

Chapter 1 : Letters From Botswana: Our Holiday in Namibia

Normally, the park, which is 51, hectares and comprises much more than the canyon and the falls, is a good place for a self-driving safari with a lengthy system of roads leading to several other viewing points into the gorge and other geological features.

Exploring the Orange River Basin with a Kokerboom Finale We left before dawn in an effort to beat the Gaborone traffic and in hopes of quickly getting through the Ramatlabama border crossing in the early hours. Jon had planned this amazing trip to look at the Orange River basin from three wildly different perspectives. The Orange River is the longest river in South Africa, originating in the Drakensburg mountains and forming the border between the eastern South Africa State of KwaZuluNatal and Lesotho, and traveling westward where it eventually forms the border between South Africa and Namibia before joining the Atlantic Ocean. The river was named by a Colonel Gorden in honor of William of Orange but many prefer to believe, as do we, that it was named after the orange-brown color of the waters and the backdrop of rust-colored barren mountains. There is a steep inch drop-off at the edge of the currently narrowed lanes of travel and freshly-bladed earth on each side of the highway. Between that, impatient drivers with no passing lanes, and goats, cows and baboons crossing the road, it can be pretty nerve-wracking. But the late summer sun rose quickly and our border crossing was smooth, though it always does consist of some rather random assortments of approvals and inspections. Raisins drying in the sun. After the border crossing, the drive was long but easy on good and little traveled roads, except for multiple stops where construction crews were working to add shoulders to the road YES! The person at the information center in Keimos was extremely enthusiastic -- this is common in South Africa -- people are proud of the landscape and very enthusiastic about wanting us to see everything! More than four hundred people were evacuated from this area and two people went missing near the river in January. As we got closer to our destination we passed through the town of Kakamas, a major producer of raisins and other dried fruits including dates, figs, peaches, apricots, and guavas. Despite the recent floods, there were large platforms of raisins drying in the hot kalahari sun. We made it to Augrabies National Park in time to quickly set up our tent and take a walk to the falls for the sunset. The name Augrabies was purportedly derived from the Khoison word Aukoerebies, which means "place of great noise. Due to both the January and more recent rains, the falls were at peak performance. As we set out on the boardwalk to view the main fall, the damage to the park quickly became evident. A few years before, the park had installed a massive system of boardwalks with numerous raised platforms from which the falls could safely be viewed. The boardwalk was fenced the entire way and much of it was constructed of concrete "planks" set on wooden posts. Now major portions of the boardwalk had been completely washed away and three of six viewing platforms were crushed by floodwaters that topped the canyon walls, leaving pools and mounds of debris behind. Though the waters were no longer topping the canyon, flows were still impressive and it was a mesmerizing experience to contemplate the vast quantities of water spilling over the granite walls in at least 12 places at once. Normally, the park, which is 51, hectares and comprises much more than the canyon and the falls, is a good place for a self-driving safari with a lengthy system of roads leading to several other viewing points into the gorge and other geological features. Night drives are also offered. But the roads to the rest of the park were closed so the two days we spent there were actually more relaxing for us than our usual frantic pace in which we try to see everything we can. The first hike we took was the Dassie trail, a five-kilometer loop that follows the gorge for some distance to Arrow Point, a needle-like extension into the gorge from which a set of twin falls is visible, and then heads across the veld by some potholes in exposed granite and around Moonrock before returning to the campsite. It was a really fun trail with lots of variety involving plenty of boulder scrambling, beautiful flowers blooming from the recent rains, and gorgeous views in absolutely every direction. Despite the heat, we enjoyed it very much and were able to find big boulders to shelter ourselves from the sun and rehydrate ourselves here and there. Then, just before we closed the loop, we came to a quickly-flowing and seemingly deep stream-crossing in which the boardwalk had been demolished and was nowhere in sight. Jon cools off in the Dassie potholes We went downstream a bit and found what

