

Z

# Zambition

January 2015





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## letter from the editor

# CHANGE

My lead farmer's crops are growing taller. My neighbor's child is getting older. The drips coming from my roof are sounding louder. And my village pup is *finally* learning manners.

Rain season has arrived, and with it, change is all around. Everything is green, everything is wet, and everything is full of life and potential.

These thoughts ring through my head as I begin to slowly, reluctantly, and nostalgically prepare myself for the last chapter of my Peace Corps service. I have just three months left in country – hardly time at all. Like most, my service has been filled with both ups and downs, and it will be difficult to say my goodbyes.

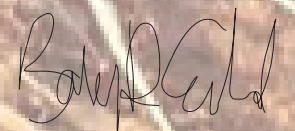
When I think of my time in Zambia, I think nshima. The late afternoon lunches spread over a reedmat with my favorite ladies of Stephen Village. I think dancing. The countless hours of hip-shakin' parties and the children I have crammed into my hut to accomplish them. I think smiles. The warmth spread from a total stranger acknowledging you on a bus with a wide grin, just because. And I think hardship. The never-ending frustration, which accompanies termites, postponed meetings, failed programs, and village jealousy.

Life in the village is challenging. But, it's also sweet and simple. It's endearing, humbling, and it's not something I will easily forget.

As I wrap up my service, I pass on the torch of Zambition to you, my fellow PCVs. Tweakit, improveit, makewhatyouwillofit, butmakeityourown. And makeitlast. There is no denying Zambia is a very big, very rural place, meaning more than ever, we need to strengthen our communication countrywide.

Farewell, my fellow comrades of ndiwo eatin', chimbu poopin', obscure language masterin', and rural Zambia surviving – it's been a wild ride.

Khalani Bwino,



Bailey Rose Eiland



# JUST GO

Tanzania: Lushoto, Dar Es Salaam, Zanzibar

*Morgan Marks*

Warm, green blue ocean waters, lush green mountains, rich and vibrant culture – from the people to the food – I for one, couldn't have asked for more. My first time to Tanzania was with a business school class in 2010 and I never thought I'd make it back to the island. When the opportunity presented itself the first time, I knew I had to go. So when I found out about the Sauti Busara music festival over Valentine's Day, I couldn't say no.

Tanzania has over 120 tribes but the main language is Kiswahili. The staple food is ugali, made with maize, but more of a porridge substance and different from nshima found here in Zambia.

The capital is Dodoma and the entire country is staffed with Peace Corps volunteers, even on the island of Zanzibar. Two weeks wasn't enough time to experience all of Tanzania, but my advice is to go and do all you can – till you are completely wiped out and come home sick, like me. Hakuna Matata

It was a great time exploring and adventuring – make sure you go with a group you love and won't get sick of for however many weeks, and however many hours of travel together. Also, go with people who are like you when it comes to traveling – if you want to spend the whole time on the beach, and another wants to do tours,



“ It’s those kinds of experiences that make the trip **extra special** and worthwhile. ”

just make sure you know each other’s feelings before you go. Our group was laid back but we all wanted to see, do, and experience as much as possible, so we traveled very well together. It’s good to have people who don’t tire, someone who takes notes to remember things, and someone who is confident asking questions.

Our group decided to start a communal fund so that taxi fare and other joint necessities could come right out of the same place. We started with 10,000TSH each and kept throwing in as we went. Do me a favor - learn from our mistakes. I’ll be giving tips, prices of what we did, and recommendations, must see places and things you may want to skip.

After flying from Lusaka, Zambia to Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, on Fast Jet (\$132USD roundtrip –

book ahead), our group stayed the night in Dar at Safari Inn (\$20USD per person, B&B). The hotel was dingy, grimy, and to sleep 3 in one room we had to ask for an extra mattress (\$5USD) which had definitely been slept on more than once. The place was safe and the staff was decent, plus, it had air conditioning. Every place we stayed was a bed and breakfast, which for us, was ideal. Safari though, was the only

place that only gave toast and juice – eggs and sausage could be bought for a few thousand shillings. The next day, we ventured to Lushoto on a bus (20,000TSH), which took about 8 hours, not including the time it took to depart. Note: Transport is far better and much more organized in Tanzania than Zambia.

