**Munsaka Story**

**by Jessie**

It all started a few years ago when the trucks arrived.

I was just thinking what to do.Then hearing a rumbling truck stop outside our house and sprinting down stairs, I saw Mum and Dad with worried faces. They went back outside then came rushing in saying,”You have got ten minutes to pack your bag!”

“But why,were are we going?”

We leaped into the truck.

”What are we doing?”

Still mumbling

“This is not Munsaka”.

My Parents said,“Well Munsaka ,the truck is taking us to another village because the government wants the copper under the village,so they are going to have knock our house down”.

“Noooooooooooo Mummy don’t let them do that to us!”

“I can’t stop it, Darling!”

“UNFAIR I want my home back!” I wailed.

When we finally got there we hopped out .We were at a wasteland!

I was confused,sad, and most of all,ANGRY. Dad rescued iron and bits of cardboard to make a little enclosure.

I got up bright and early to do my job which was to go down to the river and get a bucket of water.This time it was a two and a half hour walk there and back.

Dad said ,”It’s dangerous down there,there are all sorts of creatures so you will have to go with the other kids .Ok?”

“Ok,” I said.

As I walked closer and closer I got more scared and more tired. But when we finally got to the river, it wasn't nice fresh clear water, it was mucky brown dirty water.”I walked an hour for dirty water!”

A few years later my family got a parcel that had money in it from people who donated it to Caritas. So we spent it on a tap for the village. We were delighted too for a tap!

I did not have to go and get mucky water again, now it was cold, fresh.

Think , now we have so many taps a minute away from us. We have massive homes with heaps of food!

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