

Mad Man

A story by Ester Ngonga

In a certain village in Kakarara called Onangombe there was a mad man. One morning he wasn't feeling well. He was just running up and down. His wife was tired of looking after him, so she left him just like that. She neglected him and did not take him to the hospital. He was speaking to people, using unknown words. One of their neighbours felt pity for him. He realised it would be best if he contacted the police to take the man to hospital.

The neighbour contacted the police who came with full force. They managed to catch the mad man and took him to the hospital at Otyinene where he was treated. At the time he was brought to the hospital, he was very sick. After two weeks of treatment he was declared fit. Even the doctor was very surprised that he recovered so quickly. His name was Hangula.

One day the Minister of Health and Social Services came to visit the hospital. He was accompanied by policemen with Hondas. The mad man called to his friend, listen, come and see: Hondas, cars, policemen. I recall the day I was brought here I was with policemen but the sick one who is coming today must be wilder than myself, because he is accompanied by so many policemen.

When the Minister was about to arrive, the doctor asked the patients to be disciplined because of the Minister. They all agreed, yes doctor.

Hangula then took his small plate full of water and a stick of wood. He sat down and started pretending that he was catching fish. When the Minister came, he found Hangula busy fishing in a plate. The Minister greeted everyone, Good morning, patients. Hangula took no

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notice, he just continued fishing, sitting alone. The Minister greeted him "Good morning." He replied "Good morning sir." The Minister asked what his name was. He replied, "I am Hangula, sir."

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Minister asked, "So what are you doing?" He replied, "I'm just playing."

Then the Minister said to the doctor, "Let us interview them. Maybe some are well enough to go home." The doctor said, "alright, let us start with Hangula and see what he is going to say."

Minister: "How do you feel?"
Hangula: "I am feeling better now."

Minister: "So, where do you live?"

Hangula: "I stay at Omahene Village, just near by."

Minister: "Are you married, Hangula?"

Hangula: "Yes sir."

Minister: "How many children?"

Hangula: "Five children sir, three girls and two boys, sir."

The Minister said to the doctor, "Yes, he is alright, he can go home. But I think I'll ask him one more question."

Minister: "You have answered all my questions, how did you manage to answer all the questions right?"

Hangula: "Sir, I am thinking with my kidney. That is why I managed to answer all the questions."

As the doctor went outside, laughing, Hangula followed him at a run thinking he was playing hide and seek. He ran following the doctor. Then the doctor ran faster as he was afraid of him.

Since Hangula failed to answer the last answer correctly, the Minister could not send him home. Those patients who answered correctly went home. Hangula remained in the hospital.