



Pina ya ga Sakima


Sakima's song

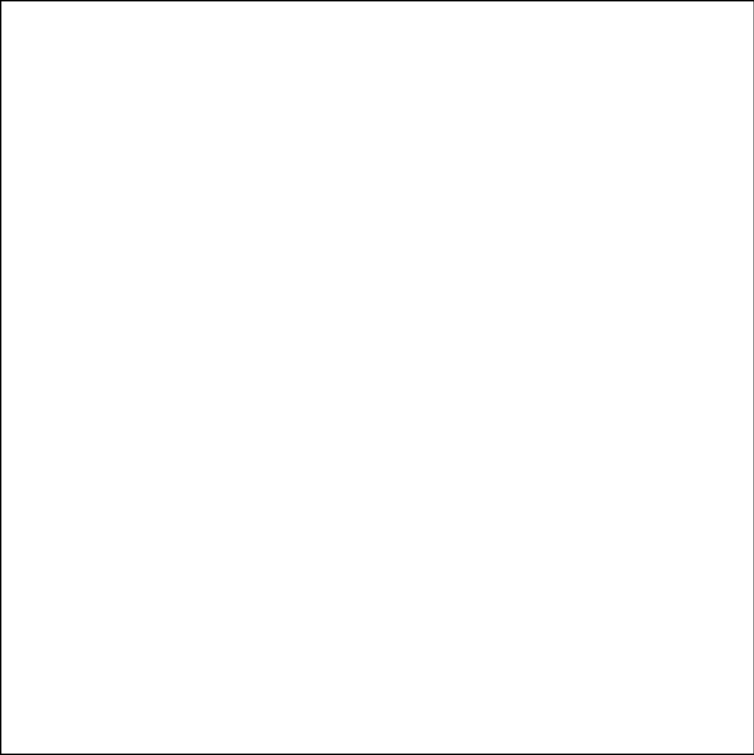
 Ursula Nafula

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 Setswana `tn-na` / English `en`



Sakima o ne a nna le batsadi ba gagwe le kgaitsadie yo o dingwaga tse nne. Ba ne ba nna mo mmung wa monna wa mohumi. Ntlo ya bone ya borulelo jwa bojang e ne e le kwa bofelong jwa mola wa ditlhare.

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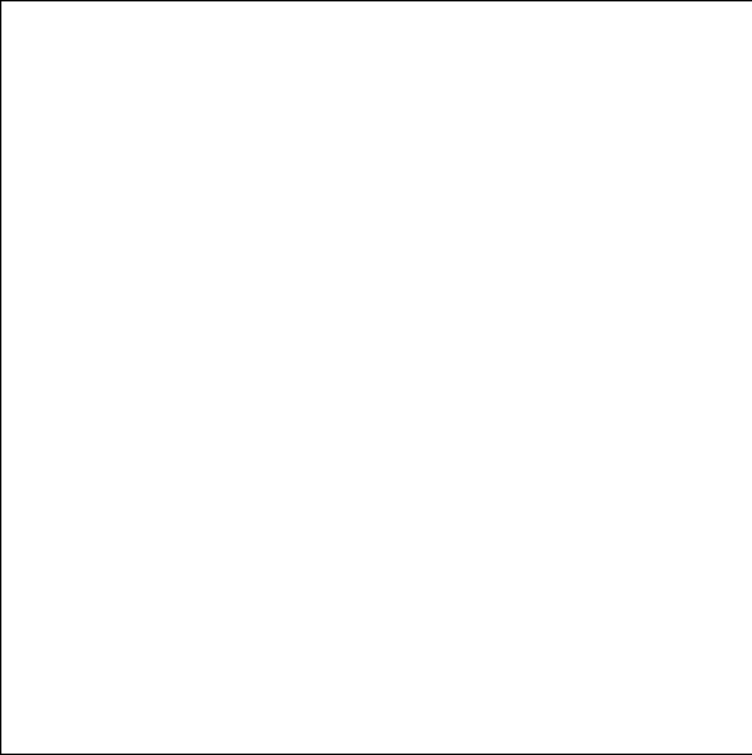
Sakima lived with his parents and his four year old sister. They lived on a rich man's land. Their grass-thatched hut was at the end of a row of trees.



