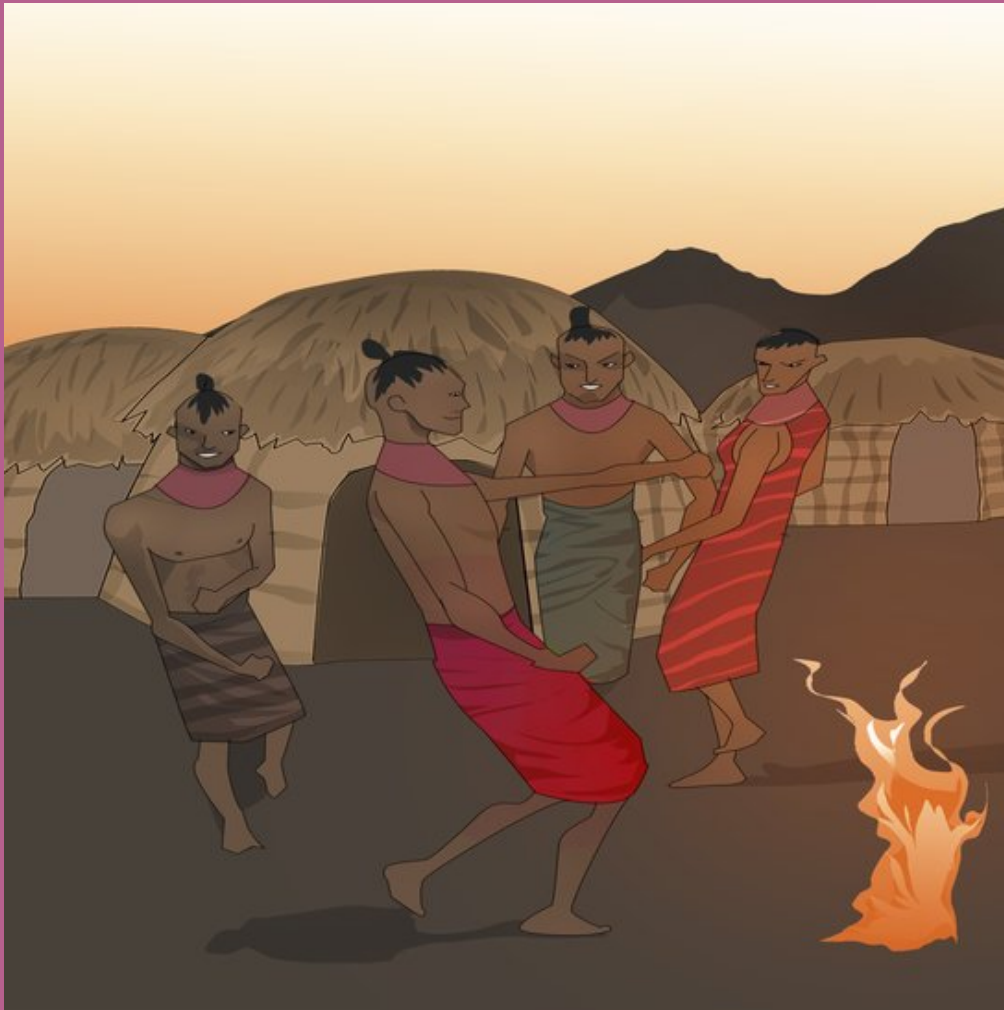
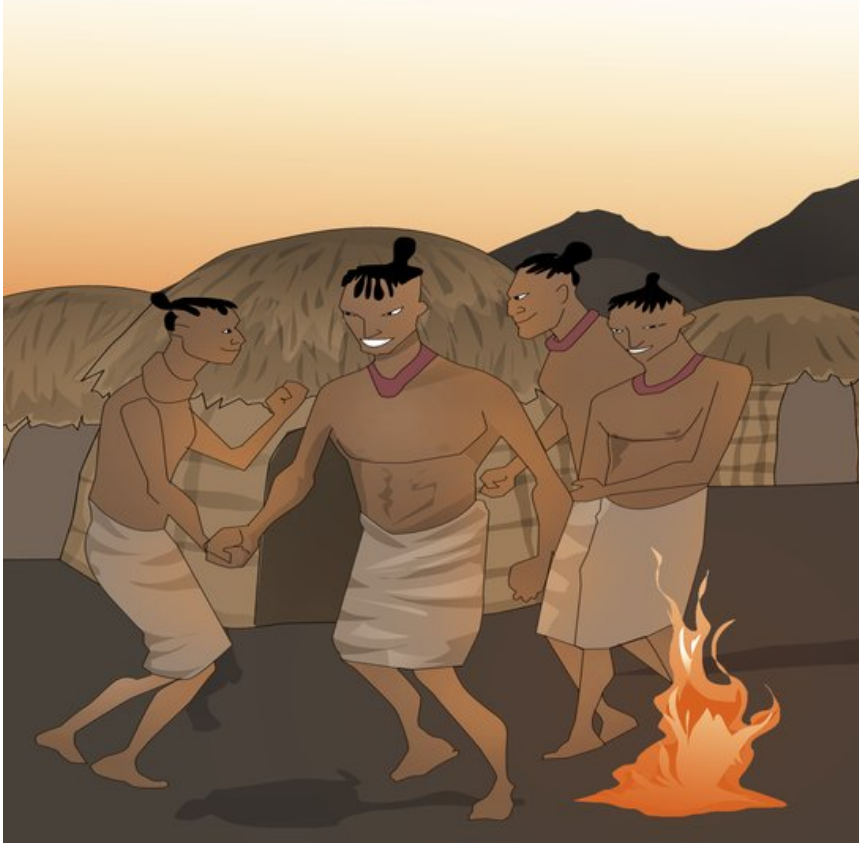


