




Kavandje netango


Jackal and the sun

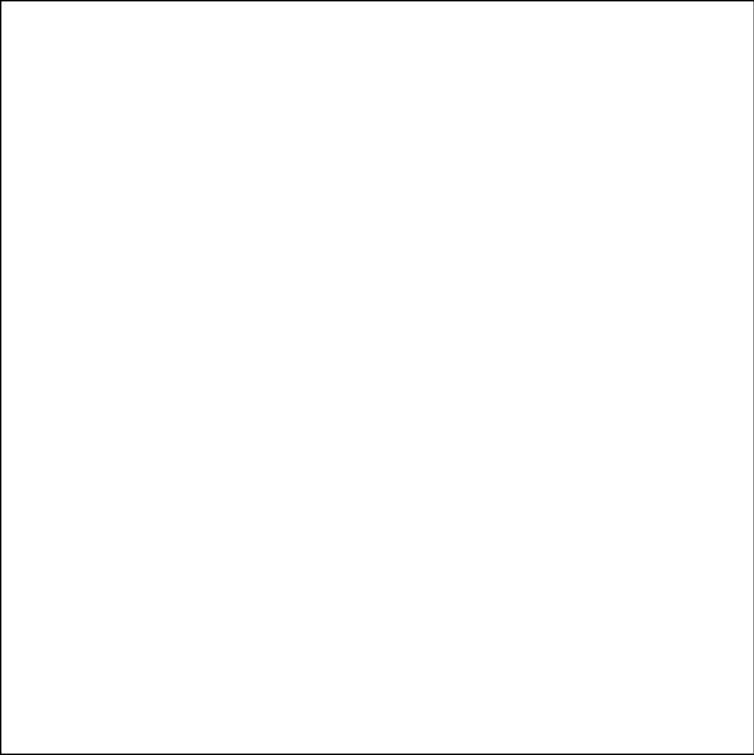
 Traditional San story

 Manyeka Arts Trust

 Bertha Haimbodi

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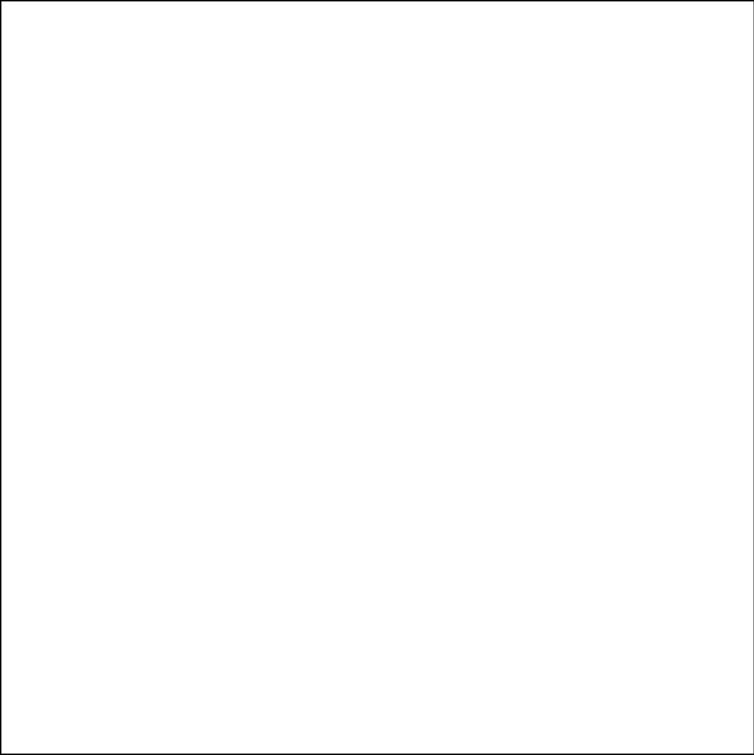
 Oshikwanyama kj / English en



Nalenale okwa li Kavandje elai ye omundedenhu.
Okwa li ha kala nomukulupe xe meefuka daKalahari.

