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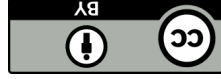
**Ombandje neyuva / Jackal and the sun**

✎ Traditional San story

👤 Manyeka Arts Trust

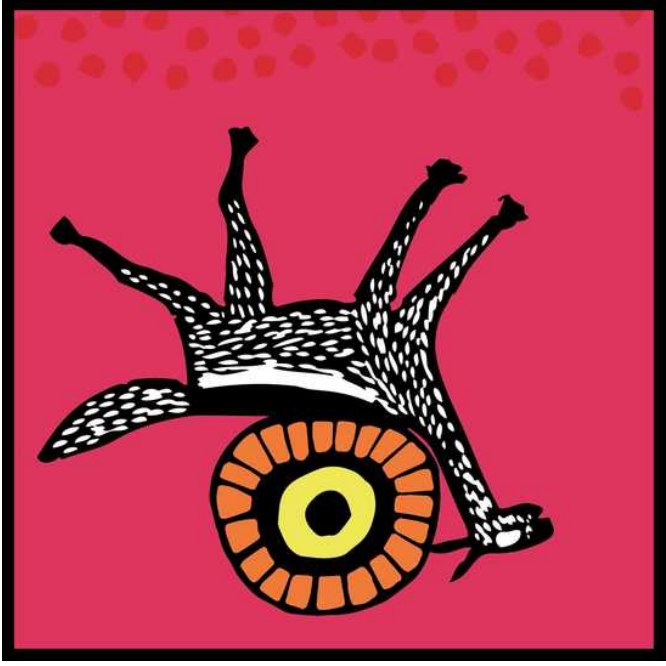
📄 Angelika Tjouŋku, Asnath Mundjidiiri

(hz)



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**Ombandje neyuva  
Jackal and the sun**



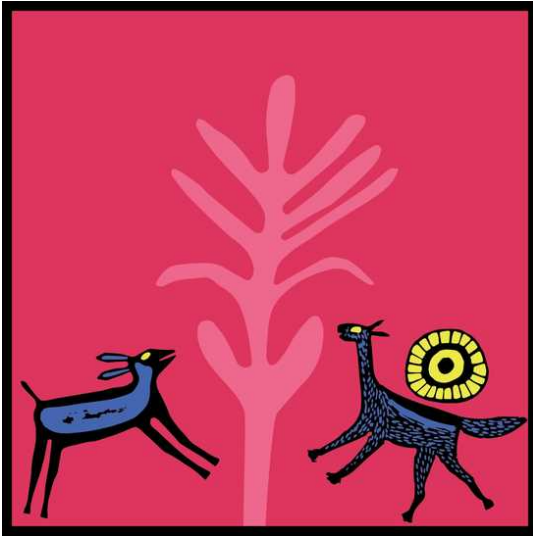
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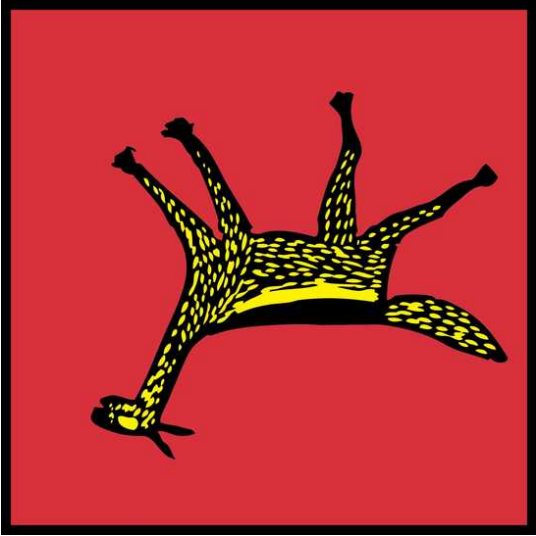
🗣️ Otjiiherero / English en



Rukuru tjinene pa ri nombandje ondjova  
yotjirweyo. Oyo ya turire pamwe na ihe ngwa  
kurupire mehwa ra Kalahari.

