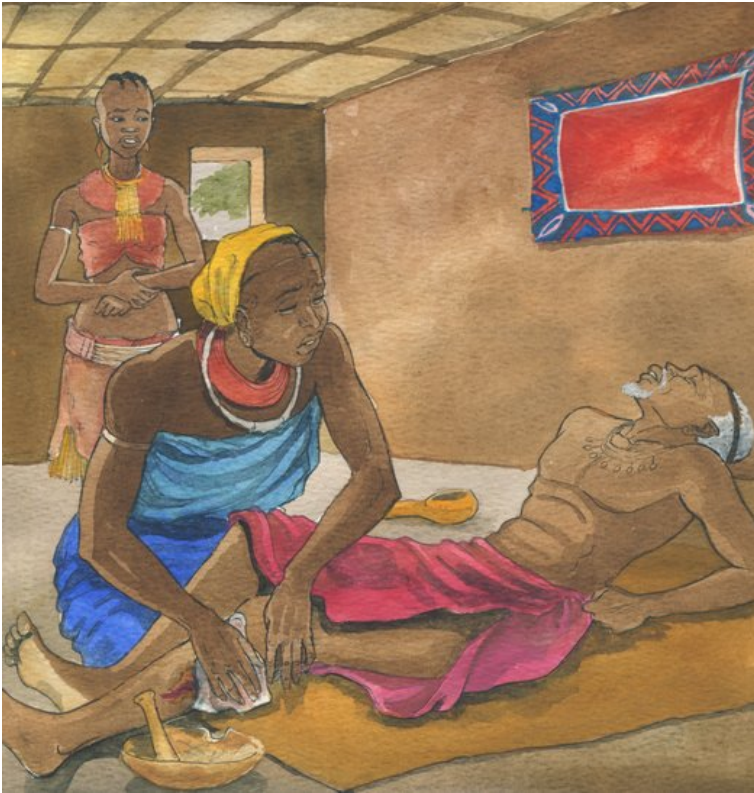


Bopelokgale jwa ga Nangila

Nangila's courage

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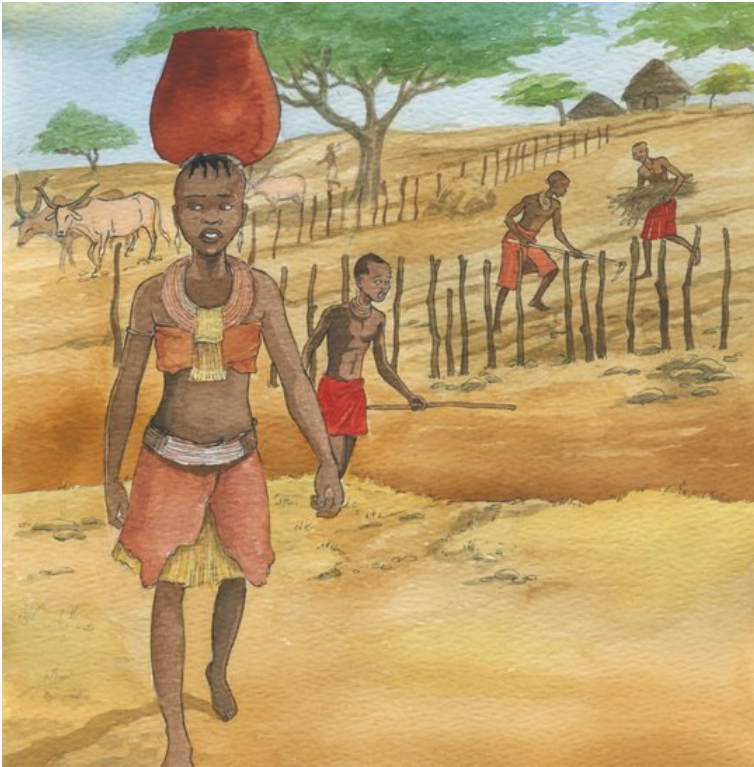




Bogologolo tala go ne go nale monna yo o neng a nale ntho e e botlhoko thata mo leotong la gagwe. O ne a sa kgone go ema le go tsamaya. Monna yo o ne a dula kwa motseng le mosadi wa gagwe le bana.