Erile fa Sakima a le dingwaga tse tharo, o ne a bobola mme a fofala. Sakima o ne a na le bokgoni.

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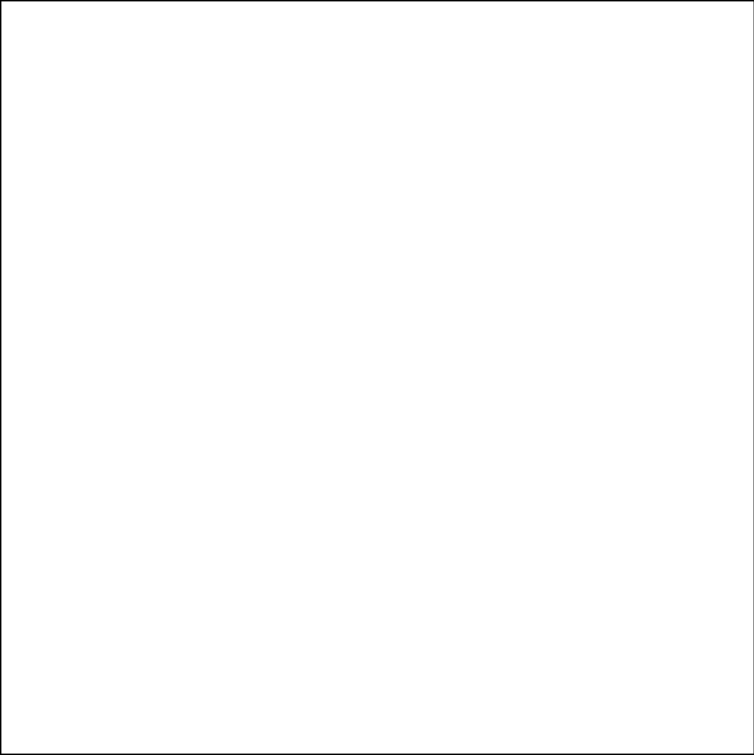
When Sakima was three years old, he fell sick and lost his sight. Sakima was a talented boy.



Sakima o dirile dilo tse dintsi tse bana ba bangwe ba dingwaga tse thataro ba sa di dirang. Sekai, o ne a kgona go nna le bagolo ba motse mme ba rerisana ka ga dintlha kgolo.

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Sakima did many things that other six year old boys did not do. For example, he could sit with older members of the village and discuss important matters.



Batsadi ba ga Sakima ba ne ba dira kwa ntlong ya monna wa mohumi. Ba tswa fa gae maphakela thata mo mosong mme ba boela gae go le thari maitisiboa. Sakima o ne a tlogetswe le kgaitسادie yo monnye.

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The parents of Sakima worked at the rich man's house. They left home early in the morning and returned late in the evening. Sakima was left with his little sister.



Sakima o ne a rata go opela dipina. Letsatsi lengwe mmagwe a mmotsa potso," O ithutile kae dipina tse, Sakima?"

