

Lesolo La Go Bušetša Moya Wa Go Keteka Seruthwane

Searching for the spirit of Spring



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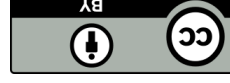
Spring

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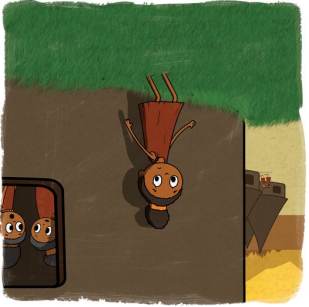




Phefo ya marega e fetile. Seruthwane se be se kokota motseng wa boNkanyezi. Go se go ye kae badudi ba tla be ba kgobokana e le ge ba keteka sehla se seswa. Nkanyezi o be a letetše go keteka mokete wa Seruthwane ka tetelo ye kgolo go feta mekete ye mengwe ya mo ngwageng.

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The Winter cold had passed. Spring was coming to Nkanyezi's village. Soon the villagers would gather to celebrate the new season. Nkanyezi looked forward to the Spring festival more than any other day in the year.



Mosong wo mongwe wa borutho, Nkanyezi o ile a kwa
baetapela ba babedi ba motse ba bolela ka mokele.
"Batho ba Ndlovu ba lahlegetšwe ke moya wa go keteka,"
yo mongwe wa bona a realo. "Na re ka keteka bjang
Seruthwane mo motseng woo badudi ba wona ba
lebetsogo gore go ketekwa bjang?" yo mongwe a botsiša.
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One warm morning, Nkanyezi overheard two village
elders talking about the festival. "The people of Ndlovu
have lost their spirit of celebration," one sighed. "How can
we have a Spring festival in a village that has forgotten
how to celebrate?" asked another.



Nkanyezi o be a belaela. "Na ngwedi o tla apogelwa ke maru neng ge e se fela gore re itsotsorope?" a ipotšiša potšišo yeo. Nkanyezi a gopola ka seo nako ye telele. "Ke swanetše go hwetša seo se re lahlegetšego," a akanya ka go realo. "Ke swanetše go yo nyaka dilo tšeo di tla bušetšago moya wa go keteka mo motseng wa gešo."

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Nkanyezi was worried. "How will the sun shine again unless we sing to wake it from its winter slumber?" she asked herself. Nkanyezi thought for a long time. "I must find what we have lost," she decided. "I must go in search of things that will bring back the spirit of celebration to my village."



Ge a fihla gae, badudi ba be ba mo kgobokanetše ba nyaka go kwa tša leeto la gagwe. O ile a ba hlalošetša dinonwane tša dilo tšeo a di bonego, a di kwilego le tšeo a di jelego. O ile a bula mokotla wa gagwe gore a kgone go abelana ka dimpho tšeo a tšwago le tšona. Badudi ba ile ba thabela go amogela dimpho tšeo tša matsaka. Mabobo a ba bangwe le tlhohleletšo ya Nkanyezi di tlišitše mmala, koša le mmimo go batho. Ka go realo, moya wa go keteka o ile wa tsošološwa motseng wa Ndlovu.

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When she arrived home the villagers gathered around her to hear of her adventures. She told them the tales of what she had seen, heard, and eaten. Then she opened her bag to share the gifts given. The villagers rejoiced to receive these treasures. The generosity of others and the courage of Nkanyezi brought back colour, song and dance to the people. And so the spirit of celebration was restored to the village of Ndlovu.



Ba bagolo ba ile ba mo fa ditšhegofatšo tša bona leetong la gagwe. Ba ile ba mo fa mokotla wa go rwala dilo tšeo a ka di hwetšago. Nkanyezi o be a tšhogile efela o be a na le tšhepo ya gore o tla tšwelela.

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The elders gave Nkanyezi their blessing for the journey. They gave her a bag to carry the things she would find. Nkanyezi was afraid, but she believed she would succeed.



Letšatši le le latelago, lekgotla la go apea le ile la mo utollilela sephiri sa senoki seo sa go tliša tatso ye monate ya nama. "Morwedi wa rena," ba realo, "ka dinoki tše, re go tšhepiša gore batho ba tla ja wa mpanapalagai! Re go fa mpho ya dijo tše dibose." Nkanyezi o ile a leboga ba bagolo gomme a tšhela dinoki ka mokotleng wa gagwe. O be a tseba gore o swere tšohle tšeo a di hlokago. Ka marolofolo a maswa, a thoma leeto la gagwe le letelele la go boela motseng wa Ndlouu.

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The next day, the council of cooks gave her a secret spice blend. "Our daughter," they said, "with these spices, happy tummies are guaranteed! We give you the gift of good food." Nkanyezi thanked the elders and put the spices in her bag. She knew she had everything she needed. With new energy she started the long journey back to the village of Ndlouu.



