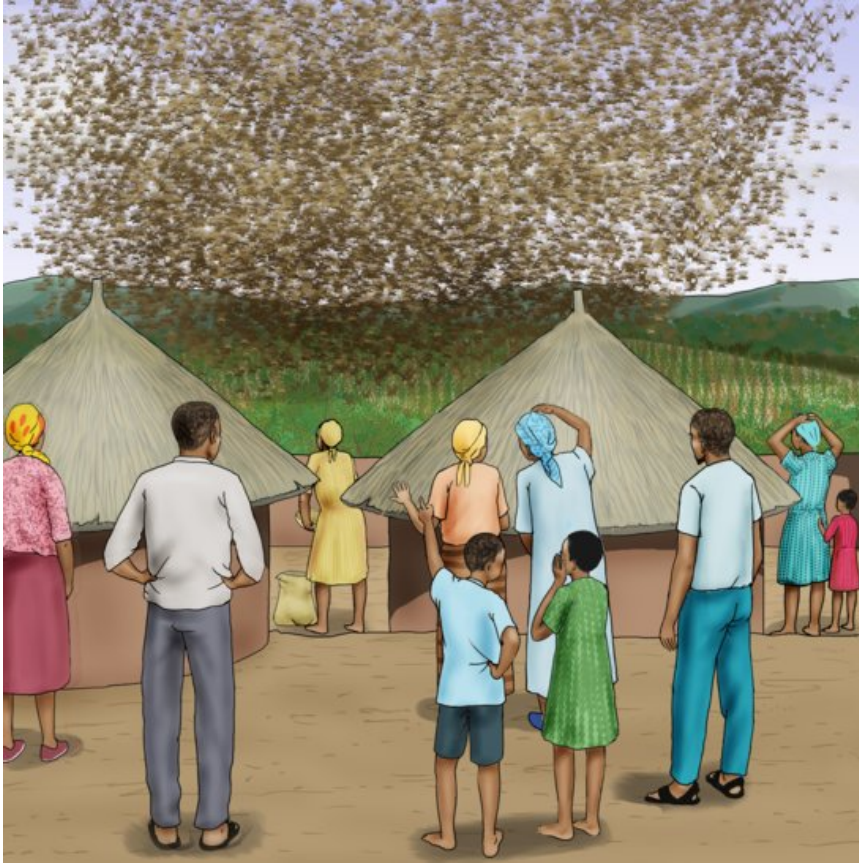


Locusts

Mary Okere
English





One day we saw a strange black cloud move in from far away.

It was a swarm of locusts, headed for our village.

The locusts attacked farms
and ate the crops.





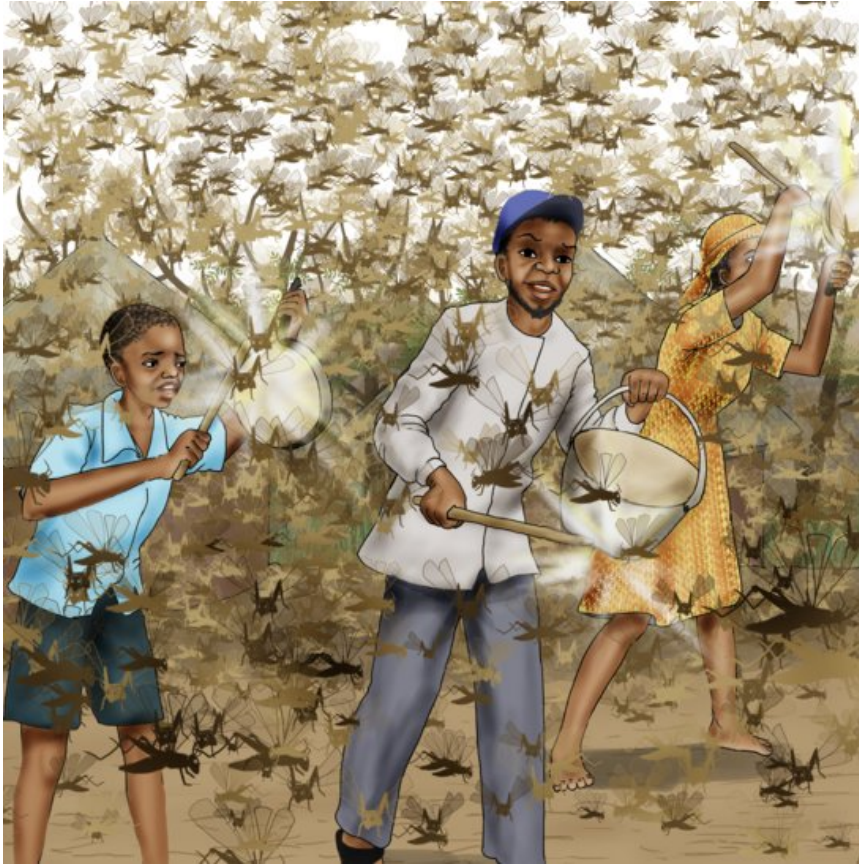
We tried to chase the locusts away.

But they would not go.

We made noises and
screamed, “Wuwi, wuwi!”

But the locusts would not
go.





We hit tins and metal pots.

But the locusts would not go.

We lit fires to chase the locusts away.

But they would not go.



