




## Go thuma mo Zambezi


### Swimming in the Zambezi

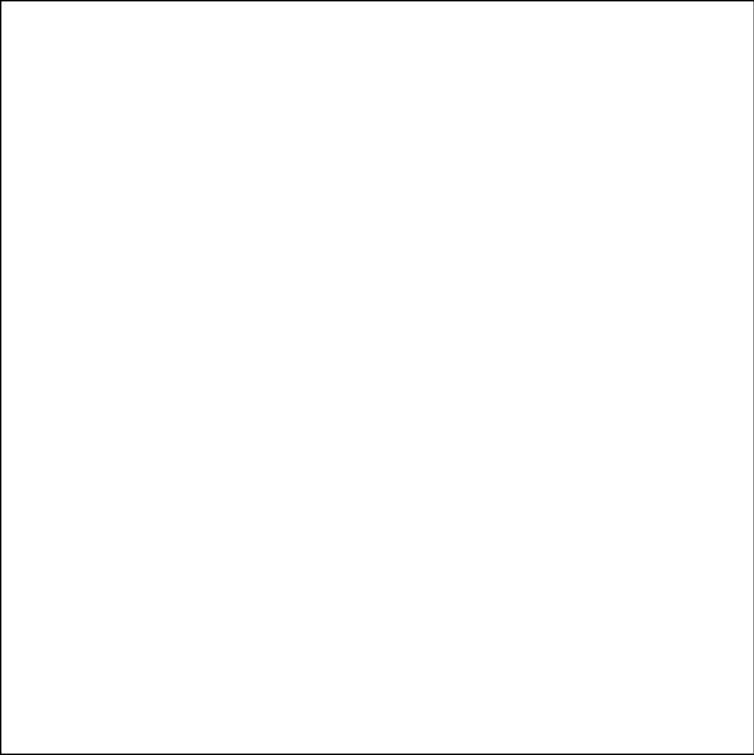
 Imelda Lyamine, Albius Chunga Mulisa, Maria Simasiku,  
Florence Habayemi Shitaa

 Kleopas Jambeinge

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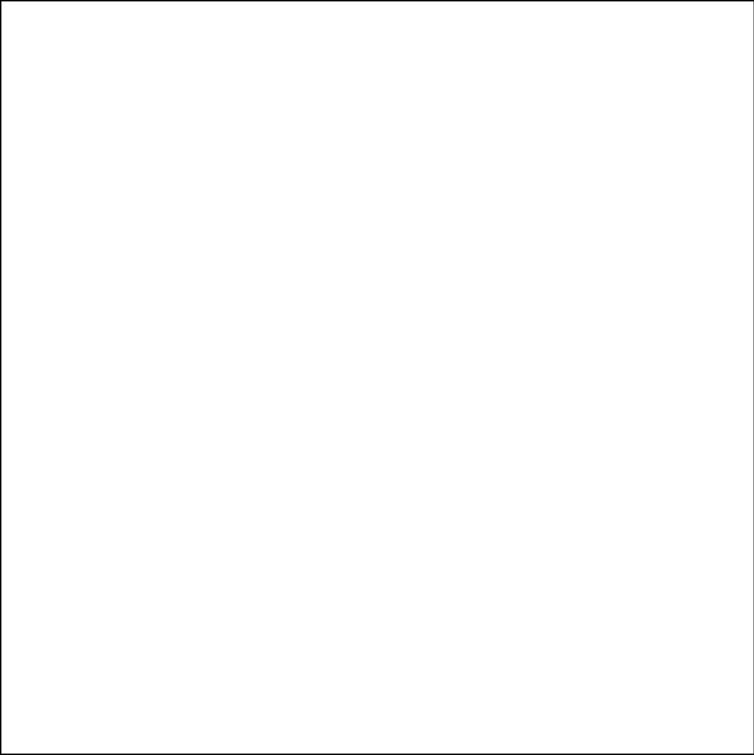
 Setswana tn-na / English en



E ne e le ka Latshipi thapama go le letsatsi thata. Basetsana ba ba botlana mo Lusese ba phuthegile ka fa tlase ga dikala tsa setlhare se segolo sa Musikili mo Caprivi.

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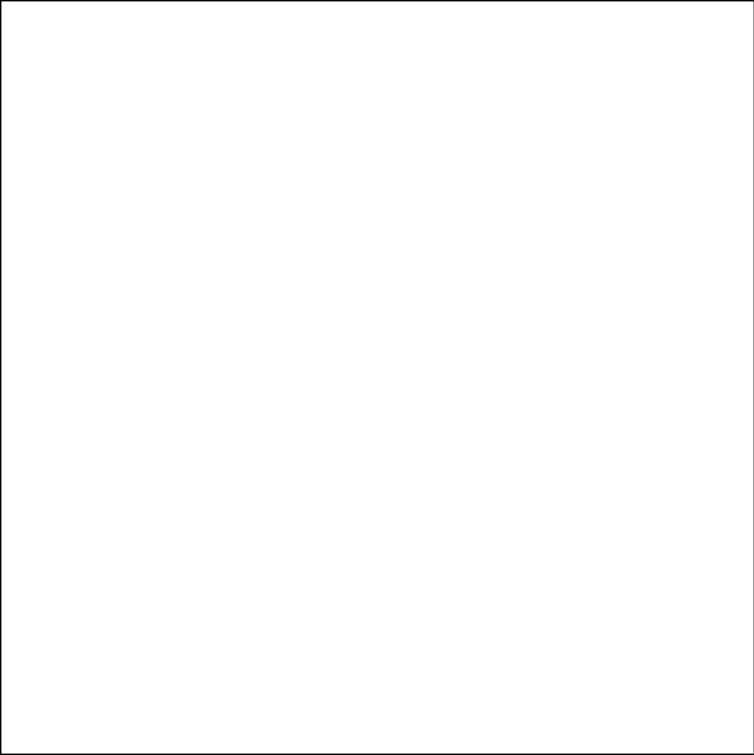
It was a bright sunny Sunday afternoon. The young girls in Lusese were gathering under the branches of the biggest Musikili tree in Caprivi.



Modumo wa mantswe a bone o o tsosang maikutlo o ne o utlwala mo motseng otlhe. Ba bitsa ditsala tsa bone.  
“Nakamwu, ke go letile.” “Itlhaganele Chaze.” “Silume! Itlhaganele!”

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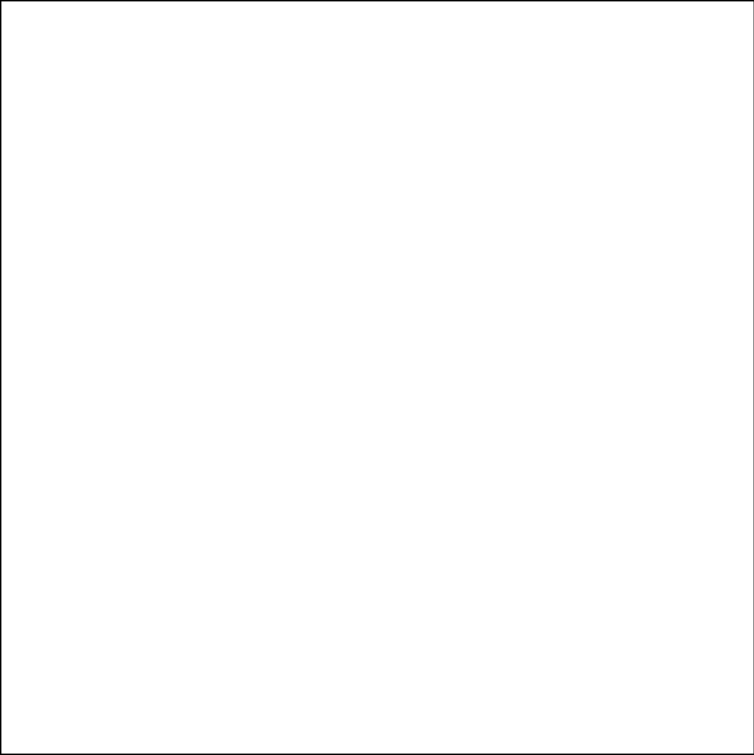
The excited buzz of their voices was heard all over the village. They called their friends. “Nakamwu, I’m waiting for you.” “Hurry up, Chaze.” “Silume! Come on!”



