




## Ombandje neyuva

### Jackal and the sun

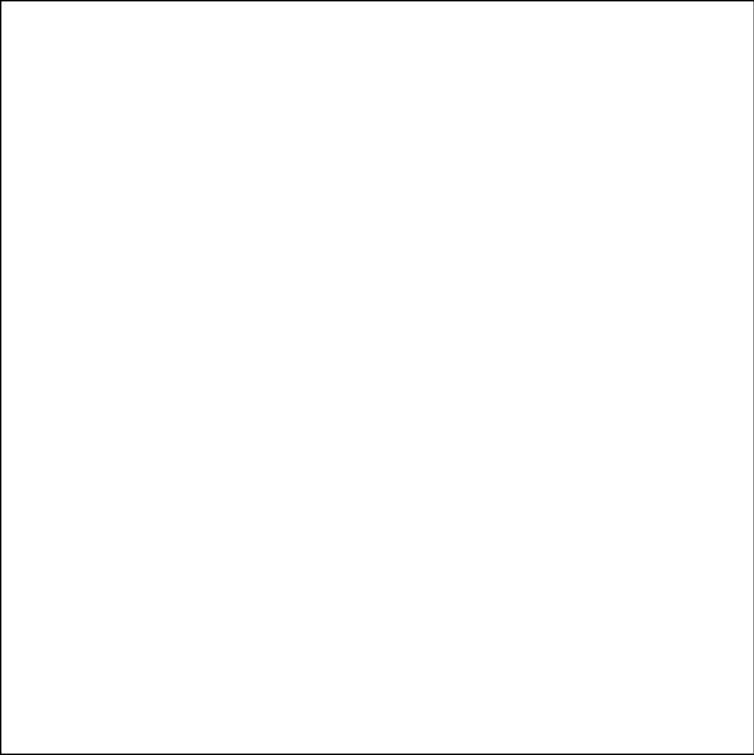
 Traditional San story

 Manyeka Arts Trust

 Angelika Tjouṭuku, Asnath Mundjidjiri

 3

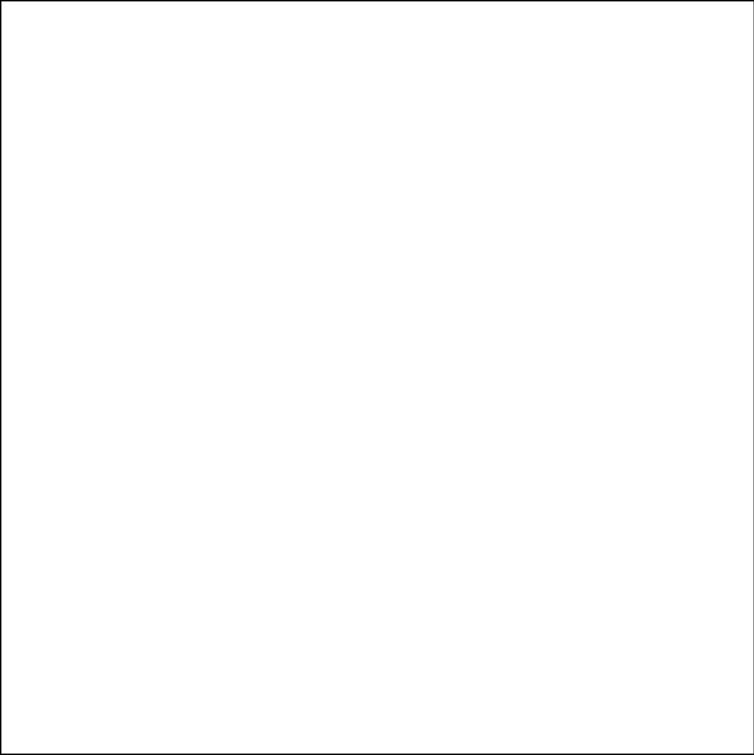
 Otjiherero hz / English en



Rukuru tjinene pa ri nombandje ondjova yotjirweyo.  
Oyo ya turire pamwe na ihe ngwa kurupire mehwa ra  
Kalahari.

. . .