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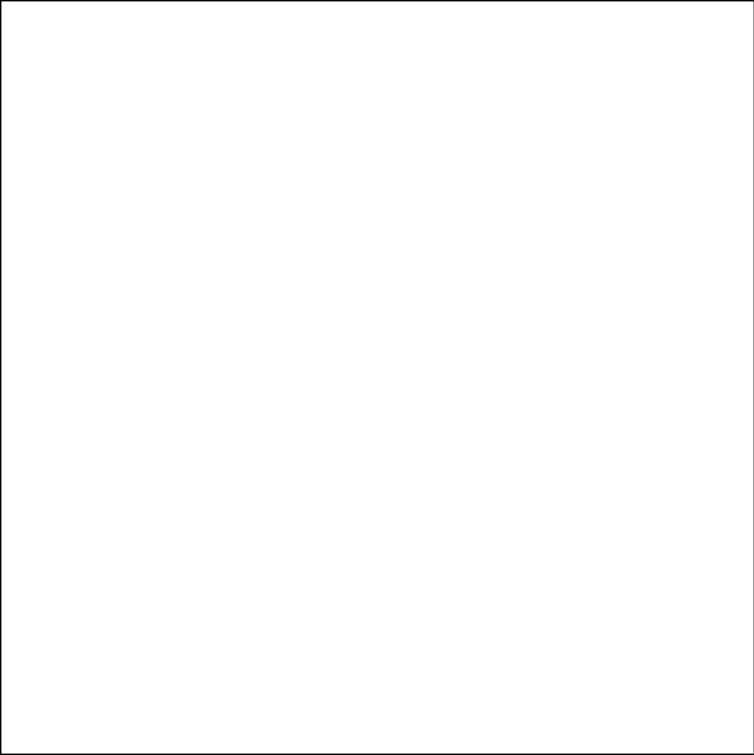
Long ago, there was a foolish lazy jackal. He lived with
his old father in the Kalahari bush.



Ongula yefiku limwe omukulupe Kavandje eshi a penduka okwa hanga omona a nangala pokamutenya. Kakwa li a teleka oshuumbululwa, yo noikombo oya li koshinyongo natango! “Ove omunanyalo unene! Inda u ka konge omukulukadi. Ame onda kulupa itandi dulu oku ku fila oshisho,” osho xe a ti. Kavandje okwa nhuka po ndee ta ka pitifa ko oikombo i ka lye.

. . .

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.



Eshi a ya momufitu, okwa mona sha tashi vema shi li kemanya. Okwa ehena popepi nemanya. Apa pe fike eshi ta ehene kemanya, opo ngaho pa li pe fike ouwa wevadimo lemanya. Shiimba ou oye nee pamwe omukulukadi waye?!

. . .

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?!

“Ove ou muwa,” osho kavandje a ti ta lombwele eenhe
odo kwa li a tala kemanya. “Ndele oove nee lyelye?
Oshike u li oove auke?” “Aame etango,” onhe tai
nyamukula. “Vakwetu ova fiya nge apa eshi va twikila
ondjila yavo. Inava hala okukuminina nge. Ame ondi
mupyu neenghono.”

. . .

“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.”

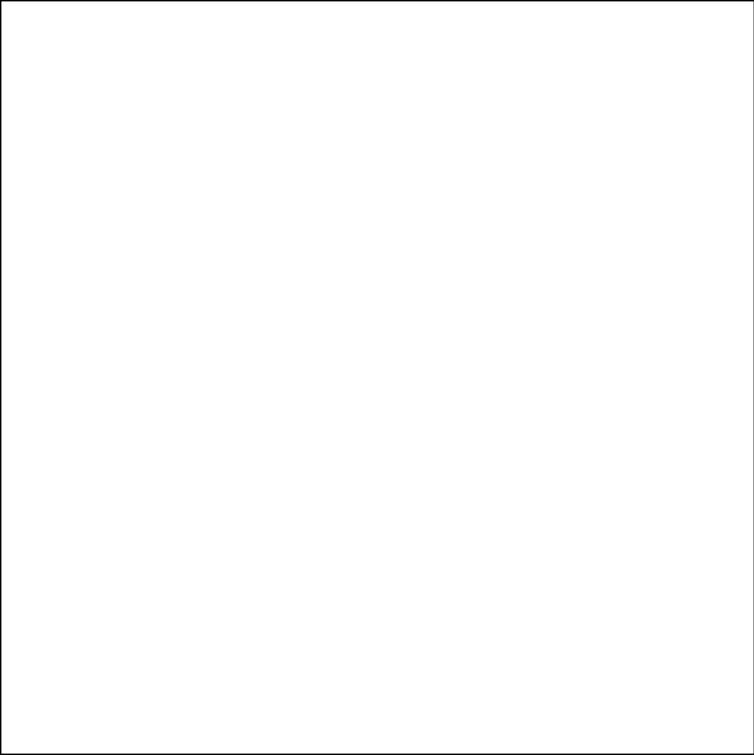


“Ashike ove ou muwa! Ohandi ku humbata po. Ohandi ku twala keumbo letu kutate” Kavandje osho a ti.

“Eewa hano oshi li nawa, oto dulu okuhumbata nge po, ashike ino ngongota nande ngeenge nda tameke oku ku xwika,” etango osho la nyamukula.

. . .


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.



Kavandje okwa kuminina etango ndele ta tameke okweenda a yuka keumbo lavo. Inava enda oshinano shile, loo etango ola tameke nale oku xwika ko olududi laKavandje lokombunda. "Alikana, kwafele nge u dje ko kombuda yange? Onda pumbwa okufuwa po," Kavandje osho a ti. Ombuda yaye oya li tai pipima noka li ta dulu okweenda nawa. "Tu ye ashike!" etango tali nyamukula. "Onde ku lombwele nale kutya ino ngongota tuu nande!"