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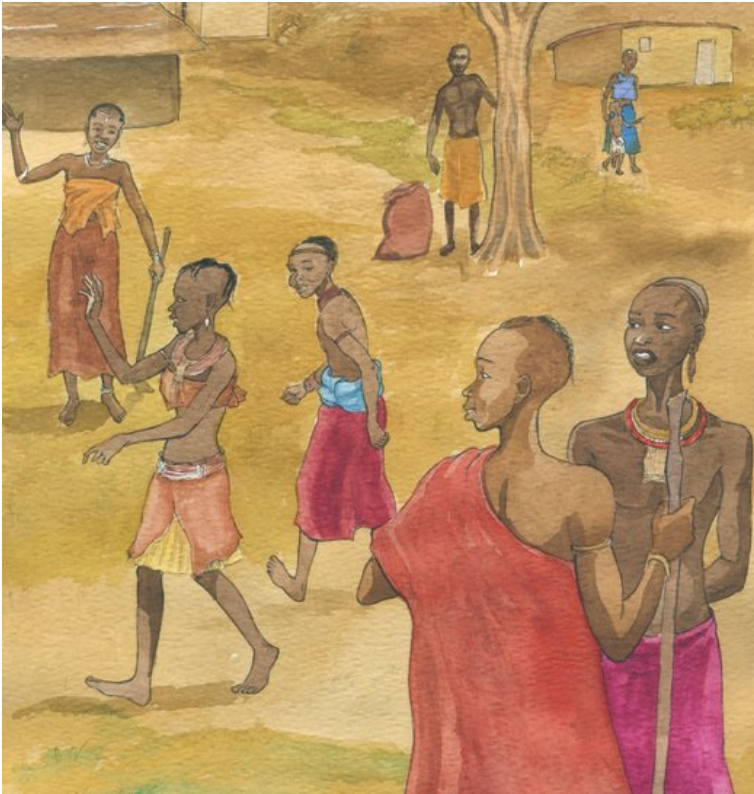
Long ago, there was a man who had a very serious wound on his leg. He could not stand or walk. This man lived in a village with his wife and their children.



Banyalani ba ba ne ba nale barwa ba le bararo le morwadi a le mongwe. Leina la morwadiabona e ne e le Nangila. Tiro ya gagwe e ne e le go tlhokomela rragwe. Tiro ya basimane e ne e le go lema masimo le go isa diphologolo phulong.

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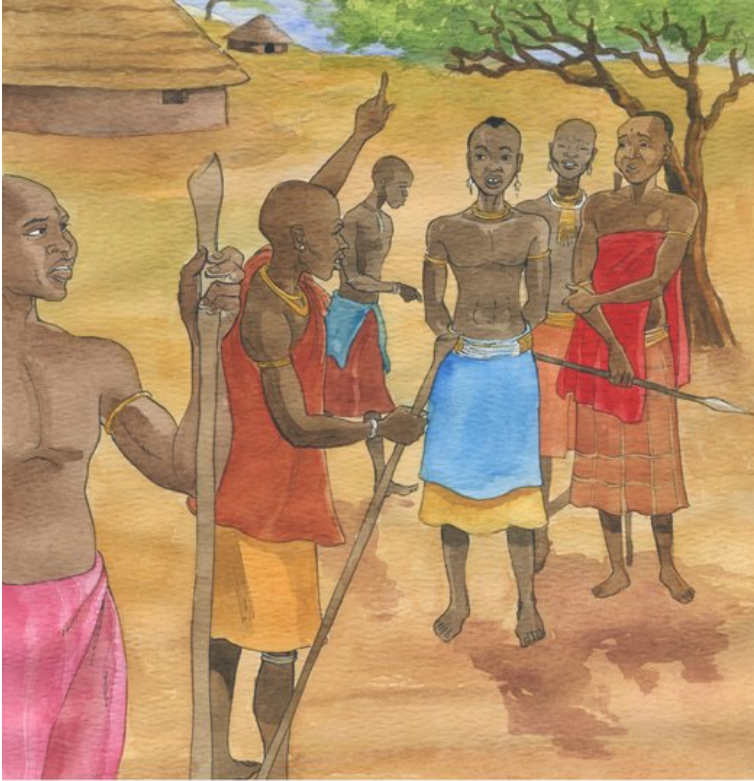
The couple had three sons and one daughter. The daughter's name was Nangila. Her duty was to take care of her father. The sons worked on the land and grazed animals.