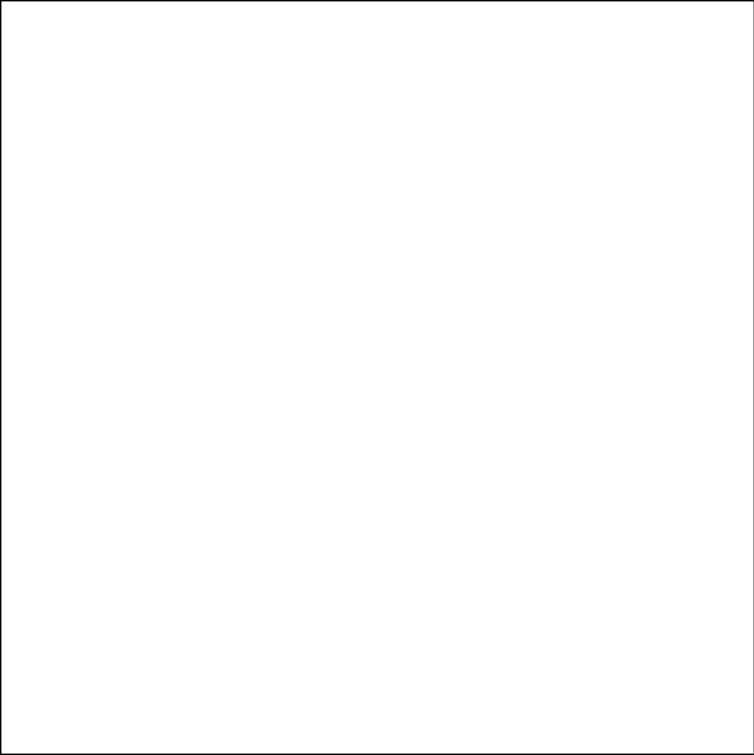
Long ago, there was a foolish lazy jackal. He lived with  
his old father in the Kalahari bush.



Eyuva rimwe ombandje indji omukururume tji ya yeuka ya muna omuzandu wayo a rangavara peyuva. Tjandje ovikurya ngunda kavi ya pya nu inda ozongombo noho azeri motjunda! “Muzandu omutanda, ove u notjirweyo! Twende u keripahere omukazendu. Ami mba kurupa okukutumba, “ihe ya Kahaandje wa tja. Okutja Kahaandje otja purukuta na twara ozongombo komaryo.

. . .

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.



Mokuti eye wa kamuna otjiṅa tji matji keṅakeṅa  
kombanda yoruuwa. Eye wa ryamaryama popezu  
noruuwa. Otja paa ryama, omakeṅakeṅeno opaa ye  
ririre ko omawa. Ngahino ingwi ongu ma rire  
omukazendu we?

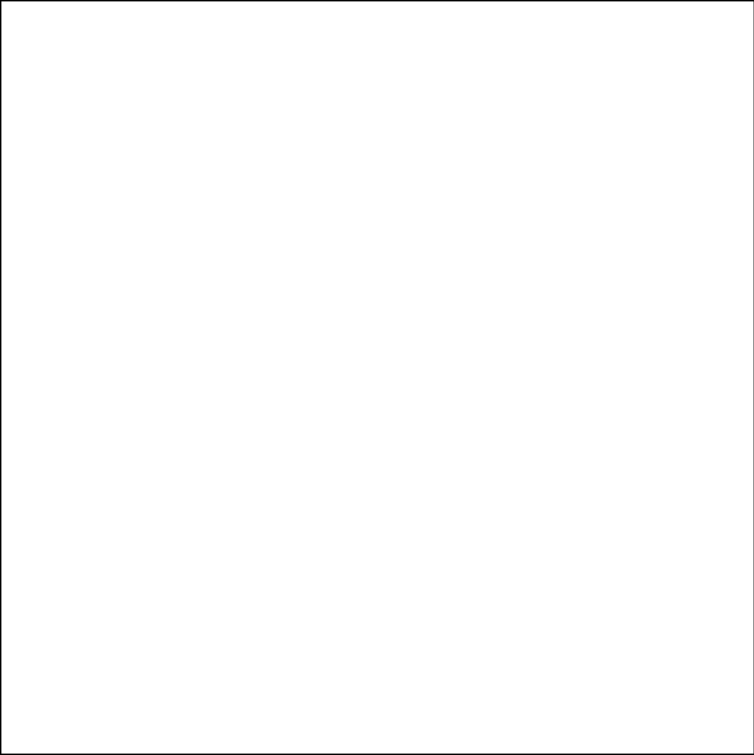
. . .