Namoratunga

Simon Ipoo
English





Long time ago, in a Turkana village, people loved to dance the edonga dance.

Every evening they gathered together and danced edonga. The whole region came to know of this village and its dancers.





People from the nearby villages also came to dance edonga.

A stranger heard of the famous village. He sent his messenger to go there before him.





When the messenger arrived, the villagers were afraid. They wondered who the stranger was, and why he had sent his messenger.

The villagers prepared food and animals to be slaughtered.

The villagers gathered and prepared sacrifices. They sat the whole day until evening. But the stranger did not arrive.





In the evening, the villagers danced as usual until midnight.

That night there were many dancers. Everybody in the village was excited.

Before the dance ended, the stranger arrived. Even though he was a stranger, he looked just like the other villagers. They did not notice him at first.

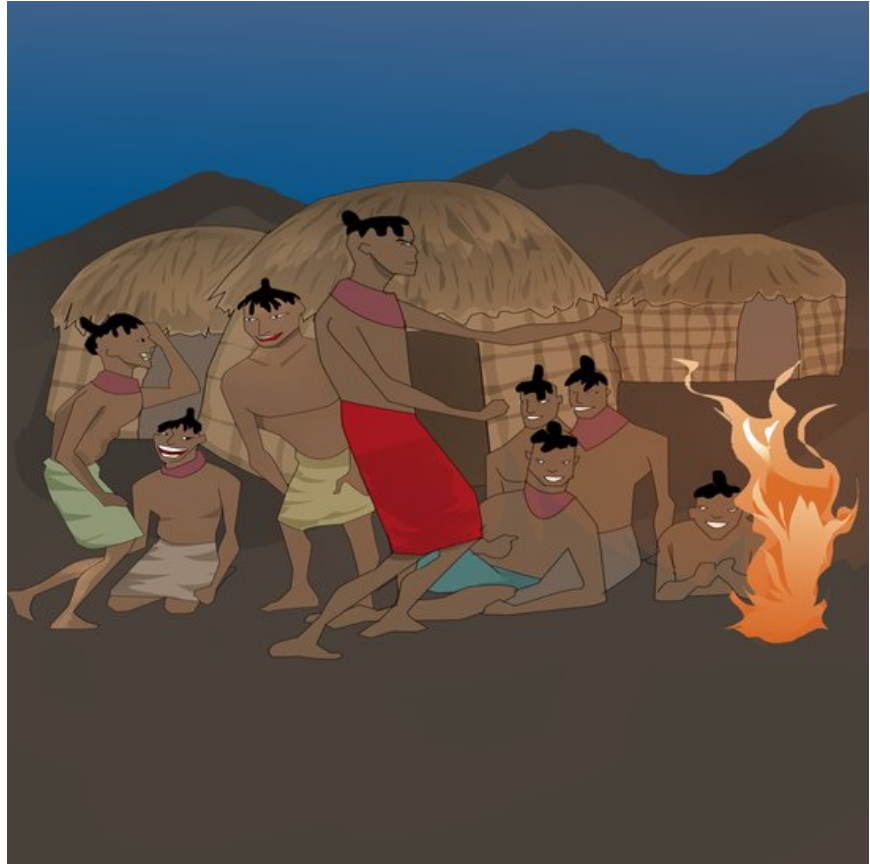




When it was the stranger's turn to dance, he joined the men. But his dancing was strange and different from the others.

People were amused and began to laugh at the stranger.

Some dancers fell down laughing.
Some sat down, and others knelt laughing.





The stranger did not like people laughing at him. He decided to curse them.

He stopped dancing and everyone became a stone in the position they were in. Some were lying down, others standing, others sitting and kneeling.

Then the stranger left the village.

Since then, those stones remained there. At night they can be heard singing and dancing edonga.

That is how we have the site of Namoratunga.

Namoratunga

Writer: Simon Ipoo

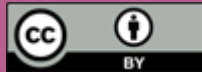
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