looked to be an easier crossing due to numerous strategically located boulders, but just past the point-of-no-return we found we had to cross a sea of tall, thick reeds and before we knew what was happening, we were walking gingerly atop the reeds, which we could not see beyond, as if we were snowshoeing, with the water rushing below. Somehow we made it, since we are telling the story, after all, but not without a few partial plunges into unknown depths! Our next day there was spent on a shorter saunter down the canyon, dips in the park swimming pool, and dinner at the lodge with a view of the falls. On our last evening in the campground, we were invited to visit with a South African couple from Pretoria in their, as is the usual, very elaborate, comfortable, and complex camping compound. They were very nice and we had rusks, coffee, and Amarula in the velvet air. It is always interesting to hear about living in South Africa and we lingered longer than we intended, exchanging addresses before parting. The vegetation had changed dramatically with new plants and much more to see, but it was time for the next leg of our journey into Namibia to experience the lower portion of the Orange River by canoe! Campground before flood On the way we passed through a part of the succulent karoo which is a type of vegetation dominated by succulents. When we arrived at Amanzi Trails River Camp, just past the Namibian border crossing and the town of Noordoewer, we immediately realized that recent flooding had destroyed their large riverbank campsite. Fortunately, they found a shaded grassy location for our tent on an elevated bank and a set of bathrooms, which were also in this location, were still functional. While the owners were still scrambling to repair things before the onset of peak season in March, a second and more devastating flood hit causing further damage and depositing tons of sediment throughout the grounds, demolishing a riverside chalet and campground bathroom facility, filling most of the buildings with several feet of water, and additionally washing out numerous roads and causing the closure of one border crossing. We launched early on the morning after our arrival. The canoes were fiberglass with two seats and our canoe was, of course, hot pink. Possessions are placed into 5-gallon pickle buckets with secure lids and are fit into inserts for the buckets and lashed to the canoe. Our guides were two very nice and impressive young men: Each guide had their own canoe which were loaded down with coolers, dining tables and other things with which to make us comfortable. This was the first trip Amanzi had made on the river since the floods, and they had witnessed no others on the river since the floods either. We could immediately feel the power of the river as we were pulled into the current. Strange eddies and whirl pools would mysteriously appear and disappear. The high water meant that many of the rapids were at least partially submerged and we moved along fast, with waves sometimes topping the front of the canoe, but with no real skill involved in navigating! Just a short ways downriver, we stopped the canoes on a steep bank and took a short walk to look at some San rock engravings on shiny igneous black rocks. These were near the site of a hotel that burned down a few years back and there was an eerie mixture of building ruins, goats and cows, and these unprotected San engravings on black rocks set against a backdrop of rugged desert mountains. There were several different styles of engravings. It is speculated that the dotted technique used in some of the etchings was meant to represent a tingling sensation felt when a shaman in trance was transformed into the subject of the drawing. When we stopped for lunch we had no idea what to expect. Well, Jacko and Shilongo started a fire and prepared a fine lunch-more elaborate than we expected. It was hot -- probably degrees. Luckily the river cooled things down a bit. All of the shady stops for lunch and camping that Amanzi usually uses for their trips had been totally washed out and the guides were nervous about what they would find downriver for camping. We certainly did not have to paddle very hard as the current whipped us along. So we contemplated the incredible geology of the mountains lining the river. Our first night was at a site near an abandoned diamond mine. Honey mesquite is becoming a big problem here and throughout much of Namibia. Very hungry goats and cows were everywhere, with little forage in sight. Jacko and Shilongo prepared a fantastic meal of chicken grilled over the fire, fresh veggies, potatoes, desert, and tea and coffee. We took a stroll and chatted with them by the fire after dusk and learned some new constellations in the dark African sky. The next morning some very nice doggies showed up that we wanted to take with us, but our guides were firm on this issue. Shilongo and Jacko and our lunch buffet on the Orange River The next morning we left before the heat set in and soon stopped to scale a mountain canyon where Jacko could scout the rapids ahead. At the top, high above the river, was a small abandoned calcium flouride mine: We collected a bag full for the