Maria o ne a senka Ntwala. Ntwala o ne a ba isa go ya go thuma Latshipi lengwe le lengwe. "Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaaa! Ntwaloo!" a bitsa.

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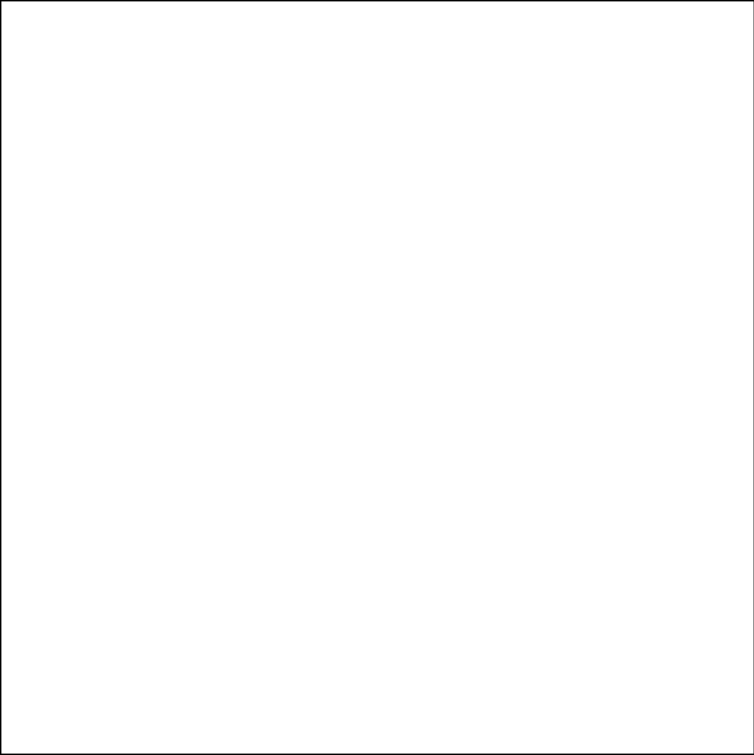
Maria looked around for Ntwala. Ntwala took them swimming every Sunday. "Ntwala! Ntwalee! Ntwalaaa! Ntwaloo!" she called.



Ntwala o ne a goa go tswa mo letlhakoreng le lengwe la motse, “Ke fano! Ke lo emetse.” Basetsana botlhe ba taboga go ya go mmatla.

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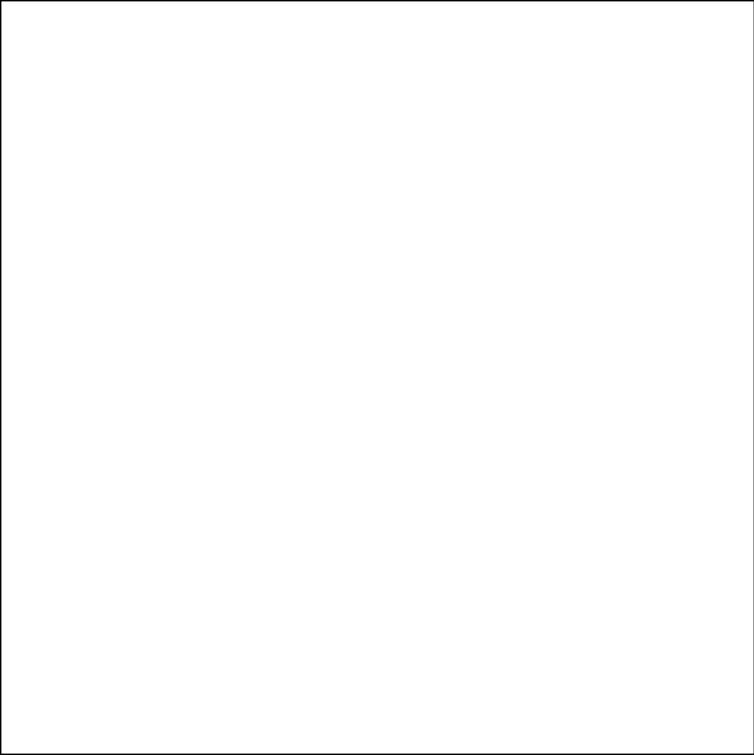
Ntwala shouted from the other side of the village, “I’m here! I’m waiting for you.” All the girls ran to find her.



“A lo ipaakanyeditse go thuma gompieno?” Ntwala a ba botsa.  
“Ee,” ba goa ba itumetse ba ntse ba tlolela kwa godimo ka  
boitumelo.

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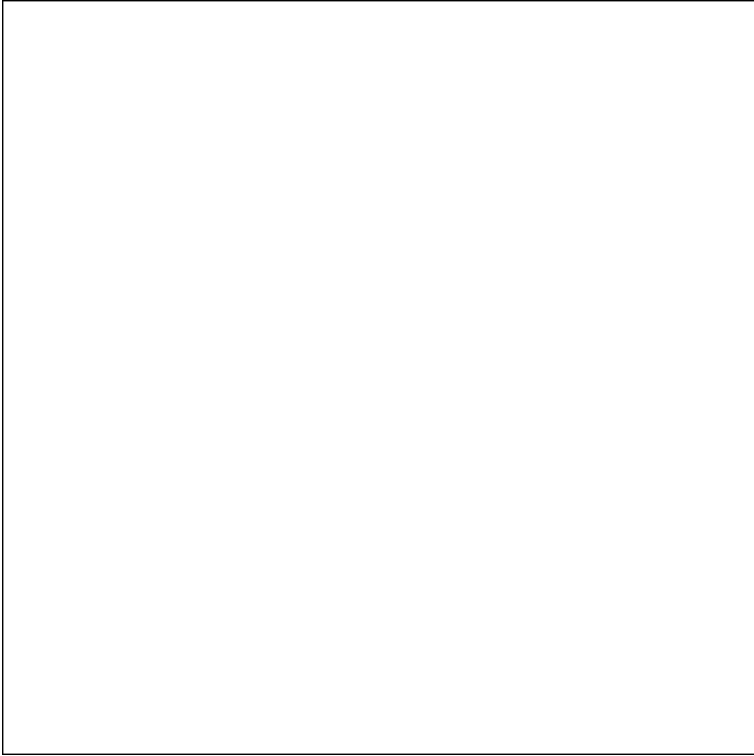
“Are you ready to go swimming today?” Ntwala asked them.  
“Yes,” they shouted happily as they hopped and jumped with  
excitement.



