

Anni

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Bambara Village

2008

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1. Boot-throwing in jungle

My name is Anni. I am 12 years old. I live in Owambo. My home village is in middle of the jungle. There are a football ground and a church and a school and a shop and many clay huts. I live in a clay hut.

In our village live Bambaras and Finns. Bambaras are brown and Finns are white. I am a Bambara and I have big brown eyes and long pig-tails and tiny breasts. My teacher's name is Anni Rutkone. She has blue eyes, and yellow hair and big breasts. She is a Finn. Her husband's name is Armas Rutkone. He has a football cap and big black rubber boots. He is our priest.

In our school we have a web. My hobby is dreaming and surfing on websites. That is how I have learned my english. One of the best sites is Bootthrower's house. I only hope that there will be more videos of women throwers. They are my favorites. They all have nice names. I have decided that when I have my own daughter her name will be Koskelo. It is a beautiful name, isn't it?

Priest Rutkone is our village's football trainer. I don't like him because he shouts. But I love some thing he has. And now he knows it.

One day I said to him: Give me a boot!

He said to me: What do you do with my boot?

I said to him: I throw it. I will be a boot-thrower.

He said to me: I don't give you my boot.

I said to him: Why not. I need a boot!

He said to me: Don't talk nonsense. Nobody throws a boot. Only stupid people do. Why don't you play football.

I said to him: I hate football. I need a boot.

He said to me: Shut up. I'll buy you a pair of football shoes as the christmas present.

I said to him: I don't like football shoes. I want a boot as the christmas present.

He said: Christians don't throw boots. Only pagans do. Christians play football.

I started to cry.

But I didn't give up. In the evening when the sun went down, I sneaked out. I knew that his boots were on the terrace. I thought that I will loan one of them. Then I'll bring it back. I am left-handed. So I took for me the right-side boot. It was dark. I tiptoed from the terrace to the football-ground.

I was enthusiastic and my hearth was beating. I saw nothing in the darkness when I

started to run with the boot in my hand. I was wondering what kind of grip the pili-grip is. Never mind! I took three rounds and then... fiuuh!

It was the greatest moment of my life. I shouted:

Jumapili! Tafadhali nataka bia pombe baridi!

Suddenly I realized that something went wrong. I heard a soft thump from the air very high. I knew: the boot sits on the munglebungle tree.

I thought and thought but I could do nothing... The boot was on the tree. That's it. I sneaked to home.

Next morning I heard a bad shouting from the priest's terrace. "Where in helvetinkuusi is my other boot!"

Then his wife said : "Remember, you are the priest. Don't curse outside, people of this village can hear."

In the evening happened something amazing. Priest Rutkone was training with his football team. I knew that my favorite ape Zuri was hiding on the mungle-bungle tree. Zuri founded the missing boot somewhere. She played with it and she tossed it up to the air. And it fell direct to the priest's head.

The priest became stiff. Then he looked at the boot. Then his glance went around the football ground and he saw nobody who had opportunity to throw the boot on his head. He shouted to players shaking the boot in his hand: "Who did this!"

Everybody looked amazed up to the sky.

Priest Rutkone collapsed. He fell on his knees. He crossed his fingers. And he prayd up to the sky without a sound. He was looking guilty.

Then christmas came. I got a present. It has beautiful papers and golden string around it. I said to my mama: "Pah, these are the football shoes." I have decided what I will do with the shoes. I will burn them. I opened the present. Jihuu, there were boots and what kind of boots! They were real women's throwing boots. IBTA has been written on them.

I know that priest Rutkone is a bad man. But he has a warm heart. He is a Finn. I love Finns.

PS. Anni is not a real person. She has been created by a writer. Don't send her christmas presents to Owambo.

2. Finnish training method

One day priest Armas Rutkone came to me and said:

"Anni! Are you sure you won't like to play football with the boys? I have a pair of football shoes of your size. I can lend them to you."

I said: "No. No. No! I hate kicking. I hate shoes. I'm a nice girl and a bare-footed bambara. And besides, as you very well know, I'm a boot-thrower."

Priest said: "Very well then. Be happy with your boots. By the way. Who's your trainer?"

I said: "I train me myself."

"Hah-hah. Training yourself. What's your record, then", asked Rutkone looking a little bit nasty.

"It's 19,61 meters", I said. "But I know I'm much better than that. I'm sure that if I train very hard in one day I'll take a World Champs medal. And after that I'll go to Hollywood to make films because as a World Champs medalist I'm a big star and rich and beautiful."

"A typical bambara dream. You people are living in dreams! As always they won't come true", said Rutkone. "I bet you never could beat finns or estonians. I'm sure that even Maria Burger is too tough for you."

My big brown eyes brightened.

"Do you know Maria Burger, this German star!"

