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Simbegwire / Simbegwire

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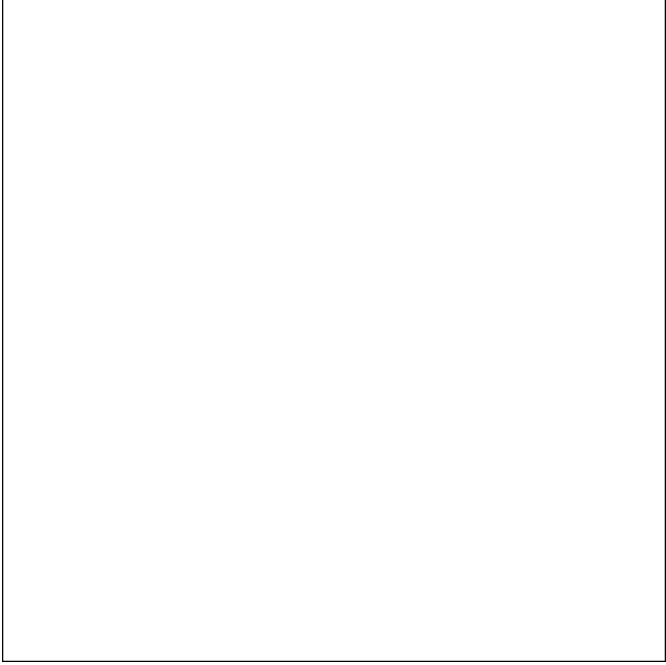
📄 Domitilla Naledi Madi (tn-na)



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Simbegwire

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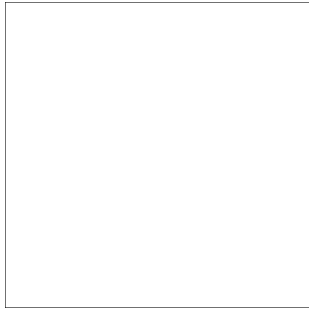
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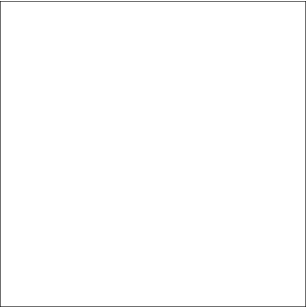
🗨 Setswana tn-na / English en



E rile fa mmagwe Simbegwire a tlhokafala, o ne a utlwile botlhoko thata. Rragwe Simbegwire o dirile ka bojotle jwa gagwe go tlhokomela morwadie. Ka bonya, ba ithuta go ikutlwa ba itumetse, kwa ntle ga ga mmagwe Simbegwire. Letsatsi le letsatsi mo mosong ba ne ba nna fatshe ba bua ka ga letsatsi go ya pele. Maitsiboa mangwe le mangwe ba ne ba dira dijo tsa maitsiboa mmogo. Morago fa ba sena go tlhatswa dijelo, rragwe Simbegwire o mo thusa ka tiro ya sekolo.

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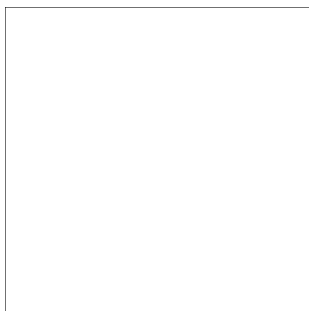
When Simbegwire's mother died, she was very sad. Simbegwire's father did his best to take care of his daughter. Slowly, they learned to feel happy again, without Simbegwire's mother. Every morning they sat and talked about the day ahead. Every evening they made dinner together. After they washed the dishes, Simbegwire's father helped her with homework.



Ka letsatsi lengwe rragwe Simbegwire a tla go le
thari fa gae e seng jaaka gale: "O kae ngwanaka?" a
bitsa. Sibegwire a tabogela kwa go rragwe. O ile a
ema fa a bona rragwe gore o tshwere motho wa
mme ka letsogo: "Ke batla gore o kopane le
mongwe yo o kgategileng, ngwanaka. Yo ke
Anita," a bua a nyenya.

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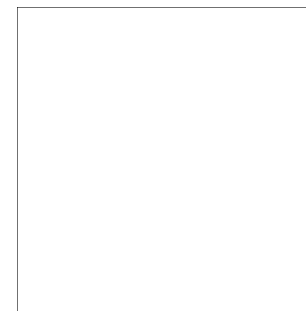
One day, Simbegwire's father came home later
than usual. "Where are you my child?" he called.
Simbegwire ran to her father. She stopped still
when she saw that he was holding a woman's
hand. "I want you to meet someone special, my
child. This is Anita," he said smiling.



