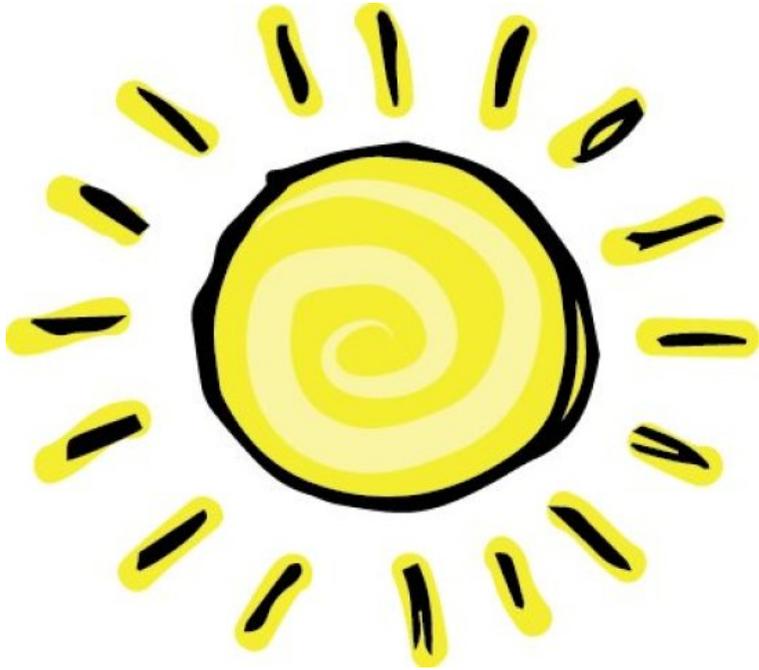


Ngenye Imva Kwemini Eshushu Yangomgqibelo

One hot Saturday afternoon

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- 🗣️ Xhosa / English
- 📶 Level 3

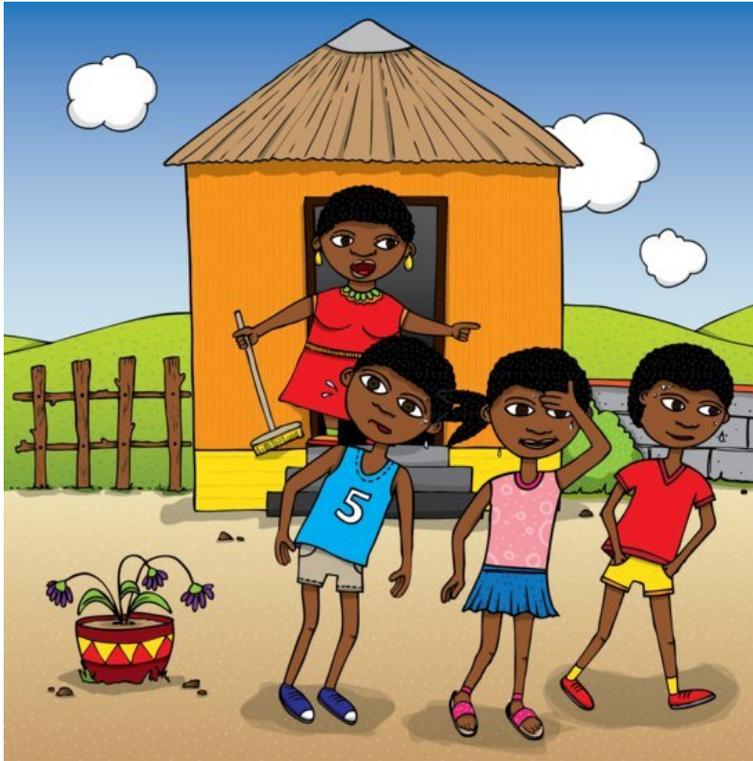




Yayiyeyona mvakwemini eshushu kakhulu
ngoMgqibelo kuDisemba.

...

It was a very hot Saturday afternoon in December.



Wonke umntu wayequmbile. “Bontle noMpho noLerato phumani phandle niyokudlala!” Umama watsho kuthi. “Andinifuni endleleni yam.” Sabaleka saphuma endlwini.