Nkanyezi o ile a sepela letšatši ka moka. O ile a namelela thabana, a ba a theogela moeding. A putla noka ye kgolo ka go thala, a ba a namela ka gare ga matlapa a go hlaba. O ile a matšha go putla melala go fihlela ge a fihla morithing wa dithaba tše khubedu.

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Nkanyezi walked all day. She hiked up a hill, and down into a valley. She sailed across the great river, and climbed between sharp rocks. She marched across the plains until she reached the shadow of the red mountains.



Ka letšatši la boraro a le leetong, ge a feta tšhemo ya go ba le dikgomo tša go nona, nko ya gagwe ya thoma go hlohlona. Monkgo wo mongwe o be o tsikinya dihlaa tša gagwe gomme molomo wa gagwe wa thoma go rothiša mare. O ile a latelela monkgo woo gomme a fihla motseng wo mongwe fao a hweditšego batho ba emeleditše dipitša tšeo di bego di apeile dinama. Setšhaba se se be se tsebega ka mekete ya sona. Nkanyezi ga se a ka a leka ditatso tša dinama tšeo tša bona. Morago ga go ja sesola sa gagwe, o ile a hlalošetša ba bagolo ba motse mabapi le leeto la gagwe la go bušetša moya wa go keteka go batho ba gabo.

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On the third day of her journey, as she a passed a field of fat cows, her nose started to tingle. An aroma tickled her taste buds and her mouth started to water. She followed the scent, and arrived in a village to find people standing over steaming pots of stew. This tribe was famous for its feasts and Nkanyezi had never before tasted such flavours. After she had eaten her fill, she told the village elders about her journey to bring back the spirit of celebration to her people.



Kgoši o ile a bitša Nkanyezi e sa le mesong. "Ngwana'aka," a realo, "tšea moropa wo wa go ikgetha. Moropa wo o ntšha koša ye mpsha nako ye nngwe le ye nngwe ge o o letša." Nkanyezi a leboga ba bagolo gomme a tšea moropa a o tšhela ka mokotleng wa gagwe. Morago ga moo a tšwela pele ka leeto la gagwe, a thabisišwe ke mpho ya mmino le go bina.

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In the morning the chief called on Nkanyezi: "My child," he said, "here is a special drum. It plays a new song every time you beat it." Nkanyezi thanked the elders and put the drum in her bag. She went on her way again, delighted with this gift of music and dance.



Ge leswisi le thoma go swara, Nkanyezi o ile a filha motšeng wa go ba le dipaterone le mebalabala yeo a bego a e bona la mathomo mo bophelong bja gagwe. O ile a hlalošetša baetapela ba motse ka leeto la gagwe la go bušetša moyo wa go keteka go batho ba gabo. Mmago setšhaba se, o ile a fa Nkanyezi mpho. O boditše mosetsana go re, "Ka lerato, re go fa pente ye gore o tsošološe mmala motšeng wa geno woo o fetogilego lerotho." Nkanyezi o ile a leboga batho ba bagolo gomme a tšhela pente ka mokotleng wa gagwe. Ge letšatsi le hlaba Nkanyezi o ile a tsogelela tsela, a thabetše mpho yeo a filwego yona ya mmala.

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As night was closing in, Nkanyezi arrived at a village of patterns and colours as she had never seen before. She told the village elders about her journey to bring back the spirit of celebration to her people. The mother of this tribe gave Nkanyezi a gift. She told the girl, "With love we give to you this paint to restore colour to a village that has gone dull." Nkanyezi thanked the elders and put the paint in her bag. Early the next morning she went on her way, excited with this gift of colour.



Nkanyezi o sepetše letšatši ka moka ka gare ga sethokgwa sa mehlare ye megologolo. Ge legodimo le thoma go swiswala, tsela e se sa bonala, a kwa modumo wa meropa. O ile a kitimela fao modumo o tšwelelago gona, o be a e kwa maikutlo a moya wa go bina o tsenelela maotong a gagwe ao a lapilego.

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Nkanyezi walked all day, through a vast forest of giant trees. As the sky became too dark for her to see, she heard the sound of beating drums. She hurried towards the drumming, feeling the spirit of dance coming to her tired feet.



Nkanyezi o ile a ikhwetša a le ka gare ga motse wa Bhubezi. Batho ba be ba dutše ba ora mollo, ba betha meropa le go opela. O be a thoma go kwa mmimo woo wa go makatša. O ile a hlalošetša batho ba bagolo ba motse mabapi le leeto la gagwe la go bušetša moya wa go keteka bathong ba gabo. Batho ba Bhubezi ba ile ba mo laletša go ikhutša le go robala moo motseng bošegong bjoo.

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Nkanyezi found herself in the village of the Bhubezi. People were sitting around a fire, drumming and singing. She had never before heard such wonderful music. She told the village elders about her journey to bring back the spirit of celebration to her people. The Bhubezi invited her to rest and stay the night.