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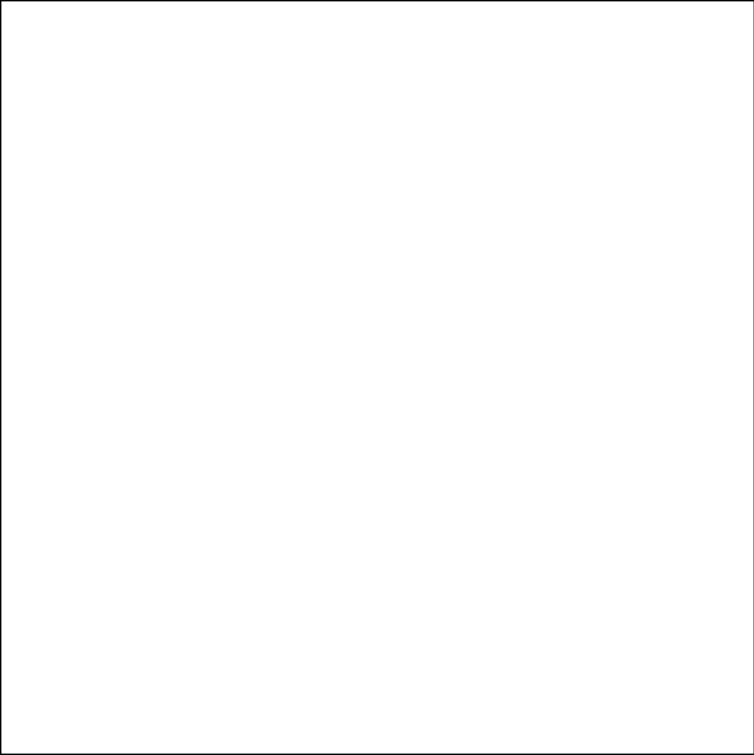
Sakima loved to sing songs. One day his mother asked him, "Where do you learn these songs from, Sakima?"



Sakima a araba," Ditla fela, mme. Ke diutlwa mo tlhogong ya me mme morago ke opele."

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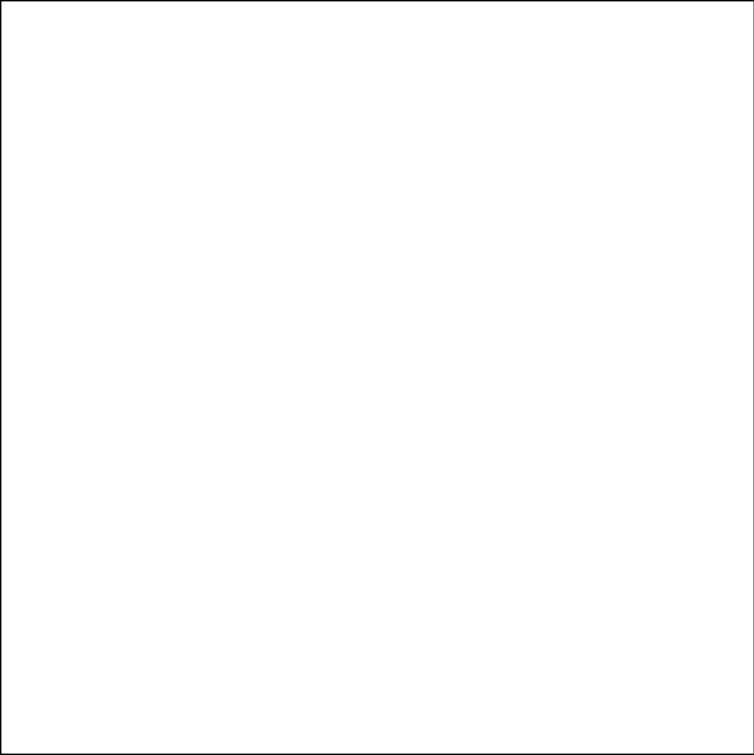
Sakima answered, "They just come, mother. I hear them in my head and then I sing."



Sakima o rata go opelela kgaitsadie, bogolo fa a tshwarwa ke tlala. Kgaitsadie o tla be a mo reetsa fa a opela pina e o e ratang thata. O ne a tle a tsikinyege go ya ka moribo o o ritibatsang.