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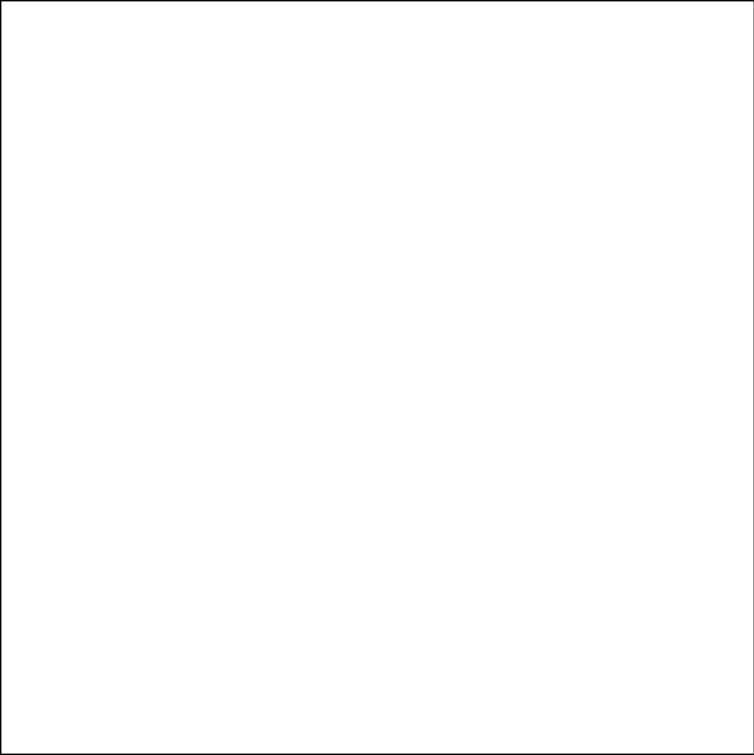
So Jackal put the sun on his back and started the journey home. Before long, the sun was burning Jackal's fur. "Will you please come down from my back? I need to rest," said Jackal. His back was so sore that he could hardly walk. "Just carry on!" said the sun. "I told you not to complain!"



Kavandje okwa mona endangalati mondjila. Okwa
fifila koshi yalo opo etango li we ko kombuda yaye.

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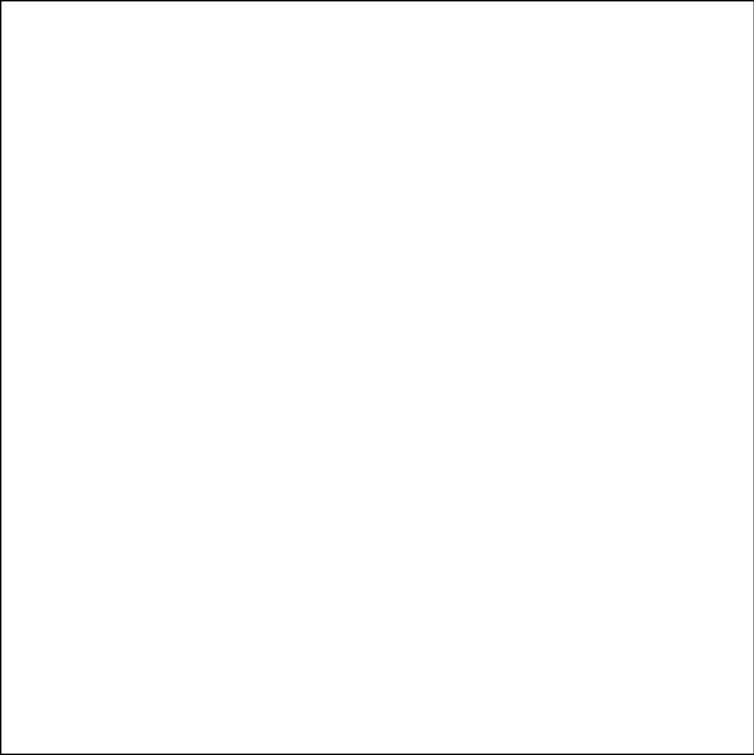
Then Jackal saw a log across the path. He crawled
under the log so that the sun would fall off.



Ashike endangalati nalo ole mu pushula oipa
nomalududi kombuda ndele tai fyaala po netango.

. . .

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



Olududi eli lipe eshi la ka mena kombuda, kakwa li vali la faafana filufilu naali lomolutu alishe. Omaluvala oo kwa li a yoolokafana oo nee haa dimbulukifa alushe Kavandje aha ninge vali oinima youlai.

. . .

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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