"Only by name", said Rutkone and his cheeks reddened a little bit. "I know nothing about boot-throwers. I know nothing about boot-throwing. This silly nuisance. This bloody pagan habit. Damn it. Less I know, better for me."

"If all the finnish boot-throwers are bad people as you said, why they are so good", I asked.

"They are sinners. Hell with them", exploded the priest.

I said: "If I train very hard every day, could I in one day be as good as they are? What do you think?"

Priest said: "Never! Finns are invincible. You'll never be as strong as they are. They have their own secret training method that only devil knows."

I said: "You are a finn. As a finn you should know this training method. And as a priest you should know everything. Would you explain to me what is this secret training method, please? I'll keep the secret. I won't tell anybody. Just between us."

Would you Rutkone darling be so nice and tell me this finnish training method, please!"

Rutkone said: "No!"

His cheeks became dark red. He turned sharply and hurried away.

But I didn't give up. I ran after Rutkone and said:

"Please! My priest darling, be my trainer and teach me the finnish method."

Priest grunted: "No!"

He tried to escape but I'm a good runner. I was keeping pace in a step-distance after him.

"Please! Please!", I begged.

I have guts. Hour after hour and day after day I followed the priest like a puppy. When he was preaching a sermon I was sitting on the bench looking him with my begging, big brown eyes. When he was sitting in the loo I was standing behind the door and making offers that you can't refuse.

"When I'm a famous sport woman I will give you my autograph."

"No!"

"I will fix that my trainer Rutkone will have a statue in middle of the Bambara Village."

"No!"

"I will buy you a country-cat's kitten. You'll see how lovely she is when she purrs. Miaow!"

"Girl demon, you are teasing me! God, would you give me a little bit help, please."

After five days fighting preast Rutkone surrendered. He took me to the shadow of the mungle-bungle tree and said:

"All right. You are a tough girl and some day you will be an excellent sport woman. I will confess you something, if you promise me that you don't tell anybody. I am a christian man but in my youth I made a little bit sin."

"You were a boot-thrower", I made a guess.

"Yes. I was taking part in the boot-throwing championships of Huittinen and some other competitions. But I competed only about three hundred times. Then my wife said: 'You have to stop now! There are no room for more boot-throwing prizes. You have to choose: me or the prizes.' After that I saw a light. I started to play football. It's not as fun as boot-throwing but you don't get so big prizes. Anyway, it's a hobby."

Tears came to my eyes when I heard the sad story of our village's beloved priest.

"Would you be my trainer and teach me the finnish training method, please", I sobbed.

"OK", said Rutkone. "Boot-throwing is a sin but I personally have no problems. I am a priest. God loves me. But I pray for your soul. This is the way without return. We'll start training tomorrow at eight o'clock sharp."

I shouted in my native language: "Jumapili! Tafadhali nataka bia pombe baridi!"

I try but can't get sleep. I'm excited what will happen tomorrow. I know that priest Rutkone is a bad man. The training will not going to be easy.

But I know that me and my trainer will have good times. In somehow he is sympathetic.

3. Jumapili Throwers

On Sunday there was an announcement on the mungle-bungle three: "The football training is cancelled for now and forever. Wellcome to join to our new boot-throwing club!" Anni

We founded the first boot-throwing club of Bambara Village in priest Rutkone's terrace. There was nine of us. Boys Jabari, Pili and Zuberi are ex-footballers, now enthusiastic boot-throwers. Fourteen years old girl Halima is my best friend. Also there was her twin-sister Sanaa, who was a cheerleader of the football club. She hates sport but she loves to varnish her nails. She said to me: "All right! I'll start boot-throwing if you promise to take me with you to Hollywood, when you are famous."

My favorite ape Zuri was one of the founder members of the club. And of course there were priest Armas Rutkone and his wife Anni.

Priest Rutkone said:

"I warn you. Boot-throwing is an awful sin. So are all nice things. Pancakes are sin, too. When you give to the boot-throwing your little finger, it takes your both hands and your soul. It's a way without return."

Then priest made a heavy sigh.

"But we are human beings. I think that we all need a little bit sin. If there are no sinners, you don't need priests anymore. What I shall do then? Unemployment is a bad thing. Let's start the boot-throwing club and make pancakes!"

Pili was elected to our club's president because he owns a mobile phone. Pili's candidate to secretary's role was Sanaa.

"It's not bad for a cheerleader to learn a little bit writing, too. You may need it, when you go to Hollywood and people are asking for your autographs", Pili was motivating our Bambara princess.

Sanaa swallowed the hook.

Anni Rutkone started to make pancakes.

"Eating is one part of the Finnish method", she said. "Thin and hungry bambaras don't throw far. They are not able to win Finns."

