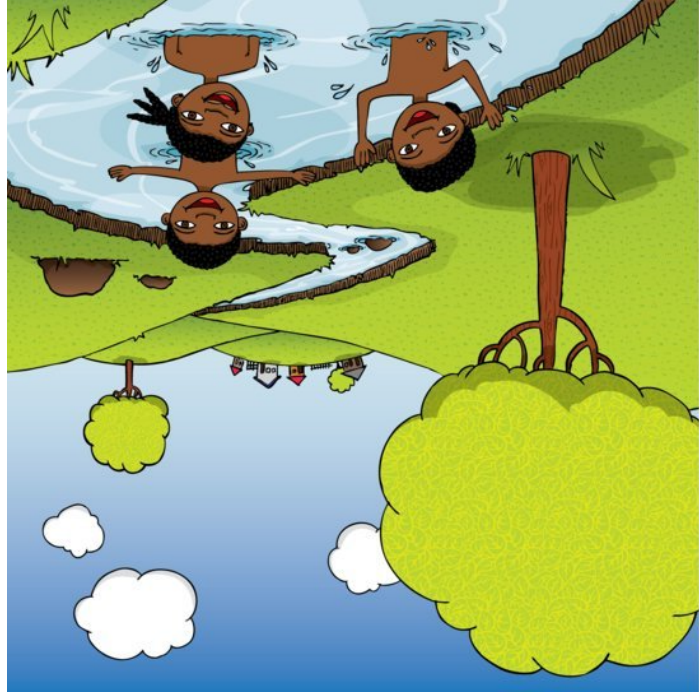




Ngelusuku Iwekushisa kakhulu kwelianga ngengebelo ntsambama

One hot Saturday afternoon



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🗣️ Swati / English
📶 Level 3

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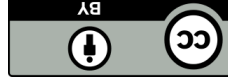
One hot Saturday afternoon

Written by: Nombulelo Thabane, Tessa Welch

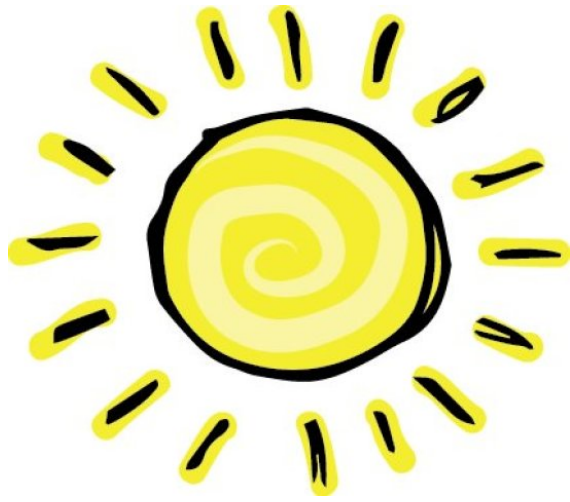
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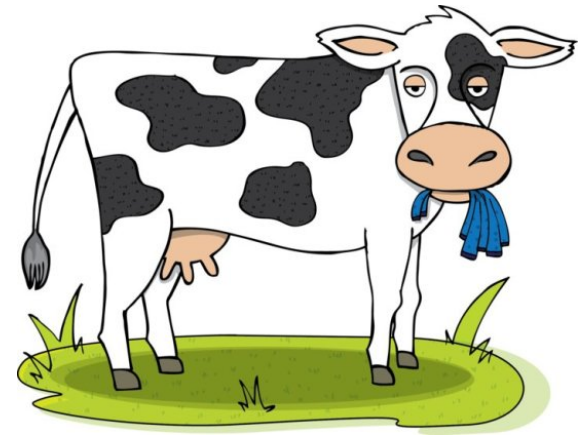
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Bekuyintsambama yangemgcibelo leshisa kakhulu, enyangeni yengongoni. Wonkhe umuntu bekanyukubele. "Bontle, Mpho na Lerato, Hambani niyodlala ngaphandle!" kwasho unina. "Angifuni niloku nilandzelana nami."

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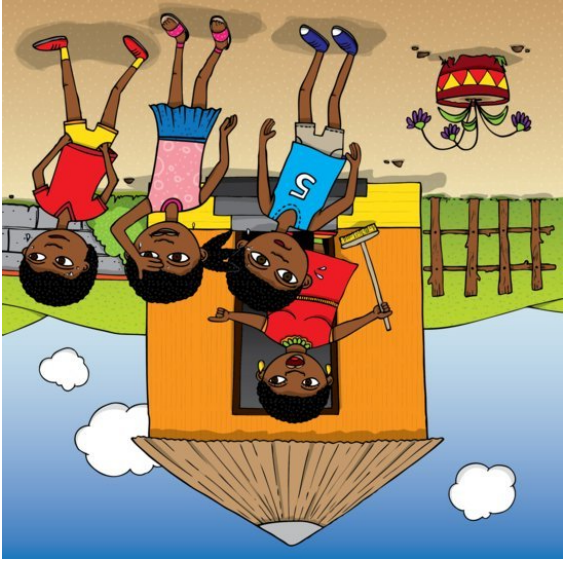
It was a very hot Saturday afternoon in December.



Saya ekhaya ngemaphenti, sichucha. Hhayi ngoba bekupholile kuphela. "Bekungenca yetinkhomo," sakhala. "Letinkhomo tidle timphahla tetfu." Ingabe make utasikholwa? Masinyane nje tibunu tetfu tatfola kufutfumala. Loku bekungasiko loko kwelilanga.

...

We looked at another cow who was chewing something blue. "That's my skirt!" shouted Bontle.



