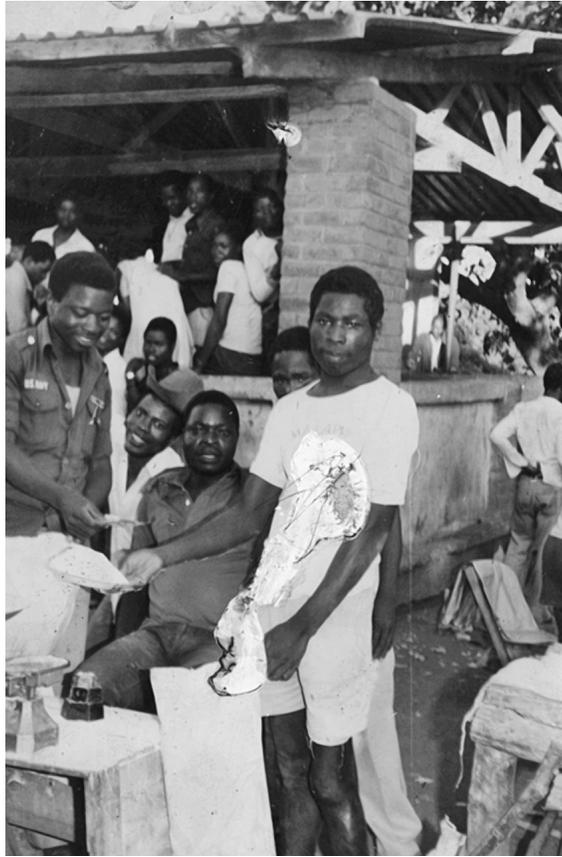




*Me as a young boy standing with my father in Masitala village. To me, he was the biggest and strongest man in the world.*



*Grandpa displaying his handmade bow and arrow, once used to kill lions and wildebeest. People say Grandpa was the greatest hunter in the district.*



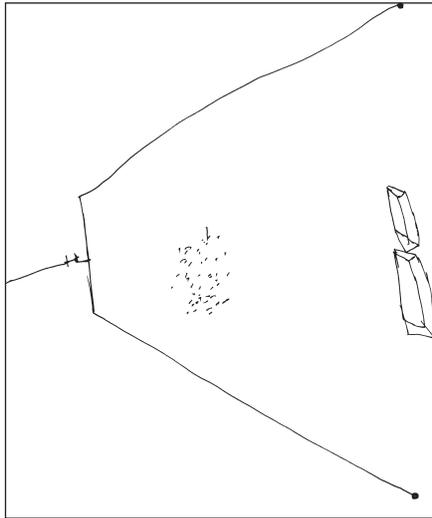
*The Pope in his crazy days, sitting at his stall (center with dark shirt) in the Dowa market with his pals.*



*Me as a young boy in Masitala village, no doubt plotting some mischief to cause my mother grief.*



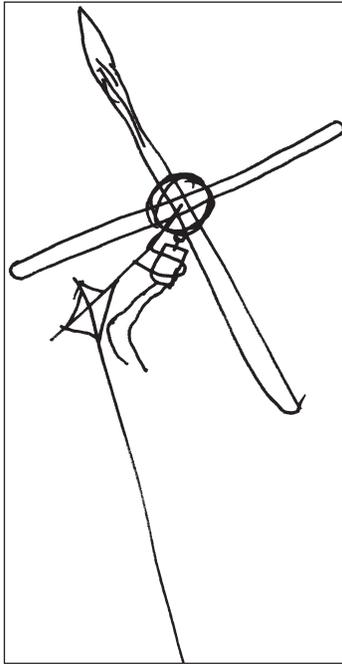
*The view of the Dowa Highlands from my home. The mountains lie just beyond the maize rows and blue gum forest where Khamba and I would hunt.*



*The chikhwapu trap used to kill birds during the rainy season. The birds smashed into the bricks and died. Then I ate them.*