Members of our boot-throwing club ate pancakes and drank mungle bungle juice. Jabari is a big boy. He weights over 100 kilos. He is a paunchy and handsome young man, a natural born boot-thrower. He ate twenty pancakes and drank ten glasses of mungle bungle juice. Zuberi ate eight pancakes. Pili ate two pancakes. Halima ate three pancakes. Sanaa ate half of a pancake. She is worried about her weight. Zuri played with a pancake. I didn't ate pancakes. I ate a whole chicken because I have

my own thrower's diet.

"By the way. What will be the name of our boot-throwing club", asked Jabari with a piece of pancake in his mouth.

"What about Jumapili Throwers", proposed Halima. "Jumapili means Sunday in our language and now is Sunday, the birthday of our club."

"Jumapili is a good name", I said. "Tafadhali nataka bia pombe baridi!"

After the successful meeting we came to our boot-throwing ground to train. My favorite ape Zuri started her boot-throwing career, too. She was imitating me. First she ran and then she took three rounds. When she threw she fell on her back. The boot hit on her head.

"Don't be depressed", I said and slap on her shoulders. "One day you will be an excellent boot-thrower. I promise that. I'll be your trainer."

I hope that on one day also apes have their own boot-throwing class in official competitions. In the jungle there are a lot of apes and I know they will love boot-throwing. If they have an enjoyable throwing life style they all will be happy. Could IBTA do something for that?

4. Rock-stars and boot-throwers

"Tam tam tam tam tam tam tamt tam ta tam."

Zuberi was beating a tattoo with his uncle's wizard drum.

Jabari was singing with his hoarse African voice:

"I'm a rubberboot-thrower..."

Pili and Halima was making the angel choir voices:

"Gimme a boot. Gimme my darling your boot."

Priest Rutkone was smiling in his closed-lipped way.

First threw Sanaa.

She ran and then she stumbled and then she was trying to make rounds until she stumbled again and the boot slipped off her hand.

"Over-stepped", announced our priest.

After her the big hope of Jumapili throwers, Jabari took a boot and all the time he was singing:

"I'm a rubberboot-thrower..."

He was running and took three slow rounds. With his last step he hit his leg to the ground with a heavy thump, so heavy, that we heard the sound echoing in the jungle. It was like an elephant's dancing step. Then he gave his heavy hand to say its sayings. And he cried to the jungle with his heavy, hoarse voice:

"Jumapili! Tafadhali nataka bia pombe baridi!"

The boot was starting like a rocket to the sky and it was flying high. Very high. And when the boot hit the ground the sound was "BAM!".

Priest Rutkone was reading the measure:

"Fifteen meters and twenty-two centimeters", he announced.

Then came my turn but I skipped it because I was finishing my thrower's diet, a whole chicken.

After me was Halima's turn. Her boot flew over the sector-line. Then Zuberi threw his boot very high and his result was 12,31 meters. Then Pili, our president took his turn.

Pili was using a long pace. Now Zuberi was drumming hectically:

"Tamtamtamtamtamtamttamtatam."

He knew that Pili is our own Saku Paavola, a fast and a mysterious man.

Pili ran like a predatory gepard. He take three speed-up rounds in the rythm of drumming. And the boot was rising high. Incredible high. It was flying to the top of the mungle-bungle three and it hit to the head of my favorite ape Zuri. The ape waked up and tumbled off her branch and start falling through the air. She cried frantically and hit the ground with a massive "BAM". For a second she was knocked out but soon she stepped up, took the boot in her hand, threw it angrily away and rushed to the jungle cursing powerfully in her way.

The boot was flying very high and it was landing onto the mungle-bungle tree.

For a while we were a little bit confused what to do. We had only one boot with us and it was on the tree. Then priest's man servant Asubuhi decided to climb to the mungle-bungle tree to bring our throwing equipment back. The branch broke under him. He fell to the ground with enormous "BAM" and so he was knocked out.

After that we had an emergency-meeting:

"The boot is bewitched. One half dead bambara and an angry ape. Too dangerous to throw the boot today. We must stop training now. Tomorrow we'll come back and take more boots with us", decided our president Pili.

Priest Rutkone took a speech.

"Boot-throwing is a sin. I have warned you. Any way – this is a way without return."

He was smiling in his closed-lipped manner.

"The name of our exercise today was throwing against the head-wind. Fifteen meters twenty-two centimeters was the best result. Now I will tell you something. Only the bambaras of African jungle are so impatient that they throw the boot voluntarily to the most strongest head-wind. Finns always use a tail-wind. They turn their asses to the wind and draw a boot-throwing ground in front of them. If there are no wind, they are waiting and milking it. If it doesn't help they use their witchcraft and after that the wind will come. That is one secret why they throw so far."

"Take stocking caps away and feel a wind of freedom in your hairs", said our boot-throwing priest to us.

5. Hot secret

"Please, please, my priest darling, please", I begged and ran after priest Rutkone a step distance behind him.