campfire that night and then headed back downriver. That night we camped on an island free of goats, cows and shelter from the sun, and it was HOT. The bright sand radiated heat. Long after dusk heat poured up from the sand through the bottom of the tent and into us. After another luxurious dinner we enjoyed the campfire and then had some mini-fireworks by tossing the calcium fluoride into the fire and watching the sparks explode from the heated mineral. Our last day was a short leisurely day due to the swiftness of the current. We took a long nap at lunchtime, and afterward, just a few short bends in the river brought us to the end of our route. Jacko and Shilongo were dismayed to see that the landing now consisted of a steep berm of sand that ponded water behind it and that the last meters of road was washed out, which meant the canoes and all of the gear had to be dragged over the berm in the searing heat and across the baking mud to a point the transport could reach. We helped as best we could, stopping short of passing out and creating a new problem for the guides. Our transport arrived after a short wait with a cooler full of drinks for everyone and we headed back for showers and a nice dinner. We left Amanzi Trails after a fine breakfast and drove through the jagged dry desert with the River appearing and disappearing from view to the south. As we rounded a corner, suddenly hundreds of hectares of grape vineyards burst into view. These are grown mostly for table grapes and form a vivid green patch against the stark rock of the desert. Luckily, we are told that irrigation demands on the Orange River have yet to seriously impact water levels. On the far side of the irrigated vineyards on dry hills lies a vast migrant workers town called Aussenkehr. Most of the homes are constructed of reeds and tin and it is inhabited by the 14, people, most of which work seasonally for the vineyards. In late February, work demands are low so the township was mostly uninhabited. We were captivated by a young girl looking longingly at school supplies in the store. Ais-Ai Spa The road then hugged the river for a ways and we got to view some of the amazing stratigraphy from a different perspective. We then headed north towards Fish Canyon. The silvery grass inflorescences glistened in the breeze and flowers and birds were everywhere. After a while, we took the road that descended down to the bottom of the southern end of Fish Canyon at Ai-Ais hot springs. Ai-Ais means "burning water" in the local Nama language. This place was nearly empty with a huge outdoor thatched bar restaurant setup, tourist shop, and all kinds of spas and what not. In high season, hundreds of South Africans visit here. After a brief look at the canyon and facilities, and having a second cup of coffee, we headed out towards Hobas Campground at the top of Fish Canyon. But we could not resist stopping at all kinds of stunning desert spots along the way. The cloudy sky muted colors nicely. All of a sudden we were at Hobas Campground. We paid our fees to the as usual very mellow Namibian Park officials and set up our tent in the nearly empty campground. Then we headed across a flat desert towards the canyon edge about 7 miles away. A very bizarre overlook who designs these things?

Chapter 2 : Republic of Botswana â™™! Embassy in Stockholm, Sweden â™™!

I really enjoyed Letters From Botswana -- the real-life story of a young middle-American soul encountering life in Africa up-close and personal via service in the Peace Corps. No literary gimmicks, no political correctness, no varnish, no nonsense.