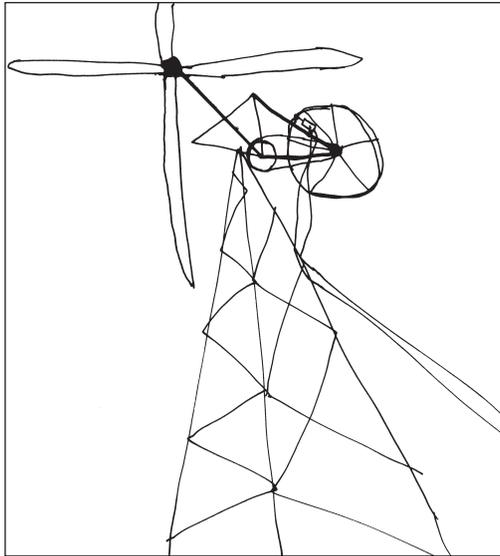
*The Wimbe trading center, just near the primary school. The trading center became a kind of ghost town during the famine, despite being full of starving people.*



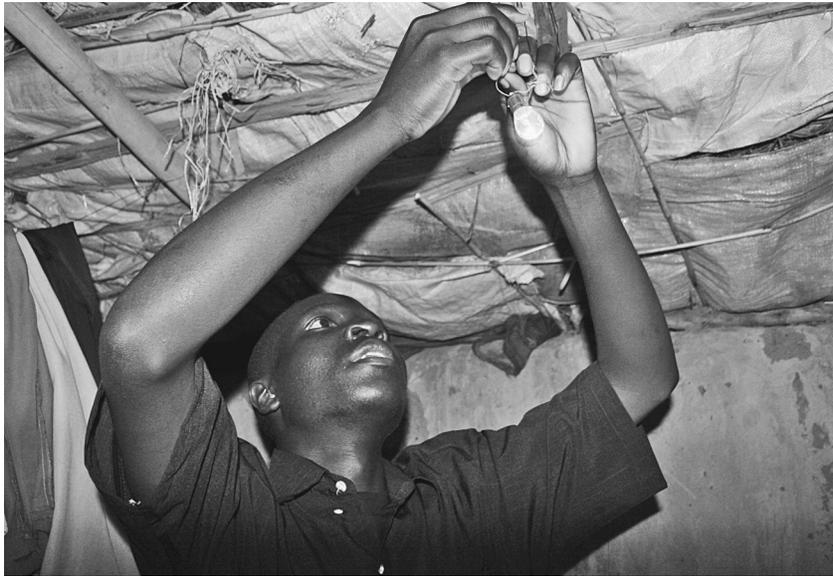
*The first experimental radio windmill that I made with Geoffrey. The success of this model gave me the inspiration to go bigger.*



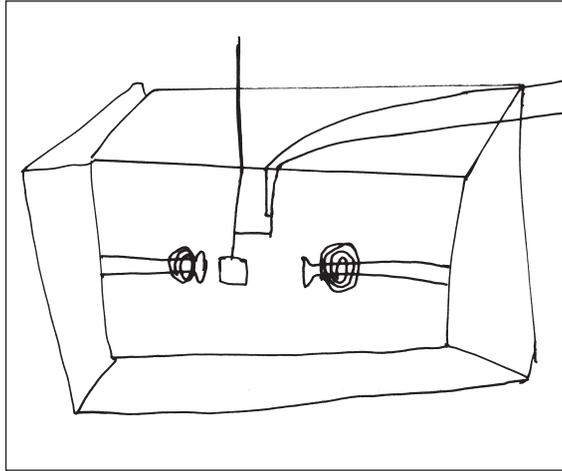
*The tractor fan and blades from my first big windmill. This photo was taken after I'd replaced the Carlsberg caps with real washers and added some nails, but everything else is the same.*



*My first big windmill, measuring five meters (more than sixteen feet) and powered by the twelve-volt bicycle dynamo. My proudest creation.*



*Me connecting the light bulb in my room. As you can see, it's just a small car bulb that dangled from my ceiling.*



*A drawing of my handmade circuit breaker, which I modeled after the electric bell.*



*A close-up of my windmill with the improved pulley system. As you can see, I kept the bike chain as a rope to remind myself of the pain and scars it caused me.*



*Journalists visit my village to write about my windmill. To us villagers, these men were like celebrities.*



*Here I am connecting the windmill to the battery for the journalists, trying not to burst out laughing. I was so nervous, but even more excited.*



*Me and my parents standing next to my windmill in 2007, just after I attended the TED conference.*