Don’t forget to bring your sweat rag, which my two traveling buddies brought, and I didn’t. Dar Es Salaam and Zanzibar are HOT and humid. Just accept that you’ll sweat, a lot, and make sure you book places with air conditioning. You won’t regret it.







## Lushoto

You won't need it for Lushoto though. The mountainous region was refreshing and far cooler. We stayed at St. Eugene's Lodge (\$54USD for a triple room, B&B), which is on the property of a convent and school. It may sound unappealing to some, but the location was beautiful and we appreciated that it was outside town, a short 3k walk or fast cab ride in – save shillings though and just walk.

We went on walking tours to Irete Biodiversity Farm, Irete Viewpoint and Mkuzi Waterfall (\$40USD + 5,000TSH tip), which turned into driving tours due to a vast amount of rain that would've made walking very muddy and slow going. Before the tours started, our guide, Kibwana, took us to Muller's Mountain Lodge (expensive to stay at), which was absolutely beautiful. The lodge was surrounded by Araucaria Umbrella Trees, which look like huge Charlie Brown Christmas trees and upside down umbrellas. It also had a large, brick outdoor fireplace, a green landscape filled with fruit trees, and flowers of all kinds and colors from around the world. The lodge was built in the 1940s by Germans and I was told the family of the original owner still runs the lodge. The lodge served as the first statehouse in the Usambara Mountains. \*Tipping: Some people expect tips. Others don't. We tipped more than we should have as compared to what we read is typical tipping protocol, which we didn't read until well in to our stay. For tours, if the guide is good, we'd tip well. Be wary of asking people for directions, as they may and most likely will want a tip for helping you

## Irete

Irete Biodiversity Reserve/Farm and Irete Viewpoint are not to be missed. Mkuzi Waterfall is a good spot, neat waterfall, and would have been better to visit when it was hot out, making swimming ideal. The viewpoint was beautiful, especially as the fog stayed and then

rose over the mountains. The farm is completely self-sustaining, with a production facility for juice, dairy and meats. The couple that is running the farm right now, Anette Murless and her husband, Peter, have been there since 2009, working for the Lutheran Church. They also work on marketing the products the farm makes – cheese, juice, fruits, bread, connecting people with nature through eco-tourism, and creating income generating activities so the farm can profit. Plums, peaches and mulberries cannot be found anywhere else, we were told. The farm employs 20 local people and has been in operation since 2003. It is best to visit the farm in the morning, as that is when all of the workers come and prepare the cheese and juice orders, every day. We went in the afternoon and spoke with Anette for a while as we ate a spread of delicious foods.

We also had the opportunity to watch the beginning processes of jam and cheese being made right at the convent at St. Eugene's Lodge. It's those kinds of experiences that make the trip extra special and worthwhile... interacting and learning from local people, seeing the way they live and feeling as if you're a part of that too, if only for a little while.

## Zanzibar

We bused back to Dar and went straight to the ferry going to Zanzibar. We chose to travel VIP (\$40USD per person) which allowed us to sit inside, with air, watch hilarious movies from South Africa, and keep our luggage with us. VIP was only \$5USD more than the next class down, so figured an extra \$5USD to keep track of our belongings was worth it. If you are prone to seasickness, bring Dramamine. Two out of three of us were feeling less than well as the ferry carved its way through the choppy waves. The ride back to Dar was much smoother, though, so it all depends on the day and the weather.



Once we hit Zanzibar, we went to Imani Beach Villa for one night (\$100USD for a triple, B&B) where we were greeted with flowers all over our room, and some of the nicest staff we saw at all of the places we stayed. A couple from the UK runs and owns Imani, and I met both Simon and Kristen when I first stayed, but their trustworthy, fun loving, manager, Tito, took good care of us this go around. The food was really tasty, with many options, although it was a bit more than we had wanted to spend, so was a splurge

– and a good one at that. (about \$10USD per entrée) There was an assortment of desserts and drinks, but we chose to be cheap, so passed. I really believe every beach we saw was beautiful, so Imani's was no exception. When the tide went out, I felt like a child exploring in the pools of ocean water left behind. We all went for a walk and explored the land that was exposed because the ocean had receded, and called it a day.

