

Mbwawa naLiyuva

Jackal and the sun



Traditional San story



Manyeka Arts Trust



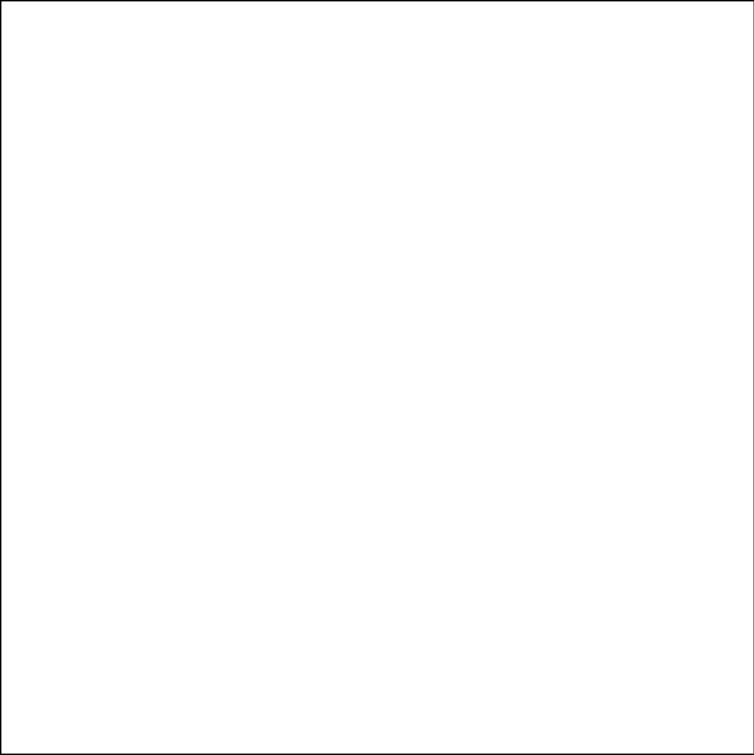
Peter Linyando Likoro



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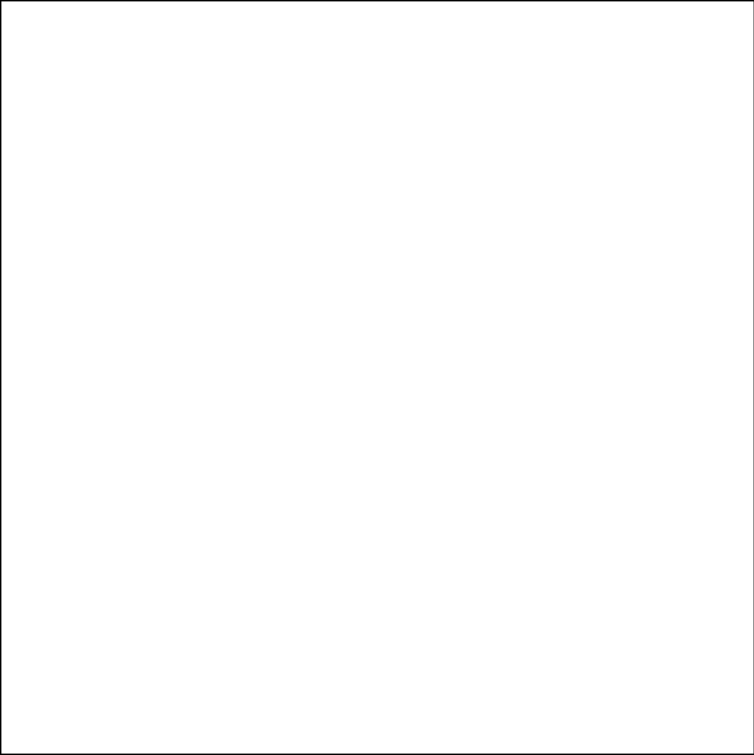
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Pakare-kare, kwalire mbwawa wamugova waudwa.
Kwatungire navashe vakukurupa muvishwa
vyaKalahari.