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?!

“Oove omuwa tjiri,” Kahaandje wa hungire ku na ngwi omunyeṅanyene. “Nu hapo oove uṅe? Ongwaye tji u ri erike?” “Owami eyuva,” omunyeṅanyene wa ziri. “Ovazamumwe vandje ve ndjesa mba tji va tjinda. Ovo kaave vanga okundjivereka. Owami omupyu tjinene.”

. . .

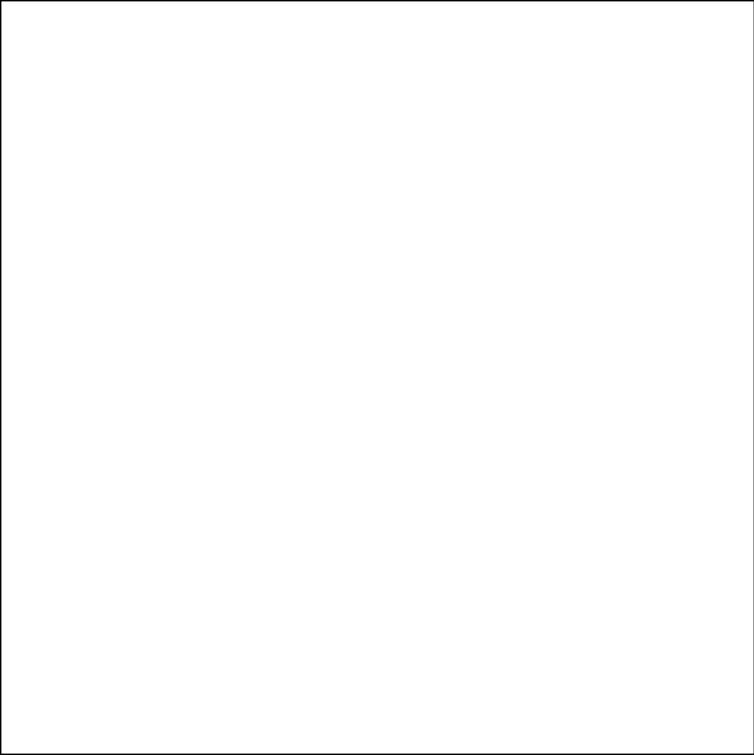
“You are beautiful,” said Jackal to the shine. “But who are you? Why are you alone?” “I am the sun,” the shine answered. “My family left me here when they moved on. They did not want to carry me. I am too hot.”



Ombandje ya tja, “Ove oove omuwa. Ami me ku vereke. Ami me ku twara konganda u kahakaene na Tate.” “Pe ri nawa, ndji vereka. Posia o unauna ami tji mba pupyara tjinene,” eyuva ra ziri.

. . .


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.



Ombandje ya vereka indi eyuva nu ai kumuka okuyenda konganda. Kape womberwe, eyuva ari utu okunyosa omainya wombandje. “Arikana heruka ketambo randje? Ami me hepa okusuva, ombandje ya tja. Etambo re aari tetara kutja a ha sora okukaenda. “Kaende komeho!” eyuva ra tja. “Ami mbe ku raere kutja o unauna!”

. . .

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!”