"Never", grunted the priest. "I have told you it's a sin. It's a bloody sin like a hell. I'll never do that. Remember: never!"

"Please! Just between us. I'll keep the secret. I'll tell nobody."

"No way, Anni, remember, I'm a christian man. I can't do this! It's just why I left my native country, this bloody Finland and left these bloody Finnish pagans, hell with them, and came here to this bloody Bambara Village. Only to get rid of their bloody pagan habits. Now I'm here. In this bloody jungle! With bloody snakes and mosquitos and with you, you bloody pagans. This all sucks. Hell with you all! Hell with everything", roared the priest.

"You need to tell somebody", I said. "You need to tell to a friend. You can't keep this dark secret. I'm Anni, your best friend. You can tell me. If you tell everything me, it helps. It's easier for you to breath. You will have a peace in your mind. You can't keep dark secrets by yourself. It's not healthy. It's not fair..."

"Anni, you are making me nervous", cursed priest Rutkone. "You are a pain in my ass. God, please, could you give me a little bit help and throw a hot stone. I don't ask more. Only a little, sharp, hell-red stone to the head of my enemy... and I'll be your faithfull and thankfull servant forever. You long-pigtailed, brown demon, don't disturb me anymore! I should think of my next Sunday sermon", shouted Rutkone and slammed the door of his work-room shut just in front of my nose.

I walked away and I have no intention to give up.

"He will tell. White or a black magic - in the end he will tell", I said to myself. " As a daughter of an African witch-doctor I will find out why Finns are so invincible boot-throwers. There shall be a witchcraft that make them throw tens of meters more than bambaras. In otherway it's not explicable. Priest Rutkone is a veteran boot-thrower and a Finn. He is a man, who knows. I will put a spell over him and make him talk."

Early next morning I went to the church. I was sitting there when priest Rutkone come in with a big, black cossuck on him. When he was preaching, I was all the time staring him with my big, brown eyes. I tried to hypnotize him.

The beginning of the sermon was quite normal. Priest Rutkone was dealing in his sermon his favorite topic "sin" and it was my favorite, too. Old people were sitting quietly on their benches and they were yawning and some of them were snoring. When the church service was reaching to the end, priest Rutkone jumped off his pulpet and take the left boot off his leg. He raised it high over his head and shook it in his hand:

"Look at me, you black bambaras of the African jungle! Do you know, what is this?"

Yes, it's a boot. It's a black rubber boot. You may think that it's heavy but I will show you that it isn't. It's as black as sins of your souls. Next I'm going to show you, that the sins of your souls are not heavy. They are petty sins and they are easy to throw away. Do you know what I'm going to do with this black rubber boot? With this boot I'm going to throw your black sins of your souls away. Look at me carefully. I'm going to show it only once and after that you can do it at home in the same way."

Priest Rutkone took some steps. Then he took two rounds and the boot started off his hand like a rocket. It was flying nicely over the congregation like an angel or like a malaika as we said... In the middle of the church it hit to the chandelier that was hanging on the ceiling. The whole thing exploded to the pieces of glass, the pieces shattered onto the floor and the darkness came suddenly into the church.

"As you see, there are sins no more", shouted priest Rutkone. "You blind people can see in this darkness that the sun is shining outside. Go out then, my children, and be free. Take your stocking caps away and feel a wind of freedom in your hairs!", announced the priest and marched out of the church.

I saw only white balls of eyes of the astonished black bambaras shimmering in the dark when I was running after him.

When I reached him he was standing under the mungle-bungle tree laughing.

"I think you have something you want to say to me", I said.

"Yes", said priest. "Yes, Anni, you are a tough girl."

"So, tell me then, what is the secret of Finnish boot-throwers?"

"There are many", said the priest. "But maybe one is that they can make a right climate to do wonderful things. So amazing that people have said that nothing is impossible for Finns. Finns are shamans to make an atmosphere for a team-work. "

"All right", I said. "how it happens?"

"Have you ever heard about sauna-evenings?", he asked.

"Never", I said.

"Lesser you know, the best", said priest. "The sauna-evenings are the bloody shamanism!"

"Tell me more", I said.

"Finns are odd people", said priest. "When they want to solve the deepest problems of human life, for example, how to throw a boot over a hundred meters, they take they clothes away and go together to the sauna, which is a hot place like a hell and damp as an African jungle. There they relax and be friends together, they sweat and beat themselves with twigs of exotic trees. And they become absorbed in shamanistic discussions and use language, that only Finns know and when they come back to the real world, they wash their hair and they know all the old wisdom and modern creative solutions of the life."

"I want to hear more", I said.

"It's impossible for you", said Rutkone. "Their secrets are only understandable in Finnish language in the sauna. I can't help you."

"I want to learn Finnish. Please, would you teach me", I said.

