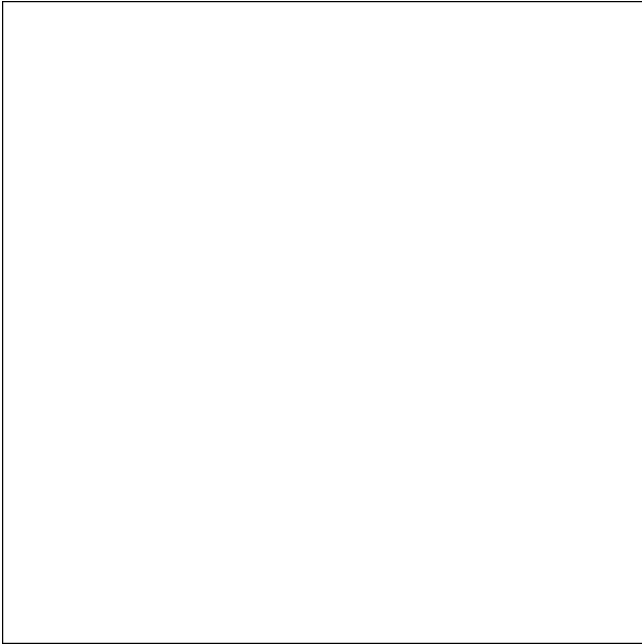




Luwawa ni lizazi

Jackal and the sun



Traditional San story



Manyeka Arts Trust



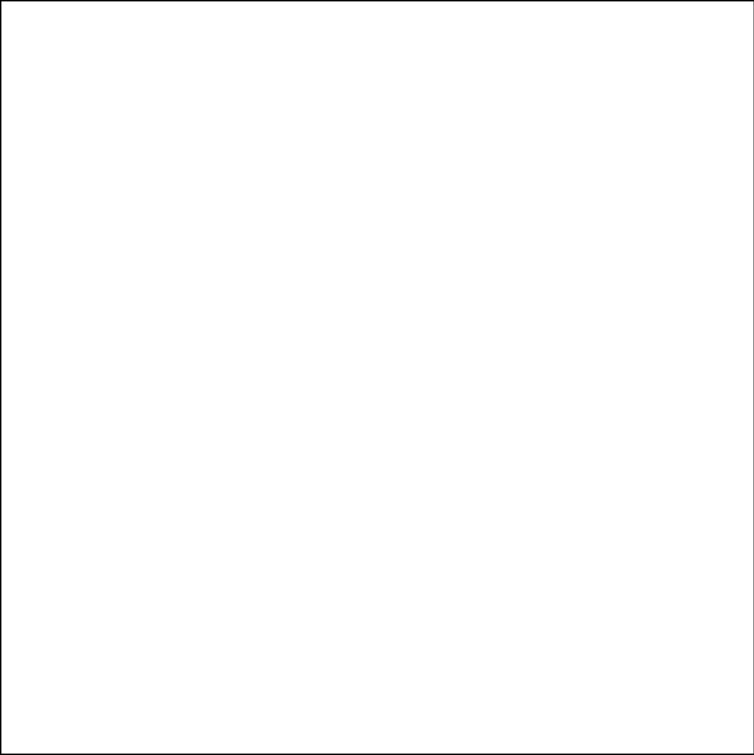
Margaret Wamuwi Sililo



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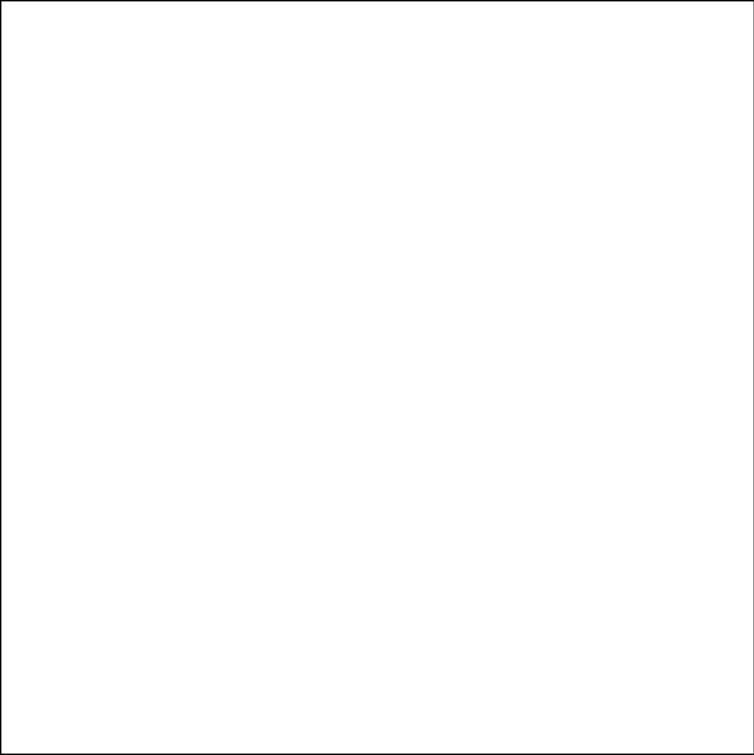
SiLozi loz-na / English en