...

“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.



“Masiyeni emlanjeni,” watsho uLerato. “Kupholile phaya.” “Kodwa utata wasixelela ukuba singaqubhi emlanjeni,” watsho uBontle. “Asiz’ukuqubha,” waphendula uLerato. “Siza kudlala nje emthunzini ecaleni kwamanzi.”

...

“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.”



Kodwa ukudlala 'ulibeke' ngumsebenzi obilisayo, nokuba uphantsi kwemithi ecaleni komlambo. Okokuqala sakhulula izihlangu zethu. Kodwa sasiseshushu. Saza sakhulula iziketi neeblawuzi. Kodwa sasiseshushu.

...

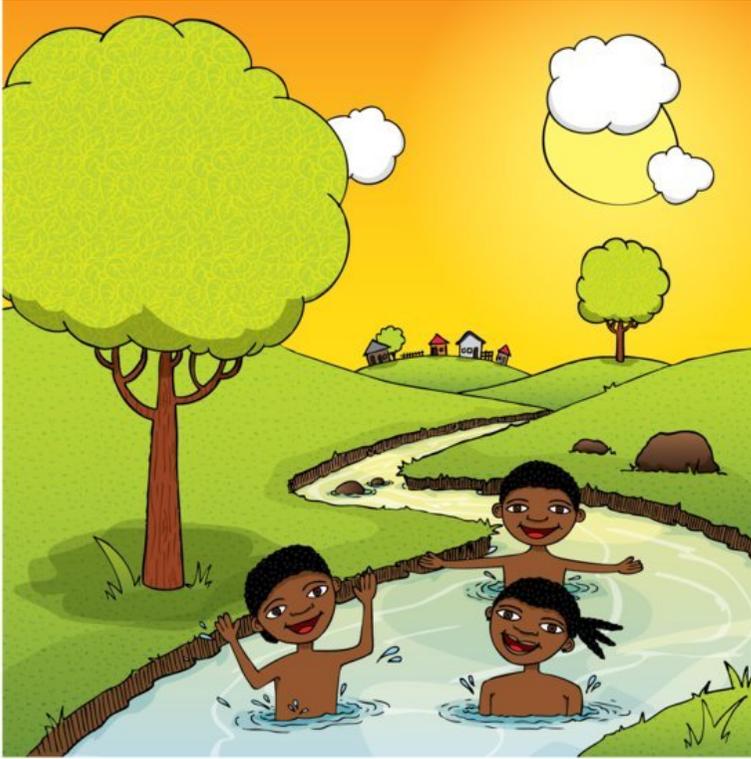
But playing libeke is hot work, even when you're under the trees next to the river. First we took off our shoes. But we were still hot. Then we took off our shirts and skirts. But we were still hot.



Safaka iinyawo zethu emlanjeni ukuzipholisa. Saza satshizana, ngokukhawuleza saba manzi tixi ngamanzi.

...

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



“O-o! Yizani! Masiqubheni,” watsho uMpho. “Utata akasoze ayazi.” Saqubha, saqubha, salibala ngexesha.

...