"When we'll start", said the priest.

"When we'll have our first sauna-evening", I asked.

6. Six important words

It was a Sunday morning. Early I came to priest Armas Rutkone's terrace to start my Finnish lesson. I had a pen and an exercise book with me. It was a beautiful book. A country-cat's kitten was lying on its cover-page.

"In this first lesson I will teach to you the six most important Finnish words that can be useful in your boot-throwing career. Later we are learning more. Is that right", asked the priest.

"Yes", I said.

"Finnish is a very rhythmical and an exact language and it's easy for Bambara people. Just write down what I have said and pronounce the words exactly as you have written them. The first important word may be familiar for you. Write down and say after me. The first word is

'saappaanheitto'.

"This word I know very well", I said. "Saappaanheitto means gumboot-throwing but it has a much more deeper meaning than that. It is a word of original boot-throwing Finns and it bears a secret knowledge in it."

I pronounced the word 'saappaanheitto' as it was written here and priest Rutkone was happy:

"Excellent, Anni! You are as gifted as a real Finn. Let's go on and take the most beautiful word of Finnish language. This is a very artistic verb. Say after me:

'Liittää'.

"Liitaa", I said.

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"Finns say that saapas liittää, when the gumboot is gliding on the air majestetically like an angel, like a beautiful malaika, as you africans have said", told the priest and explained:

"Only master throwers can put the boot gliding on the air in the malaika way. That's why boot-throwing is a high art and a poetry in addition that it's queen of all sports. Say after me: saa-pas lii-tää!"

"Saapas lii-taa", I said.

"Quite so. I understand, you bambaras can't easily pronounce 'a' with two dots. We have to practice more. A training makes a master. Now we go on. Next word is

'Heittourheilun erikoissaapas'

That means an official boot that is your throwing equipment. Say after me: Heit-to-ur-

hei-lun e-ri-kois-saa-pas."

"It's too difficult for me now", I said. "Let's skip that word. I promise I'll practice it at home and pronounce it right when we have next lesson."

"All right then", said Rutkone. "Let's see what kind of word Finns use when they are speaking about people like you. The name of a real boot-thrower is

'saapassissi'.

She or he is a very enthusiastic boot-thrower who is loving to compete in international fields. These persons are the chivalry of boot-throwers. Only way to be promoted as a saapassissi is that you have to make friends with at least one boot-thrower who derives from a quite different nationality than yours. These noble saapassi-persons are making fun together with different kind of people and they are not evil. If you are loving to make rows and thinking negatively about other people you are not saapassissi and you never can be. As united this nobility of boot-throwers are making an international saapassissiliike."

"Wow", I said. "I'm a saapassissi Anni and Jumapili Throwers are a little part of the world wide saapassissiliike. They will be real proud bambaras when I tell them that."

"You have understood quite right. You are a natural born saapassissi, Anni", declared priest Rutkone. "Let's take the next term. The word is

'myötätuuli'

Myötätuuli is boot-throwers' best friend. Myötätuuli's meaning is a tailwind. Say after me: myö-tä-tuu-li!"

"Muo-ta-tul-li", I pronounced.

"Not quite right, but very good. Let's take next word. It is

'vasurinvastainen'

That word means that the head-wind is more harmful for you than other throwers because you are left-handed and air-conditions are in this time fighting against you. That's always a good explanation. You won't need more. When you are competing very badly and people are asking for you why you didn't succeed, remember always this word. Say after me: va-su-rin-vas-tai-nen."

"Va-su-rin-vas-tae-nen", I repeated.

"Very good explanation, Anni. You are learning. You are a genius!"

"May I ask you one question?", I said.

"Of course", said priest Rutkone.

"What 'I love you' means in Finnish?"

"Why do you ask me that?", said Rutkone and his face turned a little bit red.

"Just in case. Maybe one day it will happen that I meet a nice Finnish boy and we get married. Who knows. Then I need these words."

"Anni, this is a question I can't help you. These words 'love you' smell that they have something to do with sex. And as I have told in my sermons, the sex is a deadly sin. My duty as a priest is fight against the sin with all weapons and not promote it. Anni, I will never tell you what these dirty words 'I love you' mean in Finnish."

"Pity", I said.

"Yes", said Rutkone. "As a priest my task is however to comfort you. It is too difficult for a bambara to pronounce 'I love you' in Finnish language. Forget it. I give you one good advice. When you meet that boy, use your native language. If you whisper that one word to his ear with your own suggestive dialect, he will be a real beef. Finns love an excotic talking."

"Thank you", I said.

I try but I can't get sleep in my clay-hut. Again and again I am practicing the tough Finnish word 'heittourheilun erikoissaapas'. In fact these words are rather easy for me – a piece of cake.