Kale koo, nekunani Luwawa ya buzwa ni bukuba.
Napila ni bondatahe babasupezi mwamushitu wa
Kalahali.

. . .

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



Kakusasana leliñwi, Luwawa yana supezi azuha ni kuyo fumana mwanahae wa mushimani inge alobezi mwa lizazi. Lico nelisika lukiswa kale mi lingu nelisali mwamulaka! “Mushimani, unani buzwa luli! zamaya uyo bata musali wakunyala. Na nisupezi kuli nikuno kubabalela” kubulela ndatahe Luwawa. Luwawa atula ni kuisa lingu kwa kufula.

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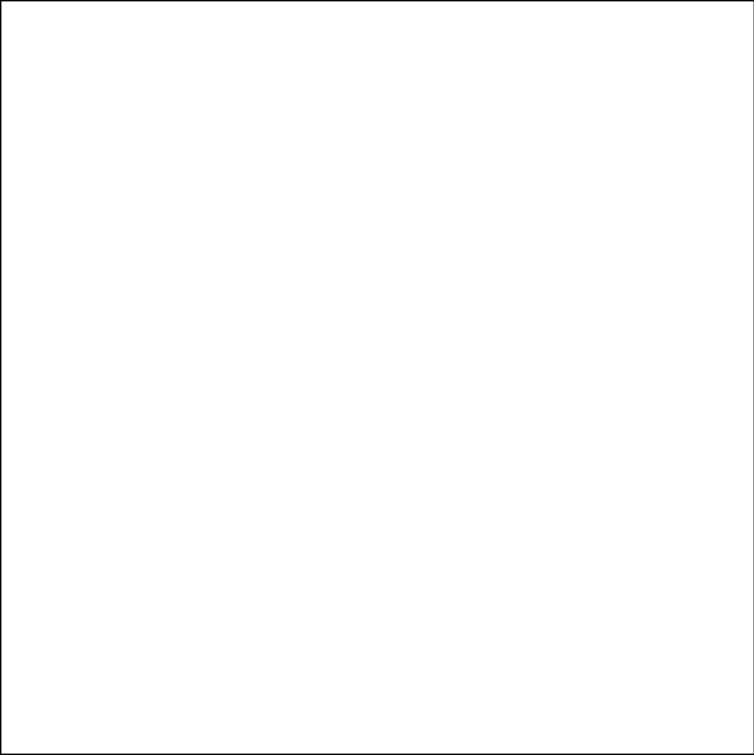
One morning Old Jackal woke up to find his son sleeping in the sun. The food was not ready and the goats were still in the kraal! “Young man, you are so lazy! Go and find a wife. I am too old to look after you,” said Jackal’s father. So Jackal jumped up and took the goats out to graze.



Mwamushitu, abona sika sesi benya fa licwe. Asuta ni kusuta hape kwa licwe. Mwanasutela kona mone kubenyeza ni kubonahala bunde. Mwendu kona yeneli musalahae?

. . .

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?!



“Uyomunde,” kubulela Luwawa kwa kubenya. “Kono kiwena mañi? Kiñi hauinzi unosi?” “Ni Lizazi,” kualaba kubenya. “Lubasi lwaka neluni siile halututa kuya kwapili. Nebasalati kunishimba, nicisa hahulu.”

. . .