We all decided to combine tours the next day and go on a spice tour and then to see Mangapawani Caves. Spice tour – You must do it. I'd recommend a tour guide named Babu who works specifically with Imani, but he isn't always available, so this time around, his brother guided us. The tour was excellent. We saw a government run farm or plantation and many spices grown locally on the island. Our guide asked us to guess what each new spice was, and we got points, so while silly, it was very entertaining. A short list of spices and fruits: cloves ('king of spices' and brings the most money to Zanzibar, nutmeg, saffron, cardamom, jackfruit, cinnamon, peppers, mangoes, lemongrass, coffee, paprika, custard apple, eucalyptus, ginger, and vanilla.

The caves – another story. Don't go unless they are included in a tour. I'd also recommend checking tour prices before booking, as prices vary, greatly. Imani was more expensive as compared to Jambo Guest House (\$20USD per person/per night, B&B – great staff, good breakfast, air conditioning and simple, yet nice rooms – perfect location too) where we stayed during the Sauti Busara Festival (\$52USD per ticket, advanced purchase, resident price) in the heart of Stonetown. Our guide wanted us to pay extra money to go through a different tunnel than the steep stairs

we had traversed into the cave, to get out of the cave. We declined, and when we saw the opening that we could have come out of, all of us agreed that was the right decision. 100 slaves were kept in the cave, even though the sign says the story was 'alleged,' our guide assured us that slaves were housed at night in the caves and during the day time, allowed out. The story itself was interesting and heart wrenching, and seeing the cave made it more real, but if you've seen one cave, you've seen many and this one was not spectacular.

## Stonetown

We took a full day to explore and work our way through Stonetown. We got lost a few times, found our way back, drank really good coffee outside the Old Fort where Sauti Busara was being held, and bought many goodies from fabric and brightly colored pants to bracelets and even a little wooden trinket box. Ladies, don't leave without purchasing a swooshy pair of pants. Go and you'll know the ones I mean. At night, we'd eat at the night market where you could find fresh fruit, assorted breads, seafood and meat kabobs for 2-3,000TSH each, and freshly made sugar cane juice with lime and,





if you're lucky, ginger, for 500-1,000TSH depending on cup size. Definitely eat at the night market and take a full day to get familiar with Stonetown.

## Music Festival

Sauti Busara was a good time, and I went 3 out of 4 nights. I wish I had gone more, as the music was good and the artists all different, but combined, made for a great show. The music festival was the reason for the trip, but with all the activities we all decided to do, we only made it there at night and for a few hours each time. There is nothing like live music that you can groove to, and the people watching is fantastic, as diverse people, from all over the world, come together for one purpose – to hear good music. The vibe at the event was a special one, because of that diversity, and because the music played was from different fusions and match ups.

Go visit the mangroves and Red Colobus Monkeys in Jozani Forest, as both are well worth the trip. Red Colobus Monkeys are endemic to Zanzibar, so seeing them was kind of surreal, knowing they only exist right there. You can spot beautiful birds as well, so if you're in to birding, this area is a must. We rented a private taxi for 3 people which was a better price than going through a hotel to book a tour and it was 10,000TSH each way. The forest entrance fee was \$10USD or 15,000TSH.

## Beach Bums

After the festival, we went to Jambiani and then Menai Bay. At Jambiani we stayed at She He Beach Bungalows which was rustic but literally right on the beach (\$18USD, B&B). You could see seaweed farms right off shore and find peace and quiet on the sandy beaches. We explored the little town and ate a local meal of chips and goat broth soup, and for dinner, asked a local family to cook for us. If you're open to it and gracious, this can be a very fun experience, but make sure your intentions are known and that you're direct with price. We also discovered Rodjo on the street at night, a local soup only found on Zanzibar, made from a broth with oil, cassava root, fresh vegetables, potatoes, hard boiled eggs, herbs, and lime juice. Seek it out.