As a daughter of an African witch-doctor I have a strong feeling that there is already a Finnish boy that thinks positively of me. I will think positively of him, too.

I hope he'll read my story. I'll whisper my last word to him before I sleep:

Nakupenda!

7. Bambara Green Peace

Six ex-football players were sitting under the mungle-bungle tree and they all were totally pissed off. My favorite ape Zuri was sitting on the tree and listening.

"I blame this fucking Finn", grunted Obama, the ex-captain of the ex-football team. "I hate him. This bloody priest came here to our christian Bambara Village to screw-up everything. Now this is a hell, a black hole in the earth! Nobody is talking about football. Everybody is talking about boot-throwing. This bloody pagan priest is throwing a boot in our Holy Christian Church. What a scandal! And Anni, the daughter of witch-doctor, is running around and throwing boot everywhere. And they have disciples that follow them where ever they go. Bambaras of all ages have boot-throwing competitions and they are joyful as little apes. Our a hundred years old witch-doctor is the worst of them all... What a madness and a shame! Nobody see us. Nobody bought for us a new football when the old one went kaput. We have lost our sponsors and audience. All apes and most bambaras are Jumapili Thrower fans now. We are not big heroes anymore. We have lost our meaning of life and our most beautiful cheerleader. There is not reason to live anymore. It's their fault. I hate all the Jumapili Throwers and their flying boots. I hate everything!"

"I agree with you", said Huru, the ex-defender of the Team. "Haven't I always said that Finns are bad people. Have you seen how strange glance they have in their eyes. They are not christians like us. Shall I say what they are: they are sorcerers! They have cast an evil eye on our people."

"You are right", said Fatima, the girlfriend of Obama. "The priest is a Devil Man himself. If he has not connections to the horn-heads of his own black mind, how else he can throw a boot so far!"

"No way", said ex-goalkeeper Pakana looking horrified. "Throwing boot over 30 meters is not possible without a black magic. Hear, what I have heard. People say that Finns have naked seremonies on Saturday nights in the jungle. There they have a black church that is hot and damp like a Bambara's hell. After the boot-throwing exercises they are sitting there in the fire-hot steam starked naked like lunatic bats beating themselves with mungle-bungle twigs. And here comes the strangest point: they have fun! As we very well know, God has made the hell-hot places and twigs of trees for our punishment, not for fun! Finns are totally queer people. They are mad as bananas. Their world is upside-down. The name of their madmen's church is sauna. "

"Unbelievable", said Bimbaya, the ex-cheerleader of ex-team. "Worst is coming next. According Sanaa Anni have told that the priest have promised to take Jumapili Throwers with him to his secret sauna-evening. You know Anni. Telling that she was in ecstasy."

"Finns are dangerous", said Pakana. "They are inflicting their lunacy, sickness and nakedness to our decent and christian people. We have to stop them before it's late!"

"What can we do?", asked Hanaa, the ex-fan of the ex-team.

"I have an idea!", said Pakana. "Let's make a demonstration. We put stocking caps on our heads and go to the market place of Bambara Village to shout slogans against Finnish Boot-Throwing Mafia."

"It's a good idea", exulted Fatima. "We can shout 'Finnish pagans go home back to you cursed country!' We can burn their flag."

"I propose that we'll burn that bastard Rutkone's sauna. And then we'll make threath that we burn his house if Finns don't go home ", said Huru grinding his tooth.

"I'd love to do that", said Obama. "There's only one big problem. If Finns start to fear us and leave Owambo, Anni, the worst agitator, will stay. We can't get rid of her, hell with it!"

"I hate that bitch", Fatima said.

"Me too", said Bimbaya. "She ought to be burned on the bonfire!"

"It would be right to her," said Pakana. "She is an enticing Satan among decent Bambara people. She is hyphnotizing every-one. Let's burn her!"

"I have a better idea", said Huru looking evil. "Let's make together a bad and a bloodthirsty motorcycle gang. We need a good name. My name proposition is "Black Bambaras from the Hell". Or maybe Bamberos is a better? First we'll threaten Finns and boot-throwers. We'll do some nasty things to them, for example shave Anni's favorite ape's head bald. And after that we'll sell them protection. We could get piles of cash and buy ourselves somethig nice. I have always dreamed to have a lether jacket and Harley Davidsson of my own."

"It's a great idea", said Obama. "I'd love to have my own Harley Davidsson, too. There's only one problem. If we sell them the protection, we should penetrate ourself to the boot-throwing club's inside ring. Then it may happen that we slow by slow begin to enjoy that sport. This is a big risk."

"That's bad", said Bimbaya. "I hate boot-throwing. I really love to hate!"

"Me too", said Hanaa.

"We all hate", said Fatima. "There is one way to avoid the risk. We do not found the bloodthirsty motorcycle gang but the bloodthirsty under-department of Green Peace. We kill two flies at one time. We threaten them the most nasty way but there are no need to join the club. We'll use the media."

