



THE TALE OF TWO COOKING POTS

Each day, before the sun began to rise and the birds began their morning chorus, Kisimba would begin her long journey down to the banks of the Molopo River.

Although the years had made her look frail and helpless, Kisimba was, in fact, as strong as an ox and as wise as a kilio bird. She thought nothing of travelling the great distance for her daily water - life in the Kalahari had made her that way.

Over her shoulders, on each end of a long wooden pole, she would carry two cooking pots; and while at the river fill them both to their brims. And as dawn began to break she would return to the tin shack she called home.

Yet despite all this hard work, when she finally arrived at her doorstep she had only one and a half pots of water for her effort. Why? Because one of the two cooking pots was cracked and was unable to contain all the water that it had been given.

"Just look at the state of you," moaned the perfect pot. "You're leaking everywhere! Perhaps we should replace you with a pot that can fulfil its duties".

The cracked pot sighed and one last drop of water ran down its side and dripped onto the dry African soil.

"Perhaps he is right. Perhaps you should replace me with a better pot".

Kisimba's smile glowed as she gently stroked the pot. Her words were warm and kind, like the butterflies that were beginning to visit the morning's garden.

"Why do you think the air smells so sweet and the birds and the bees and the butterflies all sing and dance around us? I'll tell you why. I always knew you were a leaky cooking pot, so down one side of the lane I planted many flowers. And as we passed, your imperfection gave way to a most wonderful picture. Look...."

And as the old cooking pot turned around he saw before him splashes of colour speckling the red earth that surrounded them.

"It was you who helped me to bring colour and life, laughter and love into such a barren land. Why would I replace you when you bring me so much joy?"

