



# THE BREAKDOWN CREW

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Ever heard about the breakdown crew?  
It's a rolling stock recovery team,  
And people in a class of their own,  
Very daring men indeed,  
Call them "Atoto Moyo" in our local parlance.

Like the American Special forces,  
Or the Israel Commandos,  
They discharge their duties,  
Their lives hanging by the thread,  
For the good of CEAR and Mother Malawi.

Sweat and sometimes blood they offer,  
In unity with one another,  
And without respecting the hour and place,  
Anytime, anywhere they toil,  
Sometimes more than 24 hours a day they labour.

Even in ravines, gorges or on high bridges,  
They rush in where others would fear to tread,  
With one objective in mind,  
To recover capsized locomotives, wagons or coaches,  
Or re-rail the equipment if luck is on their side.

With their ingenuity,  
Using both crude and sophisticated tools,  
Like timbers, jacks, traversing equipment and mobile crane,  
And even wire ropes, shackles, aldon and clamps,  
Their mission they are able to accomplish.

That's the breakdown crew,  
With awe they strike me,  
They are worth admiring,  
For their resilience they deserve saluting,  
And nothing less than standing ovation they deserve.

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