There was a gentle rain falling so the colors were more vibrant than usual, not washed out by the intensity of the sun. For the most part the drive was uneventful: This is a long drive right across the heart of the Kalahari Desert -- but in the rain it was a lush and soft place. Our place at Dqae Qare When we arrived at the gate for Dqae Qare, it was raining heavily and the 4-kilometer dirt road to access the farm had some very deep puddles. Because puddles form on the road and not elsewhere, we worried that critters would be in the puddles when we drove through. We got our cute little San hut to stay in when we arrived near the old farmhouse that had been nicely restored to serve as guest rooms. Alas, it was off season and very wet and muddy, and the place really was shut down with an abandoned feel. Having a lot of rain in the Kalahari is unusual! There was no electricity or water or even anyone around most of the time that was kind of weird. Ethnobotanical Plant Guides at DQAE QARE We did have a very nice ethnobotany walk the next morning with three San two women and a man who served mainly as a driver and interpreter who showed all us sorts of plants that they use and told us how they used them. It is hard to describe, this sense of hopelessness we seemed to acquire when we were there. It seemed as if we were witnessing the very ending of the San culture, and it was a very sad ending, indeed. We dined in the open-sided dining rondoal, sheltered from the rain, after cooking a meal on our tiny campstove. Wildbeest and warthogs strolled casually about in the fading light. As darkness fell we heard the wildebeest trampling about and snortly wildly. In the morning there were two afterbirths on the lawn where young had been born during the night. Shortly after daybreak we headed out, down the puddled road to the highway and west toward Windhoek, Namibia. First we stopped in Ghanzi to gas up and discovered that the station was all out of fuel -- luckily the attendant told us about another gas station in town, which was brand new, and had one functioning pump. After Ghanzi, all of the gas stations we passed in Botswana were out of gas. Later on in Namibia, we purchased a gas can and always had 20 liters of fuel with us -- it did come in handy. The sky cleared up as we moved westward and became blue and remained blue for the next 2 weeks or so except at night. The border experience was the usual congested weirdness. Although the road was empty, there were plenty of people in line. Instantly, Namibia had a different feel from Botswana. As unlike as the US and Mexico. Botswana is strongly dominated by one ethnic group -- the other groups live on the fringes of society. Namibia is much more ethnically complex with many groups, including a large number of white Namibians of various descents. Namibia was a German colony before WWI although the influence is still palpable, and then 50 years later had a bloody long-lasting revolution during which they eventually wore down their South African occupiers. Botswana had asked for British protection from Cecil Rhodes none of the European powers wanted the place; times have changed! There is little remaining evidence of the Namibian revolution, although it is barely 20 years old you might remember SWAPO and the fact that the Cubans helped them because the western powers would not help them shake off the South African yoke. We drove through semiarid scrub for several hours and arrived at Windhoek, where we negotiated our way through the city and arrived just before dusk at Arrebusch Campground: It was a pleasant place to stay. Like every urban facility it was ringed by a two-tier electric fence patrolled on foot. From the beginning we liked this city. You could say it is a thousand times nicer than Gaborone. The downtown area actually had sidewalks and a pedestrian mall and cafes and restaurants and shops, and even parks, and was spotless. Everybody was very nice. We went to three different offices but finally obtained our park permits, involving the usual bureaucratic weirdness in this respect. Namibia is similar to Botswana but it did not take too long. We walked around checking out some of the handicrafts, a few older German buildings and Namibian monuments and, what not. Then we went down to the Craft Market, which had all imaginable kinds of crafts and art. Plus, a cafe that was the equal of the Moosewood in Ithaca--such a sublime pleasure to us! Sweet campsite at Tsauchab River The next morning, we left Windhoek behind and headed south down dirt and gravel roads through vast overgrazed

semi-arid country. Because of our many stops to look at birds and plants it can take us a long time to get anywhere. That afternoon we arrived at one of the most unique places we have ever stayed -- Tsauchab River Camp. The entrance road is lined with a fascinating array of found art -- all the junk that was found on the ranch when Johann and Nicky took it over has been converted into artistic creations. The old ranch house has been converted into a beautiful lodge with an outside bar and all kinds of art works and creations. Nicky gave us a warm welcome and a choice of campsites. We chose "The Bulbul. The shower was inside the base of the multi-stemmed tree with a donkey boiler for hot water and the outhouse was on top of a hill with an absolutely grand view. There was also a conventional bathroom and shower on another hill that was ours alone, if we wished to use it. The donkey boiler was lit and at night someone comes and lights candles around the campsite. When Johann and Nicky purchased this 20, hectare ranch, they took the cattle off therefore singlehandedly performing one of the greatest conservation acts that I am aware of in this region and converted it into a rest camp. With no grazing, the wildlife and vegetation have returned, many more people have been employed, and the government has saved piles of money in subsidies. Quiver tree at Tsauchab River There are amazing hikes on the 20, hectares and we immediately headed off to an area where the Tsauchab River flows from adjacent springs and upwelling. This was a spot of vivid greenness against the tans and browns of the surrounding mountains. The riparian zone had a tangled forest of huge fig trees and critters galore in and around the water. This had all returned since the cessation of grazing. We walked through the woods, admired baboons, birds, frogs and the dry mountains. Then we headed over to the quiver tree hike. This 4 km walk ascended a ridge and back down again passing by groves of several aloe species, most notably the grand quiver tree or kokerboom-an unusual tree aloe, which was beautiful against the late afternoon light. Stands of Euphorbia, Adenia and scrubby trees gave an otherworldly aspect to the landscape. That night at the lodge, Johann told us what it was like to own and manage a rest camp like this, being a German-Namibian, what he did during the revolution, and all sorts of other things. Johann has a talent of making every guest feel important and the sole recipient of his interest and concern. He admitted that, being the father of two young children, it is somewhat stressful worrying about the stability of this young country and its economy, but he is optimistic and full of energy. We hope he and Nicky continue to do well in all their admirable endeavors. The next day we headed out on a day trip to Sossusvlei through gorgeous arid mountains. Much of the landscape was sandy but there were also tall grasses and occasional trees. Gemsbok and springbok somehow survive in this landscape -- these species have interesting water conservation adaptations so they rarely need to drink. At the end of the paved road we switched to 4-wheel drive and drove out to the trailhead for Dead Vlei. This hike took us out to a flat white soil pan where trees had thrived years ago. At that time the climate dried even more and the trees died leaving a stark and visually arresting scene of dead trees on white clay surrounded by red dunes. Although the trees died more than years ago, the wood is perfectly preserved. At its beginning, you could step across the foot deep canyon, but downstream it broadens to form the valley. The Engen gas station in the small town next to the park entrance has a green roof of soil and vegetation, a solar-powered cafe, and lots of information about conservation and recycling of materials. These type of facilities are very rare in both Namibia and Botswana. Living Stones Can you see the Living Stones by the keys? Later, back at Tsauchab River Camp we asked Johann to show us the rare "living stones" Lithops populations he had mentioned the night before. He was busy at that moment and said "They are just over there-see how many you can find before I catch up with you! Eventually he came over and showed us a few, and then they jumped out at us visually. The Lithops are monitored annually by the Namibian wildlife service. We want to do a study of this plant of course! The next day we reluctantly left this wonderful place because the trip had been planned weeks before with reservations made out of guidebooks before we knew how wonderful it was here -- we could easily have stayed a week. It started out along a gorgeous canyon with flowers and succulents and rocky towering mountains. This transitioned to arid grassland. The town of Solitaire View Larger Map really it is just a campground, bakery, mechanic, and gas station is located on private land just before the last long stretch though the park heading toward the coast. Surrounded by savanna, this is a strange biker-hangout and conglomeration of rusted old antique autos, camel-safari outfitter, bakery and favorite stopping point for HUGE South African caravans. One stops because because there is a gas pump -- to fill up whether you think

