



MUSAFA BECOMES AN APPRENTICE

In due time
 Musafa took his place beside Dinga
 As a blacksmith's apprentice.
 "You are the eighth generation
 Of our clan to wield a hammer,"
 Said Dinga proudly.
 Musafa wanted to be as good as his father expected,
 But no matter how hard he tried, his work was uninspired.
 His spear blades were unbalanced,
 And his tools were brittle.
 Still, he had a knack for shaping scraps of metal
 Into exact copies of whatever caught his eye:
 A creeping caterpillar, a sleeping crocodile,
 A tickbird, a stand of savannah grass.

"Musafa makes pretty things, yes!
 But useless!" Dinga complained to the Mother Elements.

"All he needs is time," hissed Fire.
 "Be patient," said Earth.
 "One day, his hammer will find a song," Water added.

And so Dinga allowed Musafa
 To continue hammering out beautifully decorated,
 Useless objects.