...

Long ago, there was a foolish lazy jackal. He lived  
with his old father in the Kalahari bush.



Omainya inga omape oti ya hara otiwara tji tja  
panguka ku ihi otiworu aruhe. Oviwara mbya  
panguka ombi zemburukisa ombandje kutja ai ha  
tuku ouyova rukwao.

...

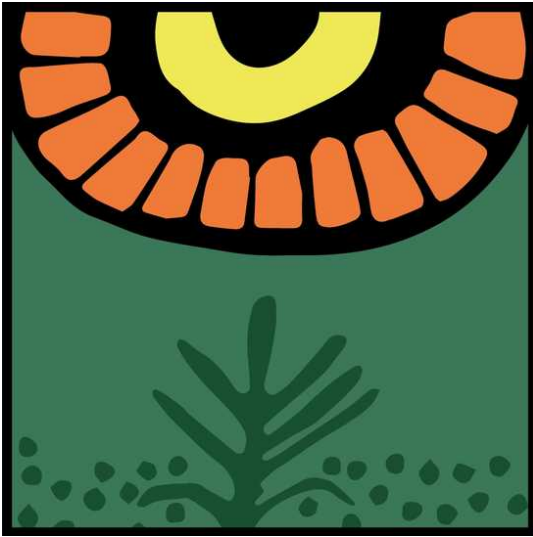
The new fur was a different colour to the fur on  
the rest of his body. The different colours always  
reminded Jackal not to be so foolish again.



Eyuva rimwe ombandje indji omukururume tji ya  
yeuka ya muna omzandu wayo a rangavara  
peyuva. Tjandje ovikurya ngunda kavi ya pya nu  
indja ozongombo noho azeri motjunda! "Muzandu  
omutanda, ove u notjiirweyo! Twende u keripahere  
omukazendu. Ami mba kurupa okukutumba,"the  
ya kahaandje wa tja. Okutja kahaandje oti  
purukuta na twara ozongombo komaryo.

...

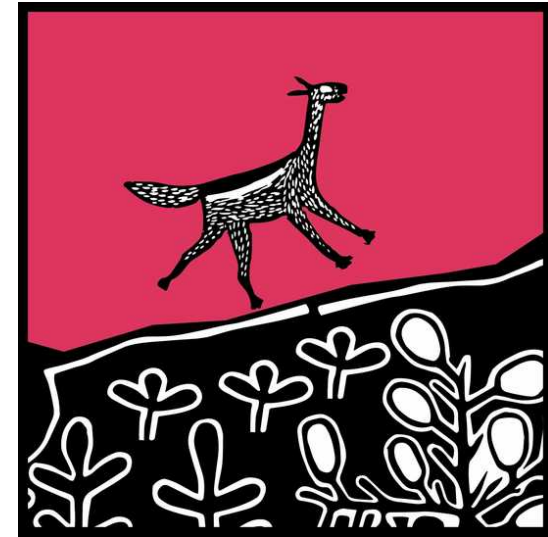
One morning Old Jackal woke up to find his son  
sleeping in the sun. The food was not ready and  
the goats were still in the kraal! "Young man, you  
are so lazy! Go and find a wife. I am too old to look  
after you," said Jackal's father. So Jackal jumped up  
and took the goats out to graze.



Mokuti eye wa kamuna otjiṅa tji matji keṅakeṅa kombanda yoruuwa. Eye wa ryamaryama popezu noruuwa. Otja paa ryama, omakeṅakeṅeno opaa ye ririre ko omawa. Ngahino ingwi ongu ma rire omukazendu we?

...

In the bush, he saw something shining on a rock. He went closer and closer to the rock. The closer he got, the more beautiful the shine was. Perhaps this was the wife for him?!



Otjihende wina tja kururura imbwi omukova wetambo rayo au sewa pehi pamwe neyuva.

...

But the log also scraped the skin and fur from his back and they were left behind with the sun.