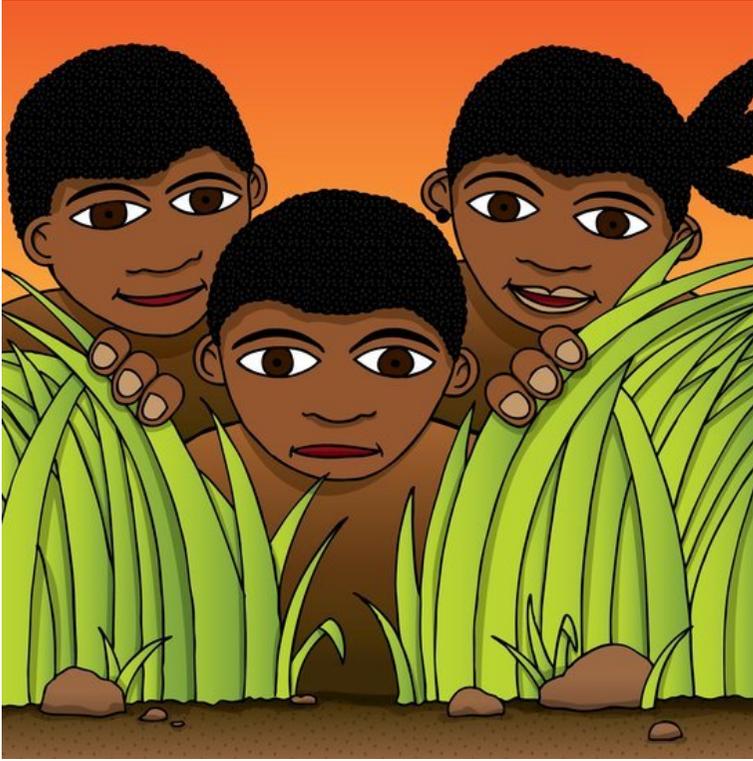
“Oh come on! Let’s swim,” said Mpho. “Mme will never know.” We swam and swam and forgot about the time.



Ilanga laqalisa ukuya ezantsi, saziva sigodola.
Zaziphi iimpahla zethu?

...

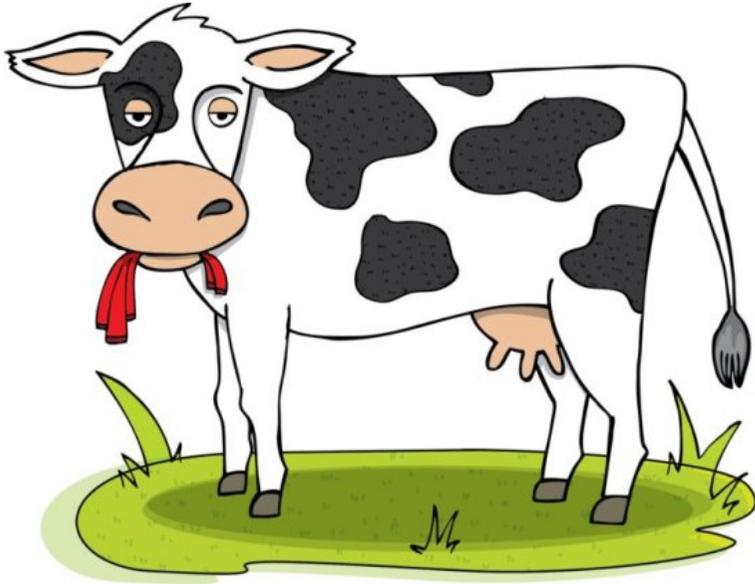
The sun started to go down, and the day began to cool. Where were our clothes?



Sakhangela phantsi kwemithi. Sakhangela emahlahleni. Sakhangela kwindawo yonke.

...

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



Kwakukho iimazi zeenkomo kufutshane nomlambo, zonwabele ingca enambithekayo. UBontle wajonga phezulu, “Jonga kulaa mazi yenkomo! Yintoni esemlonyeni yayo?” “Itya intyantyambo ebomvu,” wakhwaza uMpho.

...

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!”



“Yiblawuzi yakho!” Saza sajonga kwenye imazi yenkomo. Ihlafuna into eblowu. “Sisiketi sam!” watsho uBontle.

...

We looked at another cow who was chewing something blue. “That’s my skirt!” shouted Bontle.



Saya ekhaya ngeepenti zethu, siqhaqhazela. Kodwa ingasukuba kwakupholile. "Yayiziimazi zenkomo," Sakhala. "Iimazi zenkomo zitye impahla zethu."

...

We went home in our panties, shivering. But not only because it was cool. "It was the cows," we cried. "The cows ate our clothes."



Kodwa umama ngaba wasikholelwa?
Ngokukhawuleza imizimba yethu yaba shushu
kakhulu. Kwaye obo bushushu babungaveli
elangeni.

...

But did Mme believe us? Soon our bottoms were
very warm. And it wasn't from the sun.



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Nganye Imva Kwemini Eshushu Yangomgqibelo

One hot Saturday afternoon

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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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