

SUCCESS

When Neema
went on a journey

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Kizito Alphonse Lifunga's story offers a vivid lesson about picking up the pieces after you have fallen down. PHOTO | HANSJURG JAGER

He who dared to rise again after a hard fall

Kizito Alphonse Lifunga's story gives us the chance to interact with someone who personifies picking up the broken pieces

By Hansjürg Jager
[@TheCitizenTz](#)
news@thecitizen.co.tz

"Is it you?" Two brown eyes stared at me at Kivukoni fishmarket on a cloudy Wednesday. Being overwhelmed by many fishermen and salesmen, running around to either sell or buy fish or carry ice to their booths, it took me a while to respond. "y..yes, it is me. Hi Kizito!" I replied final-

ly. With a big smile, Kizito Alphonse Lifunga shook my hand. "Ninafuraha kukutane na wewe." I said, using the maximum Kiswahili I managed to master. Kizito's smile eventually became bigger, going from one ear to the other. Equipped with good English and a good sense of the history of Dar es Salaam, 28-year old Kizito guided me through the market and later that day along the Kivukoni Front, up to the National Museum and finally to the Posta Bus Stand. All he had was a bottle of water in his hands.

Two and a half years earlier, the same young men stood at the entrance of a jail-cell in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. He was sentenced, because he was selling drugs to people around the city. As Kizito had to leave school after 7th grade, one would eventually not expect something else. "Having no CV means that I cannot apply for any job", the young man says. The burden, he had to carry wa stool much for him since he could not proceed to College and later to University. Although, education alone does not guarantee a safe job,

but having no CV at all, can be equivalent to a death-sentence. "You know, there is no time to dream about future.

There is no time to think about goals to pursue if you won't be able to make enough money for a living", Kizito says as we find our way through the market. Considering his education, he eventually was supposed to end without perspective in life. His only goal was how he was going to survive the next day. Now, Kizito dreams about the time ahead, where

Girls hooked on family planning

By Mercy Juma Okande
[@TheCitizenTz](#)
news@thecitizen.co.tz

High above the routine, commonplace slogan of Waa village in Kwale, a dense formation of coastal clouds drifts lazily across the sky.

Below it, a gentle gust of wind swishes a woman's long turquoise blue skirt up her bent back.

Embarrassed by the ignominy, she straightens up, pulls the skirt down to position, then bends again to wring water out of a tiny pink dress and a number of cloth napkins she has been washing, before putting them to dry on

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