Fa ba ntse ba tsamaela kwa nokeng Ntwala o ne a ba bolelela dikgang. “Re bolelele ka ga nako e rile motse wa rona o tlhasetswe ke morwalela,” ba bua. “Re bolelele ka ga Phokoje le Tshwene.”

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As they walked to the river Ntwala told them stories. “Tell us about when our village was flooded,” they called. “Tell us about the Jackal and the Baboon.”

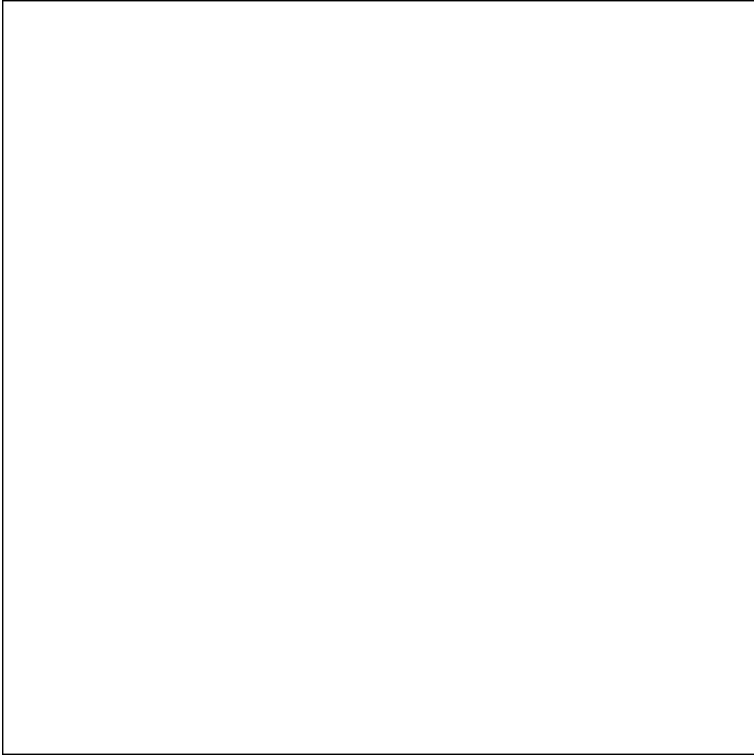


Go ne go na le setlhare se segolo sa Morula go bapa le noka.  
Basetšana ba ne ba batlela Ntwala maungo morula o motona.

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Beside the river there was an enormous Marula tree. The girls  
looked for the biggest marula fruit for Ntwala.

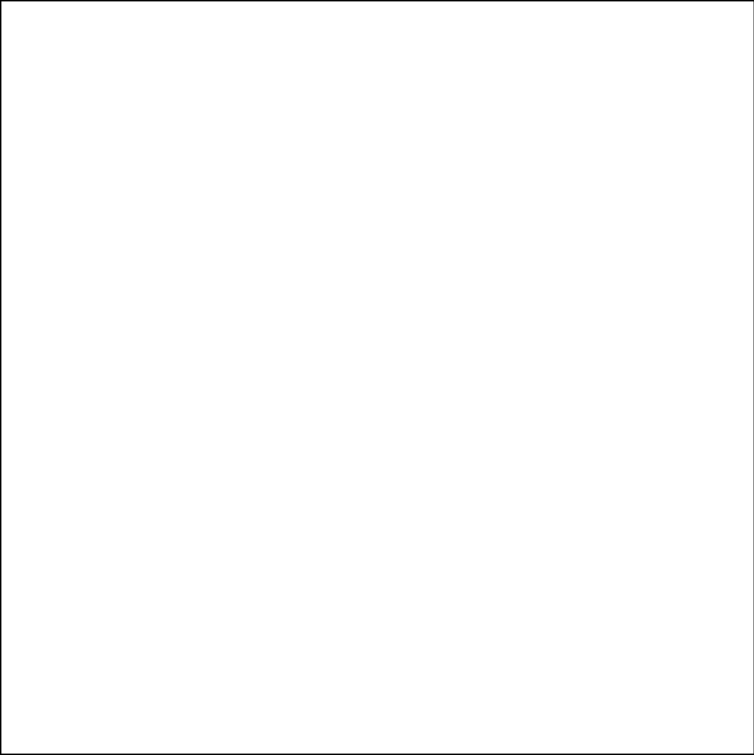




“Ke bone o motona,” ga goa Joy. O ne a neela Ntwala morula wa gagwe.

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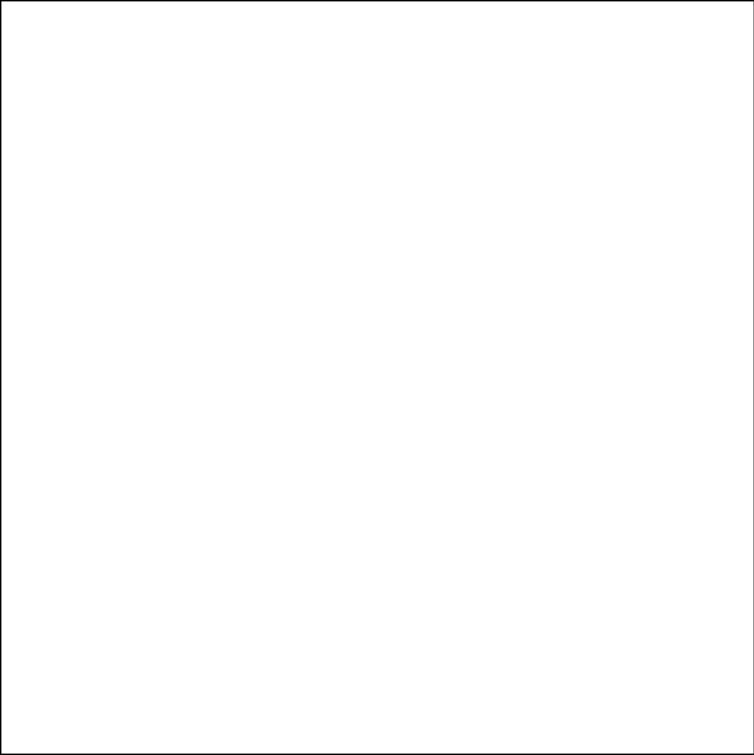
“I’ve got the biggest,” shouted Joy. She gave her marula fruit to Ntwala.



“Tsamayang lo ye go thuma,” ga bua Ntwala go basetsana.  
Botlhe ba tabogela mo metsing, ba goa gape ba tshegatshega  
fa ba ntse ba utlwa metsi a tsididi a noka ya Zambezi.

