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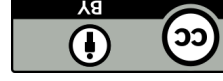
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**Se mogloe Susi a se buileng /
What Vusi's sister said**

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Se mogloe Susi a se buileng

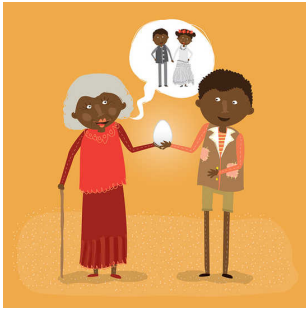
What Vusi's sister said



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🗨️ Setswana tn-na / English en



Mo mosong mongwe mmemogolo a bitsa
Susi, "Susi. tsweetswee tsaya lee le o ye go lo naya
batsadi ba gago. Ba batla go direla lenyalo lwa ga
mogoloo kuku e tona."

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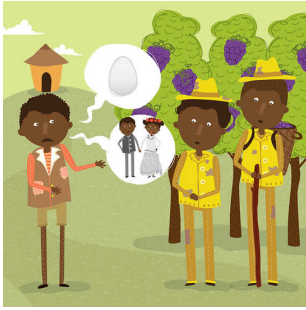
Early one morning Vusi's granny called him, "Vusi,
please take this egg to your parents. They want to
make a large cake for your sister's wedding."



Mogoloe Susi a akanya sebakanyana. mme a re,
 “Susi kgatsadiaake,Boammaaruri ga ke na sepe le
 mpho.Ga rekegele le jone ka kukui Rotlhe re
 mmogo fa, ke itumetse.Jaanong tswala diaparo
 tsa gago tse dintle re keteke letsatsi lei Se ke se
 Susi a se dirileng.
 . . .
 Vusi's sister thought for a while, then she said,
 “Vusi my brother, I don't really care about gifts. I
 don't even care about the cake! We are all here
 together, I am happy. Now put on your smart
 clothes and let's celebrate this day!” And so that's
 what Vusi did.



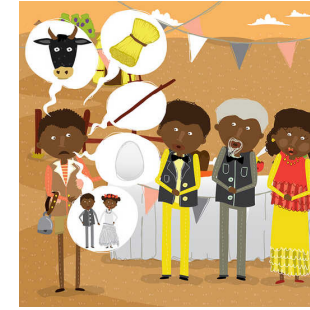
Mo tseleng go ya kwa batsadi ba gagwe, Susi a
 kopana le basimane ba le babedi ba ba selang
 maungo. Mongwe wa mosimane a phamola lee
 mo go Susi a le ngati mo setlhareng. Lee le ne la
 thubega.
 . . .
 On his way to his parents, Vusi met two boys
 picking fruit. One boy grabbed the egg from Vusi
 and shot it at a tree. The egg broke.



"O dirile eng?" Susi o ne a lela. "Lee le wa ke la kuku. Kuku ke ya lentalo la go nkgonne. Nkgonne o ka reng fa go se na kuku mo lenyalong la gagwe?"

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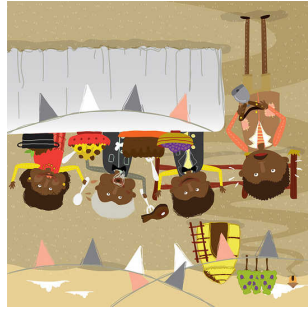
"What have you done?" cried Vusi. "That egg was for a cake. The cake was for my sister's wedding. What will my sister say if there is no wedding cake?"



"Ke tla dira eng?" Susi o ne a lela. "Kgomo e e sieleng e ne e le mpho, e ke e neilweng ke baagi mo boemong jwa lotlhaka. Baagi ba neile lotlhaka gone ba lo robileng go tswa basedi ba maungo Basedi ba maungo ba neile logong ka gone ba thubile lee la kuku. Kuku e ne e le ya lenyalo. Jaanong ga go na lee, kuku, le mpho."

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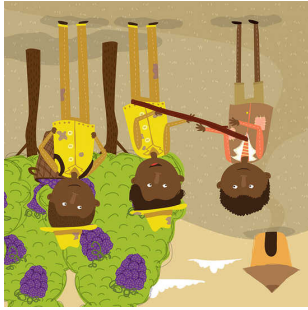
"What shall I do?" cried Vusi. "The cow that ran away was a gift, in return for the thatch the builders gave me. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for the wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift."



