Phokoje le Letsatsi

Jackal and the sun

Traditional San story
Manyeka Arts Trust
McDonald Kgobetsi
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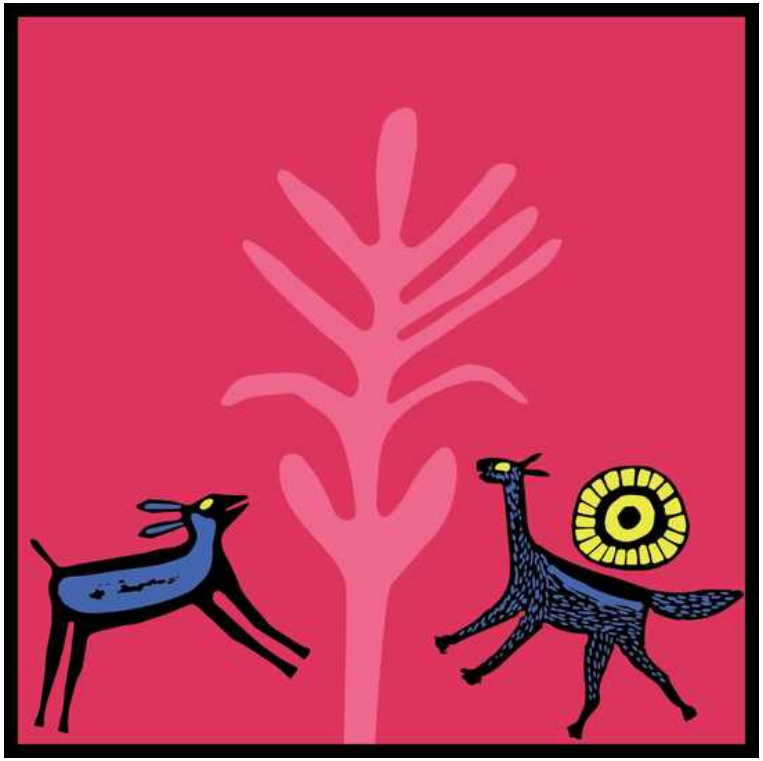
Setswana tn-na / English en



Bogologolo tala, go ne go nale phokoje wa seeleele mme gape e le setshwakga. O ne a nna le rragwe yo o tsofetseng mo sekgweng sa Kalahari.

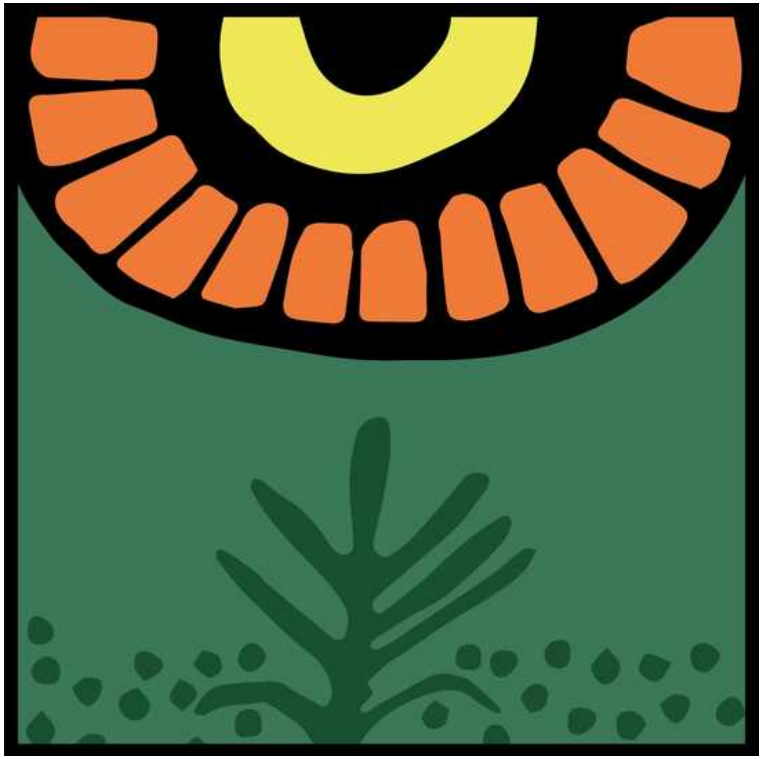
. . .

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

Mo mosong mongwe, rragwe phokoje o tsogile go fitlhela morwae a robetse mo letsatsing. Dijo di ne di sa apewa le gone dipodi di ne di ise di bololwe! “Lekolwana, o setshwakga e le ruri! Tsamaya o ye go batla mosadi. Ke setse ke tsofetse thata go ka go tlhokomela.” ga bua rragwe Phokoje. Phokoje a tlolela godimo mme a ya go bolotsa dipodi gore di ye mafulong.

. . .

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.



Mo sekgweng, a bona sengwe se se phatshimang mo godimo ga letlapa. A atamela letlapa le go fitlhela a nna gaufinyana le lona. E rile a le gaufi thata, selo sa teng sa phatshima go le gontle le go feta. Gongwe se e ne e le mosadi wa gagwe?!