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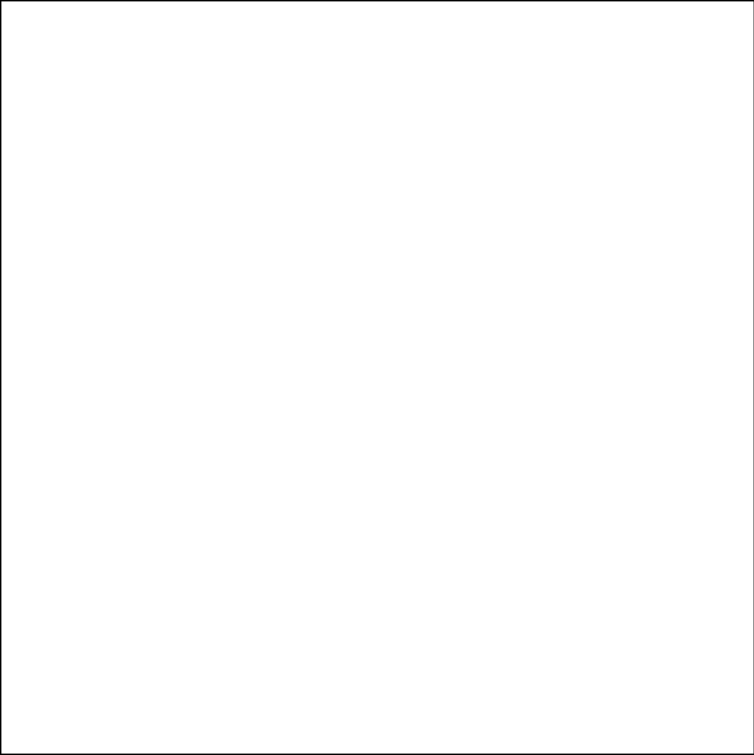
Long ago, there was a foolish lazy jackal. He lived with
his old father in the Kalahari bush.



Ngurangura yimwe Mbawawa a wambukire kwawana monande ana rara mumwi. Ndya shimpe kapi dina pu kuwapayika ano vimpendinge vyavyo shimpe kushinyonga! “Mukafumughona, umudwa unene! Yenda kuka wane ko mukamali. Ame na kurupupara ngoli mukukupakera mbiri,” ava ghamba vashe vambwawa. Mbawawa kuvatuka panya nko kukagharura vimpendinge

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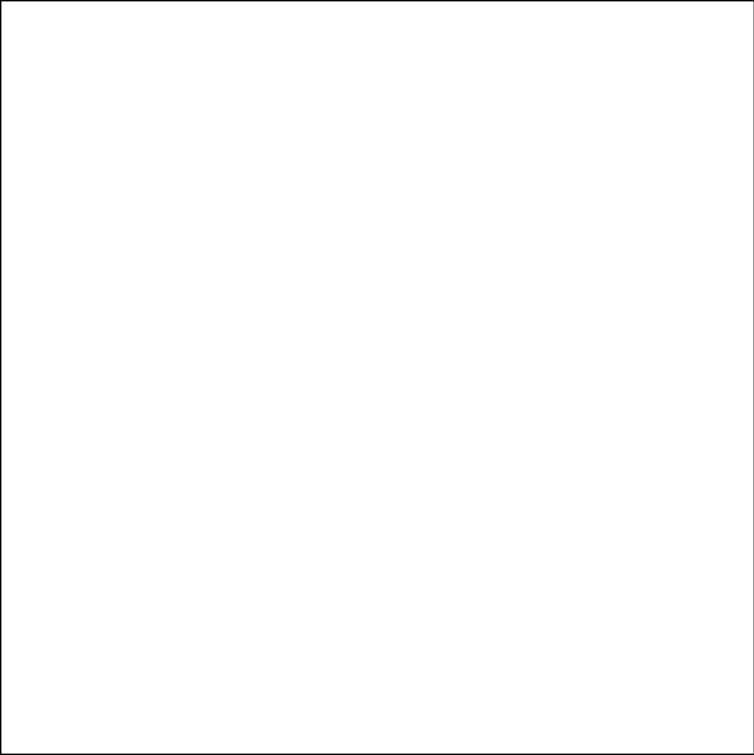
One morning Old Jackal woke up to find his son sleeping in the sun. The food was not ready and the goats were still in the kraal! “Young man, you are so lazy! Go and find a wife. I am too old to look after you,” said Jackal’s father. So Jackal jumped up and took the goats out to graze.



Muvishwa, a mono shininke shakuvembera police. A shuwenako ayendi pepi-pepi naliwe. Moomo ana kushilarera papi nauwa washo mo una kukuwederera ngoweyo. Pamwe walye uno kwakalire mukamali kwendi?!