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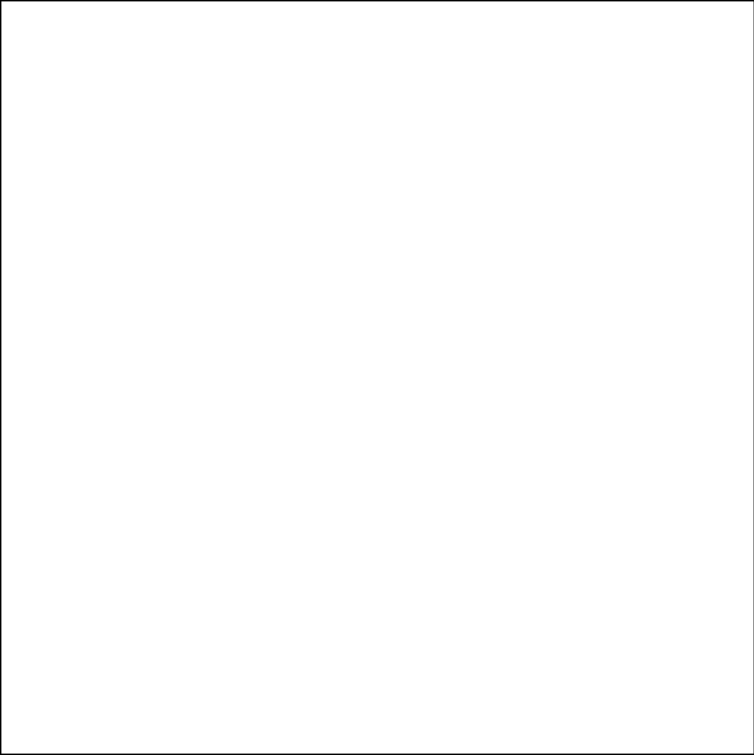
Sakima liked to sing for his little sister, especially, if she felt hungry. His sister would listen to him singing his favourite song. She would sway to the soothing tune.



“A o kgona go opela ka go boeletsa le go boeletsa gape, Sakima,”kgaitsadie o ne a mo rapela. Sakima o ne a amogela mme a opela ka go boeletsa le go boeletsa gape.

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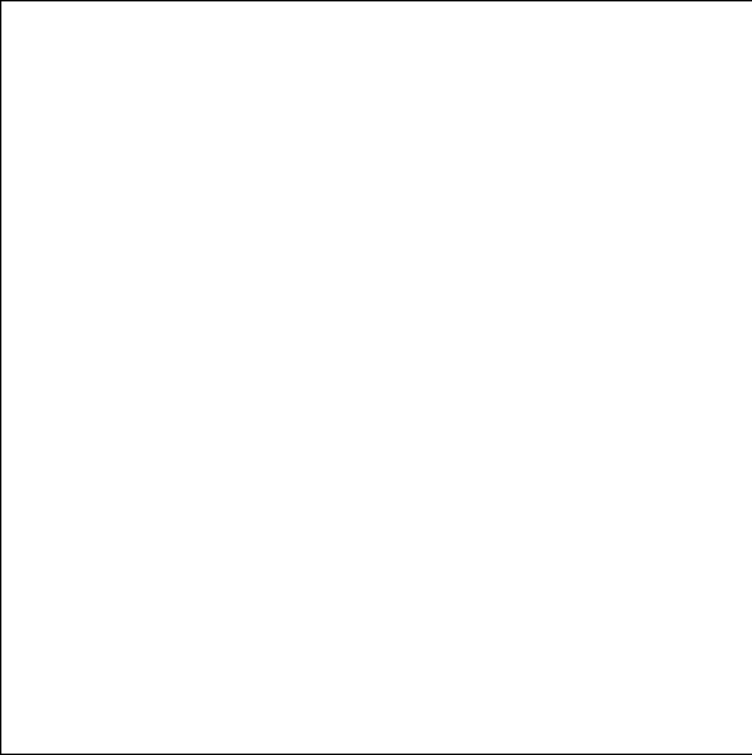
“Can you sing it again and again, Sakima,” his sister would beg him. Sakima would accept and sing it over and over again.



Maitsiboa mangwe fa batsadi ba boela lwapeng, ba ne ba didimetse tota. Sakima o ne a itse gore go na le sengwe se se sa siamang.