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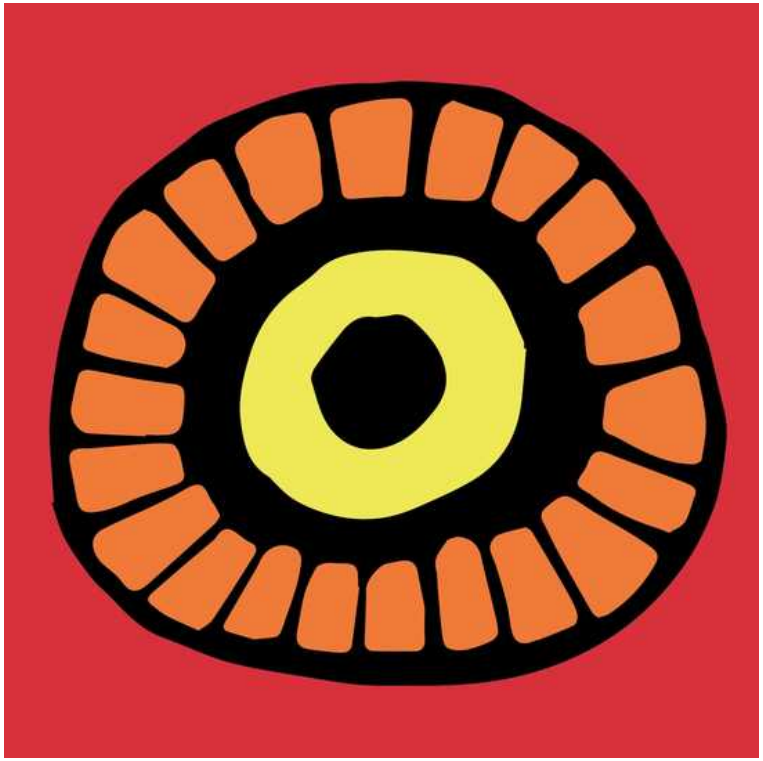
In the bush, he saw something shining on a rock. He went closer and closer to the rock. The closer he got, the more beautiful the shine was. Perhaps this was the wife for him?!



“O montle,” ga bua Phokoje a raya selo se se phatshimang se. “Mme gone ke wena mang? Ke ka ntlha ya eng o le nosi? “Ke Letsatsi” selo se se phatshimang sa araba. “Balosika ba ntlogetse fa e rile ba emelela. Ba ne ba sa batle go ntsholetsa. Ke mogote thata.”

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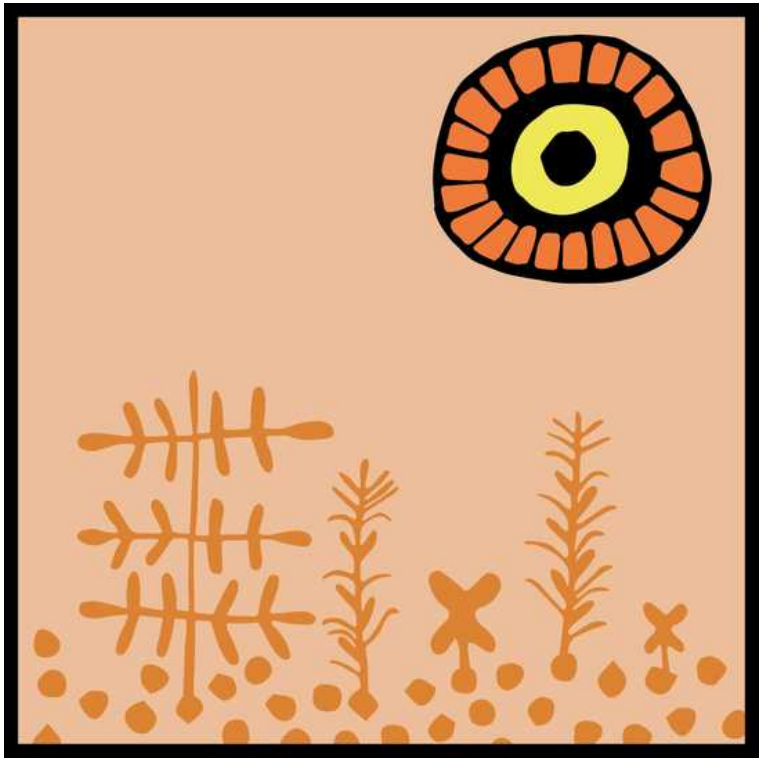
“You are beautiful,” said Jackal to the shine. “But who are you? Why are you alone?” “I am the sun,” the shine answered. “My family left me here when they moved on. They did not want to carry me. I am too hot.”



Phokoje a re “ Mme gone o montle thata! Ke tla go tsholetsa ke be ke go isa kwa gae go ya go kopana le rre. “Go siame, o ka na wa ntsholetsa mme o seka wa ngongorega fa ke go fisa,” ga bua Letsatsi.