you need to or not! The grassland slowly transitioned and became more jagged and arid and broke out into a rough rocky landscape of deep canyons, patterned hills stretching to the horizon, and all sorts of other bizarre landscapes. Eventually it got so dry that from distant horizon to horizon not a plant was visible. This is the second most arid place on the planet after the Atacama Desert west of the Andes in South America. As usual, it took us three times as long to move through as it would for most pokey drivers. Luckily, the tire did not seem to be losing air so we drove on. When we got close to Walvis Bay, a coastal town just south of the popular tourist town of Swakopmund, we took another look and the tire was dangerously low. We drove into the town of Walvis Bay a shock after that vast dryness and the first thing we saw was tire repair. Walvis Bay is a pleasant town with a large port and a bird-rich bay on the south Atlantic. After checking out the bay we drove over to Swakopmund and it was strange to see the "adrenalin sport" places catering to tourists. Swakopmund was a major town during the German colonial period and is flavored by attractive historic German buildings. We were assigned a campsite in the middle of the campground and next to a large "compound" a particularly South African institution-more later on this one , with several very large people who snored asynchronously very, very close to our tent. There were some other negatives as well i.

Chapter 3 : Letter from Botswana: beautiful blue | New Internationalist

The long break between semesters arrived at last, and we left Gaborone in the wee hours of December 13th, with a plan to make it to Dqae Qare, a San community-owned game farm west of the Central Kalahari Game Reserve, before nightfall.

