

# The mystery of the expired vaccine (part one)

By Paul Kisakye

The whole class was making noise. Nankya, our class monitor was the only quiet one. She had filled her corner of the black board with noise makers and was tired of telling us to keep quiet.

We had just come from assembly and the headmaster had announced that our class, Primary Four, was going for a field trip to South Africa.

How cool was that?

"The giraffe had a tall neck!" Ongwen, my desk mate was telling me. "And the elephant had a long nose!"

"But Ongwen," I said shouting over the noise of the excited kids, "That was my story just last week."

"Do you think you are the only one who has ever gone to the zoo?" Ongwen asked.

"But last week you told me you had never gone to the zoo." I said. Ongwen was a bad liar.

Suddenly, the whole class became quiet. I turned in my seat and saw that Mrs. Musoke, our Class Teacher, had just walked in.

"How many of you have never travelled out of the country?"

Half the class raised their hands. I was among them.

Ongwen whispered in my ear, "But Nandi, didn't you say that you went to Nairobi last year

with your parents?"

I smiled. Maybe I also lie sometimes.

"Okay," Mrs. Musoke said. "Those with your hands up, follow me."

Because Ongwen and I sit at the back of the class, we were the last to get out. Then I realised that Mrs. Musoke was taking us to the place I fear the most in the whole school: The school clinic.

I do my best to sleep under a mosquito net and to wash my hands. I hate the taste of medicine.

When we got to the clinic, Mrs. Musoke said, "We have asked some people from the hospital to come and give yellow fever vaccinations to everyone who is going for the school trip but has never traveled outside Uganda."

I put up my hand.

"What is it, Nandi?" Mrs. Musoke asked. "Are we going to be injected?" I asked.

"Yes." Oh no! I dread injections!

