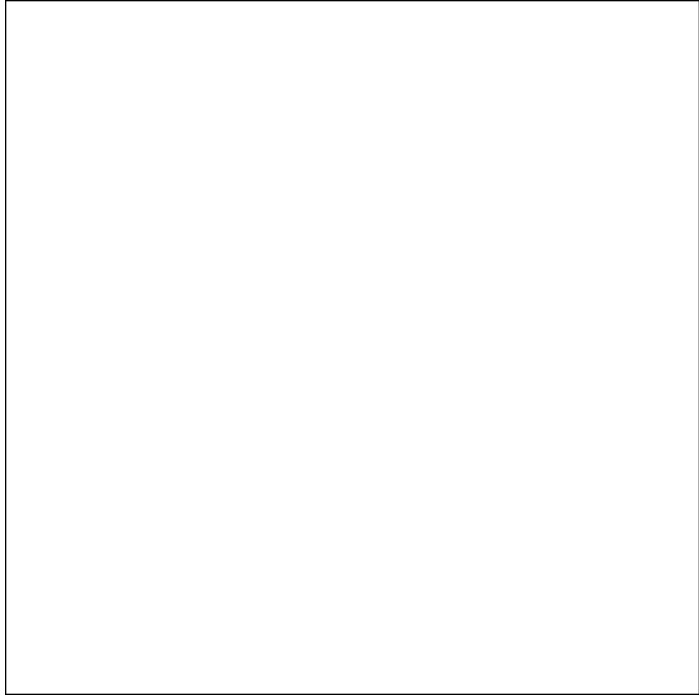




khayanga le nkgo ya gagwe  
khayanga and her Gourd



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🔒 Catherine Groenewald  
📄 Motlhago Sara Mohale  
😊 Sepedi / English  
📖 Level 4

(imageless edition)

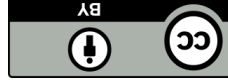


# Storybooks South Africa

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khayanga le nkgo ya gagwe / khayanga  
and her Gourd

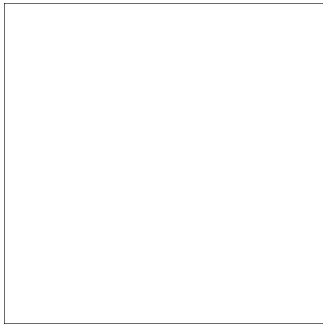
Written by: Ursula Nafula  
Illustrated by: Catherine Groenewald  
Translated by: Motlhago Sara Mohale (nso)

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



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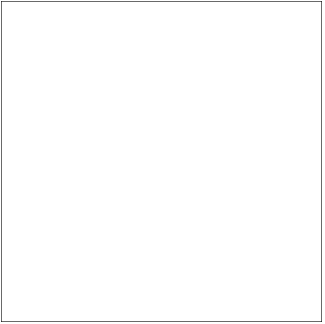
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Khayanga o be a dula ka lethabo le batswadi ba gagwe.  
Bona ba ile ba hlokofala ge Khayanga a nale mengwaga ye  
lesome.

...

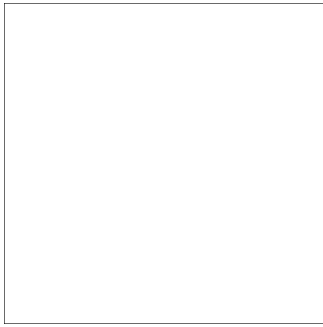
Khayanga lived with her parents happily until they died  
when she was ten years old.



khayanga o ile a ya go dula le koko Rosa. koko Rosa e be  
ele motho wa go loka, wa lerato, efela o be a tšofetše  
kudu ebile a hloko sa gagwe.

...

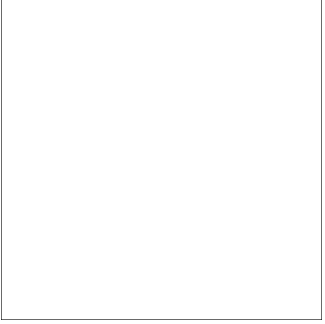
khayanga was taken in by Rosa, a distant relative. Rosa  
was kind to khayanga, but she was old, frail and poor.



Khayanga o be a fela a etela mabitleng a batswadi ba gagwe. Ge a le fao, o be a ba botša ka tshotlego yeo a phelago go yona.

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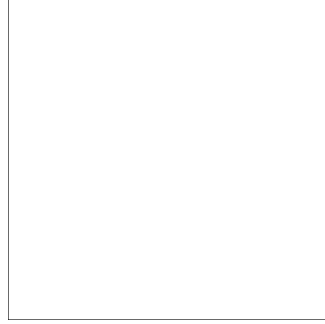
Khayanga often visited her parents' graves to tell them of her misery.



ka tšatši! le lengwe o rile a le gona fao mabitleng, a  
amogela mpho. E be ele nkgō ye botsana yeo e  
tšweletšego gona mabitleng ao a batswadi ba gagwe.