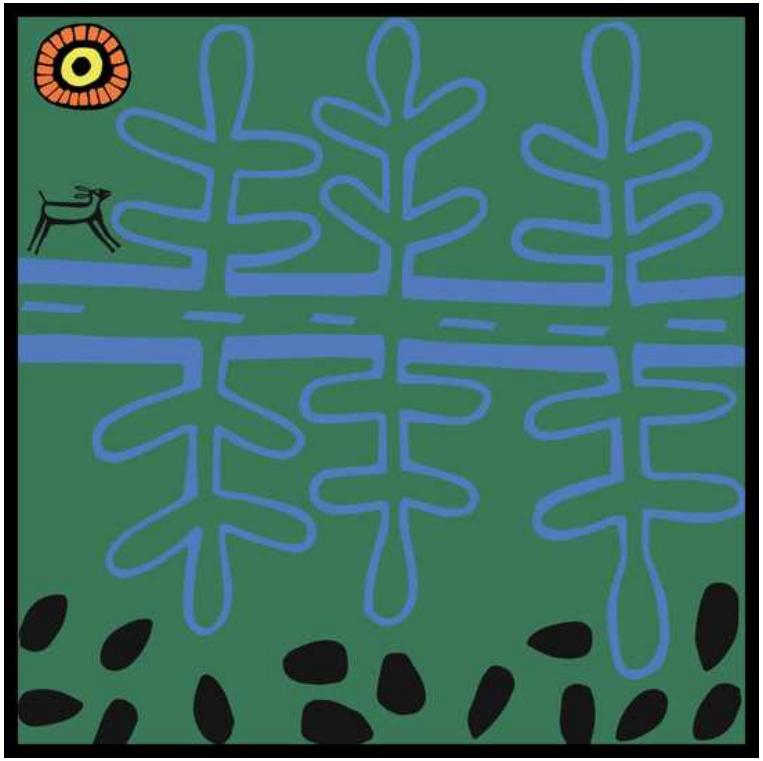
. . .

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.

Phokoje a pega letsatsi mo mokwatleng wa gagwe mme ba simolola mosepele wa go ya gae. Ba ise ba ye kgakala ke fa letsatsi le fisa boboa jwa ga phokoje. “A o kgona go fologa pele go tswa mo mokwatleng wa me? Ke batla go ikhutsa,” ga bua Phokoje. Mokwatla wa gagwe o ne o le botlhoko thata mo a neng a palelwa le ke go tsamaya. “Tswelela fela!” ga bua Letsatsi. “Ke go boleletse gore o seka wa ngongorega!”

. . .

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!”



Morago Phokoje a bona logong lo rapame mo tseleng. A gogoba fa tlase ga lona gore letsatsi le wele fa fatshe.

. . .

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

Logong lo ile la tlobola letlalo le boboa mo mokwatleng wa gagwe mme a salela kwa morago ga mmogo le letsatsi.

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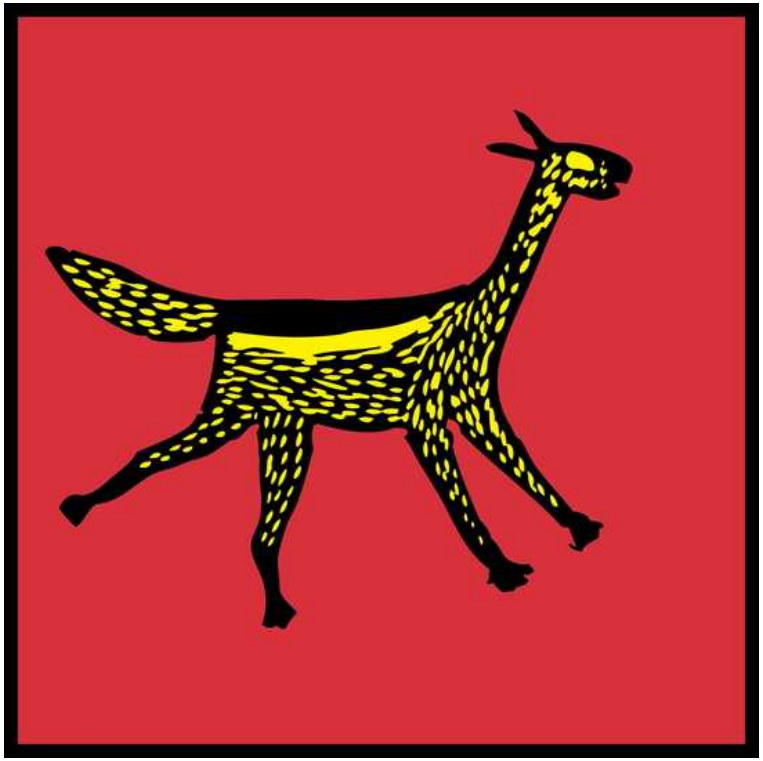
But the log also scraped the skin and fur from his back and they were left behind with the sun.



Boboa jo bontsha bo ne bo nale mebala e e farologaneng le jo bo neng bo le mo mmeleng otlhe wa gagwe. Mebala e farologaneng e e tlhola e gakolola Phokoje gore a seka a nna seeleele gape.

. . .

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.

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