

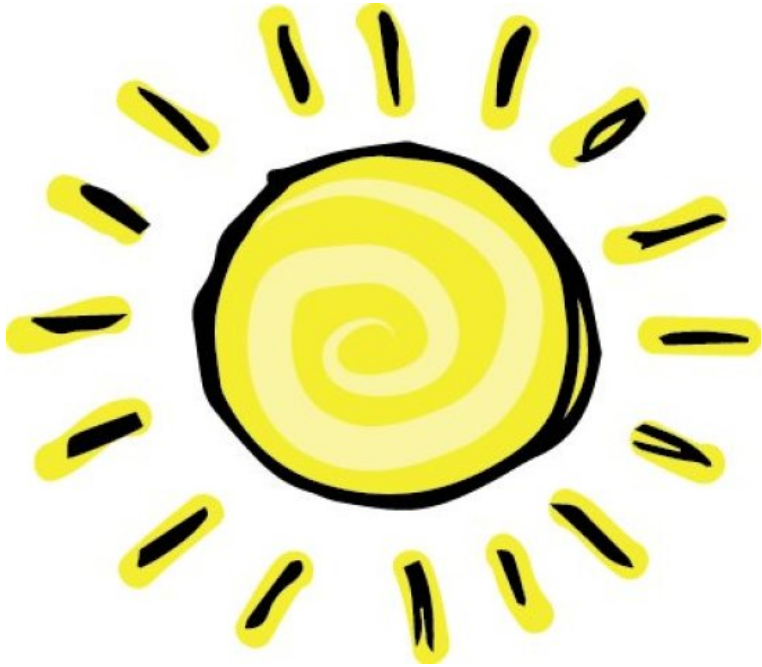


# Letsatsi La Lamatlhatso Le Le Mogote

## One hot Saturday afternoon

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E ne e le Lamatlhatso motshegare, mme go ne go le mogote thata. Kgwedi ya Sedimonthole e mogote. Batho botlhe ba ne ba lapile. "Bontle le Mpho le Lerato, tsamayang lo ye go tshameka kwa ntle!" Mme a rialo. "Ga ke lo batle mo thoko ga maoto a ka."

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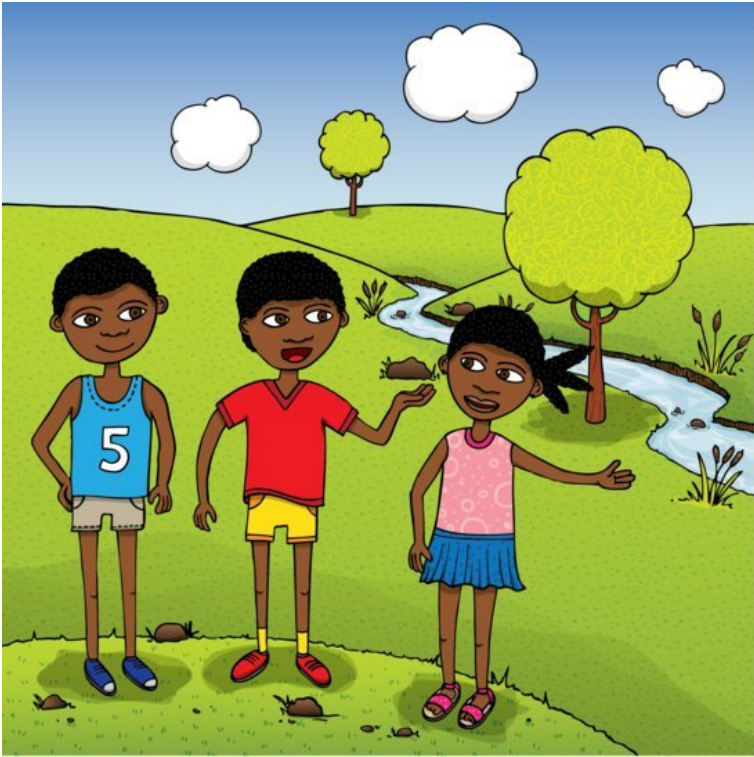
It was a very hot Saturday afternoon in December.



Re ne ra tabogela kwa ntle. Lerato a re, “Kwa nokeng go phodile, a re yeng kwa teng.” “Mme o rile re se tlole re thuma mo nokeng,” ga rialo Bontle. “Re ka se thume,” ga araba Lerato. “Re tla tshameka fela mo moriting fa thoko ga noka.”

...

“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.



Le fa go le jalo, 'dibeke' ke motshameko o o gotetsang, le fa o ka nna mo tlase ga ditlhare kana mo thoko ga noka. Re simolotse pele ka go rola ditlhako. Fela re ne re ntse re gotela. Ra apola diaparo tsa rona. Fela mogote o sa fokotsege.

...

"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."



Ra tsenya maoto a rona mo metsing go itsidifatsa.  
Ra tshelana ka metsi go fitlhela re koloba.

...

But playing libeke 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.



“A re thumeng, Mme a ka se itse,” Mpho a rialo. Re ne ra thuma ra ba ra lebala ka nako.

...

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





Letsatsi le ne la phirima, mme ra simoloa go gatsela. Diaparo tsa rona di kae?

...

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





Re ne ra lebelela ka fa tlase ga ditlhare. Ra lebelela mo dikgweng. Re lebeletse gotlhe.

...

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



Go ne go le dikgomo gaufi le noka, di itumeletse bojang bo bo monate. Bontle o ne a lebelela godimo, “Bonang kgomo e le! Ke eng se se mo molomong wa yona?”

...

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



“E ja palesa e e khibidu,” ga araba Lerato. “Ga se palesa e khibidu,” Mpho a goa. “Ke hempe ya gago!” Re ne ra lebelela kgomo e nngwe. E ja sengwe se se tala. “Ke sekete sa me!” ga goa 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!”



Re ile gae re apere dipenti fela, re roroma ka gonne go le tsididi. "E ne e le dikgomo, ra lela. Dikgomo di jele diaparo tsa rona." A gona Mme o ne a re dumela? Morago ga sebakanyana ke fa marago a rona a gotetse. A ne a sa gotela ka ntlha ya letsatsi.

...

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



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## **One hot Saturday afternoon**

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This story originates from the African Storybook ([africanstorybook.org](https://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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