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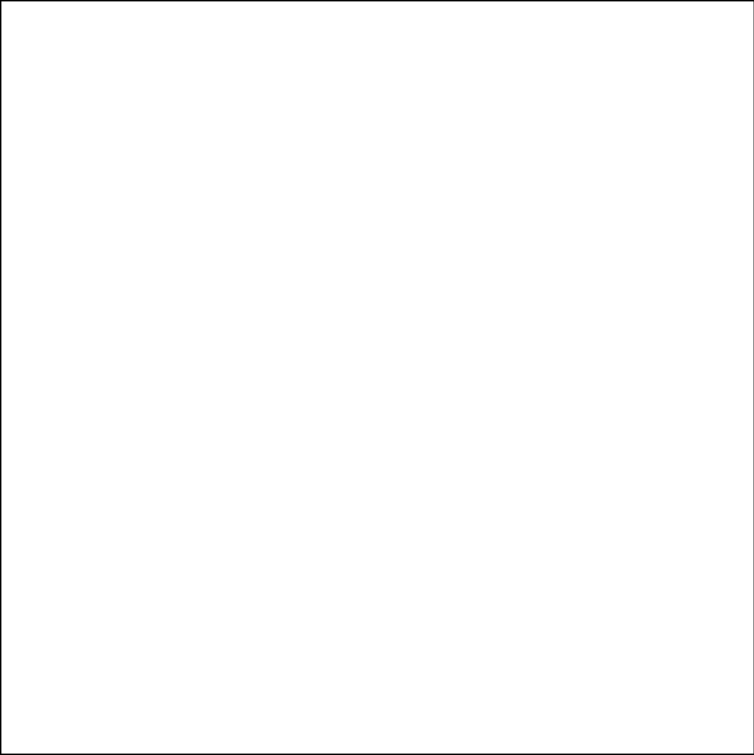
“Off you go and swim,” said Ntwala to the girls. They all ran  
into the water, shrieking and giggling as they felt the cold  
water of the Zambezi River.



Ntwala o ne a eme fa lotshitshing lwa noka a lebeletse dikwena. O ne a lebile basetsana ba bagolwane jaaka ba ntse ba gaisana gape ba tlolela mo metsing. O ne a lebelela le basetsana ba ba botlana jaaka ba tshameka ka metse gape ba ithuta go thuma.

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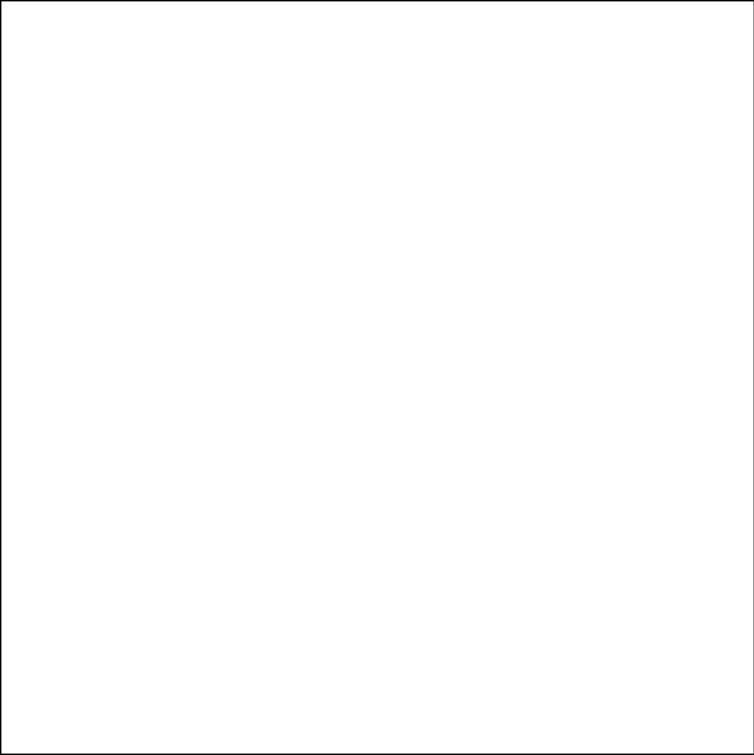
Ntwala stood on the bank. She watched for crocodiles. She watched the older girls racing and diving. She watched the younger girls splashing and learning to swim.



“Ke nako ya dikgaisano jaanong,” a goa kwa bofelong. “Emang mo moleng.” O ne a tsholetsa morula o motona. A o latlhela kgakala ka go kgona ga gagwe mo metsing.

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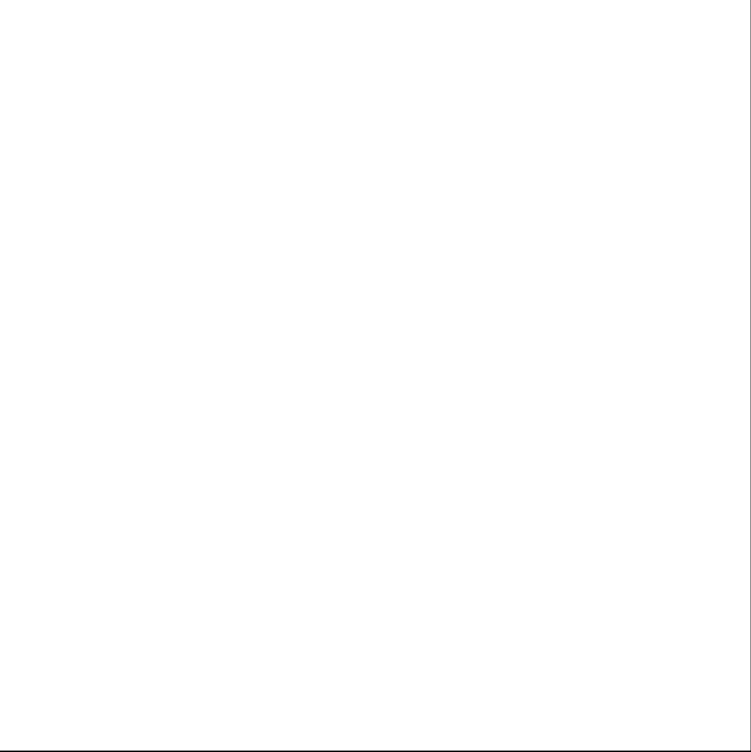
“Competition time,” she shouted at last. “Stand in a line.” She picked up the biggest marula fruit. She threw it as far as she could into the water.



“Nngwe, pedi, tharo. Tsamayang!” a goa. Bana ba tabogela mo metsing mme ba thumela kwa moruleng o o mo metsing. Ntwala o ne a ba lebeletse.

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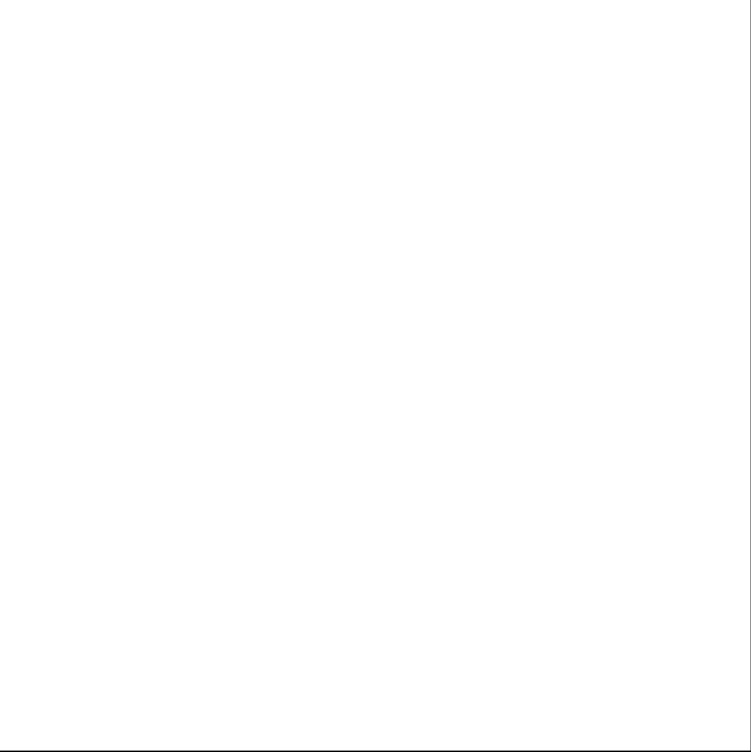
“One, two, three. GO!” she called. The children ran into the water and swam to the marula fruit. Ntwala watched them.