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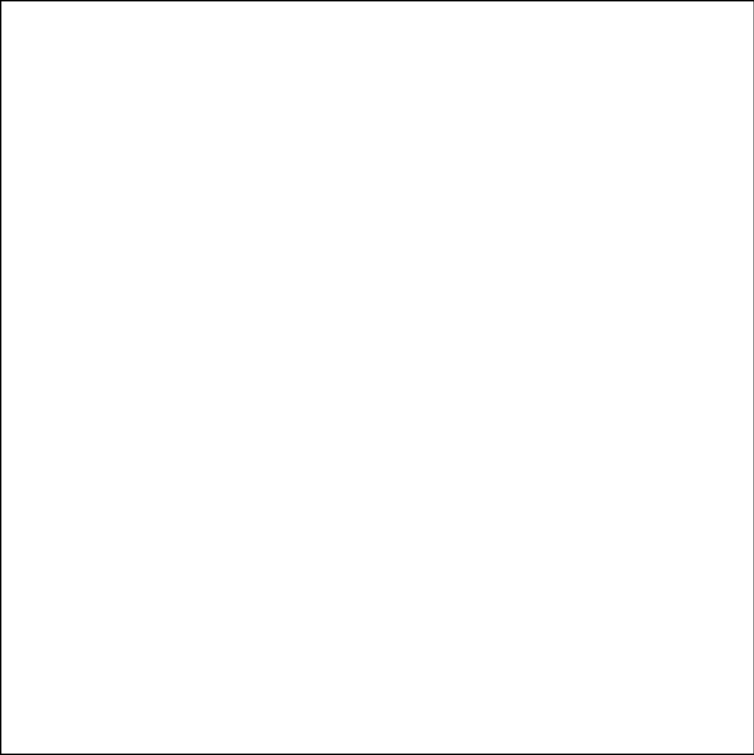
One evening when his parents returned home, they were very quiet. Sakima knew that there was something wrong.



“Molato ke eng, mme, rre?” Sakima a botsa. Sakima a utlwa gore ngwana wa mosimane wa monna wa mohumi o nyeletse. Monna o ne a hutsafetse a jewa ke bodutu.

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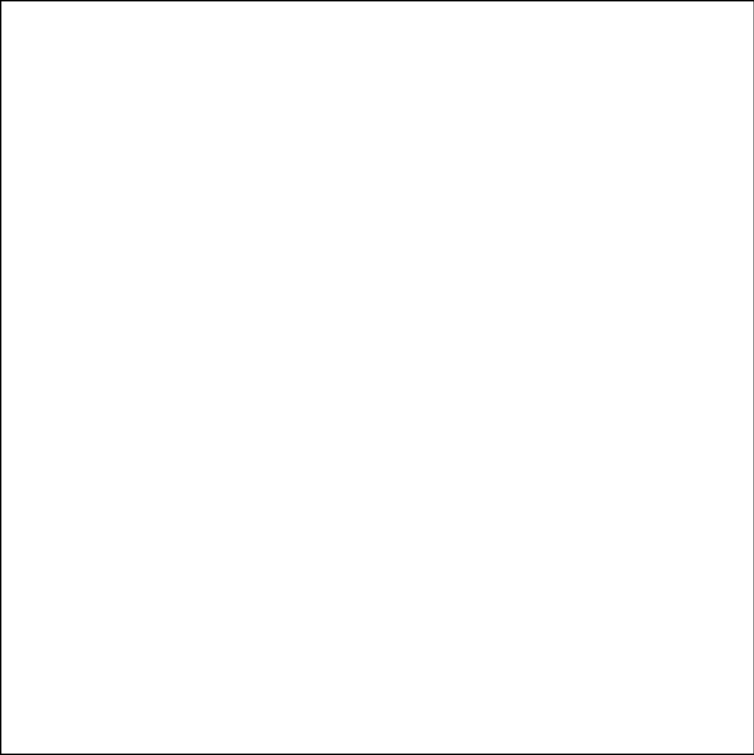
“What is wrong, mother, father?” Sakima asked. Sakima learned that the rich man’s son was missing. The man was very sad and lonely.



