



Wa Vuusi Sista Se

What Vusi's sister said

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Wan maanin orli Vuusi grani kaal im, “Vuusi, du kyari da eg ya go a yu pierens yaad. Dem waan fi mek wahn big kiek fi yu sista wedn”.

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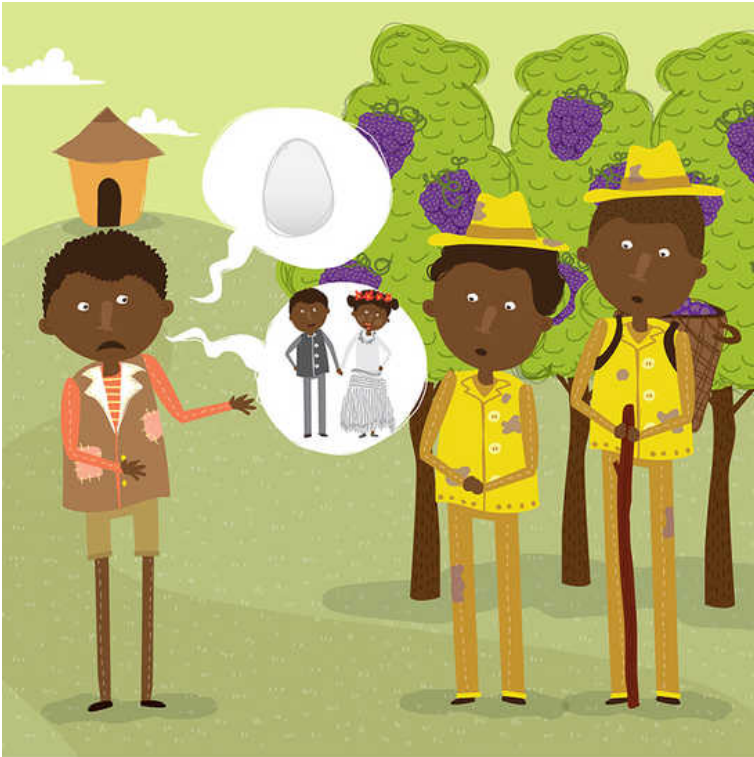
Early one morning Vusi’s granny called him, “Vusi, please take this egg to your parents. They want to make a large cake for your sister’s wedding.”



Pan im wie go a im pierens, Vuusi bok op inna tuu bwaai pikni a pik frucht. Wan a di bwaai pikni dem grab di eg frahn Vuusi an fling it aafa wahn chrii. Di eg brok.

...

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.



“A we yu du?” Vuusi baal out. “Da eg de a fi wahn kiek. Di kiek a fi mi sista wedn. Wa mi sista ago se ef shi no av no wedn kiek?”

...

“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?”



Di bwaai pikni did sari fi a tiiz Vuusi. “Wi kyaahn elp wid di kiek, bot si wahn waakin stik ya fi yu sista,” wan a dem se. Vuusi kantinyu pan im jorni.

...

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.



Pan di wie im bok op inna tuu man a bil a ous. “Wi kyan yuuz da chrang stik de?” wan a dem aks se. Bot di stik no chrang inof fi bil ous, an it brok.

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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.



“A we yu du?” Vuusi baal out se. “Da stik de a did wahn present fi mi sista. Di fruut-pika gi mi di stik kaaz dem brok di eg fi di kiek. Di kiek a did fi mi sista wedn. Nou no eg no de-de, no kiek, an no present. Wa mi sista ago se?”

...

“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?”



Di bilda dem did sari fi brok di stik. “Wi kyaahn elp wid di kiek, bot si som schraa ya fi yu sista,” wan a dem se. An den Vuusi kantinyu pan im jorni.

...

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.



Pan di wie, Vuusi bok op inna wahn faama an wahn kou.
“Da schraa de luk laik it ties nais, mi kyan ties it?” di kou se.
Bot di schraa did ties so gud dat di kou nyam aaf aal a it.

...

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!



“A we yu du?” Vuusi baal out se. “Da schraa de a did wahn prezent fi mi sista. Di bilda dem gi mi di schraa bikaaz dem brok di stik we di fruu-pika gi mi. Di fruu-pika gi mi di stik kaaz dem brok di eg fi mi sista kiek. Di kiek a did fi mi sista wedn. Nou no eg no de-de, no kiek, an no prezent. We mi sista a go se?”

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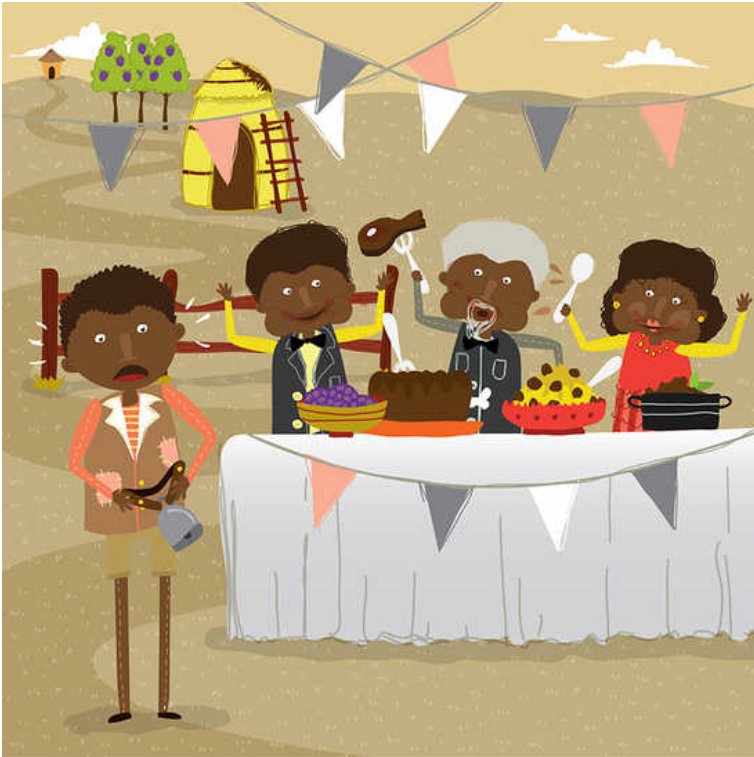
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That thatch was a gift for my sister. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for my sister’s cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg,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



Di kou did sari se shi did so krievn. Di faama agrii se di kou kuda go wid Vuusi az a prezent fi im sista. An so, Vuusi gwaan we im did a go.

...

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.



Bot di kou ron go bak tu di faama wen a dina taim. An
Vuusi get laas pan im wie. Im riich liet-liet fi im sista wedn.
Di ges dem did a nyam aredi.

...

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.



“A we mi a go du?” Vuusi baal out se. “Di kou we ron we a did wahn prezent, fi di schraa we di bilda dem gi mi. Di bilda dem gi mi di schraa bikaaz dem brok di stik we di fruu-pika dem gi mi. Di fruu-pika gi mi di stik bikaaz dem brok di eg fi di kiek. Di kiek a did fi di wedn. Nou no eg, no kiek, an no prezent.”

...

“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.”



Vuusi sista tingk fi a wail, den shi se, “Vuusi mi breda, mi no riili bizniz bout no prezent. Mi no iivn kier bout no kiek! Aal a wi de ya tugeda, an mi api. Nou, go put aan yu gud kluoz an mek wi selibriet tide!” An so, a dat Vuusi did du.

...

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.



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