“Ke wa ntlha!” ga goa Maria le Chaze ka nako e le nngwe. “ Loo babedi lo ba ntlha,” ga bua Ntwala.

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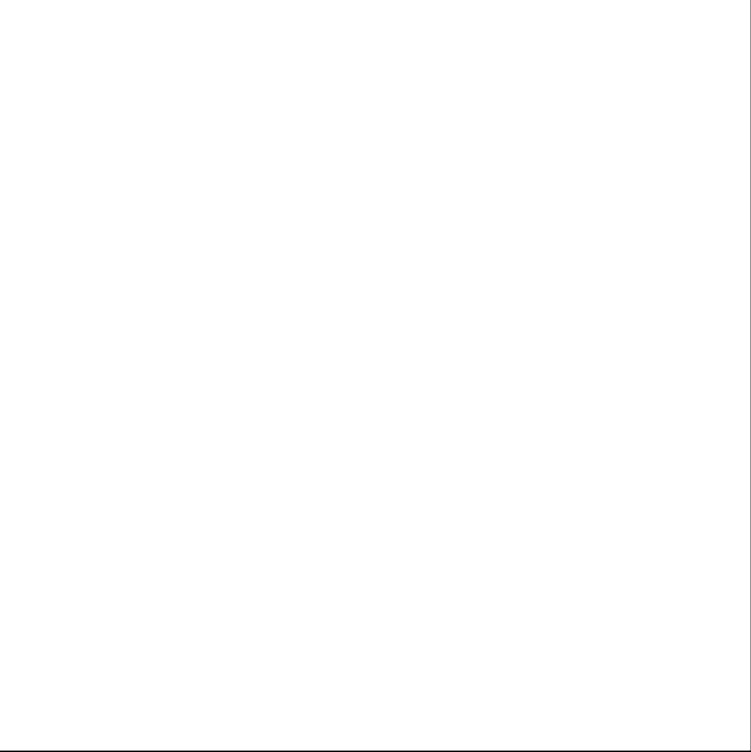
“I’m first!” shouted Maria and Chaze at the same time. “You are both first,” called Ntwala.



“Ke batla go gaisana gape,” ga bua Maria. “Ok!” ga araba Chaze. “A re a kgona, Ntwala?” ga botsa basetsana ba bangwe.

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“I want to race again,” said Maria. “OK!” said Chaze. “Can we, Ntwala?” asked the other girls.

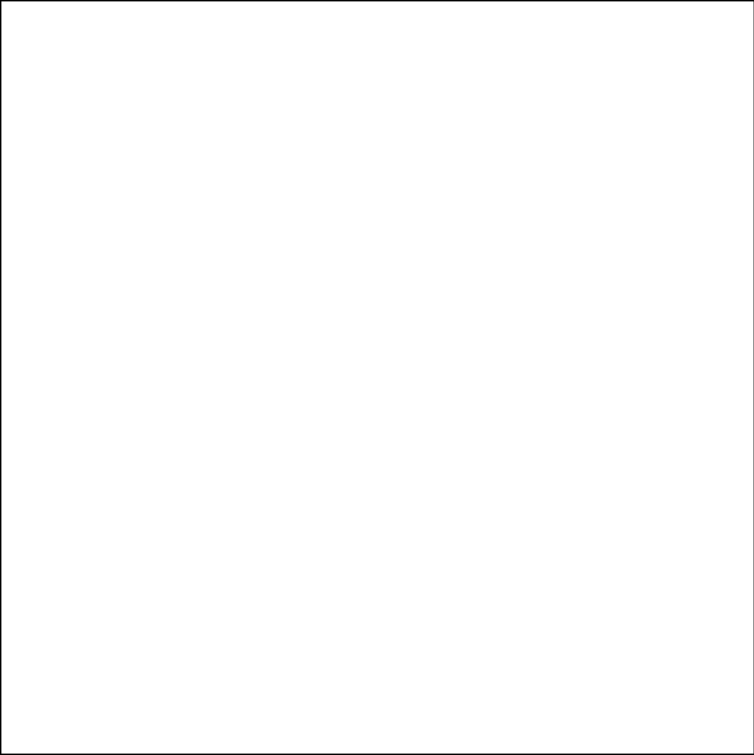


“Emang mo moleng gape” Ntwala a ba bolelela. A tsholetse morula mme a o kolopa kgakala ka go kgona ga gagwe.

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“Stand in line again,” Ntwala told them. She picked up a marula fruit and threw it as far as she could.

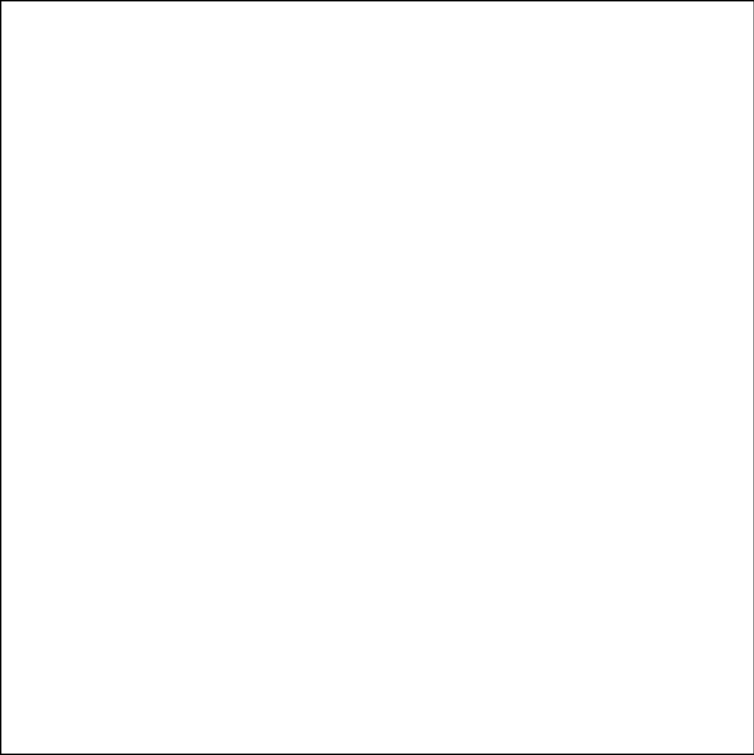




“Nngwe, pedi, tharo. Tsamayang!” a goa. Bana ba tabogela mo metsing mme ba thumela kwa moruleng. Ntwala o ne a ba lebeletse.