“Ke kgona go mo opelela. O kgona go itumela gape,” Sakima o ne a bolelela batsadi ba gagwe. Mme batsadi ba gagwe ba mo itlhokomologa. “Ke mohumi tota. Wena o mosimane wa sefofu fela. A o ithaya gore pina ya gago e tla mo thusa?”

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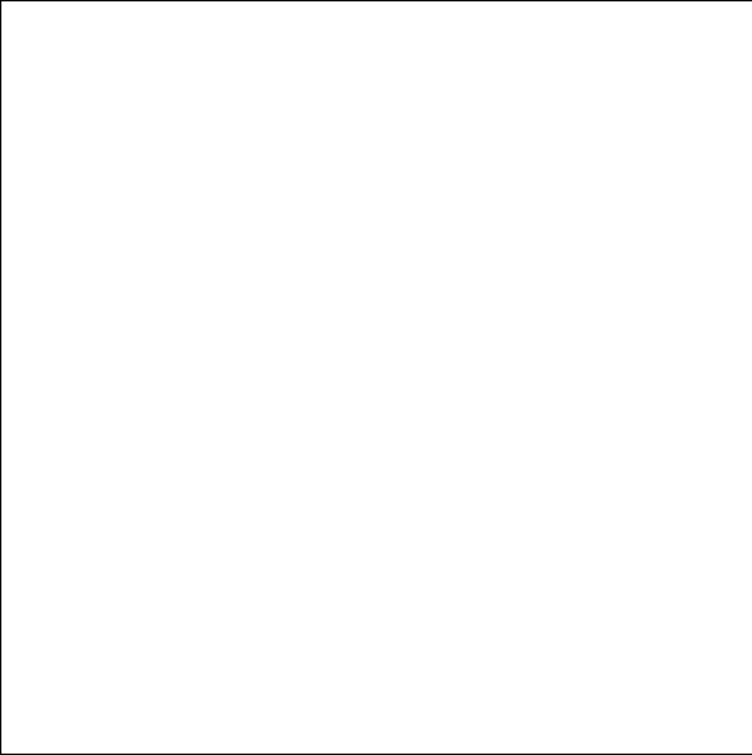
“I can sing for him. He might be happy again,” Sakima told his parents. But his parents dismissed him. “He is very rich. You are only a blind boy. Do you think your song will help him?”



Lefa go ntse jalo, Sakima ga se a ke a fele pelo. Kgaitradie yo monnye o ne a mo ema nokeng. O ne a re, "Dipina tsa ga Sakima di a nkgomotsa fa ke tshwerwe ke tlala. Di tla gomotsa monna wa mohumi le ene."

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However, Sakima did not give up. His little sister supported him. She said, "Sakima's songs soothe me when I am hungry. They will soothe the rich man too."



Ka letsatsi le le latelang, Sakima a kopa kgaitradie yo monnye gore a mo tsamaisa kwa ntlong ya monna wa mohumi.

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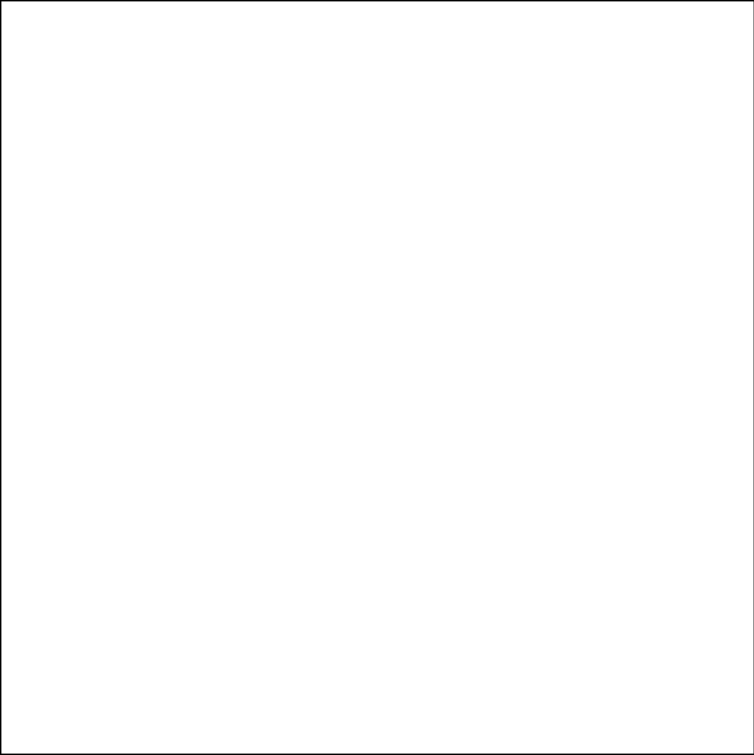
The following day, Sakima asked his little sister to lead him to the rich man's house.