Nangila e ne e le mosetsana o montle thata. Baagi botlhe ba motse ba ne ba mo rata ebile ba mo tlotla. Batsadi ba gagwe ba ne ba batla gore a nyalwe ke monna yo o siameng. Ba ile ba baya molao o o thata gore ba kgone go mo nyadisa monna yo o siameng.

...

Nangila was a beautiful girl. All the villagers liked and respected her. Her parents wanted a good husband for Nangila. They set a difficult task in order to find the right man.



Mongwe le mongwe yo o neng a batla go nyala Nangila o ne a tshwanetse go tla ka motswi kwa molapong o o gaufi le motse. Motswi o o ne o tla fodisa ntho ya ga rragwe Nangila. Mme fela molapo o ne o tletse ka mewa e e kotsi.

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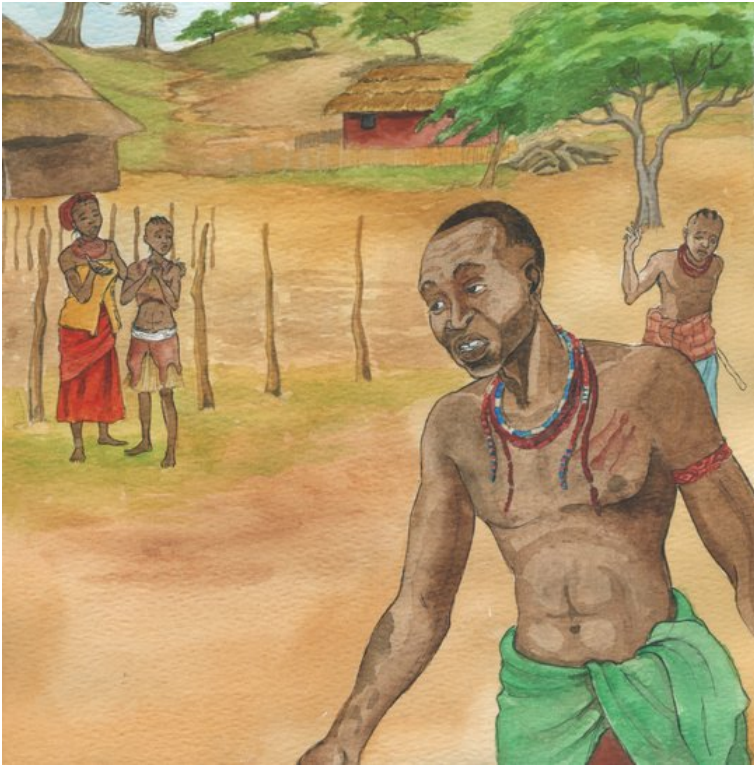
Anyone who wanted to marry Nangila would have to get a herb from a lake near the village. This herb would heal her father's wound. But the lake was filled with dangerous spirits.



Banna bangwe ba ne ba leka go tla ka motswi oo mme ba
boa ba iphotlhere. Banna bangwe ba ne sa ba boe go tswa
molapong.

...

Some men tried to get the herb but returned without it.
Some men did not return from the lake at all.



Nangila o ne a tshwenyegile. Tota le bomorrwarragwe ba ne ba tshaba go ya kwa molapong. O ne a swetsa go ya kwa molapong. Mmagwe a re, “Morwadiake, fa go paletswe banna ba ba maatla, wena a o tla atlega?” Mme fela Nangila o ne a feditse le mogopolo wa gagwe.

