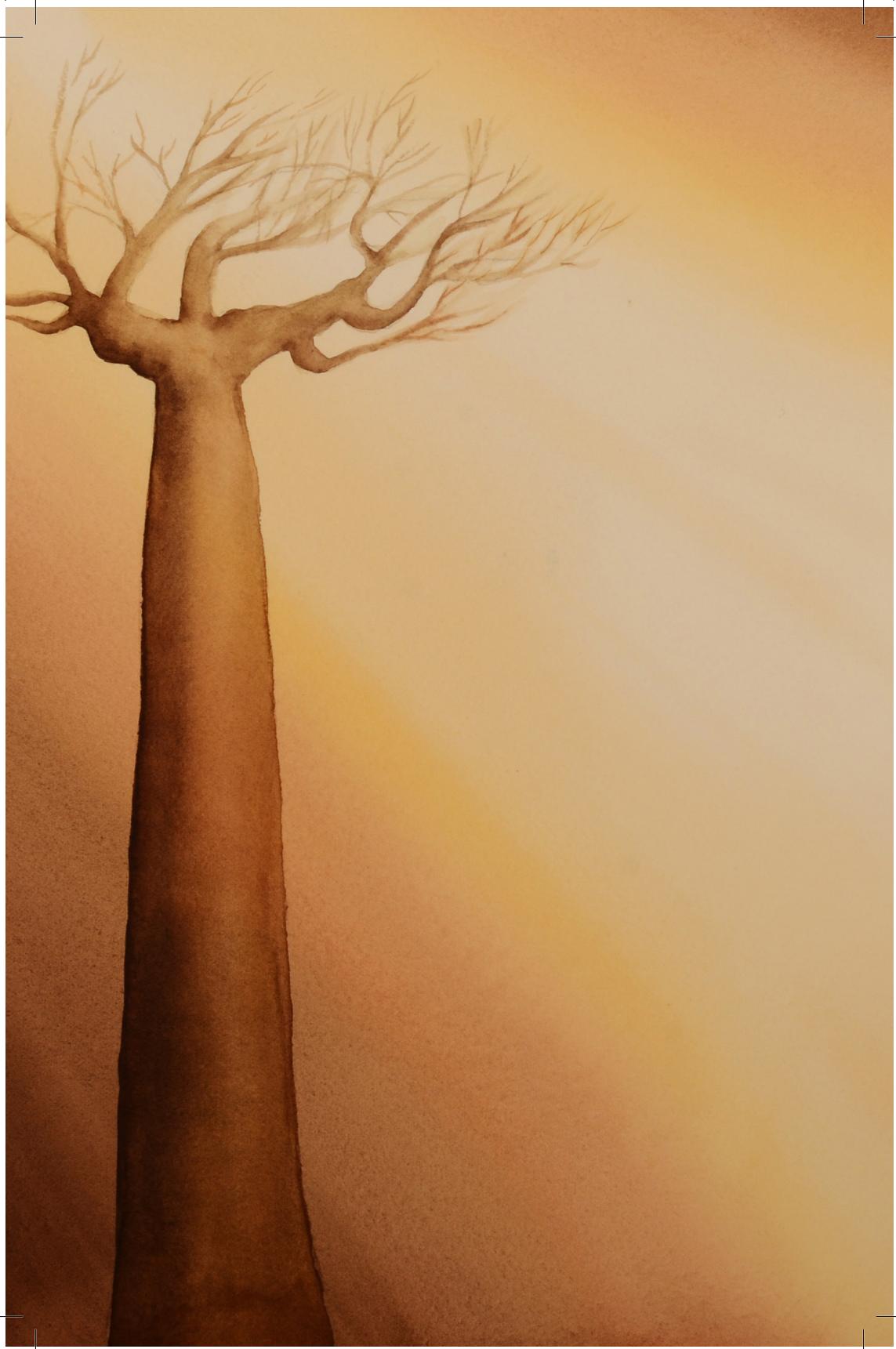




It now takes 6 hours to fetch water from another town, but they still thanked God for allowing them to continue to live and enjoy their life at the orphanage. They also prayed that there will be rain soon so they can drink from their own village well. As if God answered their prayers, there was lot of rain everywhere and the village well was filled up with water again. Everyone at the orphanage was so happy that they did not have to walk 6 hours to fetch water.







Kakama looked at the sky over the jungle and remembered the time he was kidnapped. It was a scary moment for him and he felt angry as well. He sighed and decided to forgive them. He prayed that those rebels would put down their guns and there will be no more children to be kidnapped. When he opened his eyes and looked at the sky after praying, there was a ray of sun coming more vividly over the village and the jungle as if Kakama's prayer was answered.





“

With a smile,
on his face,

Issa gave

them some

food Neema

and Shakira

were so

hungry they

devoured food

in a matter

of seconds.

”

“Oh no! Come here and
I will give you some left-
overs. I have some breakfast
overs from up on the way
I picked them up, got a h
to this village, and got a h
told them car,

“Wow! Asante sana,
from his car,
but we don’t want to
trouble you, sir!” Shaki
replied.



12 weeks to Empowerment