O ne a ema fa tlase ga letlhabaphefo lengwe le le golo mme a simolola go opela pina ya gagwe e o e ratang. Ka bonya, tlhogo ya monna wa mohumi ya bonala fa letlhabaphefong le le tonna.

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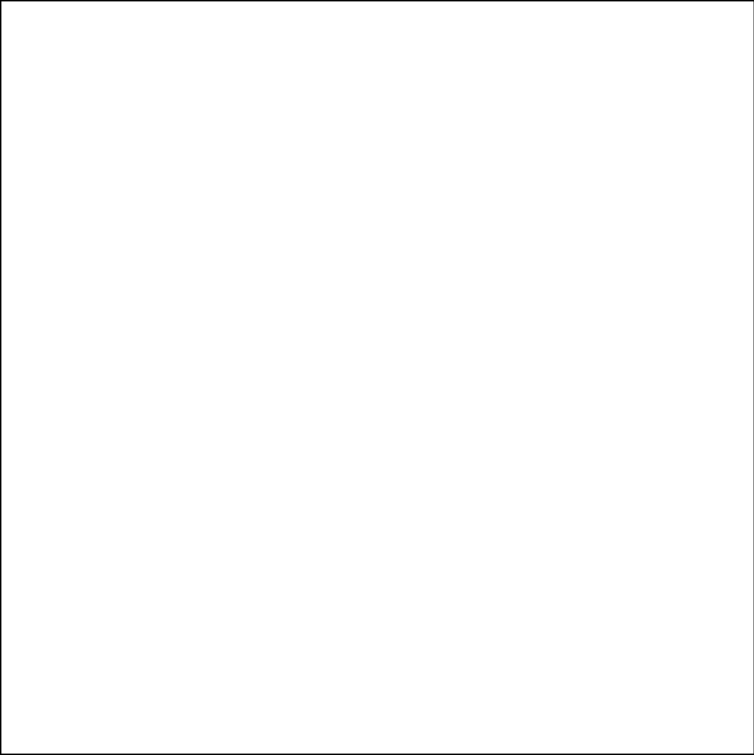
He stood below one big window and began to sing his favourite song. Slowly, the head of the rich man began to show through the big window.



Badiri ba emisa se ba ne ba sedira. Ba reetsa dipina tse dimonate tsa ga Sakima. Mme monna mongwe a re, “Ga go ope yo o kgonneng go gomotsa kgosi. A mosimane yo wa sefofu o ithaya a re o tla mo gomotsa?”