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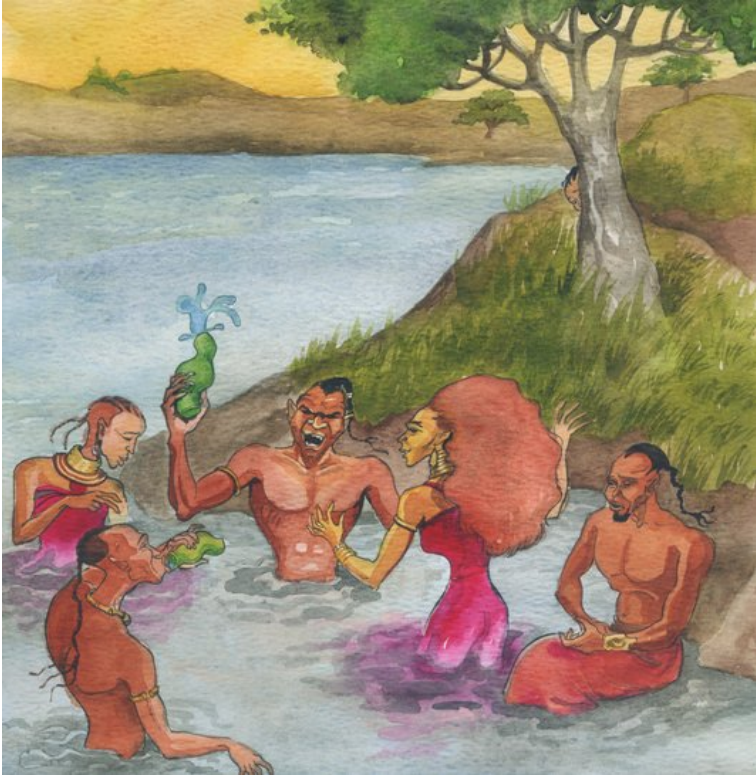
Nangila felt worried. Not even her brothers would go to the lake. She decided to fetch the herb herself. Her mother said, “My daughter, if strong men have failed, will you succeed?” But Nangila had made up her mind.



Fa a le mo tseleng, Nangila o ne a kopana le mosadimogolo a rwele dikgong. O ne a thusa mosadimogolo go rwala dikgong. Mosadimogolo o ne a leboga. O ile a re go Nangila, "Ke tla go bolelela gore o fitlhelele jang moya o o maswe wa kwa molapong le gore o dire eng fa o fitlha kwa."

...

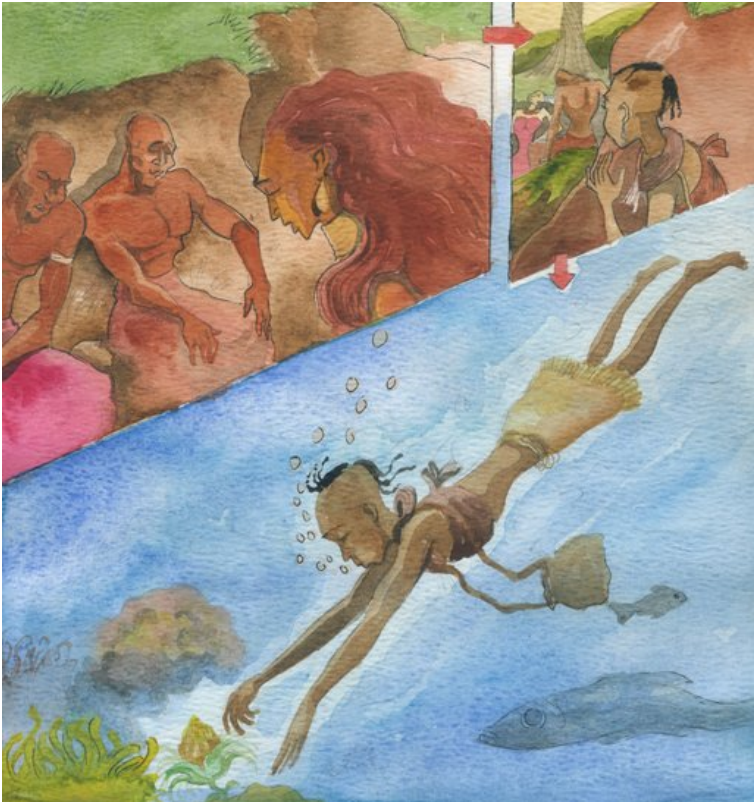
On the way to the lake, Nangila met an old woman carrying wood. She helped the woman to carry her firewood. The old woman was grateful. She said to Nangila, "I will tell you how to reach the spirit lake and what to do when you get there."



Fa Nangila a fitlha kwa molapong, o ile a bona mewa e nwa e bile e bina. O ile a leta mme a bogela. Ka bongwe ka bongwe, mewa e ile ya robala.

...

