



Pam-Pam voël

Pam-Pam bird

 Traditional San story

 Manyeka Arts Trust

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 Afrikaans af / English en



Pensa was die beste jagter in die ganse Kalahari-woestyn. Hy het vet diere huis toe gebring en sy familie goed gevoed. Daar was 'n voël, die Pam-Pam voël wat Pensa wou vang. Die voël se stertvere was perfek vir sy pyle. Die probleem was, hy kon nooit daarin slaag om Pam-Pam te vang of te skiet nie. Pensa se pyle sou soos 'n voël deur die lug vlieg – as hy net vir Pam-Pam kon vang en sy stertvere uitpluk!

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Pensa was the best hunter in the whole Kalahari Desert. He brought home fat animals and fed his family well. There was this bird, the Pam-Pam bird, which Pensa wanted to catch. The bird's tail feathers were perfect for his arrows. The problem was, he could never manage to trap or shoot Pam-Pam. Pensa's arrows would fly through the air just like a bird - if only he could catch Pam-Pam and pull out his tail feathers!



Pensa het na die wyse man, hulle medisyneman, toe gegaan. Hy het hulp gevra. “Wys asseblief vir my hoe om die Pam-pam voël te vang. Ek benodig sy veer vir my pyl-en-boog. Wat moet ek doen om hom te vang?” Die medisyneman het geantwoord, “Gaan en maak ‘n vuur. Wanneer al die insekte van jou vuur af weghardloop, moet jy die kleinste van hulle vang. Stel ‘n wip en plaas hierdie klein insek daarin. Dit sal die Pam-Pam voël lok.

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Pensa went to the wise man, their healer. He asked for help. “Please guide me to catch the Pam-Pam bird. I need his feathers for my bow and arrows. What must do to catch him?” The healer replied, “Go and make a fire. When all the insects run away from your fire, you must catch the smallest of them. Make a trap and place this little insect inside your trap. It will tempt the Pam-Pam bird.”



Pensa het nie geweet dat die medisyneman en Pam-Pam vriende was nie. Pam-Pam het die medisyneman dikwels besoek. Hulle het vir mekaar stories vertel. “Ek waarsku jou,” het die medisyneman gesê toe Pam-Pam hom weer besoek het, “Ek het die jagter vertel hoe om jou te vang. Wanneer jy ‘n vuur in die veld sien, moet jy ver weg vlieg. Ek wil sien wie van julle sal wen. “

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Pensa did not know that the healer and the Pam-Pam bird were friends. Pam-Pam often visited the healer. They exchanged stories. “I warn you,” said the healer when Pam-Pam bird visited him, “I have told the hunter how to catch you. When you see a fire in the veld, you must fly far away. I want to see which one of you will win.”



Intussen het Pensa sy jag op Pam-Pam voël begin. Hy het in die veld gesit en sy vuurstokkies gevryf en gevryf. Toe die rook begin draai, het hy in die fyn grassies rondom sy vuurstokkies geblaas, totdat 'n klein vlammetjie uitgekom het en 'n vuur geword het. Die insekte rondom die vlammeende gras het weggevlieg, maar Pensa kon daarin slaag om 'n jong sprinkaan te vang. Hy het dit in sy wip gesit.

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In the meantime, Pensa started his hunt for the Pam-Pam bird. He sat in the veld and rubbed and rubbed his fire sticks. When the smoke appeared, he blew into the fine grass around his fire sticks, until the little flame appeared and became a fire. The insects around the flaming grass flew away, but Pensa managed to catch a young grasshopper. He put it into his trap.



Pam-Pam voël kon nie die sappige jong sprinkaan in Penda se wip weerstaan nie. Hy het besluit om af te vlieg en dit vinnig met sy skerp bek te gryp. Pensa het Pam-Pam se skree gehoor, “Pam-pam, pam-pam, pam-pam.” Pensa het na sy wip toe gehardloop. Die voël was gevang!

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The Pam-Pam bird could not resist the juicy young grasshopper in Pensa’s trap. He decided to fly down and grab it quickly with his sharp beak. Pensa heard Pam-Pam bird’s cry, “Pam-pam, pam-pam, pam-pam.” Pensa ran to his trap. The bird was trapped!



Pam-Pam het Pensa gesmeek om hom vry te laat. “O nee,” het Pensa gesê. “Ek wou jou al vir ‘n lang tyd gevang het. Vandag is jy myne! Jou vere gaan my pyle deur die lug laat vlieg, net soos jy.”

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Pam-Pam bird begged Pensa to set him free. “Oh no,” said Pensa, “I have wanted to catch you for a very long time. Today you are mine! Your feathers will make my arrow fly through the air, just like you.”



Pam-Pam het geskree, “As jy my doodmaak, sal jy nie meer vere vir jou pyle hê as hierdie verweer het nie, want ek sal dood wees. Laat my vry en ek belowe ek sal vir jou met elke volmaan nuwe vere gee. “

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Pam-Pam bird screeched, “If you kill me you will have no more feathers for your arrow when these are worn out, because I will be dead. Set me free and I promise to give you new feathers with each full moon.”



Pensa het vir Pam-Pam vrygelaat. Terwyl Pam-Pam wegloop, het hy gedink: “Is ek regtig vry?”

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Pensa let Pam-Pam go. As Pam-Pam walked away, he thought, “Am I really free?”



Pensa het huis toe gegaan en nuwe pyle gemaak. Toe die mense sy nuwe pyle sien, het hulle uitgeroep: “Oee, kyk hierdie jagter! Hy het die Pam-Pam voël se vere in sy pyle. Nou sal hy goed jag en vir ons goeie kos bring. Ons gaan feesvier!”

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Pensa went home and made new arrows. When the people saw his new arrows, they exclaimed: “O-o, look at this hunter! He carries the Pam-Pam bird’s feathers in his arrows. Now he will hunt well and bring us good food. We shall have a feast!”



Daardie nag het die medisyneman die mense in 'n vuurdans gelei om die jagter se sukses en Pam-Pam se vryheid te vier. Van daardie dag af het al die goeie jagters die storie van die Pam-Pam voël onthou en vir hulle kinders vertel as 'n nagedagte aan die ou dae.

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That night, the healer led the people in a fire dance to celebrate the hunter's success and Pam-Pam bird's freedom. And since that day, all the good hunters remember the story of the Pam-Pam bird, to tell their children as a memory of days gone by.



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