

# The adventures of Nandi

## The mystery of the expired vaccine (part two)

By Paul Kisakye

My excitement about going to South Africa for the field trip died as soon as I heard that we had to get vaccinated.

"Do not worry, Nandi," Mrs Musoke, my class teacher, said, "the vaccine is a painless shot on the arm."

Wooweeee!!!

A scream erupted from the clinic as the first girl got her shot. Marjorie, the class' crybaby came out of the clinic crying her eyes out. She was holding a ball of cotton to her upper left arm.

Now I no longer believed Mrs Musoke that the injection was painless. However, five other kids received their injections without making a sound.

"Ouch!" Ongwen said when he got his shot.

It was now my turn. I saw the needle the nurse was going to insert in my arm. I wanted to run for my life!

It became bigger and bigger as she brought it closer to my arm. I bit my lip to stop myself from screaming like Marjorie the class' crybaby.

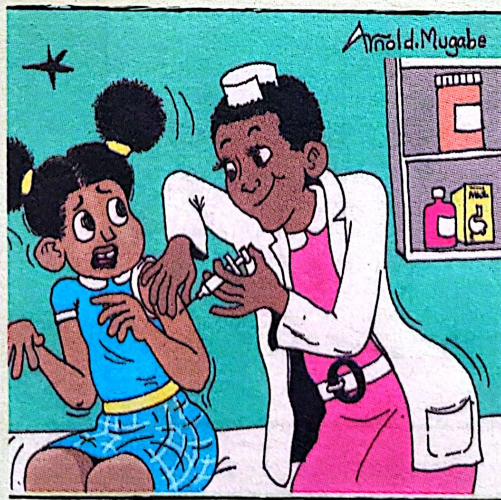
But the needle came closer and became even bigger. I could not look at it any more without wanting to run out of the clinic.

The sting was quick and before I knew it, the nurse was pressing a ball of cotton on my arm. Phew! I let out a long breath that I had held for many long seconds.

As I walked back to class, I hoped that the trip to South Africa was worth the sting of the yellow fever vaccination.

The next morning, Ongwen did not come to school.

I was not on Nankya our class monitor's noisemakers' list that day because Ongwen was not at school and he is the one who always makes me talk. I wondered why he had not come. Was he sick? Ongwen rarely got sick.



"Before we start today's class," Mrs Musoke said when she came in, "I would like to let you know that Ongwen is sick. That is why he did not come to school today."

Marjorie put up her hand and asked, "Was it the vaccine that made him sick?" "We do not know," Mrs. Musoke said.

"Was the vaccine expired?" I asked without first putting up my hand.



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