Dumela Simbegwire, rrago o mpoleletse tse dintsi ka ga gago,”go bua Anita. Mme ga a ka a nyenya kgotsa a tshwara letsogo la mosetsana. Rragwe Simbegwire o ne a itumetse. O ne a bua ka boraro jwa bona ba nna mmogo, le gore botshelo jwa bone bo tla nna jo bo siameng. “Ngwanaka, ke solofela gore o tla amogela Anita jaaka mmago,” a bua.

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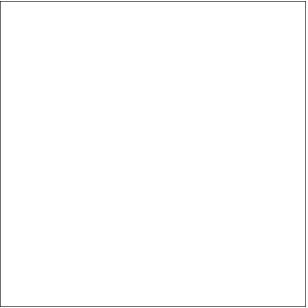
“Hello Simbegwire, your father told me a lot about you,” said Anita. But she did not smile or take the girl’s hand. Simbegwire’s father was happy and excited. He talked about the three of them living together, and how good their life would be. “My child, I hope you will accept Anita as your mother,” he said.



Beke e e latelang, Anita a laletsa Simbegwire, bontsalae le rakgadiagwe, kwa lwapeng go tla go ja. Mokete o montle tota! Anita o ne a apaya dijo tsotlhe tse Simbegwire o di ratang, mme mongwe le mongwe a ja go fitlhela megodu e tlala. Morago bana ba ne ba tshameka fa bagolo bona ba ne ba bua. Simbegwire o ne itumetse a le pelokgale. O ne a tsaya tshwetso ya gore go ise go ye kae, go ise go ye kae ka bonako, o tla boela gae gotla gonna le rragwe le mmagwe wa bobedi.

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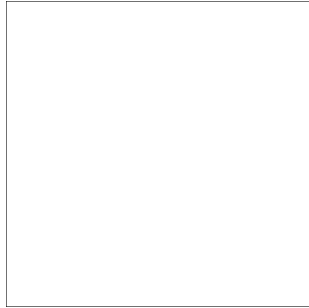
The next week, Anita invited Simbegwire, with her cousins and aunt, to the house for a meal. What a feast! Anita prepared all of Simbegwire’s favourite foods, and everyone ate until they were full. Then the children played while the adults talked. Simbegwire felt happy and brave. She decided that soon, very soon, she would return home to live with her father and her stepmother.



Botshelo jwa ga Simbegwire jwa fetoga. O ne a sena nako ya gona le rragwe mo mesong. Anita o ne a mo naya ditiro tse dintsi tsa mo gae gore a lape a palelwe ke go dira tiro ya sekolo maitsiboa. Morago ga dijo tsa maitsiboa o tlhamalela kwa bolaong. Kgomotso ya gagwe e ne e le kobo e mebalabala e o e neilweng ke mmagwe. Rragwe Simbegwire go ne go sa bonale gore o lemoga gore ngwana wa gagwe ga a itumela.

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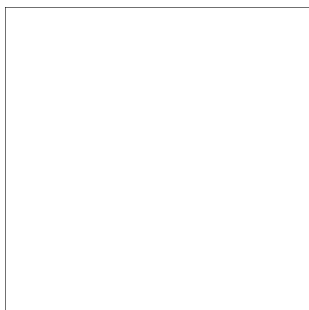
Simbegwire's life changed. She no longer had time to sit with her father in the mornings. Anita gave her so many household chores that she was too tired to do her school work in the evenings. She went straight to bed after dinner. Her only comfort was the colourful blanket her mother gave her. Simbegwire's father did not seem to notice that his daughter was unhappy.



Rragwe o ne a mo etela letsatsi le letsatsi. Kgabagare, o ne a fitlha le Anita. O ne a mo tschwara ka seatla. "Ke maswabi ngwanyana," A lela. "A o tla ntel'a go leka gape?" Simbegwire o ne a leba rragwe le sefatlhego se se tshwenyegileng. Jaanong a atamela ka bonya mme a atla Anita.

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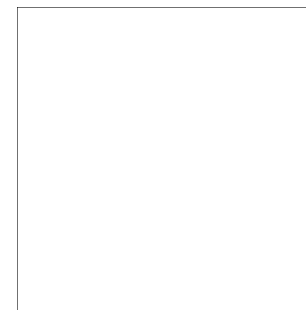
Her father visited her every day. Eventually, he came with Anita. She reached out for Simbegwire's hand. "I'm so sorry little one, I was wrong," she cried. "Will you let me try again?" Simbegwire looked at her father and his worried face. Then she stepped forward slowly and put her arms around Anita.



Morago ga dikgwedi tse di mmalwa, ragwe Simbegwire a ba bolelela gore o tla be a seo lobaka nyana mo gae. "Ke tshwanetse ka tsamaya ka tiro ya me," go bua ene. "Mme ke a itse gore lo tla tlhokomelelana." Sefatlhego sa ga Simbegwire sa wa, mme rragwe ga a lemoga se. Anita ga a bua le fa e le sepe. Le ene o ne a sa itumele.