We then moved from Jambiani to Menai Bay Beach Bungalows (\$25USD, B&B), which is run by a

sweet woman named Kina Hagman, from Sweden. Her staff was friendly and very attentive, as the manager went and picked fresh lemongrass to make me tea because at this point in the trip, I had a nasty cough and something like the flu. He also served us avocado juice, which we drank anywhere we could find it (5,000TSH per big glass). The bay was lovely and the mangroves were ripe for exploring bare foot. If you like collecting shells, you'll be in heaven here, as the beach is filled with little treasures of all shapes and sizes. You can watch the fishermen bring in their catches and then take a dip in the calm, serene bay when the tide comes in. The staff even woke up to cook us our breakfast at 5AM as we had to leave very early for the ferry.

Ferries run at 7am, 9am and 1pm when you're leaving – and I never wanted to leave...

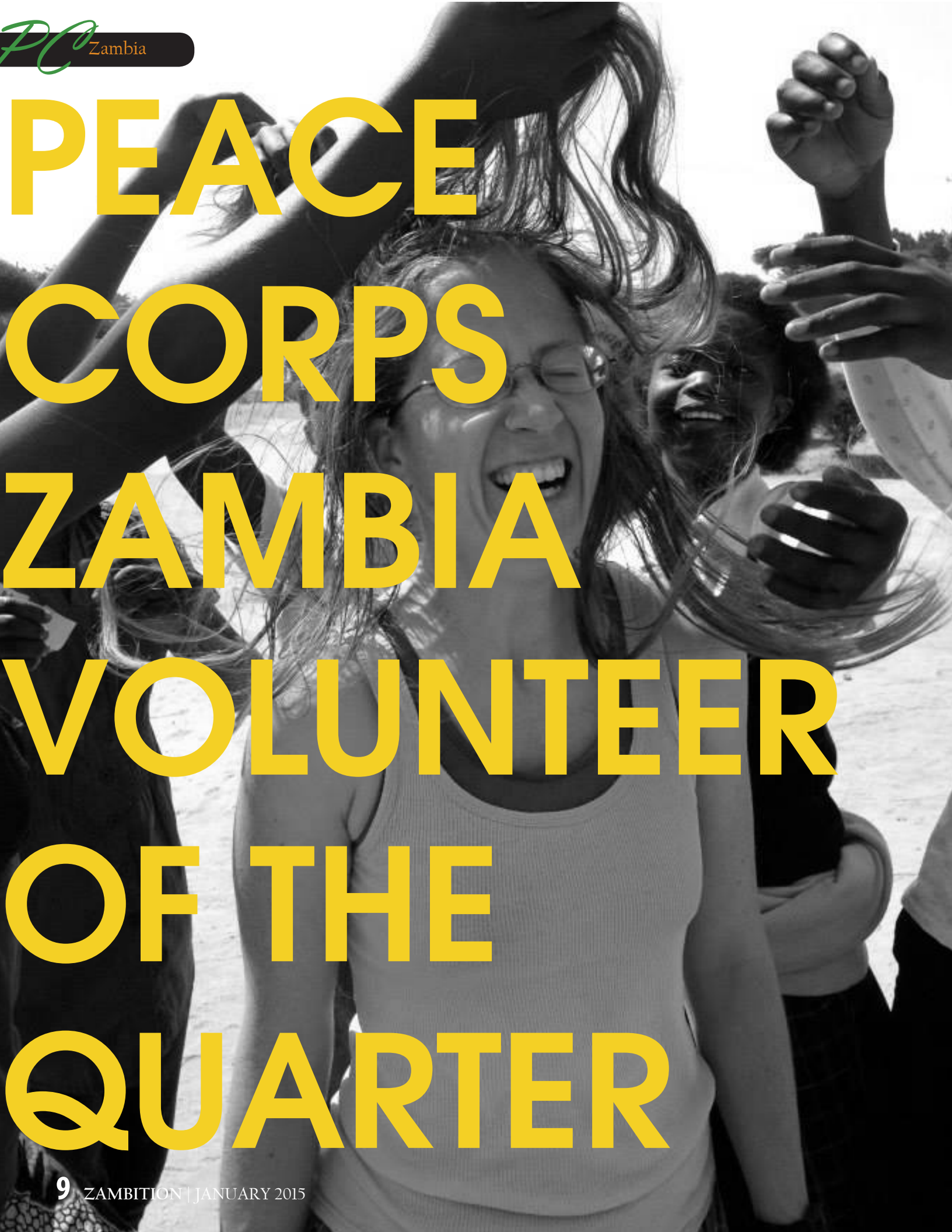
## Mbasela

If you want to work and play, Heifer International is very willing to do site visits, and we spent an entire day with one of their staff, Alfred Futeh, who took us to 2 local farmers Heifer works with, as well as showed us around parts of Dar we hadn't yet seen. If you have time, adding on a day to do something like this is a solid learning experience, helps make connections and network with NGOs outside Zambia, and see what work is getting done in surrounding places.

You're going to spend a lot of shillings on water, because it's so hot, 1-1,500TSH per bottle. You might get stung by a jelly fish while swimming, but it most likely won't be that bad. Nothing opens before 8AM in Stonetown. If you want Henna, just make sure it's not the toxic kind and I'd recommend not getting it done in Stonetown, as you'll pay double what it should cost (15-20,000TSH in Stonetown, 5-8,000TSH in other beach towns). Barter, barter, barter. Eat local – if your stomach can hack it, and bring tums, always. Plan on spending in between \$700 -1,000USD, depending on where you stay, what tours you do, where you eat, and what you buy. So, just go. Definitely go, if you can. Tanzania is not to be missed.

*Asante sana,*  
Tanzania. Stay well.





PEACE  
CORPS  
ZAMBIA  
VOLUNTEER  
OF THE  
QUARTER



# terri nichols

life 2013

*Peer Support Diversity Network was able to sit down with Terri during the holidays and share the good news of her countrywide nomination.*

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**Q:** How does it feel to be chosen as Peace Corps Zambia's first Volunteer of the Quarter? Surprising! There are a lot of good volunteers out there. I feel very honored.