Tjimaŋga ombandje ya muna otjihenḽe mondjira.  
Oyo ye kwaḽena kehi yotjihenḽe okukapita kutja  
indi eyuva ri wire pehi.

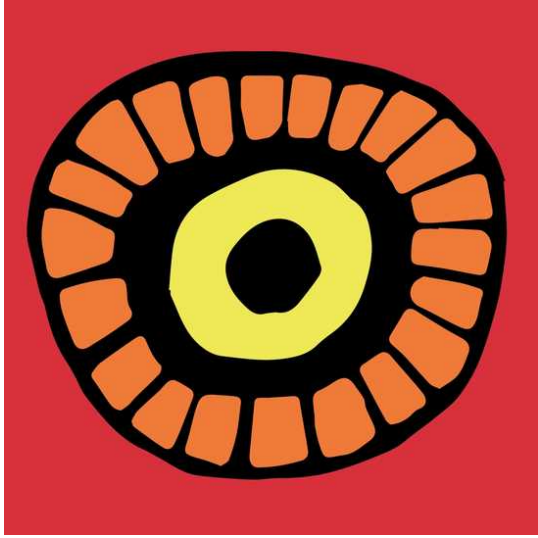
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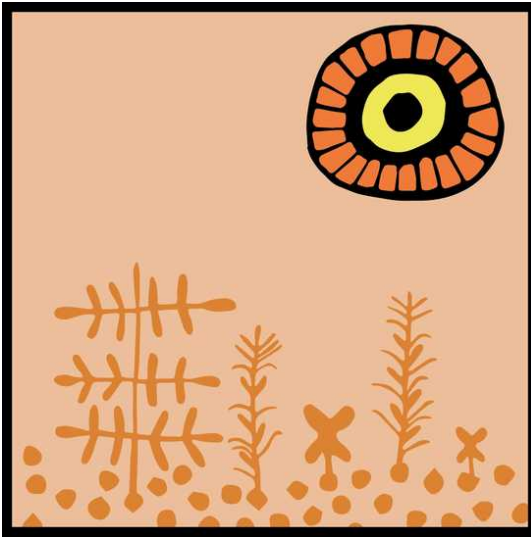
Then Jackal saw a log across the path. He crawled  
under the log so that the sun would fall off.



“Ove omuwa tjiri,” kahaandje wa hungire ku na  
ngwi omunyeḽanyeḽe. “Nu hapo oove uḽe?  
Ongwaye tji u ri erike?” “Owami eyuva,”  
omunyeḽanyeḽe wa ziri. “Ovazamumwe vandje ve  
ndjesa mba tji va tjinda. Ovo kaave vanga  
okundjivereka. Owami omupyu tjineḽe.”  
...

“You are beautiful,” said Jackal to the shine. “But  
who are you? Why are you alone?” “I am the sun,”  
the shine answered. “My family left me here when  
they moved on. They did not want to carry me. I  
am too hot.”





Ombandje ya tja, "Ove oove omuwa. Ami me ku vereke. Ami me ku twara konganda u kahakaene na Tate." "Pe ri nawa, ndji vereka. Posia o unauna ami tji mba pupyara tjinene," eyuva ra ziri.

...

The jackal said, "But you are so beautiful! I will carry you. I will take you home to meet my father." "All right, you can carry me. But do not complain when I get too hot for you," said the sun.



Ombandje ya vereka indi eyuva nu ai kumuka okuyenda konganda. Kape womberwe, eyuva ari utu okunyosa omainya wombandje. "Arikana heruka ketambo randje? Ami me hepa okusuva, ombandje ya tja. Etambo re aari tetara kutja a ha sora okukaenda. "Kaende komeho!" eyuva ra tja. "Ami mbe ku raere kutja o unauna!"

...

So Jackal put the sun on his back and started the journey home. Before long, the sun was burning Jackal's fur. "Will you please come down from my back? I need to rest," said Jackal. His back was so sore that he could hardly walk. "Just carry on!" said the sun. "I told you not to complain!"