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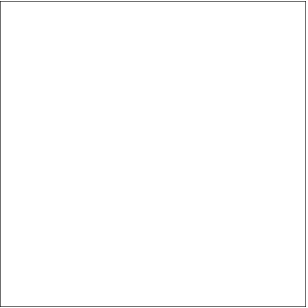
After a few months, Simbegwire's father told them that he would be away from home for a while. "I have to travel for my job," he said. "But I know you will look after each other." Simbegwire's face fell, but her father did not notice. Anita did not say anything. She was not happy either.



Simbegwire o ne a tshameka le bo ntsalae fa a bona rragwe gotswa kgakala. O ne a boifa gore gongwe o kgopilwe, ka jalo a tabogela moteng ga ntlo go itshuba. Mme rragwe o ne a ya kwa go ene a re, "Simbegwire, o iponetse mmago yo o go tshwanetseng. Yo o go ratang gape a go tlhaloganya. Ke motlotlo ka wena ke a go rata." Ba dumalana gore Simbegwire o tla nna le rakgadiagwe lobaka lo a neng a lo batla.

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Simbegwire was playing with her cousins when she saw her father from far away. She was scared he might be angry, so she ran inside the house to hide. But her father went to her and said, "Simbegwire, you have found a perfect mother for yourself. One who loves you and understands you. I am proud of you and I love you." They agreed that Simbegwire would stay with her aunt as long as she wanted to.



Dilo di ne tsa nna maswe le go feta go

Simbegwire. Fa a sa fetša tiro ya gagwe ya mo
gae, kgotsa a bua ka sengwe se se sa mo

itumediseng, Anita wa mobetsa. Nako ya dijo tsa

maitsiboa, mosadi o ja bontsi jwa dijo, mme a

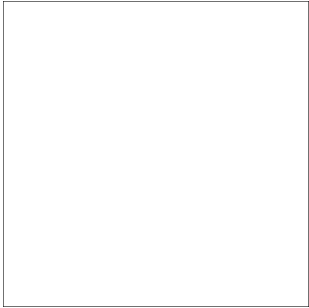
tlogelela Simbegwire mathotlhoi fela. Maitsiboa

le maitsiboa Simbegwire o lela go fitlhelela a robala,

a atlaetse kobo ya ga mmagwe.

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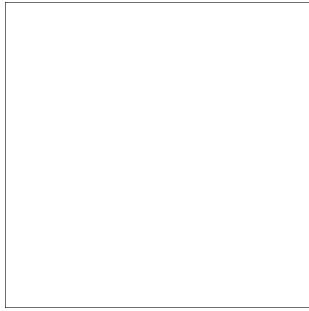
Things got worse for Simbegwire. If she didn't
finish her chores, or she complained, Anita hit her.
And at dinner, the woman ate most of the food,
leaving Simbegwire with only a few scraps. Each
night Simbegwire cried herself to sleep, hugging
her mother's blanket.



E rile fa rragwe Simbegwire a boela gae, o fitlhetse
phaposi ya borobalo ya gagwe e sena sepe. "Go
diragetse eng, Anita?" a botsa ka pelo e
botlhoko. Mosadi a tlhalosa gore Simbegwire o
sile. "Ke ne ke batla gore a ntlotle," go bua ene.
"Mme gongwe ke ne ka gagamatša molao
thata." Rragwe Simbegwire o ne a tswa fa lwapeng
mme a tsamaya ka tsela e e yang nokeny. O ile a
tswelela go ya kwa motseng wa ga kgaitšadie go
utlwa gore a ga bona Simbegwire.

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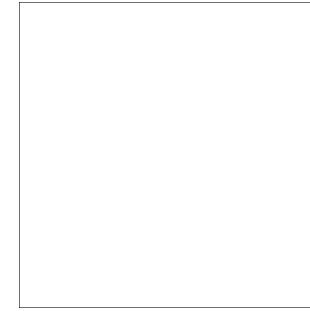
When Simbegwire's father returned home, he
found her room empty. "What happened, Anita?"
he asked with a heavy heart. The woman
explained that Simbegwire had run away. "I
wanted her to respect me," she said. "But perhaps
I was too strict." Simbegwire's father left the house
and went in the direction of the stream. He
continued to his sister's village to find out if she
had seen Simbegwire.



Moso mongwe, Simbegwire o ne a le thari go tsoga. "Mosetsana ke wena wa sekopa!" Go goa Anita. O ne a goga Simbegwire go tswa mo bolaong. Kobo e ntle e ile ya tshwara sepeikiri, mme ya gagoga ka dikarolo tse pedi.