**Q:** What are your most proud moments of your service? That's a tough question. I don't feel like tech work is my forte, and I'm always making mistakes and just trying to recover from those and keep plugging along.

Also, my big projects haven't yet wrapped up, so it's hard to say.

I rely more on little moments that fill up my heart and keep me going. Like eating nshima and laughing with my family in the vil', or the conversations I have with my neighbors or with my host brothers, Boyd and Stephen, who make my day almost every day.

I guess the one moment I can think of where I felt really "proud" was spent with Boyd and Stephen. We were working on the ridges in my field, and Boyd said that I'd gotten so good at field prep that no one

would believe him if he told people I'd made those ridges.

I told him he was lying, and then Stephen said, "Cishinka!" (It's true!) "Muli Bemba beene beene." Which means, "You are a true Bemba."

THAT was my proudest moment in Mfuba Village.

Oh, and outside the vil, Camp TREE! Having our first successful camp in NoPro was a big accomplishment, but it wasn't just me. We had a great crew of PCVs who together made it happen.



**Q:** Any advice for volunteers as you finish your service?

It really depends on the person. Don't be too hard on yourself. Go with your heart. Try to be a good person, just like you you'd try to be in America or anywhere.

Keep trying, and keep greeting people, even when you're tired or it feels like everything is going wrong.

Sometimes when I'm having a bad day, I send out a few texts to my PCV friends. I don't even say "I'm having a bad day." I write something nice to them. And almost inevitably, they text back something equally nice, and I feel better.

*"She's a great example of working hard, as well as staying in the vill, & embodies the positive living style we're trying to encourage through PSDN."*

**NO-PRO PSDN REP.**



*On behalf of PSDN Zambia, we thank Terri for her outstanding service, for being a mentor to old and new volunteers, and for representing all that we believe in Peace Corps.*



# is peace corps the **worth** it?

matt young



At some point during their service, nearly every Peace Corps volunteer reflects back on the past month or year or two years and asks themselves the million-dollar question (er, well, in my case, the \$280/month question):

**is it worth it?**





Is the Peace Corps worth it for our host countries? Does the work we do really make a difference? Is bringing Americans to live in underdeveloped communities worth constantly provoking the jarring contrast between privilege and struggle? Is it worth the potential to incite jealousy and resentment, worth the possibility of engendering false hope and unfulfilled dreams?