Sagjimele ngaphandle. "Asambeni siye emfuleni," kwasho
 Lerato. "Phela kuphollile emfuleni." "Kepha make wasitjela
 kutsi singabogeza emfuleni," kwasho Bontle. "Angeke
 sibhukushe," kuphendvula Lerato. "Sitawumane sidiale
 emfuntini losedvute kwemanti.

...

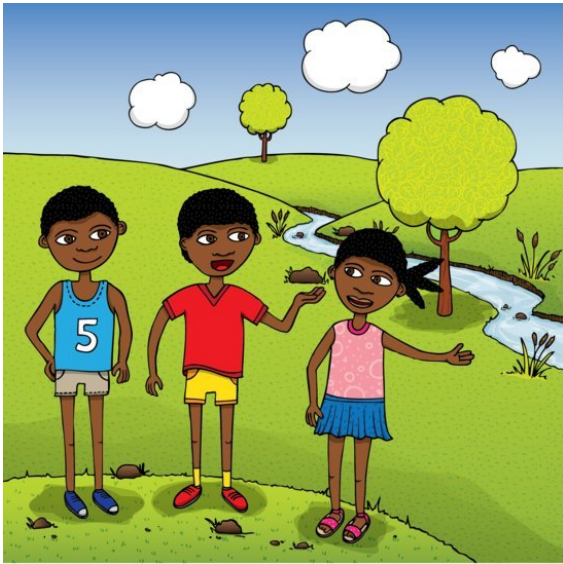
"Bontle and Mpho and Lerato, go out and play!" Mme said
 to us. "I don't want you under my feet." We ran out of the
 house.



Sabuka lenye Inkhomo lebeyihlafuna lokuluhlata
 kwesibhakabhaka. "Siket! sami lesa!" kumemeta Bontle.

...

There were some cows near the river, enjoying the sweet
 grass. Bontle looked up, "Look at that cow! What's in her
 mouth?" "She's eating a red flower," said Lerato. "It's not a
 red flower," shouted Mpho. "It's your shirt!"



Kepha kudlala elangeni kubanga kushisa, nanobe udlala emtfuntini losedvute nemfula. Kwekucala sakhumula ticatfulo tetfu, kepha besiloku sikuva kushisa. Sabuye sakhumula emahembe etfu netiketi. Kepha bekungekho umehluko, sikuva kushisa.

...

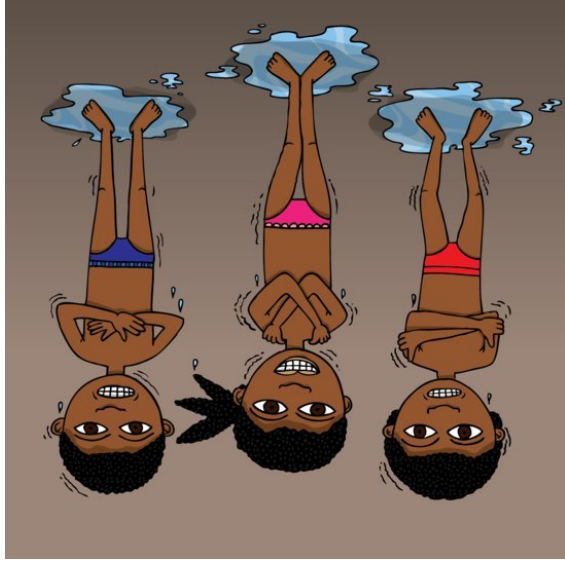
"Let's go to the river," Lerato said. "It's cooler there." "But Mme told us not to swim in the river," said Bontle. "We won't swim," answered Lerato. "We'll just play in the shade next to the water."



Bekunetinkhomo eceleni kwemfula, tititika ngetjani lobunongotelako. Bontle wabuka etulu, "Buka leyankhomo! Yini lesemfonyeni wayo? "Idla imbali lebovu," kwasho Lerato. "Akusiyo imbali lebovu," kumemeta Mpho. "Lihembe lakho!"

...

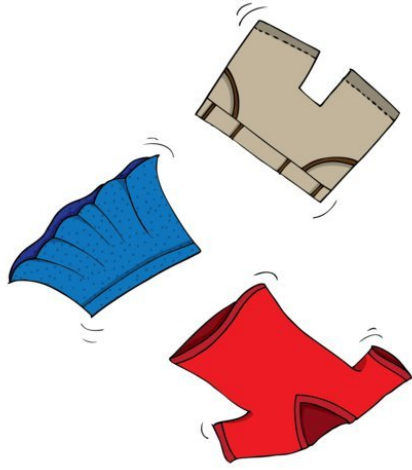
We looked under the trees. We looked on the bushes. We looked everywhere.



Sibuke phansi! kwetihlahla. Sabuka emahlatcini. Sabuka yonkhe indzawo.

...

The sun started to go down, and the day began to cool. Where were our clothes?



Safaka tnyawo emfuleni kuze siphole. Sase sitselana ngemanti. Ngemva kwaloko, besesihleti ekhatsi emantini.

...

But playing iibeke is hot work, even when you're under the trees next to the river. First we took off our shoes. But we were still hot. Then we took off our shirts and skirts. But we were still hot.



“Hheyi buyani! Asibhukusheni,” kwasho Mpho. “Make angeke ati ngaloko.” Sabhukusha sabhukusha, sate sakhohlwa ngesikhatsi.

...

We put our feet in the river to cool off. Then we splashed each other. Soon we were soaked with water.



Lilanga beseliyoshona, sesicala kuva emakhata. Besitibeke kuphi timphahla tetfu?

...

“Oh come on! Let’s swim,” said Mpho. “Mme will never know.” We swam and swam and forgot about the time.