When she reached the shore of the lake, Nangila saw the spirit family drinking and dancing. She waited and watched. One by one, the spirits fell asleep.



Fa mewa yotlhe e sena go robala, Nangila o ile a itatlhela mo molapong. O ile a bona motswi mme a o tsenya mo kgetsaneng. Fa a thuma a boela kwa morago, makhubu a ne a mo dikaganyeditse.

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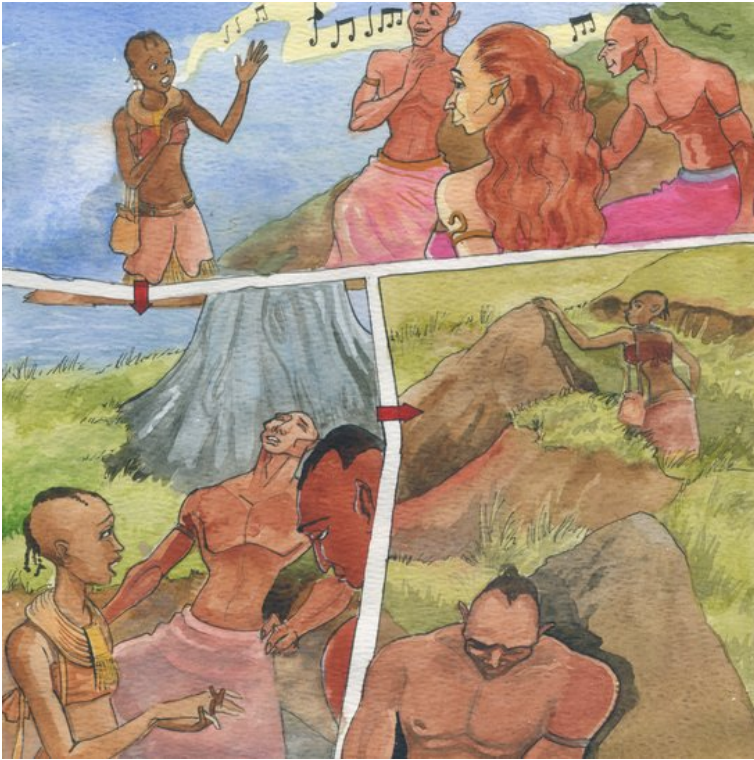
Once the spirits were all sleeping Nangila dived into the lake. She found the herb and put it in her bag. As she swam back to land, the waves were high around her.



Fa Nangila a fitlha kwa ntle ga molapo mewa e ne e tsogile. O ne a tshogile, mme a opela pina e mosadimogolo a mo rutileng yona: Nna, morwadia motho, Ke tswa kwa molapong. Ke tlile ka ntlha ya gore banna ba tshaba go tla. Rre o tlhoka motswi o gore a alafe ntho ya gagwe. Ke ka moo ke leng fa, mo lefatsheng le ba bantsi ba tshabang go fitlha, ka gonne lo babusi.

...

When Nangila reached the shore the spirits were awake. She was afraid, but she sang the song the old woman taught her: I, daughter of Wekesa, Am from the lake. I came because men are too scared to come. My father needs this herb to heal his wound. That is why am here, In the land where many are scared to reach, For you are the rulers.



Lentswe la ga Nangila le ne le le molotsana thata mo ebileng mewa e ile ya mo kopa gore a ba opelele gangwe le gape. Kopelo ya gagwe e ile ya dira gore mewa e robale gape. Ka jalo Nangila a taboga ka lebelo le le feteletseng go boela kwa motseng wa gagwe.

...

Nangila's voice was so sweet that the spirits asked her to sing for them again and again. Her singing sent the spirits back to sleep. Then Nangila ran very fast until she got to her village.



Batho botlhe ba ne ba emetse Nangila gore a boele gae. Fa a fetsa go alafa ntho ka motswi rragwe o ile a kgona go ema gape. Motse otlhe o ile wa bina mme wa paka Nangila.

...

Everyone was waiting for Nangila to return. After treating his wound with the herb her father was able to stand again. The entire village danced and praised Nangila.



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Nangila's courage

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This story originates from the African Storybook (africanstorybook.org) and is brought to you by [Storybooks South Africa](https://global-asp.github.io/storybooks-southafrica) in an effort to provide children's stories in South Africa's many languages.



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