An argument hots up in the parking lot of a local shopping centre. The first fist is unleashed. Passers-by are jerked from their normal business; some watch in silence, a few bay for blood; others avert their eyes and walk quickly past. It is such words that negate my belief in botho. Botho is a principle that Botswana claim to hold dear; it is enshrined in Vision The formulation of a national long-term strategy for Botswana, our Vision began in during a period of national introspection. The result was an expression of shared aspirations; a collective dream for Botswana that we said would be realized. We said we would cherish democracy, development, self-reliance, unity and botho. Botho encapsulates the spirit of oneness; it says that you will do unto others as you would have them do unto you; botho should breathe in our words, it should live in our deeds. As a nation, we pledged allegiance to Vision We did not understand it then, but we persevered and, under President Festus Mogae, we established enlightened and sensitive ways to conquer this virus and save our nation. Vision says we will have access to health facilities located within a reasonable distance from our homes. We will be equipped to deal with unexpected epidemics and natural disasters. Adequate nutrition, quality sanitation and clean drinking water will be for all. We will halt the spread of HIV, and people with AIDS will have access to quality care in health facilities, in their community or workplace. I believed Botswana was winning the battle against HIV. But the careless, thoughtless words in the parking lot reminded me that HIV is also still a swear word here. At times, I feel it is again. HIV lurks in the shadows, spoken of in hushed tones. Rumours, innuendo and stigma. But this is , I think. We have a healthcare system that is free and available to all, but it is imperfect. When you wait 12 hours in an emergency reception before seeing a doctor, you learn patience. When a heartbeat monitor stops beeping, you watch deadpan, as the nurse puts on his saddest face, wrings his hands together and offers his condolences. Laughter is a good salve. But laughter and tolerance run dry when you hear step-by-step instructions on how to care for someone who is being admitted to hospital. Bring a bucket to the hospital so you can bathe your patient. Bring blankets if it is cold. Report to the ward every morning to wash and feed your patient. And the patients are reminded to take medicine with prayer “ for it is God who heals. HIV is a swear word, for it is still hurled by those who have learnt nothing in the 30 years it has been in our midst. HIV is a swear word if it can still be used to tar and tarnish during a parliamentary debate on a Public Health Bill. And so until the day that HIV is no longer a swear word, botho will just be a five-letter Setswana word, devoid of meaning. Wame Molefhe is a writer based in Gaborone, Botswana. Go Tell the Sun is her latest short-story collection. This article is from the March issue of New Internationalist. You can access the entire archive of over issues with a digital subscription. Please support us with a small recurring donation so we can keep it free to read online.

Chapter 4 : Letter from Botswana: amazing maize | World news | The Guardian

Letters from Botswana: A Peace Corps Odyssey Dawn [Stutzman] Khalil (Botswana 92) The Writer s Collective, Peace Corps letters/journals. The Internet has provided us with an opportunity to share all kinds of information, including music.

Maybe she found the problems with the new traffic lights funny. On the first day of rainâ€” a warm September morning â€” I searched for her at the window, but she was sitting at her desk. She had not noticed the rain. At the window there was a Mofswana draughtsman, who was on a break from drawing plans; I went to the window too. We watched workers running across the road; some carried umbrellas; most, not prepared for the storm, ran under bus shelters. Maybe there were a few complaints, but there was much more happiness. All morning it rained. In a country where the Kgalagadi desert covers 84 per cent of the land, and there are long droughts, it is not surprising that people wait for summer: Sarah John In the past, the first rain of summer rains started the ploughing season. All the people who could walk had to leave their homes and go to the farms. They planted the crops to feed the whole village. When they took the Union Jack flag down and put the blue, black and white Botswana flag up, it had begun to rain. The blue in the flag is for the rain; in the centre there are two white lines around a black stripe: When I saw the Botswana flag flying in the wind, I felt hope. There had already been warnings about how low the levels of water in the dam were. When the water project ended and it was time for her to return to England, we had become friends. She had told me stories about what she had learnt during her time in Botswana and I had told her what I had learnt living in England. So I finally asked her: On the day that Susan left for England, we gave each other presents: I gave her a straw sunhat with a blue ribbon. As this article has been simplified, the words, text structure and quotes may have been changed. For the original, please see:

Chapter 5 : Republic of Botswana - Government portal

Wame Molefhe is a writer based in Gaborone, Botswana. Go Tell the Sun is her latest short-story collection. This article is from the March issue of New Internationalist.

