





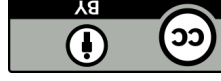
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**Pusoloso ya mogaka / The
Honeyguide's revenge**

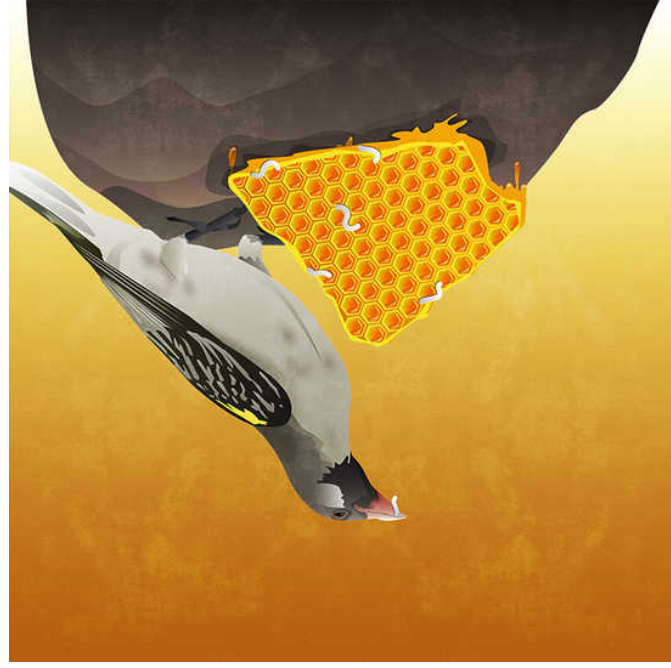
 Zulu folk tale

 Wiehan de Jager




 Antonia Madi (tn-na)



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The Honeyguide's revenge**

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 Setswana / English / English



Ke kgang ya Ngede, Mogaka.le monna wa lekau
yo o timanang a bidiwa Gingile. Letsatsi lengwe
Gingile a ile go tsoma a utlwa lentswe la ga
Ngede. Legano la ga Gingile la tlala mathe a
gopotse lomepe. O ne a ema le reetsa sentle, a
batlisisa go tsamaya a bona nonyane mo kalengfa
godimo ga tlhogo ya gagwe. "Shitik,shitik, shitik,"e
bitsa, e tla a khutla fa gare go netefatsa gore
Gingile a e sale morago.

. . .

This is the story of Ngede, the Honeyguide, and a
greedy young man named Gingile. One day while
Gingile was out hunting he heard the call of
Ngede. Gingile's mouth began to water at the
thought of honey. He stopped and listened
carefully, searching until he saw the bird in the
branches above his head. "Chitik-chitik-chitik," the
little bird rattled, as he flew to the next tree, and
the next. "Chitik, chitik, chitik," he called, stopping
from time to time to be sure that Gingile followed.



Morago ga ura le halofo, ba fitihela setlhare feie se se tona.Ngede e ne e tloia tloia jaaka setsenwa mo gare ga dikala.A ye go nna mo kaleng e le ngwe fela a tihomile tihofa ya gagwe ko Gingile jaaka e kete e ka re :”Ke a fa!Tla jaanong! O tseelang lobaka lo lo leele jana?”Gingile o ne a sa bone dinotsho dipa ka fa tlase ga setlhare, mme o ne a ikanya Ngede.

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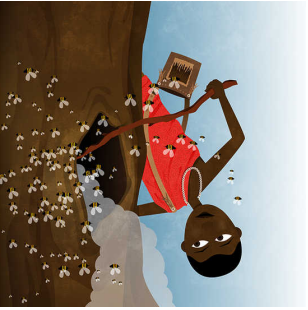
After half an hour, they reached a huge wild fig tree. Ngede hopped about madly among the branches. He then settled on one branch and cocked his head at Gingile as if to say, “Here it is! Come now! What is taking you so long?” Gingile couldn’t see any bees from under the tree, but he trusted Ngede.



Gingile a baya lerumo ka fa tlase ga setlhare,a kokoanya matlhare a gotsa molelo o monnye.E rile molelo o tuka sentle, a tsenya logong lo lo omileng mo gare ga molelo.Logong lo lo ne lo itsege ka go dira mosi o montsi fa lo tuka. A palama, a tshegeditse logong ka fa ntlheng e e tsididi ka meno a gagwe.