And is it worth it for us volunteers? Is spending two years of our lives here worth the infinitesimal gains we may make, worth the three steps back for every one step forward? Is it worth the job opportunities passed by and the friends' weddings and grandparents' funerals and annual family Christmas feasts that we're missing back home? Is it worth the loneliness and frustration and restlessness and discomfort and despair?

I pondered this question many times before joining the Peace Corps, because moving halfway across the world to live in a mud hut in sub-Saharan Africa for 27 months was not a decision I wanted to make lightly. Before starting off on the path less traveled, I came to the fork in the road, plopped myself down, and camped out there for a year. Serving as a Peace Corps volunteer meant giving up a good job with great benefits and fun coworkers. It meant bidding farewell to a Subaru-driving, organic-almond-milk-drinking, fixed-gear-bicycle-pedaling, sure-let's-take-a-day-trip-to-Lake-Tahoe-and-then-come-back-in-time-to-watch-the-sun-set-over-the-Golden-Gate-Bridge-because-we-can yuppie's wet dream. It meant leaving loyal and hilarious friends, weirdly and lovably simpatico brothers, unwaveringly



supportive parents, and doting grandmothers. It meant walking with eyes wide open into a new world where I knew successes would be fleeting and failures would be constant.

But I decided to do it anyway.

And yes, sometimes my life here feels like one long and convoluted detour. I bounce over potholes and swerve around roadblocks on a daily basis. Meetings get postponed and postponed again, then canceled. Every

great idea I have for a new project to start in my community is met with an equally great obstacle that is either cultural, social, or bureaucratic. Fish farming programs are delayed

for weeks, and when they do finally come together the farmers focus on the most random things to spend two hours arguing about.

Life outside of work is often even more trying. Every time I step outside my hut I get leered at and verbally accosted like a lissome

blonde trying to slip quietly past a construction site. The same little kids who act like I'm the greatest thing since sliced bread one day throw rocks through my doorway and

demand money the next. My neighbor's youngest daughter is ill with a disease that is easily curable in America and the clinic and the hospital have both told him that there's nothing they can do. I

*“It meant walking with eyes wide open into a new world where I knew successes would be fleeting and failures would be constant.”*





spend a lot of time doing nothing. An embarrassingly large, shocking amount of time doing nothing.

When I'm working on projects, I question my motives and wonder if I'm just trying to appease my sense of guilt at not doing enough, at never doing enough. When I'm sitting in my hut reading, that guilt spreads over me like the sticky sheen of sweat that slathers my body each evening.

But evaluating the worth of a Peace Corps service isn't as simple as jotting down attendance at meetings or counting new fish ponds. Development may be the easiest of our organizational duties to slap onto a job description, but it's often the most difficult foundation upon which to build lasting results. Perhaps more solid are the lessons that we're learning and teaching here in our host countries, as well as the insights that we're bringing back to America. The effects of cultural exchange, though harder to quantify, may very well last longer than wells and libraries and fish ponds. Because thanks to sons and daughters and sisters and college roommates and nephews and ex-girlfriends who live in gray tenement buildings in Algeria and sticky flats in Thailand and parched mud huts in Zambia, there is a growing network of Americans back home who are learning a little bit more about the world around them. And our neighbors in our host countries are receiving similar lessons as they observe and interact with American women and men on a daily basis, many of them young, most of them serving alone, nearly all of them coming from a radically different cultural and ideological background. They study our differences and answer our questions and reflect on our commonalities, as we learn their language and eat their food and share in their lives.



And through it all we ourselves are constantly changing. I think of the transformations we've undergone and will undergo, the strengths we're discovering, the self-esteem we're building. I think about the friends we've made, the tears we've fought to hide, the laughter we've shared. I think about the certainties that I'm coming to realize aren't quite as certain as I once thought they were. I think about the humility that I am slowly learning, the compassion and respect for my fellow human that is surging within me. And I ask myself again if it's worth it.

The answer, at least for me, is a resounding yes. Every single step of this incredible journey is worth it: the triumphs, the setbacks, the elucidation, the confusion, the disillusionment, the clarity. There are so many reasons why joining the Peace Corps has been one of the best decisions of my life. And the number of fish ponds I've helped farmers dig is nowhere near the top of the list.