Mugabe with wife and grandson In and out whatever, life goes on. This may seem like an everyday casual statement but I think this is the thinking of most Zimbabweans as they endure hard times while President Mugabe continues living his life in the air. I say living in the air because the man hardly spends a week in the country. And by the way, he had gone to Singapore, for whatever reason with his daughter and grandchild and of course with a host of aides at the expense of the taxpayer. Rumour has it that he had gone for a medical check-up as he allegedly has prostate cancer, a thing which his spokesperson has denied on several occasions. In fact two scribes from a private newspaper were detained on Monday for running a story to that effect. Some later joked that maybe he had accompanied his grandson who was born in Singapore for a routine checkup. It might be possible though since the old man loves being in the air and being away from home. Remember that one time when he went to India for some festival, only to discover that he was the only head of state who had honoured the invite. Goes to show how he would grab any opportunity to be away from home. As I write this column, he is back in Harare having landed from Ghana on Tuesday but I can bet with my last bond coin that he will not spend the next seven days in the country. I was hoping not to write about Mugabe this week but here I am. Old as he is, Mugabe holds the key to a new Zimbabwe, a new Zimbabwe that will come when he eventually dies and sadly only God knows when. It will be a waste of time to talk about his retirement for he has made it clear that he will rule till God calls him. While we wait, it is no doubt that we all seem to be looking forward to the post Mugabe era as we hope things might change for the better then. But in the meantime, life goes on and the struggle continues. The struggle to get cash from the bank, struggle for bread winners to provide for their families and dependents, for with each passing day the going seems to get tough. The sad reality is that as is now the norm, funds will be mobilized then looted. Only a fraction of it will likely be properly used while the rest will be used to fund the lavish lifestyles of certain individuals. Such is the selfishness of our leaders.

Chapter 6 : Love Letters from New Orleans by Nessim Higson " Kickstarter

Susan had come to Botswana from England to work as an engineering consultant on a water development project. Right through the winter months, when she arrived at the office, she stood at the window through which you could see Gaborone's city centre.

Botswana Wame Molefhe describes her joy as the first rains chase winter away. Susan had come to Botswana from England to work as an engineering consultant on a water development project. On the day the first rains arrived " a warm September morning " I searched for her at her vantage point but she was sitting at her desk, oblivious, it seemed, to the pull of the downpour. Standing where Susan usually stood was a Motswana draughtsman taking a break from drawing plans; I joined him at the window. Together we watched workers scurrying across the road; a few carried umbrellas; most, caught unawares by the storm, ran for cover under bus shelters. There may have been a few complaints, but they were drowned out by pleasure that others in the office expressed. All morning it rained. Pula ya sephai steady, gentle rain: Sarah John Advert In days gone by, the first summer rains were the trigger for the start of the ploughing season. The able-bodied were expected to leave their homesteads for the farmlands where they would plant the crops that would feed the entire village. Once the seeds were safely in the soil, more rain was awaited " a rain different from pula ya sephai. It was hoped that the rain that came would be pula ya medupe: We wished that it would not be the harsh pula ya matlakadibe that rained so hard and wild that it dug out the just-formed seedlings. Whatever the kind of rain that comes down, it paints the dry, golden landscape green. As the Union Jack descended and the blue, black and white Botswana flag ascended then, it had begun to rain. The blue background represents rain; in the centre two white lines enclose a black stripe: Seeing the Botswana flag fluttering in the wind gave me hope, for there had already been warnings about how low dam levels were. By the time the water project ended and the time came for her to return to England, we had become friends of a sort, enough to have moved beyond pleasantries to stories about what she had learnt during her time in Botswana and what I had learnt living in England. So I finally asked her: There is no sun like the African sun. On the day that Susan left for England, we traded gifts: I gave her a straw sunhat with a blue ribbon. Wame Molefhe is a writer based in Gaborone, Botswana. Go Tell the Sun is her latest short-story collection. This article is from the November issue of New Internationalist. You can access the entire archive of over issues with a digital subscription. Please support us with a small recurring donation so we can keep it free to read online.

Chapter 7 : PDF ONLINE Letters from Botswana: A Peace Corps Odyssey READ PDF FILE ONLINE - Vid

Thanks so much for the information. It's a great pity that Botswana always either receives no coverage or receives coverage which paints a false rosy picture of the so-called 'success story' by World Bank standards.

Chapter 8 : Letter from Zim

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

Chapter 9 : Letter from + Botswana | World | The Guardian

I was surprised and happy that you were able to trace Sheila Bagnall's letters, published in Botswana! Sheila was a close friend of mine but I had no idea the letters had been published 15 years ago! Thank you.