Ka nako ya dijo tsa maitsiboa kgomo ya tsela kwa moruing. Mme Susi a timelwa ke tsela mo loetong la gagwe. O ile go goroga thari kwa lenyalong lwa ga mogoloe. Balalediwa ba setse ba ja.

...

But the cow ran back to the farmer at supper time. And Vusi got lost on his journey. He arrived very late for his sister's wedding. The guests were already eating.



Basimane ba ne ba ikwatihaela go rumola Susi." Ga re kgone go thusa ka kuku, mme logong le le tsamayang ke le la ga mogoloo."mongwe a bua.Susi a tswelela ka loeto la gagwe.

...

The boys were sorry for teasing Vusi. "We can't help with the cake, but here is a walking stick for your sister," said one. Vusi continued on his journey.



Mo tseleng a kopana le banna ba le babedi a aga ntlo."A re kgona go dirisa logong le le thata leo?"ga botsa mongwe. Logong ga le thata sentle go ka aga. mme la robega.

...

Along the way he met two men building a house. "Can we use that strong stick?" asked one. But the stick was not strong enough for building, and it broke.



Kgomo ya ikwatlhabela seo mme e timana. Morui a dumalana gore kgomo e kgona go tsamaya le Susi e le mpho ya ga mogoloe. Susi a tsaya kgomo a tsamaya.

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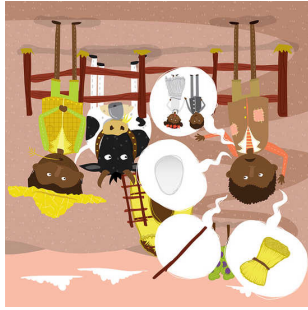
The cow was sorry she was greedy. The farmer agreed that the cow could go with Vusi as a gift for his sister. And so Vusi carried on.



“O dirile eng?” Susi o ne a lela. “Logonng leo e ne e le mpho ya ga nkgonne. Ba seedi ba maungo ke bone ba neileng logong leo ka gone ba thubile lee la kuku. Kuku e ne direlwa lenyalo la ga nkgonne. Jaanong ga go na lee, ga go na mpho. Nkgonne o ka reng jaanong?”

...

“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That stick was a gift for my sister. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my sister say?”



“O dirile eng?” Susi o ne a lela. Lotlhaka loo e ne e le mpho ya ga nkgonne. Baagi ba ne ba naya lotlhaka ka gone ba ne ba robile logong lo ke lo bone go tswa basedi ba maungo. Basedi ba maungo ba neile logong ka ntlha ya gore ba thubile lee la kuku ya ga nkgonne. Kuku e ne e le lenyalo la go nkgonne. Jaanong lee ga leo, kuku ga e yo, ga go na mpho. Nkgonne o ka reng?”

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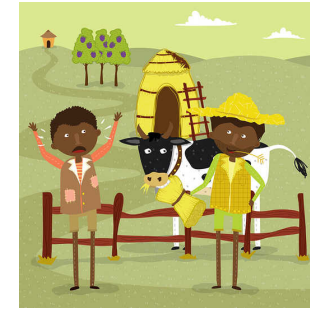
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That thatch was a gift for my sister. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for my sister’s cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my sister say?”



Baagi ba ne ba ikwatlhaela go roba logong. “Re kgona go thusa ka kuku, go na le lotlhaka go lo naya mogoloo.”mongwe a bua. Susi a tswelela ka loeto la gagwe.

...

The builders were sorry for breaking the stick. “We can’t help with the cake, but here is some thatch for your sister,” said one. And so Vusi continued on his journey.



Mo tseleng, Susi a kopana le morui le kgomo. A lotlhaka lo lo monate, a o kgona go mpha go le go nnyenyane?” kgomo ya botsa. Mme lotlhaka lo ne lo le monate thata gore kgomo e lo je lotlhe!

...

Along the way, Vusi met a farmer and a cow. “What delicious thatch, can I have a nibble?” asked the cow. But the thatch was so tasty that the cow ate it all!