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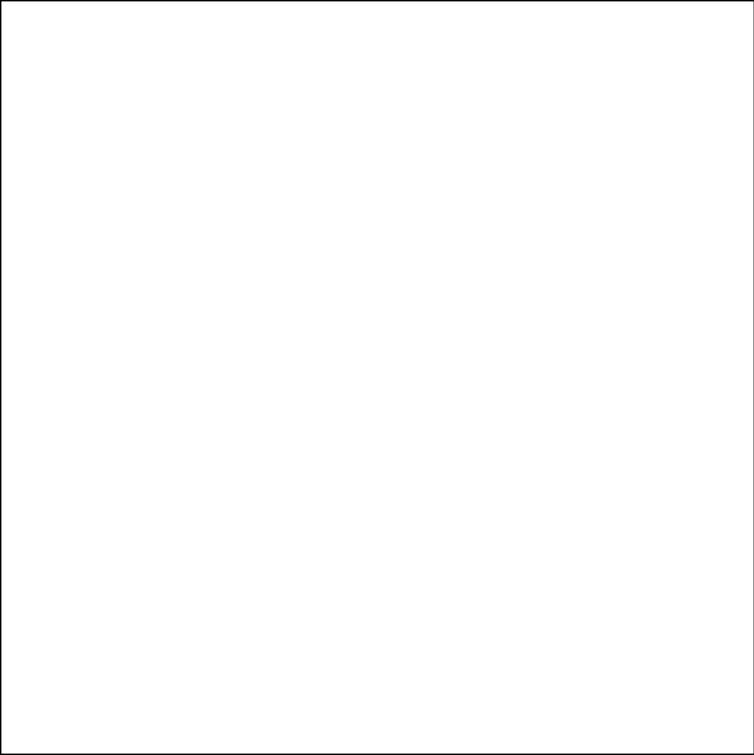
In the bush, he saw something shining on a rock. He went closer and closer to the rock. The closer he got, the more beautiful the shine was. Perhaps this was the wife for him?!



“U muwa,” A ghamba mbwawa kulirwedimo. “Ene mwene ove ne ove nani? Vinke wakarera ko pantjoye?”
“Ame liyuva,” Ali limburura lirwedimo. “Valikoro lyande vantjuva opo vadirukire. Kapi vashanine kimpitura. Ni mu pyunene.”

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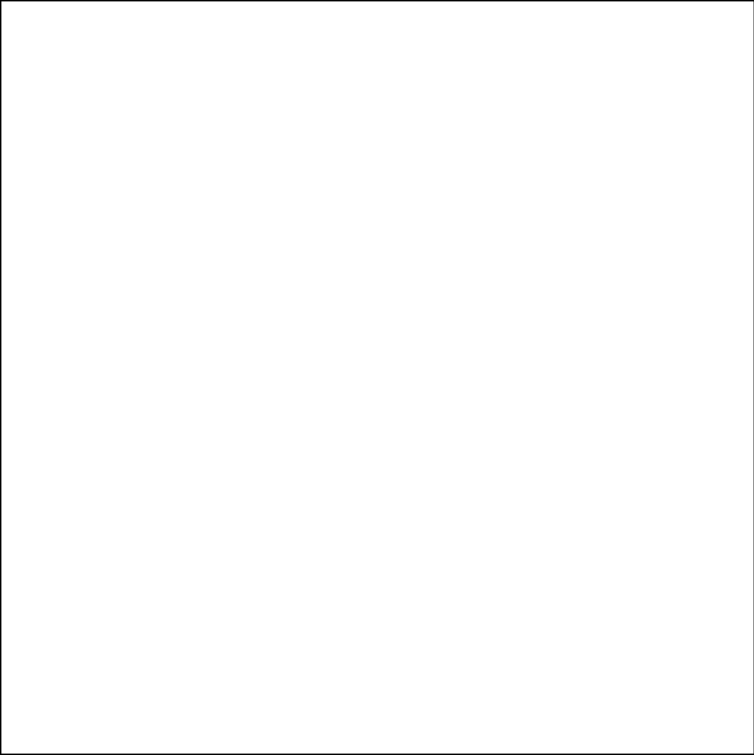
“You are beautiful,” said Jackal to the shine. “But who are you? Why are you alone?” “I am the sun,” the shine answered. “My family left me here when they moved on. They did not want to carry me. I am too hot.”



Mbwawa a ghamba, “ene u muwa shiri! Kuna kukushimba. Kuni kutwara kumundi uka mone vavava.” “Nawa tupu, kuvhura u ntjimbe. Ene ngoli washa shivana opo ni vareka kuyenya,” Ali ghamba liyuva.