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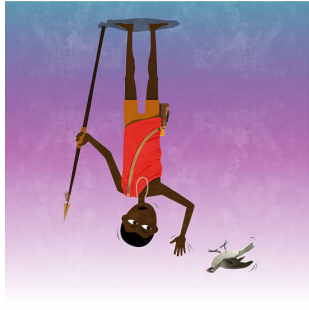
So Gingile put down his hunting spear under the tree, gathered some dry twigs and made a small fire. When the fire was burning well, he put a long dry stick into the heart of the fire. This wood was especially known to make lots of smoke while it burned. He began climbing, holding the cool end of the smoking stick in his teeth.



ka bonako a utlwa modumo wa dinotshé se di
dirang. Di ne di tsena le go tswa mo lehogong la
setlhare kgoro ya motshitsi ya jone. Fa Gingile a
fitlhelela motshitsi a tsenya logong lo lo kubang
mosi mo lehogong. Dinotshé di ne tsa tswa, ka
bogale le ka boikaelelo. Di ne tsa fofa tsa tsamaya
ka di sa rate mosi - mme pele tsa loma loma
Gingile thata.

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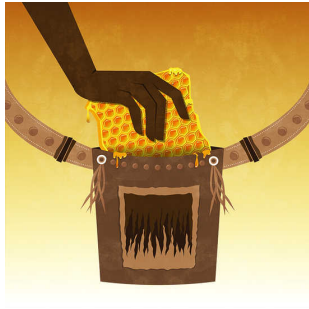
Soon he could hear the loud buzzing of the busy
bees. They were coming in and out of a hollow in
the tree trunk – their hive. When Gingile reached
the hive he pushed the smoking end of the stick
into the hollow. The bees came rushing out, angry
and mean. They flew away because they didn't like
the smoke – but not before they had given Gingile
some painful stings!



Mme e rile bana ba ga Gingile ba utlwa kgang e ya
ga Ngède ba tlotla le yone nonyane e e nnye.
Gongwe le gongwe ko ba batla lomepe gone, ba
leka go tlogelela nonyane ya lomepe ,lomepe lo
lontsi.

...

And so, when the children of Gingile hear the story
of Ngède they have respect for the little bird.
Whenever they harvest honey, they make sure to
leave the biggest part of the comb for
Honeyguide!



fa di se na go tswa, Gingile a tsenya mabogo a gagwe mo teng ga setlhaga. A tsaya lomepe seatla se tletse, se ntse se rotha lomepe le mafura, le diboko tse ditshweu. a tsena lomepe mo kgamelong e o ne a itseile, a simolola go phola setlhare.

...

When the bees were out, Gingile pushed his hands into the nest. He took out handfuls of the heavy comb, dripping with rich honey and full of fat, white grubs. He put the comb carefully in the pouch he carried on his shoulder, and started to climb down the tree.



Pele lengau le ka moloma, a pagologa ka bonako. Mo go itlhaganeneng ga gagwe a se ka ka gata kala nngwe, a wela fa fatshe a wa maswe a utlwa botlhoko mo legwejaneng. A tsamaya ka bonako a ntse a kotsemela. Lesego la gagwe lengau le ne le sa ntse le tshwere ke boroko la palelwa ke go ke go mo leleka. Ngede, nonyane ya lomepe e ne ya ipusolosetsa. Mme Gingile a ithuta sengwe.

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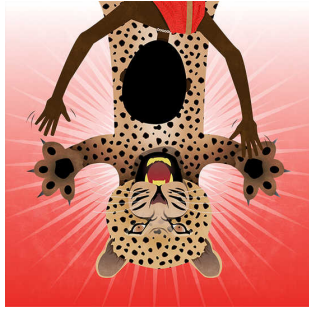
Before Leopard could take a swipe at Gingile, he rushed down the tree. In his hurry he missed a branch, and landed with a heavy thud on the ground twisting his ankle. He hobbled off as fast as he could. Luckily for him, Leopard was still too sleepy to chase him. Ngede, the Honeyguide, had his revenge. And Gingile learned his lesson.