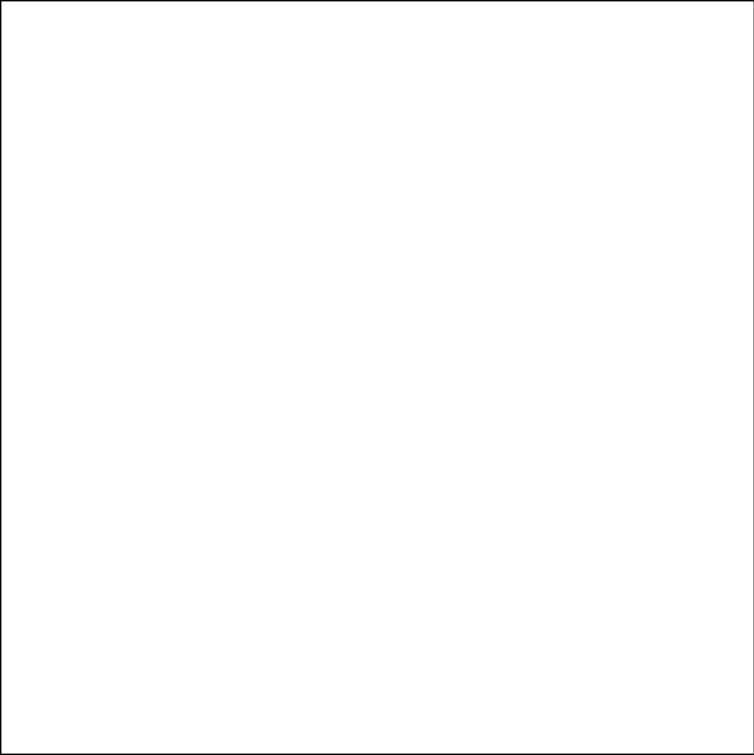


Tjimanga ombandje ya muna otjihende mondjira. Oyo  
ye kwanena kehi yotjihende okukapita kutja indi  
eyuva ri wire pehi.

. . .

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

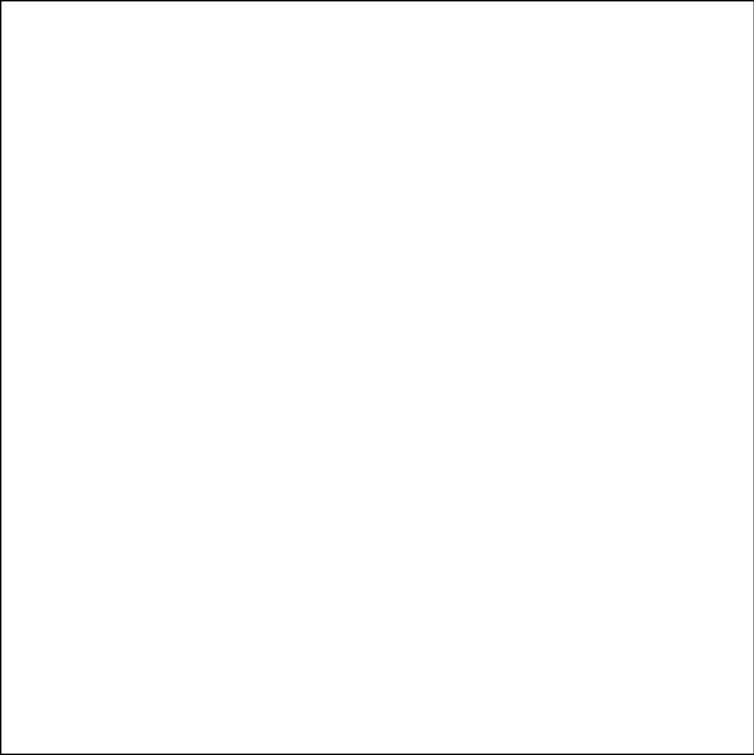




Otjihende wina tja kururura imbwi omukova wetambo  
rayo au sewa pehi pamwe neyuva.

. . .

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



Omainya inga omape otji ya hara otjivara tji tja panguka ku ihi otjorutu aruhe. Ovivara mbya panguka ombi zemburukisa ombandje kutja ai ha tuku ouyova rukwao.

. . .

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.



# Global Storybooks

[globalstorybooks.net](http://globalstorybooks.net)

**Ombandje neyuva**

**Jackal and the sun**



Traditional San story



Manyeka Arts Trust



Angelika Tjouṭuku, Asnath Mundjidjiri (hz)