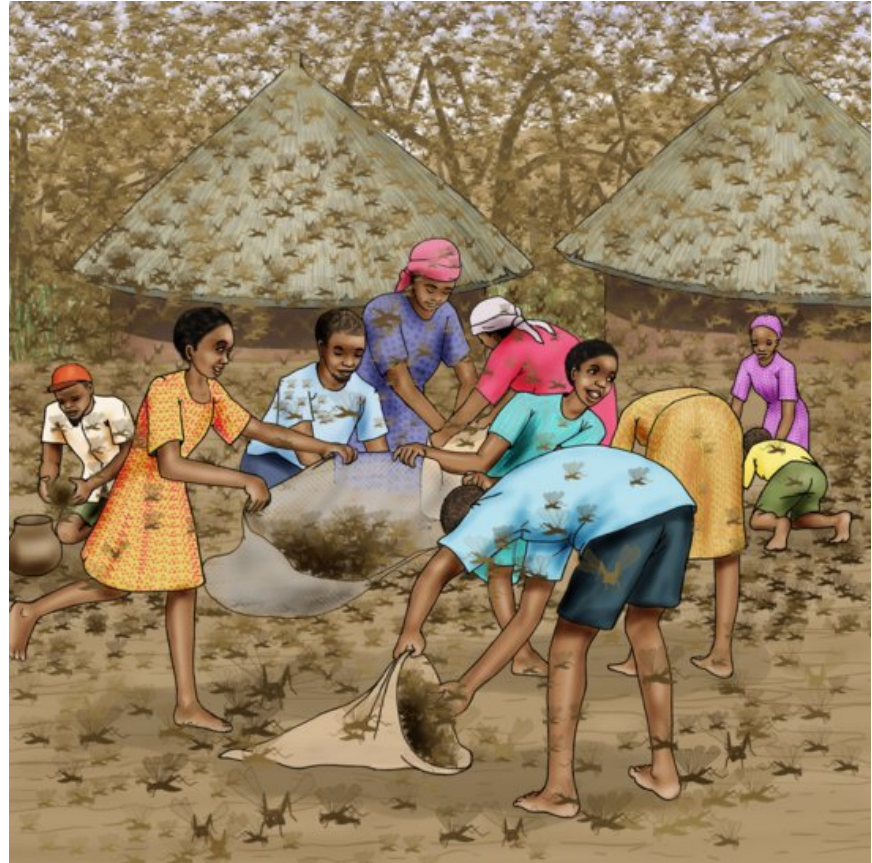


They settled on trees.

Branches broke because of the weight of all the locusts.

Then we remembered that roasted locusts are good to eat!

Everyone started to collect the locusts in sacks and nets.





Children brought gourds and filled them with locusts.

We roasted locusts and fried them.

We even dried locusts for the cold season.

But still, there were so many locusts.

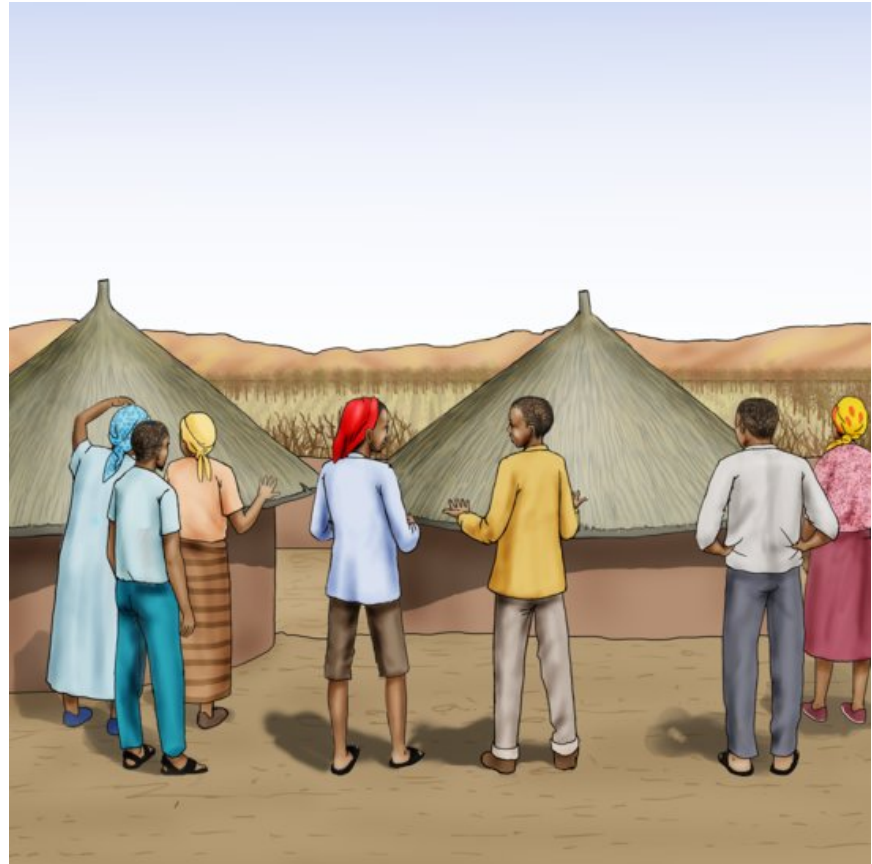




Then, the next morning, the locusts flew away. The cloud left our village.

When the farmers saw their farms, they moaned loudly: “Our farms are destroyed!”

The villagers cried, “What will we eat this year? What have the locusts left us?”



Locusts

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Illustration: Rob Owen
Language: English



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