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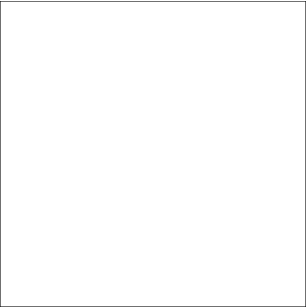
One morning, Simbegwire was late getting out of bed. "You lazy girl!" Anita shouted. She pulled Simbegwire out of bed. The precious blanket caught on a nail, and tore in two.



Rakgadiagwe Simbegwire o ile a tseela ngwana kwa ntlong ya gagwe. O ile a naya Simbegwire dijo tse di molelo, mme a mo tsenya mo bolaong ka kobo ya ga mmagwe. Bosigo joo, Simbegwire o ne a lela fa a ya go robala. Mme e ne e le dikeledi tsa kgomotso. O ne a itse gore rakgadiagwe o tla motlhokomela.

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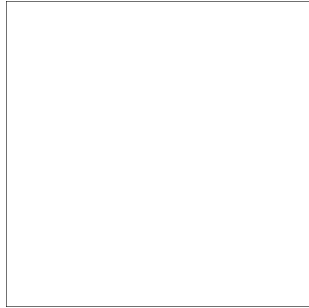
Simbegwire's aunt took the child to her own house. She gave Simbegwire warm food, and tucked her in bed with her mother's blanket. That night, Simbegwire cried as she went to sleep. But they were tears of relief. She knew her aunt would look after her.



Simbegwire o ne tenegile tota. O ne a tsaya
tshwetso ya gore o sia gotswa mo gae. O ile a
tsaya dikarolo tse pedi tsa kobo ya ga mmagwe, a
tsaya dijo nyana, mme a tsamaya. O ile a tsaya
tsela e rragwe o tsamaileng ka yona.

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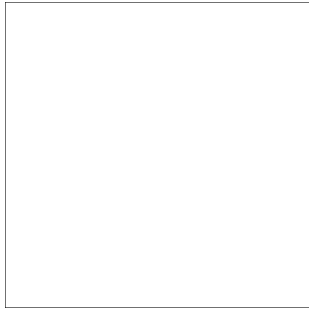
Simbegwire was very upset. She decided to run
away from home. She took the pieces of her
mother's blanket, packed some food, and left the
house. She followed the road her father had
taken.



Mme yo a leba kwa godimo mo setlhareng. Etle fa
a bona mosetsana le dikarolo tsa kobo e e mebala-
bala, a lela, "Simbegwire, ngwana wa ga
kgaitسادiekei!" Bomme ba bangwe ba khutla go
tlhatswa mme ba thusa Simbegwire go phola mo
setlhareng. Rakgadilagwe o ile a mo a atla
mosetsanyana mme a leka go mogomotsa.

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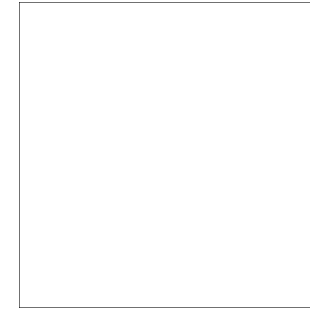
This woman looked up into the tree. When she
saw the girl and the pieces of colourful blanket,
she cried, "Simbegwire, my brother's child!" The
other women stopped washing and helped
Simbegwire to climb down from the tree. Her aunt
hugged the little girl and tried to comfort her.



Fa gonna maitsiboa, o palama setlhare se se leele gaufi le noka mme a itirela bolao mo dikaleng. Fa a ya go robala, a opela: "Mme,mme,mme, o ntlogetse. O ntlogetse mme, mme ga se o ke o menoge. Rre ga a tlhole a nthata. Mme, o tla menoga leng? O ntlogetse."

. . .

When it came to evening, she climbed a tall tree near a stream and made a bed for herself in the branches. As she went to sleep, she sang: "Maama, maama, maama, you left me. You left me and never came back. Father doesn't love me anymore. Mother, when are you coming back? You left me."



Moso wa letsatsi le le latelang, Simbegwire a opela pina gape. Erile fa bomme ba tla go tshwatswa diaparo tsa bone fa nokeng, ba utlwa pina e e tlhomolang pelo e utlwala gotswa mo setlhareng se se leele. Ba ne ba ithaya gore e ne e le phefo e e fokang makakaba, mme ba tswelela ka tiro ya bone. Mme mongwe wa bomme a reetsa pina ka tlhwafalo.

. . .

The next morning, Simbegwire sang the song again. When the women came to wash their clothes at the stream, they heard the sad song coming from the tall tree. They thought it was only the wind rustling the leaves, and carried on with their work. But one of the women listened very carefully to the song.