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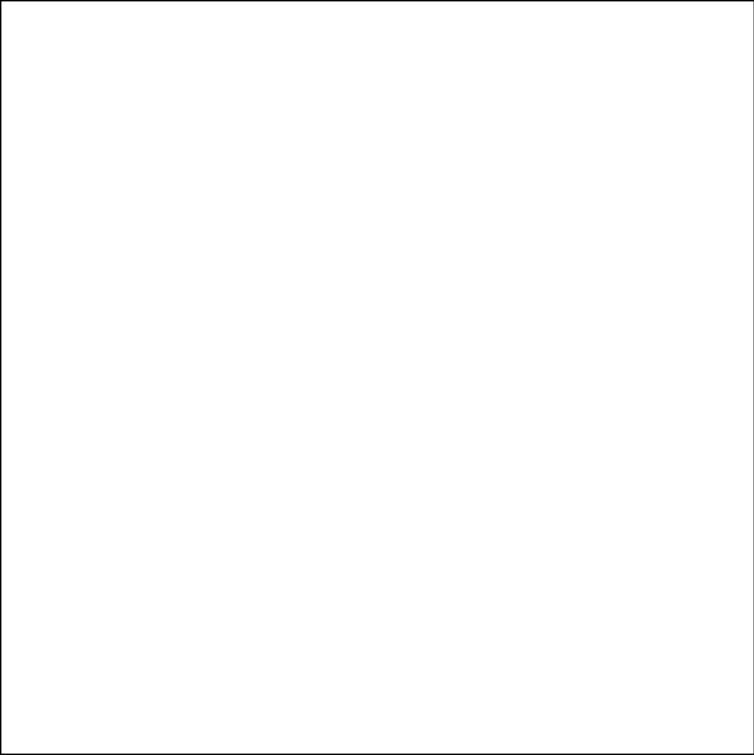
“One, two, three. GO!” she called. The children ran into the water and swam to the marula fruit. Ntwala watched them.



“Ke wa ntlha!” ga goa Chaze. Maria a khutla go thuma. “Chaze ke mofenyi,” ga bua Ntwala. “O dirile sentle, Chaze. A re boeleng gae jaanong.”

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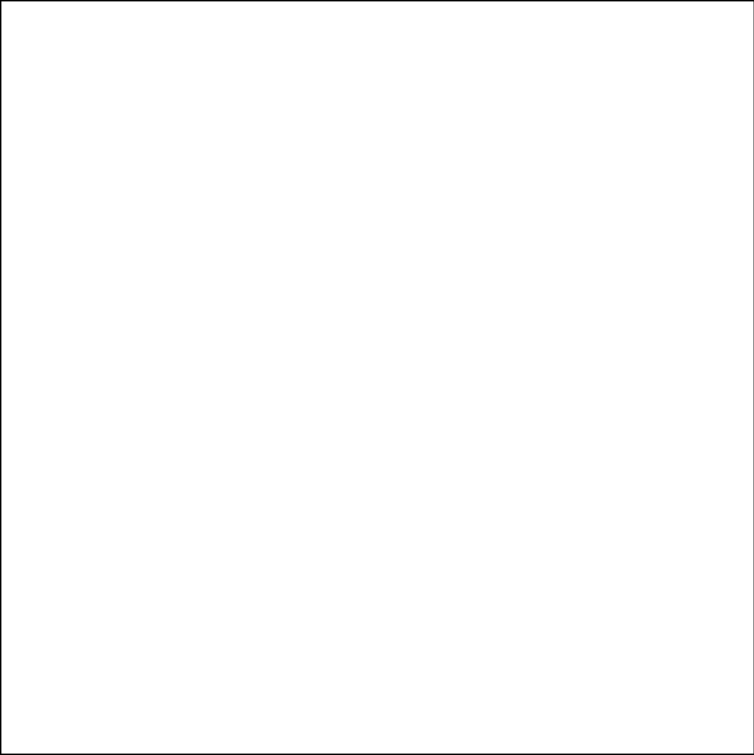
“I’m first!” shouted Chaze. Maria stopped swimming. “Chaze is the winner,” said Ntwala. “Well done, Chaze. Let’s go home now.”



Bana ba ne ba boela gae le Ntwala. “Re bolelele kgang, Ntwala,” ba kopa. Ba ne ba rata go reetsa dikgang tsa gagwe.

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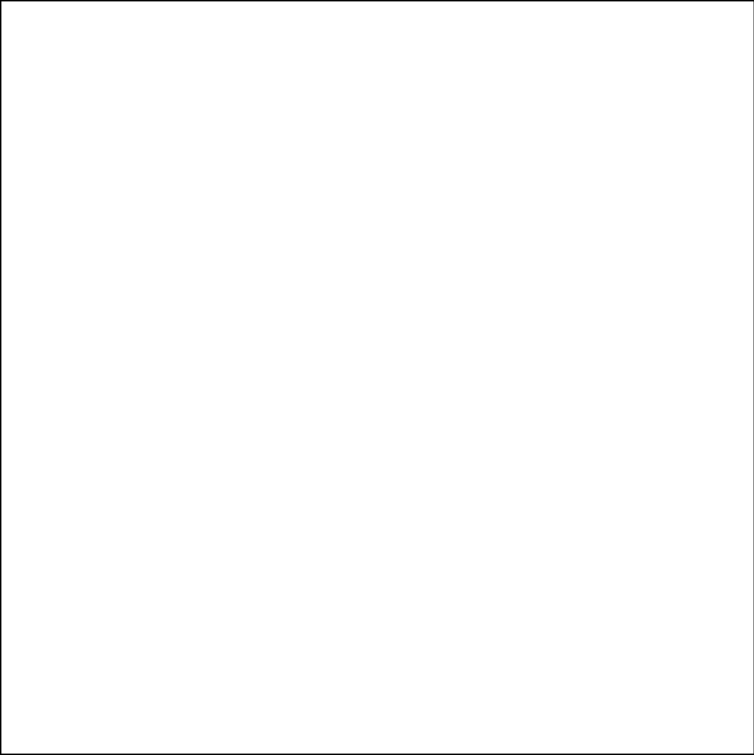
The children walked home with Ntwala. “Tell us a story, Ntwala,” they asked. They loved to listen to her stories.



Maria o ne a kukuna ka fa morago ga ga Chaze mme a mo  
kgoromeletsa fa fatshe. Chaze o ne a simolola go lela.  
“Mmaagwe Chaze o tla go betsa,” ga bua Joy a bolelela Maria.

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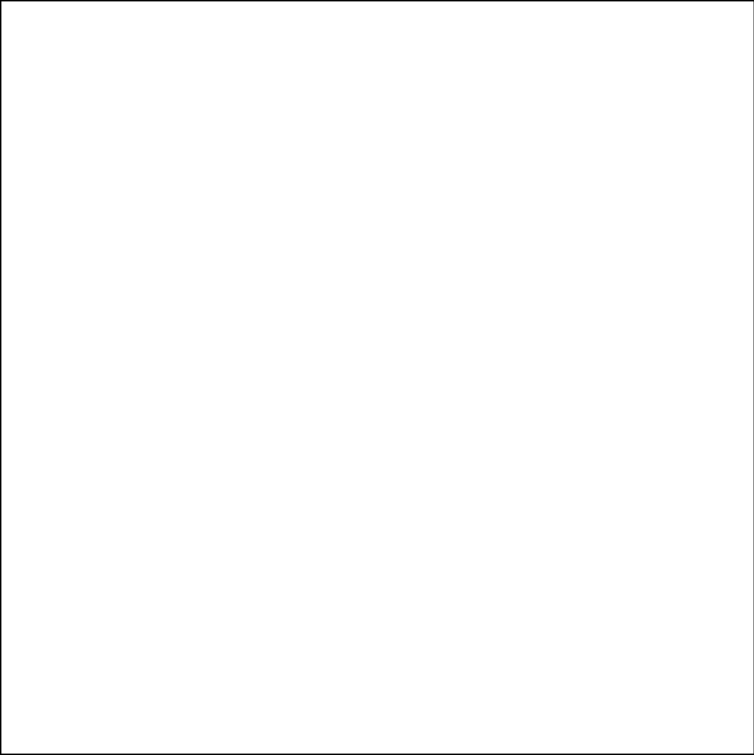
Maria crept up behind Chaze and pushed her to the ground.  
Chaze started to cry. “Chaze’s mother will beat you,” said Joy to  
Maria.