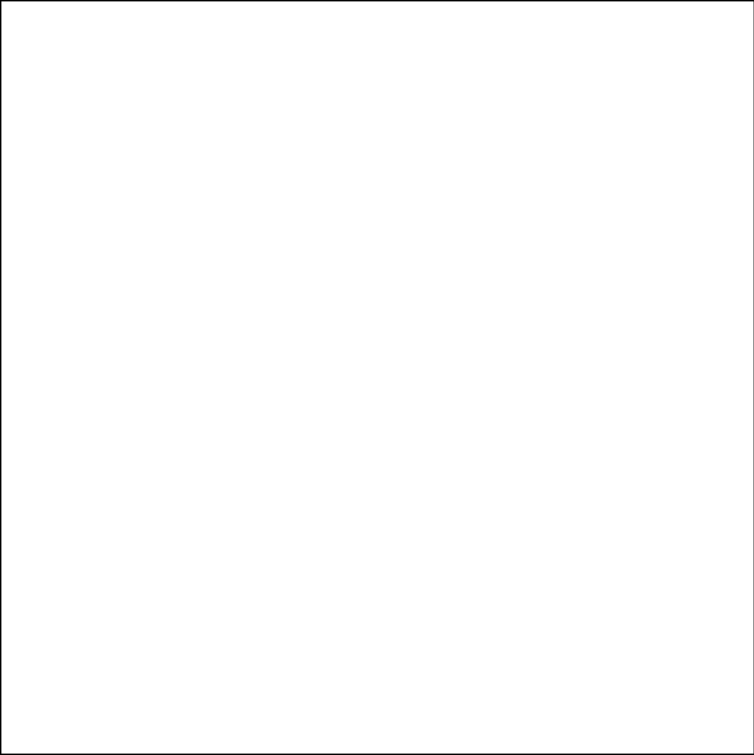
“You are beautiful,” said Jackal to the shine. “But who are you? Why are you alone?” “I am the sun,” the shine answered. “My family left me here when they moved on. They did not want to carry me. I am too hot.”



Luwawa ali, “kono uyomunde hahulu! Nika kushimba. Nika kuisa kwandu uyobona bondate.” “Ohoo! wakona kunishimba. Kono usike wa tongoka hanikaku ciseza,” kubulela lizazi.

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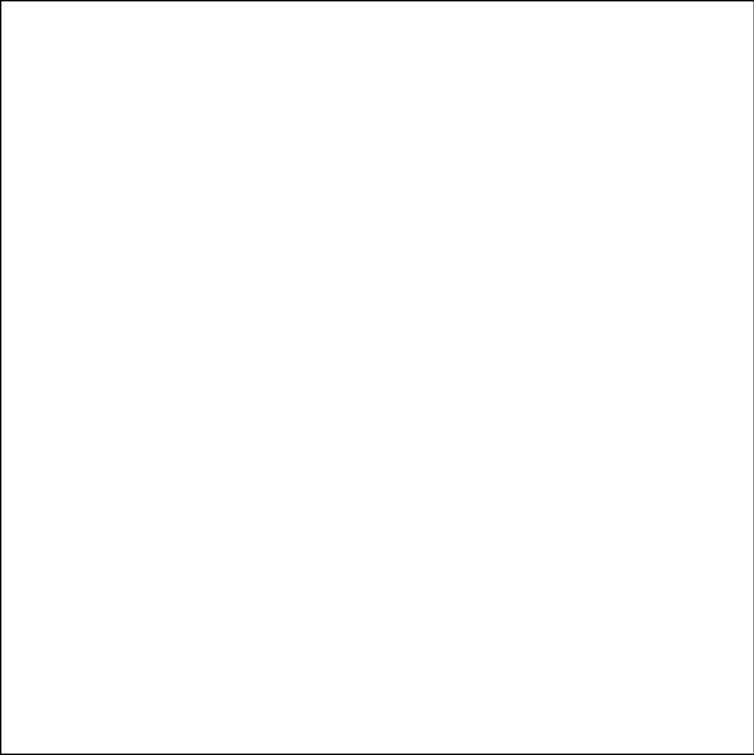
The jackal said, “But you are so beautiful! I will carry you. I will take you home to meet my father.” “All right, you can carry me. But do not complain when I get too hot for you,” said the sun.



Kacwalo Luwawa abeya Lizazi kwa mukokoto ni kukala lieto lakuya kwandu. Hakusika fita nako yetelele, Lizazi lakala kucisa boya bwa Luwawa. “Nikupa kuli utuluhe kwa mukokoto waka, nibata kupumula” kubulela Luwawa. Mukokoto wahae ne u utwa hahulu butuku kuli nasakoni nihaike kuzamaya. “Zamaya feela!” kubulela Lizazi. “Ni kubulelezi kuli usike wa tongoka!”

. . .

