



Jakkals en die son

Jackal and the sun

 Traditional San story

 Manyeka Arts Trust

 Johanne

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 Afrikaans af / English en



Lank gelede, was daar 'n dwase, lui jakkals. Hy het saam met sy ou vader in die Kalahari bos gewoon.

. . .

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



Een oggend word Ou Jakkals wakker en vind sy seun aan die slaap in die son. Die kos was nog nie gereed nie en die bokke was nog steeds in die kraal! “Jong man, jy is so lui! Gaan en vind ‘n vrou. Ek is te oud om na jou te kyk,” sê Jakkals se vader. Jakkals spring toe op en neem die bokke om te gaan wei.

. . .

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.



In die bos, sien hy iets wat blink op 'n rots. Hy het nader en nader aan die rots beweeg. Hoe nader hy beweeg, hoe mooier was die glans. Miskien was dit die vrou vir hom?!

. . .

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?!



“Jy is pragtig,” sê Jakkals vir die glans. “Maar wie is jy? Hoekom is jy alleen?” “Ek is die son,” antwoord die glans. “My familie het my hier gelos toe hulle verhuis. Hulle wou my nie gedra het nie. Ek is te warm.”

. . .

“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.”



Die jakkals sê: “Maar jy is so mooi! Ek sal jou dra. Ek sal jou huis toe vat om my vader te ontmoet.”
“Doodreg, jy kan my dra. Maar moet nie kla wanneer ek te warm word vir jou nie,” sê die son.

. . .

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.



Jakkals dra die son op sy rug en begin sy reis huis toe.
Kort voor lank, het die son Jakkals se pels gebrand.
“Sal jy asseblief van my rug afklim? Ek moet rus,” sê
Jakkals. Sy rug was so seer dat hy skaars kon loop.
“Gaan net voort!” sê die son. “Ek het jou gesê om nie te
kla nie!”

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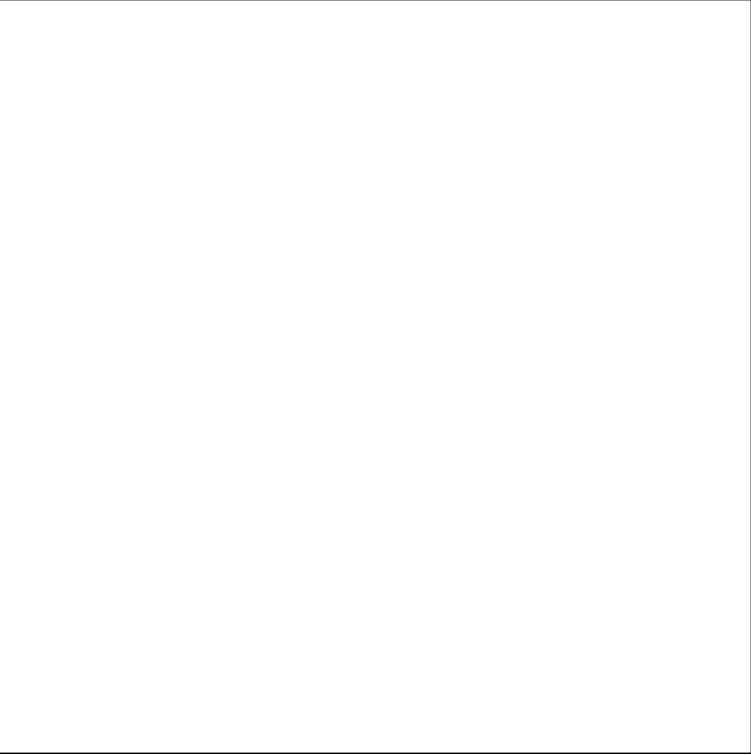
So Jackal put the sun on his back and started the
journey home. Before long, the sun was burning
Jackal’s fur. “Will you please come down from my
back? I need to rest,” said Jackal. His back was so sore
that he could hardly walk. “Just carry on!” said the sun.
“I told you not to complain!”



Toe sien Jakkals 'n stomp oor die pad. Hy kruip
onderdeur die stomp sodat die son kan afval.

. . .

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



Maar die stomp het ook sy vel en pels van sy rug
geskraap en hulle is agtergelaat saam met die son.

. . .

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



Die nuwe pels was 'n ander kleur as die pels op die res van sy lyf. Die ander kleur herinner Jakkals om nie weer so dwaas te wees nie.

. . .

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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