“Maria! Ke ka ntlha ya eng o itaya Chaze?” ga botsa Ntwala. “O fentse mo go thumeng, ga go a siama,” ga araba Maria.

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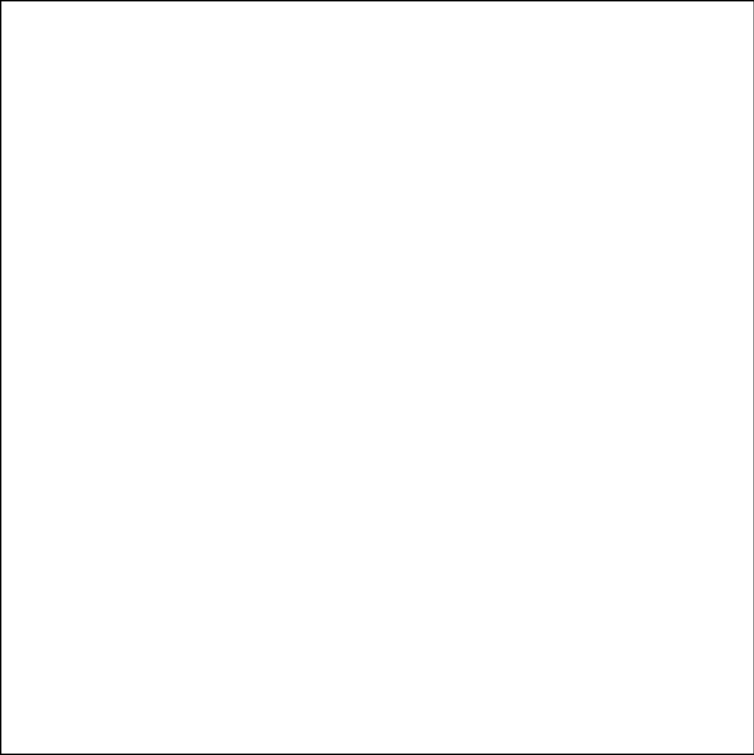
“Maria! Why did you hit Chaze?” asked Ntwala. “She won at swimming. It’s not fair,” Maria said.



Ntwala a kopa basetsana botlhe go nna mo sedikong.  
“Mogokgo o re boleletse a reng?” a botsa. “Ga go a siama go  
lwa. Batho ba ba lwang ba tshwanetse go otlhaiwa,” ga bua  
Nakamwu.

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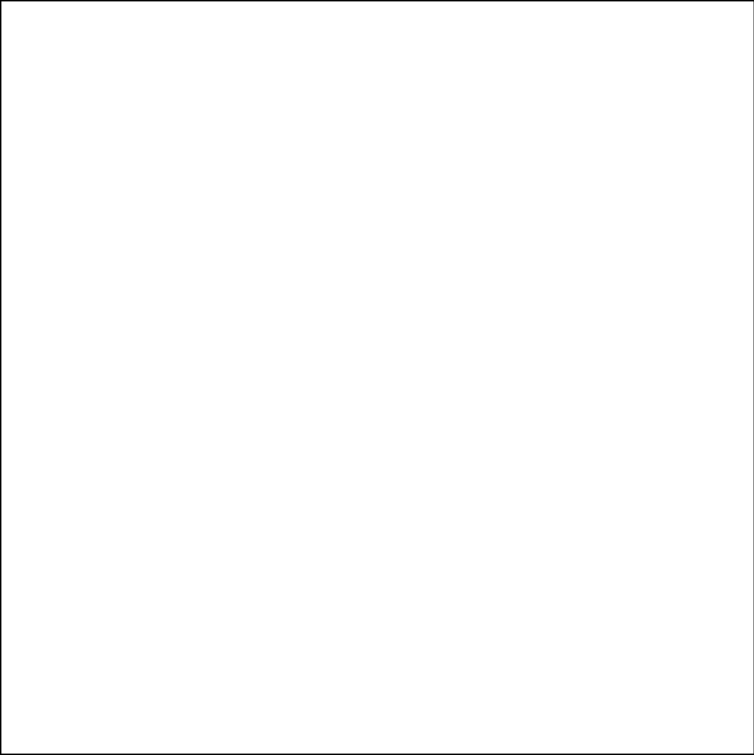
Ntwala asked all the girls to sit in a circle. “What did the  
principal tell us?” she asked. “It’s bad to fight. People who fight  
must be punished,” said Nakamwu.



“Maria o tshwanetse go ikopela boitshwarelo,” ga bua Namasiku. “Chaze o tshwanetse go mo itaya le ene,” ga bua Joy. “Nnyaa, ga go a siama go itaana,” ga bua Ntwala.

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“Maria must say sorry,” said Namasiku. “Chaze must hit her back,” said Joy. “No, it is wrong to hit each other,” said Ntwala.

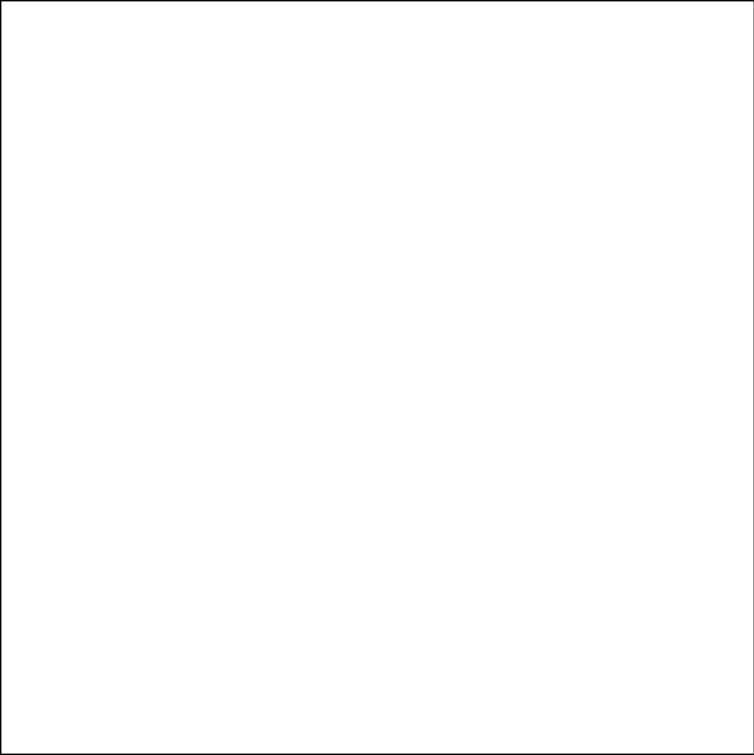


Ntwala a re, “Ke dumela gore Maria ga a tshwanela go ya go thuma ka Latshipi le le tlang.” Maria a lela selelo sa mafutsana. “Ke ... Ke ... Ke kopa boitshwarelo Chaze. Ke maswabi jaaka ke go iteile. Ga ke kitla ke itaya ope gape,” a ikopela boitshwarelo.

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Ntwala said, “I think Maria should miss swimming next Sunday.” Maria cried a flood of tears. “I... I... I’m sorry Chaze. I’m sorry I hit you. I’ll never hit anyone again,” she apologised.