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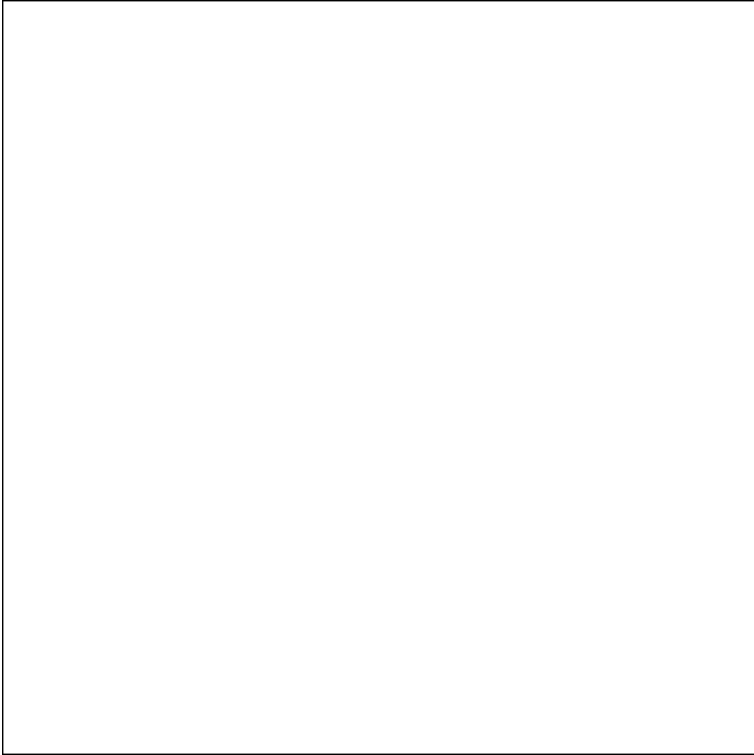
The workers stopped what they were doing. They listened to Sakima’s beautiful song. But one man said, “Nobody has been able to console the boss. Does this blind boy think he will console him?”



Sakima one a fetsa go opela pina ya gagwe mme a retologa gore a tsamaye. Mme mmona wa mohumi a tabogela kwa ntle ka bonako mme a re, "Tsweetswee opela gape."

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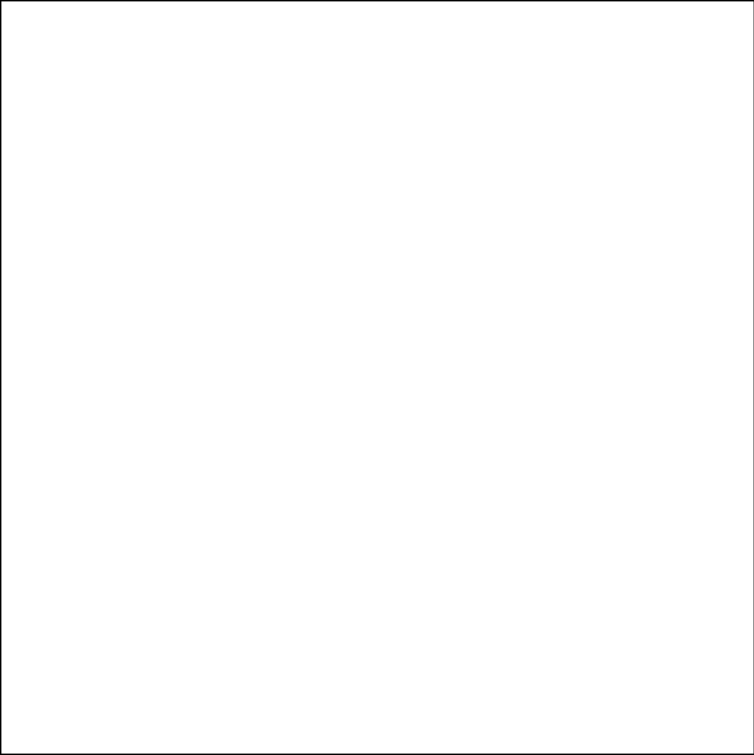
Sakima finished singing his song and turned to leave. But the rich man rushed out and said, "Please sing again."



Ka nako eo, banna ba le babedi batla ba tshoeditse mongwe ka bolao. Ba bonye mosimane wa monna wa mohumi a nteilwe a tlogetswe fa thoko ga tsela.

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At that very moment, two men came carrying someone on a stretcher. They had found the rich man's son beaten up and left on the side of the road.



Monna wa mohumi o ne a itumetse thata go bona morwawe gape. O ne a duela Sakima jaaka a mo gomoditse. O ne a isa morwawe le Sakima kwa bookelong jaanong Sakima a foufologa.

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The rich man was so happy to see his son again. He rewarded Sakima for consoling him. He took his son and Sakima to hospital so Sakima could regain his sight.




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