



The Secrets of the Singing River

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In the sunlit courtyard of their school, Mary and her classmates huddled around a large map, their faces lit up with curiosity. They spoke in hushed, eager tones about their upcoming vacation project to study the legendary singing river and the deep-rooted traditions of Port Loko village.



Recognizing the importance of their quest, the students walked down the polished corridor to the staff room to speak with their teachers. With respect and enthusiasm, Mary explained their desire to travel during the break to immerse themselves in and document their rich cultural heritage.



Inside the quiet, book-lined office, the principal listened intently as the lead teacher relayed the students' ambitious vacation plans. After a moment of thoughtful silence, the principal smiled warmly and granted permission, reminding them to stay safe and look after one another on their journey.



The teacher walked briskly back to the classroom, clutching the official permission slip, his face beaming with a proud smile. The moment he crossed the threshold, the students fell silent, looking up at him with breathless anticipation.



The classroom erupted into joyful cheers and high-fives as the teacher announced that the office had officially approved their expedition. Mary laughed with excitement, already imagining the ancient trees and winding waters waiting for them in Port Loko.



Suddenly, the joyful atmosphere shifted as a shadow of doubt crossed the room, and some students began to whisper nervously about old folklore. A boy near the back raised his hand, his eyes wide with worry as he warned the class about the dark and dangerous tales surrounding the river.



Another student quickly leaned forward across his desk, waving his hand dismissively to chase away the rising tension. He confidently reassured his classmates that nothing bad would happen and that they would all return home safely with incredible stories to tell.



In the corner of the room, a frightened student buried her face in her hands, unable to contain her panic as tears began to well up in her eyes. She cried out in terror, begging the group to cancel the trip before they encountered the river's rumored perils.



Mary stepped into the center of the room, gently placing a comforting hand on her crying classmate's shoulder while addressing the anxious crowd. She spoke with a calm, steady voice, trying to soothe their doubts and remind them of the incredible discovery awaiting them.



As the golden afternoon sun filtered through the windows, the students began packing their notebooks and bags, a complex mix of lingering fear and burning curiosity filling the air. Bound together by friendship, they stood on the threshold of an unforgettable adventure into the heart of their culture.