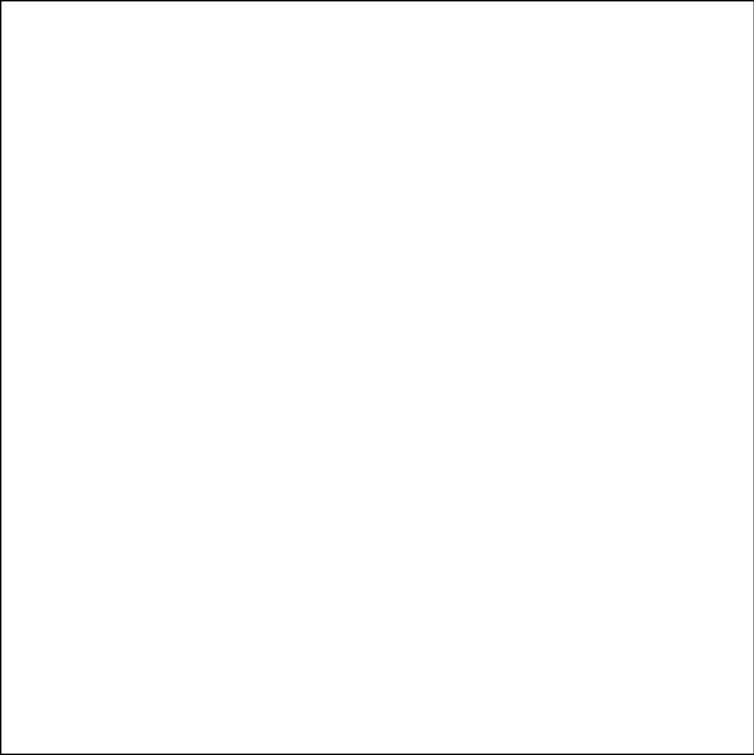




“Ke a go itshwarela,” ga bua Chaze mme a baya seatla sa gagwe mo go Maria. “Nna le Maria re tla tla lwapeng le wena,” ga bua Ntwala a bolelela Chaze. “Maria o tla kopa boitshwarelo mo go mmago le ene.”

. . .


“I forgive you,” said Chaze and put her arm around Maria.  
“Maria and I will come home with you,” said Ntwala to Chaze.  
“Maria will apologise to your mother too.”



Maria o ne a bolelela mmaagwe Chaze a re, “Ke iteile Chaze ka gore o fentse kgaisano ya go thuma. Ke maswabi. Chaze ke tsala ya me e bile go ne go sa siama gore ke mo iteye.”

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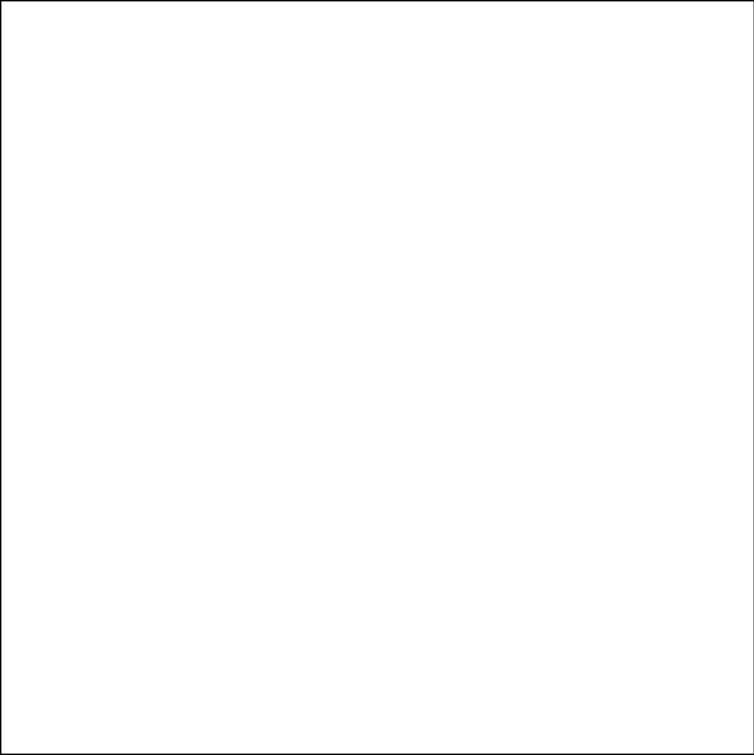
Maria told Chaze’s mother, “I hit Chaze because she won the race. I’m sorry. Chaze is my friend, it was bad to hit her.”



Mme Sibungo o ne a reeditse Maria. “Seo se ne se sa siama, go bosula go itaya batho. Ke leboga jaaka o ikopetse boitshwarelo mo go nna. Ke a go itshwarela.” Mme Sibungo a itsise Ntwala a re, “O moeteledipele yo o siameng.”

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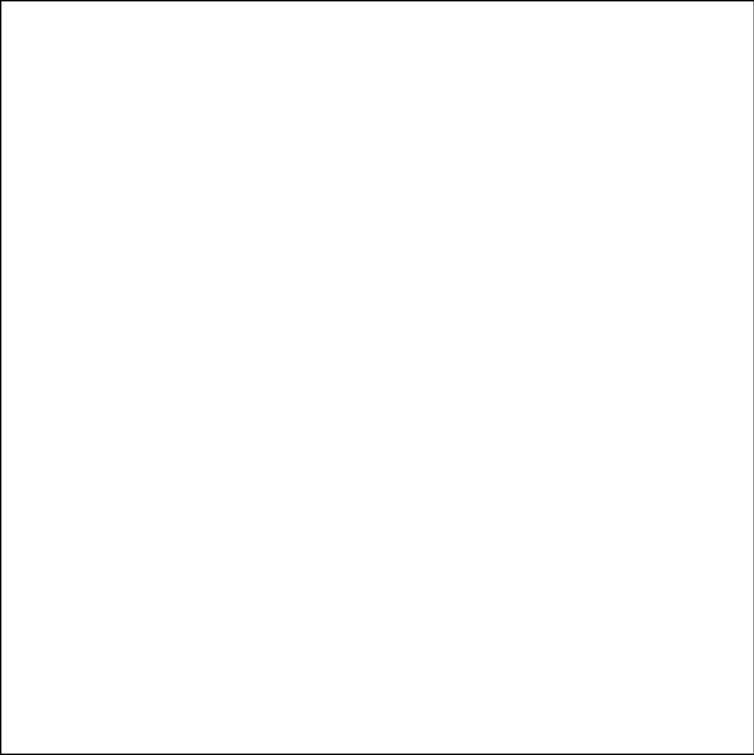
Mrs. Sibungo listened to Maria. “That was wrong Maria, it is bad to hit people. Thank you for apologising to me. I forgive you.” Mrs. Sibungo told Ntwala, “You are a good leader.”



Mme Sibungo a bua le bana botlhe. “Ntwala o akantse ka katlholo e e siametseng Maria. O iteile Chaze ka gore o fentse kgaisano ya go thuma, jaanong ga a kitla a kgona go gaisana.

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Mrs. Sibungo spoke to all the children. “Ntwala thought of a good punishment for Maria. She hit Chaze because she lost the swimming race. Now she will not be able to race.”



“Mma mme,” ga nyenya Chaze, “Ga ke batle gore Maria a nne kwa gae ka Latshipi le le tlang. Ke batla go gaisano le ene fa go thumiwa mo bekeng e e tlang le nna!”

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“But Mum,” Chaze smiled, “I don’t want Maria to stay at home next Sunday. I want to race her at the swimming next week too!”




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