Ndege o ne a lebelitse sengwe le sengwe ka
thwaafalo se Gingile a se dirang. O ne a mo letile
gore a o tla tlogela sengwenyana sa motshitshi go
ka leboga nonyane e mo kaetseng lomepe.
Ngede ya fofa fofa mo dikaleng, go atamelana le
mmu. Bofelong Gingile a fitlha kwa tlase ga
setlhare. Ngede akwaya mo godimo ga letlapa go
bapa le mosimanyana mme a letile tuelo ya
gagwe.

...

Ngede eagerly watched everything that Gingile
was doing. He was waiting for him to leave a fat
piece of honeycomb as a thank-you offering to the
Honeyguide. Ngede flittered from branch to
branch, closer and closer to the ground. Finally
Gingile reached the bottom of the tree. Ngede
perched on a rock near the boy and waited for his
reward.



Gingile o ne a pagama, mme a akgamala gore ke
eng a sa utlwe modumo wa dinotshhe jaaka gale.
Gongwe motshitsho o ko teng ga thata mo
setlhareng, a ikakanyetsa. A pagamela kwa kaleng
e nngwe. Mme mo boemong jwa motshitshi, o ne a
gotolela matho mo sefathogong sa lengau!
Lengau le ne le kgotsoile ka le tshwentswe mo
bokokong la jone. A dira matho a yone mannye,
ya bula legano go bontsha meno a yone a
matona le a bogale thata.

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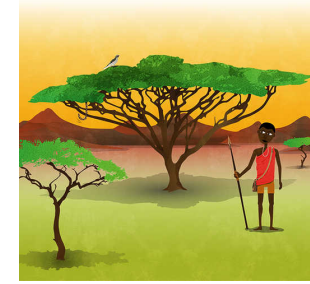
Gingile climbed, wondering why he didn't hear the
usual buzzing. "Perhaps the hive is deep in the
tree," he thought to himself. He pulled himself up
another branch. But instead of the hive, he was
staring into the face of a leopard! Leopard was
very angry at having her sleep so rudely
interrupted. She narrowed her eyes, opened her
mouth to reveal her very large and very sharp
teeth.



Mme, Gingile a tima molelo, a tsaya lerumo la gagwe a boela gae, a tlhokomologa nonyane. Ngede a bitsa ka letenego, "VIC_torr!VIC_torr!" Gingile a ema, a gotolela nonyane e nnye matho mme a tshegela kwa godimo. "A o batla lomepe. a o a batla tsala ya me? Ha! Mme ke dirile tiro yotlhe, ka lomiwa ga botlhoko. Ke ka ntlha ya eng ke tshwanetse go kgaogana lomepe lo le wena?" Mme a tsamaya. Ngede o ne a sakgala! E ne e se mokgwa o a ka tsewang ka one! Mme o ka ipusololetsa.

...

But, Gingile put out the fire, picked up his spear and started walking home, ignoring the bird. Ngede called out angrily, "VIC-torr! VIC-torr!" Gingile stopped, stared at the little bird and laughed aloud. "You want some honey, do you, my friend? Ha! But I did all the work, and got all the stings. Why should I share any of this lovely honey with you?" Then he walked off. Ngede was furious! This was no way to treat him! But he would get his revenge.



Letsatsi lengwe moraga ga dibeke tse mmalwa Gingile gape a utlwa Ngede a mo biletsa lomepe. A gakologelwa lomepe lo lo monate, ka bogale a latela nonyane gape. Morago ga go gogela Gingile mo sekgweng, Ngede a ema go khutsa ka fa tlase ga setlhare se tona. "Ahh," ga akanya Gingile." Motshitshi o tshwanetse o bo o le mo setlhareng se. "Ka bonako a gotsa molelo o monye wa gagwe a simolola go palama setlhare, logong lo lo kubang mosi a le tshegeditse ka meno a gagwe. Ngede o ne a dutse a lebeletse.

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One day several weeks later Gingile again heard the honey call of Ngede. He remembered the delicious honey, and eagerly followed the bird once again. After leading Gingile along the edge of the forest, Ngede stopped to rest in a great umbrella thorn. "Ahh," thought Gingile. "The hive must be in this tree." He quickly made his small fire and began to climb, the smoking branch in his teeth. Ngede sat and watched.