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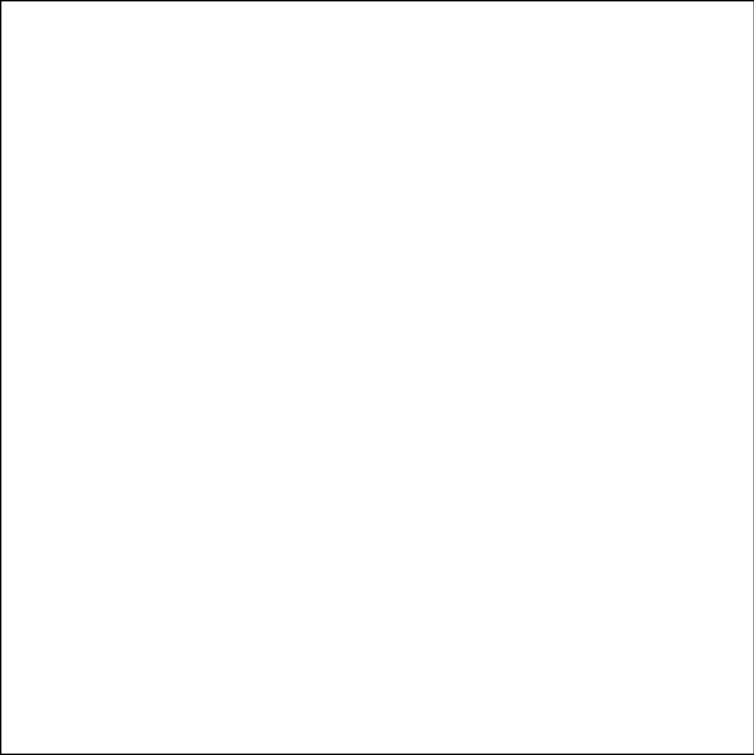
The jackal said, “But you are so beautiful! I will carry you. I will take you home to meet my father.” “All right, you can carry me. But do not complain when I get too hot for you,” said the sun.



Mbwawa nko kuvhika Liyuva nakutunda ruyendo rwendi rwakumundi. Kadidi tupu liyuva ali vareke kushora huki dambwawa. “ Kuvhura u dumpuke kumughongo wande? Na hepa kupwiyumukako,” a ghamba mbwawa. Mughongo wendi una putuka kapi nka a vhulire kuyenda nawa. “ toko tukwikire!” Alighamba liyuva. “ Na kutantere ashi kapishi u shivane.”

. . .


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!”



Mbwawa a mono shitondo shina vindama pandjira.
Nko kukoka a pite munda yashitondo mposhi liyuva
awe po pamughongo wendi.

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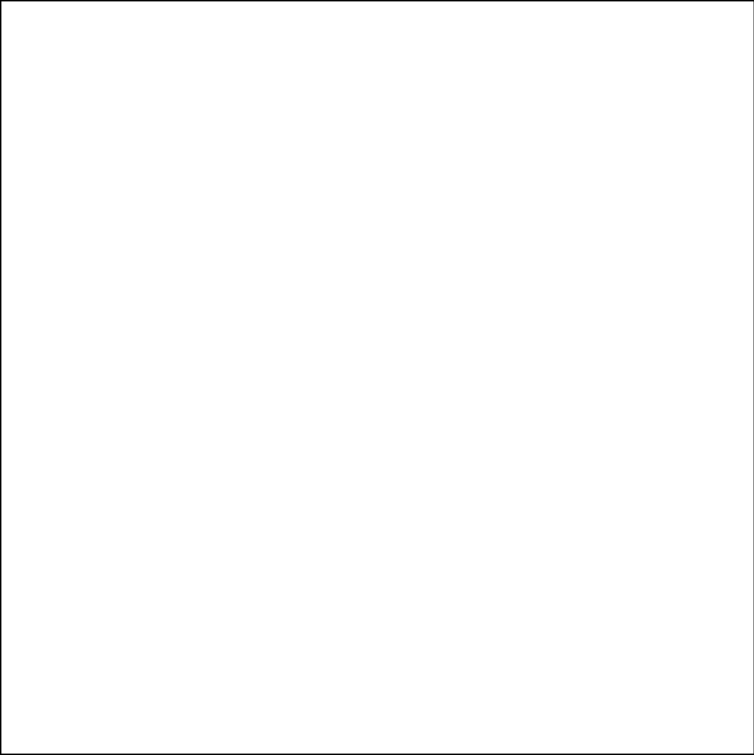
Then Jackal saw a log across the path. He crawled
under the log so that the sun would fall off.



Ene ngoli shitondo shinya ashi para nka shipapa
shapamungo wendi ashi hupara kuruku naliyuva.

. . .

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



Huki dadipe dakushekunine ruvara nadi damurutu naruntje. Maruvara ghapeke kehe pano ghamuvurukutanga mbwawa ashi kapishi nga kare ligova nka.

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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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Peter Linyando Likoro (diu)