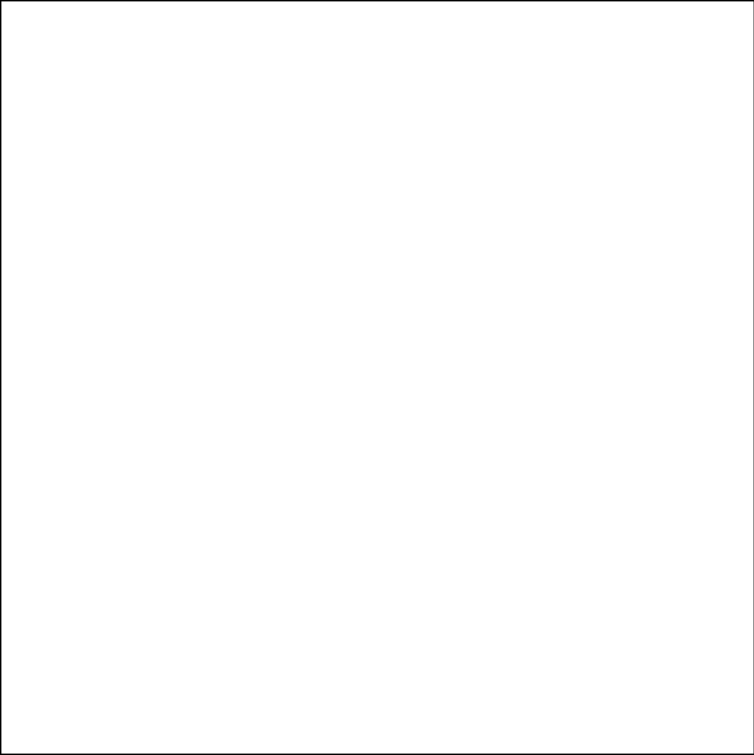
So Jackal put the sun on his back and started the journey home. Before long, the sun was burning Jackal’s fur. “Will you please come down from my back? I need to rest,” said Jackal. His back was so sore that he could hardly walk. “Just carry on!” said the sun. “I told you not to complain!”



Luwawa atobona sisindimwa mwanzila. Ahohoba
mwatasa sisindimwa kuli Lizazi mwendi likawa.

. . .

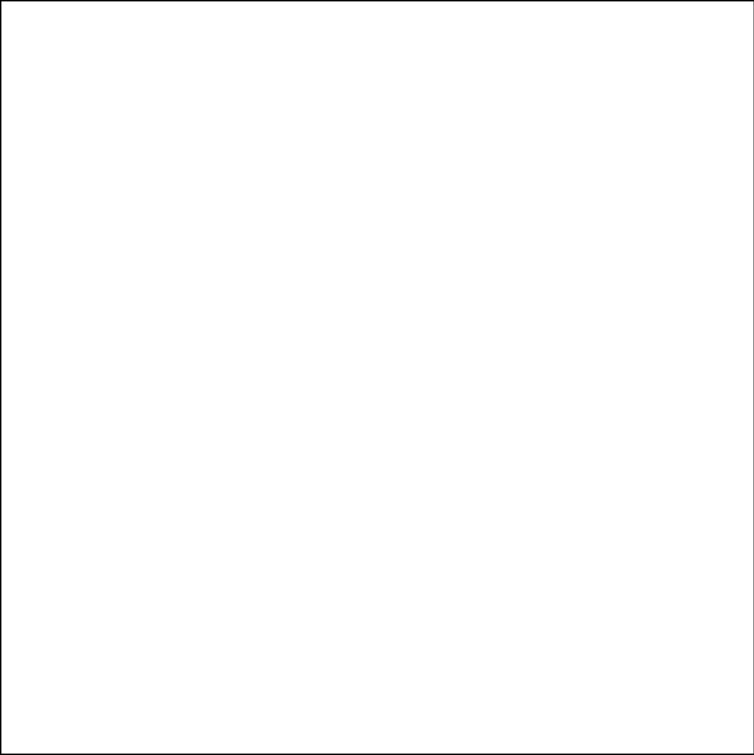
Then Jackal saw a log across the path. He crawled
under the log so that the sun would fall off.



Kono sisindimwa sa fala litalo ni boya kwa mukokoto
wahae mi za siyala kwamulaho ni lizazi.

. . .

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



Boya bobunca nebusaswani kwamubala ni bone
buinzi famubili kaufela. Mibala ye shutana
ihupulisanga Luwawa kusaba sikuba hape.

. . .

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

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Manyeka Arts Trust



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