**resounding  
yes**



# what's your maize telling you?

**1/2 OF THE WORLD'S**  
calories eaten by humans  
is made up of maize, along  
with two other grasses -  
rice and wheat.

By Jordan Blekking

*Maize is king. Let's face it, accept it, and move on. Like much of the world, Zambia has an obsession with maize, and if they could produce more of it they would.*

## teosinte

The plant itself derives from a Mexican plant called teosinte, which really doesn't look like maize at all. Fun fact, no one knows how ancient farmers created maize from teosinte, but somehow they did and now it's everywhere. The only way scientists were able to determine that maize and teosinte were related was through genetic testing - like on the Maury show.

Corn is wholly dependent on humans for survival. Typically, plants in nature will spread their seed through one mechanism or another to allow for species survival, but maize can't. **Without the kernel being disengaged from the cob, the kernel will not germinate and a next generation of plant will not grow.** Because of this dependency, maize is not only in need of humans to plant it, but also to nurture it during its growth stage through weeding and application of fertilizer. Essentially, we've created a hybridized plant that would go extinct in just one year if it weren't for humans renewing its lifecycle.

**Q: maize or corn? what's the difference?**

**A: England, of course.**

Those people that brought us English breakfasts, teatime, and I would assume driving on the right side of the road also brought us the word maize. In the UK maize is the term used to describe any grain - rice, corn, wheat, barley and so on - and the same was true for the United States as well. As maize began to take off in the States during the 18th century, we Yankees felt the need to give it a separate, unique name because of its importance to us and the term corn was settled upon.



# problems associated with corn in rural Zambia:

## 1 yellow leaves

This is more than likely one of two things: If the yellow on the leaf starts at the tip and runs down the middle vein, spreading out as it goes towards the stalk then it is more than likely a lack of nitrogen (N). If the yellow is mainly along the edge of the leaf from the tip to the stalk then it is probably a lack of potassium (K). Both of these commonly occur in rural farm settings due to a misapplication of fertilizer or not using fertilizer at all.

## 2 purple edges at leaf tips

This is a classic indicator of a maize plant lacking phosphorous (P). This is a quick indicator to tell you or your farmer that the soil beneath the plant has become acidic. Unfortunately, there isn't much you can do to fix acidic soil. Once soil has gone acidic then it's hard to turn it back, and to add further insult to injury much of the soil throughout Zambia naturally leans towards acidity. When soil is acidic it impedes the plant's ability to take up certain nutrients, namely phosphorous, from the soil. The best way to avoid this is to practice good crop rotations throughout the life of a field. But, as your farmer still wants to use the land instead of shifting further from the village try to promote legumes (beans, sunflower, soy, ground nuts) for the next season at least, preferably two, as a way of managing the soil more efficiently.

## 3 white stripes along length of leaf

These white lines more than likely indicate a lack of magnesium. Magnesium is one of 12 micronutrients required by plants to grow (whereas N, P, and K are macronutrients), but it won't be found in most of the fertilizers available to small-scale rural farmers. The way to address this issue is to again; practice a crop rotation of at least three different kinds of plants in three consecutive years would avoid this. For example: maize the first year, beans the next, and sweet potatoes the third.

## 4 corncobs are too small, mimicking baby corn

The first suspected culprit would be that the soil's become exhausted. There aren't enough nutrients for the maize to grow. Maize is a very hungry and greedy crop – it wants to eat constantly. This field should be planted with a legume or abandoned entirely. The second culprit may be late use of fertilizer or no use of fertilizer at all. Often rural farmers receive their fertilizer late or not at all through the government's Farmer Input Support Program (FISP). This lack of fertilizer or late application of fertilizer greatly reduces a maize plant's ability to grow. Practicing conservation farming, or at minimum a crop rotation, will lessen the hurt of not having fertilizer. Thirdly, the farmer may be using recycling seed. DON'T DO THIS! EVER. Nearly all maize in Zambia is grown from hybrid seeds. Seed companies have engineered seeds to portray a certain trait when they grow to full size. However, if seed is taken from this fully-grown plant and used the following season then the new maize plant will revert back to its recessive and undesirable traits. The farmer will have a poor harvest no matter what they do.