"How we do that? What is the threat we put on them?", asked Pakana.

"It's easy", said Fatima. "We'll accuse them that their selfish life-style is the main reason of rain-forests's devastation and climate change and something like that. We tell to the World that the ecological foot-print of boot-throwers and other Finns is too big. They have to stop throwing boots and go home."

"Have we something concrete against boot-throwers?", asked Obama.

"I think we have", said Fatima. "Boots are made of rubber. To get material for gumboot, you have to knock down rubber-trees. They are growing in the jungle. Making boots for selfish boot-throwers means horrible destroying of rainforests. Boot-throwers are bad. Very bad."

"That sounds good", said Obama. "So we will found our Bambara Green Peace department and start our campaign at once."

Under the mungle-bungle tree Obama was elected as a president of the Bambara Green Peace and he asked Bimbaya to be the secretary.

My favorite ape Zuri has listened all the time. When the meeting was over, she jumped down from the tree and run to me looking concerned. Being a daughter of the witch-doctor I understood her well. She was telling the whole story to me with her eyes.

After boot-throwing session me and my best friend Halima were sitting on the Bambara Village Beach and taking sun. Halima was concerned.

"This rain-forest issue is a serious thing", she said. "Do you think we should make an end to our boot-throwing career and do something else?"

"No", I said.

"Why not? Isn't it selfish to throw boot? Are you not concerned about the climate change and our ecological footprint?", asked Halima.

"Yes, I am. But it's not a problem", I said.

"How can you say that? Isn't it wrong that rubber-boot trees are knocked off in the jungle because we bambaras love to throw boots?"

"It's not wrong, because our special throwing boots are not made of rubber tree material at all. The factorers in Italia use something else. Halima ... come on! We are bare-footed Bambaras. We are nice people. We haven't ecological footprints at all!"

"Rubber-boots are not made of rubber! I can't belive you... How do you know that?"

"I know, because I'm the daughter of witch-doctor."

"If not rubber, what material our rubber-boots are made of, then?", she asked.

"They are made of urea", I answered.

"What's the urea?", asked Halima.

"It's a piss."

Halima give me a strange look.

"The piss you have in your head", she laughed.

8. Sauna-evening

We were in the jungle outside of priest Armas Rutkone's sauna. His man servant Asubuhi was chopping woods and wheeling the chops into the black building. A heavy smoke was rising up from the chimney.

"You all are my favorite students", said Rutkone smiling in his closed-lipped way. "We have had many good times in our training sessions. Now we have a time to celebrate a little bit. This will be your first traditional boot-throwers' sauna-evening."

We others were bare-footed and naked. We were starked naked like my father, the witch-doctor, in his wild childhood. Being like that we bambaras feel very cosy. The priest have swimming trousers on and big, black boots on his legs.

"I thank you very much on the behalf of Jumapili Throwers. This African sauna-evening is a great honour to us", said our president Pili smiling with his white tooth and he handed a golden boot-amulet with a golden string to the priest. "Our beloved priest, put this amulet onto your neck. Be a Man and throw your trousers and boots away! Let's be like Finnish boot-throwing pagans and go to the sauna together!"

"Thank you, my Jumapili children", said priest. He has tears in his eyes. He put the amulet onto his neck.

"I am sorry", he sobbed. "I have to skip the sauna-evening tonight. I am really very sorry... I haven't finished my tomorrow's sermon, yet. I have to go to my work-room to do the job. I think I'm a typical priest and an artist. When I have my flow, I have to go and write everything down at once. Often I'm down myself and I remember nothing. I'm able to invent and create nothing... At this time I'm very inspired. I smell the sin in this bloody jungle. My delicate nose is smelling a sin of a public smear throwing, hell with it. It's one of my favorite sins. I have my inspiration. I have to go now. Tomorrow the people of this village will hear the naked truth."

Priest make a sharp turn and he hurried away. We all were ashtonished a little bit.

"How we can celebrate in a Finnish way when the expert is gone", concerned Halima. "Who will tell us the secret seremonies?"

"There's no hätä", said Anni Rutkone, who was standing with us." Do not forget me! I am a real expert of Boot-throwing traditions. Armas is a king of boot-throwers but I'm a priestess of sauna-evenings. Jumapili Throwers, let's go!"

I was marching into the black building a step distance after Big-Anni. Inside there were stairway from the floor upto the ceiling. Me and Big-Anni climbed onto the highest step and we were sitting there. Pili and Jabari came with us.

Halima was sitting on the third step next to us. Zuberi was sitting on the second step. Sanaa and my favorite ape Zuri was sitting on the lowest step.