...

One day when she visited, she received a gift. It was a very  
special Gourd which appeared from her parents' graves.



ka nkgō yeo, khayanga o be a tseba gore batswadi ba  
gagwe ba nale yena gohle mo a lego. Ga go se sempe seo  
se ka diragalago.

...

With the special Gourd, khayanga knew that her parents  
were watching over her. Nothing bad could happen to her.



Nkgo ya thoma go opela košana ye botsana yao kgothatša. Khayanga o ile a lemoga gore lentšu leo a le kwago, ke la mohu mmagwe. Košana e be ere; Khayanga, ee, Khayanga! Ngwana wa rena a morategi! Ga wa lahlega morategi! Tšea nkgo ye, morategi! Oe rwale gohle mo o yago, morategi! E tla go homotša, morategi!

...

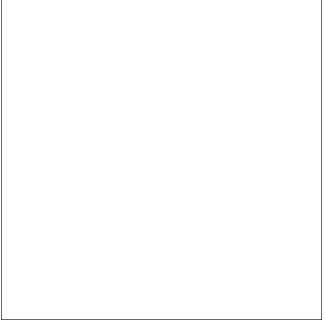
The Gourd sang a beautiful and soothing song. Khayanga recognised the voice as that of her late mother. It went like this... Khayanga, ee, Khayanga! Our child the loved one! You're not alone, loved one! Have this gourd, loved one! Carry it everywhere you go, loved one! Let it console you loved one!



Khayanga o ile a phela a rwele nkgo gape gohle mo a yaga. Mo a fetago, batho ba botšišana bare, "Naa ke nkgo ye bjang ye?" Ka thušo ya nkgo yeo, Khayanga o ile a hwetša tšohle tšeo a di hlokago.

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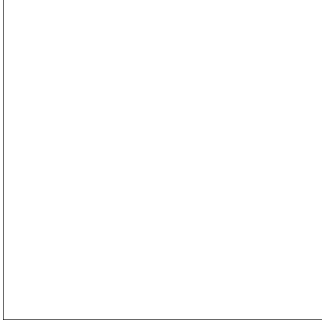
Khayanga continued to carry her Gourd everywhere she went. Wherever she passed, people whispered to each other, "What type of gourd is this?" With her special Gourd, Khayanga received everything she needed.



khayanga o be a robala le nkgo gape a e rwala gohle mo a yago. ka go dira bjalo, o ile a kwa lerato le tšhireletšo ya batswadi ba gagwe.

...

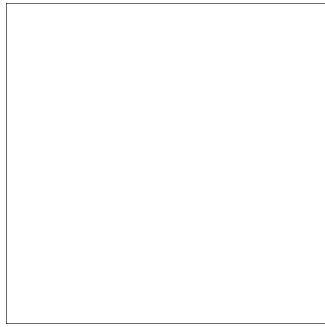
khayanga carried her special Gourd everywhere. With her Gourd, khayanga felt her parents' presence and protection.



khayanga o ile a kwa lentšu la mmagwe le re, "Ngwanaka, topa dikgapetla tšeo di šetšego. Ekga meetse ka tšona gomme o hlape maoto." "Ge o feditše go hlapa, o tswalele mahlo." khayanga o ile a dira bjalo gomme ka pelapela, nkgo yela ya boela ya loka gape.

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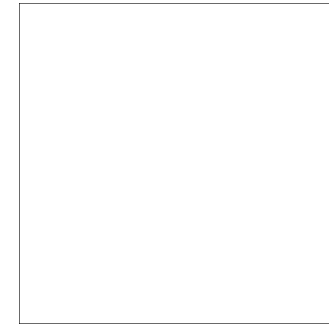
khayanga heard her mother's voice saying to her: "Our child, pick up the pieces that are left. Fetch water with them and wash your feet. When you finish washing, close your eyes." khayanga obeyed and suddenly, the broken Gourd became whole once again.



Ka tšatši le lengwe, gwa direga masetlapelo. Nkgo e ile ya thubega ge Khayanga a ile go kga meetse kua nokeng. Pelo ya gagwe e ile ya kwa bohloko kudu.

...

One day, something bad happened to her special Gourd. It broke when she was fetching water in the river. Khayanga's heart broke as well.



Khayanga o ile a rwala dikgapetlana tšeo tša nkgo ka matsogwaneng gomme a thoma go opela: Mme le Tate, Lea bona nkgo e thubegile. Nkgo yeo le mphilego. Naa ke dire eng, Mme le Tate? Nthušeng le mpontšheng seka hle. Gore le sa nale nna.

...

Khayanga held the pieces of the broken Gourd in her small hands and sang: Father and Mother, See the gourd is broken. The gourd you gave me. What do I do, Mother and Father? Be kind and show me a sign... That you are still with me.