## how does this relate to you?

Maybe you've noticed your neighbor's maize is a little lackluster or you've heard people from your village talking about not having a lot of nshima because of a poor harvest. This ties into food security and into maize's need to be managed well by farmers to provide a family's food and livelihood for the year. Furthermore, maize tells the farmer what it wants and needs through its leaves and with a little practice you and your neighbors can begin diagnosing maize's needs.

Overall, nearly all issues with maize can be mitigated or managed through good crop rotation and timely weeding to begin with. The three nutrients that were previously mentioned nitrogen (N), phosphorous (P), and potassium (K) are found in the fertilizers that our neighbors buy for their fields, and these three nutrients are the most important for a plant to grow strong and yield successful harvests. Applying them correctly is important to provide nutrients for the plant, as well as to use the farmer's investment in fertilizers most efficiently.

## fertilizing your maize

There are two main types of fertilizer for maize in Zambia: top-dressing and basal dressing. Top dressing is entirely nitrogen. To apply this correctly, a farmer should make a small divot about five centimeters from the maize stalk and put a bottle cap of top dressing in the divot. The rain will react with the nitrogen and allow for the plant to use the nutrients. Basal fertilizer is applied through burying the fertilizer (again, a small bottle cap full) about five centimeters from the plant at a depth of ten centimeters down. Applying fertilizer correctly and in a timely manner can make a massive difference in your neighbor's yields, as well as an effective use of their investment in buying fertilizer.

## your part as a volunteer

Now, no matter what project you've been so graciously placed in by the United States Peace Corps, you too can drop some maize knowledge on your neighbors. Everyone's a farmer here and everyone loves maize.

**Get out there and do some good – one maize-field at a time.**



# THE Simple Life

Bailey Rose Eiland

I awake each morning to smiling faces at my gate, a tail wagging at my feet, and the sound of roosters heralding the new day.

I go to sleep each night under a blanket of ceaseless stars and to the sound of little girls singing and young boys drumming.

My day between is filled with both simplicity and zeal, beauty and dour, triumphs and tribulation.

Children's laughter, women's teasing, and men's kind greetings. Books, football and gardens. Reed mats, jerrycans, and grass brooms. These are the common threads which hold together my everyday life.

The crank of the borehole, the cry of a child and the bark of a dog. These are the notes to my everyday song.

Vegetables fresh from the vine, water straight from the ground, and a communal plate of steaming nshima – the sustenance which strengthens my body.

Rolling mountains, golden maize fields and an endless expanse of grass – the view which fuels my soul.

Goats, wind and termites – my everyday nuisances.

Changes and lessons learned, no matter how small – my everyday victories.

These are the things – good and bad – that keep me alive, body and soul. Because of these things, I am bound to this place. And because of these things, I have become who I am and have set sight on who I want to be.

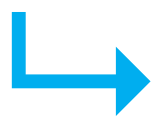
It's a simple life, the one I live, but it's a fulfilled life. I manage to find peace in the monotony, and calm in the chaos. And though my place here is but transitory, I can only hope the bits and pieces of this everyday lifestyle will continue on into the next.



An amai in Petauke, Eastern Province, pounds away at groundnuts to make peanut butter with her daughter.



# BOOK CLUB CORNER



## Between the Covers with PCZ:

**The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo:**  
Little is as it seems in Larsson's novel, but there is at least one constant: don't mess with the girl with the dragon tattoo

**The Poisonwood Bible:**  
Played out against the bloody backdrop of political struggles in Congo, Kingsolver blends outlandish experience with Old Testament rhythms of prophecy and doom

**Gone Girl:**  
Flynn's toxic mix of sharp-edged wit with deliciously chilling prose creates a suspenseful novel.

**The Alchemist:**  
Coelho writes an inspirational story about self-discovery and following your dreams.

**The Twelfth Card:**  
Deaver details a two-day cat and mouse chase through the streets of uptown Manhattan to catch a professional hitman with a big secret.

**The Girl Who Played With Fire:**  
Larson gives us another riveting story on sex trafficking, murder and corruption.

# Our volunteers reveal *their* Peace Corps picks

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