There was a stony stove opposite of us. A fire was under the stones. Asubuhi, our man servant, was throwing water onto them. The steam was hissing and rising from

the stones. It was embracing us. There was a nice atmosphere like in a damp jungle on a hot midday. I love the sauna-atmosphere more than a hot jungle. A sweat was rising on my skin. I was floating away in my witch-doctor daughter dreams. I felt totally relaxed. Maybe I am a natural born Finn. I have a Finnish name, you see.

"Anni, do you know that you are the best esseist in the whole Bambara school", said Big-Anni. "You are a fantastic writer and a story-teller. You should be a media-women."

"Really! I'm very proud of that. Are you sure?", I said and my brown eyes brightened. "I myself have thought that I will do my career as a witch-doctor. A family tradition, you see. But a media-women! That's something! Are you sure that you are not joking?"

"No", said Big-Anni. "Little-Anni, you are a gem of a writer. I have thought that I should translate your African boot-throwing stories to Finnish language."

"Really", I said. "Then maybe some nice Finnish boy will read my stories and be toched, do you think so?"

"I'm sure of that", said Big-Anni.

For a while we all were sitting without a sound. We were enjoyng.

"By the way", said Big-Anni. "Your idea of a witch-doctor's career is not bad, either. It's the highest time to have women witch-doctors. Emancipation, you see. As a witch-doctress what are you going to do?"

"First I have thought to take care of this boot-throwing business", I said. "Boot-throwing and sauna-evenings around the world and happiness and fun for people, you know... After that I'll put a stop to the starvation of the world and made an end to the wars and people's aggressive behavior. Martti Ahtisaari will be soon retired and there's a lot to do. I'll use my power that people will love each others and different kind of human beings will be mixed and will be friends."

"Little-Anni, it would be best that you do career as a witch-doctress and as a story-writer. You are talented in so many ways", said Big-Anni.

"I'm sure of that", I said. "That all will be easy. I think that I will be a singer-songwriter and a moviestar, too. I play myself my own role – The story of my life."

"Great", said Big-Anni.

"I will go to Hollywood with her and be famous, too", shouted Sanaa.

"We all need friends", said Big-Anni.

"I will play the Big-Anni's role", told Sanaa. "I'm quite as beautiful as my teacher. Sorry, in this film you will be black."

"Nevermind", said Anni The Big.

Asubuhi threw water onto the hot stones and he was teaching Finnish words to us.

"Loulua lissaa", he shouted.

"Loulua lissaa!" the Jumapili Throwers shouted together and leaned their heads over their knees.

"Loelamees loe loulua Laeluaesissa! I am the loelamees", Asubuhi shouted and threw more.

"Stop throwing, Asubuhi!", said Big-Anni. "The optimal warm in sauna is 70 degrees. Now it's enough. Come here with us and relax yourself."

Asubuhi jumped up the steps between me and Big-Anni.

My favorite ape Zuri loved the hissing voice of the hot steam. When it stopped she was disappointed. She took the dipper and start throwing water on the hot stones herself. For a while she was happy.

Now the sauna was hot like a hell. First escaped Zuberi, after him Sanaa, then went away Halima and after her Pili and Asubuhi.

Me, Big-Anni and Jabari were the last tough Finns in the sauna. Zuri was throwing water in ecstasy and the hissing grew louder and louder. At least Jabari said:

"Girls, let's go to swim!"

"Great idea! We love swimming", said me and Big-Anni together.

We ran to to the pond at the sauna's yard and we three dived at the same time.

At least came Zuri out. Her face was red and her fur was steaming. She ran cursing into the jungle.

After swimming Jumapili Throwers ate snake-sauseges and drank mungle-bungle juice. Jabari was the most enthusiastic drinker. Me and Big-Anni didn't drink juice because there's too much suger. We drank mineral water and a little bit white vine instead.

On the sauna's terrace Jumapili throwers started to praise each other.

"Prest Rutkone, he is the Man", Jabari said. "Did you see the throw in the church? If there wasn't that bloody chandelier, it would have flied through the open door outside. It would be over thirty meters. He is a Real Man!"

"I agree with you", said Pili. "But Jabari, don't blame yourself. If there wasn't a head-wind, your throw would have flied far. What a thump of the leg! And what a cry! It's the world's hardest cry!"

On the terrace we praised each others so much that everybody has been praised many times.

Sanaa is the most beautiful cheerleader, Pili is the world's best president, Halima is the world's best friend, Zuberi is the world's best drummer and Big-Anni is the Queen of all sauna-evening priestesses, Asubuhi is the most benevolent man in the world and Zuri is the funniest ape. I don't say anything about me. I'm only a humble witch-doctor's daughter.

In this night happened a lot. We had fun and we solved some secrets of life. I'm sorry I can't tell you more. What happened next is a secret between me and Jumapili Throwers. And it's understandable only in Finnish laguage in the sauna-evening.