



(imageless edition)

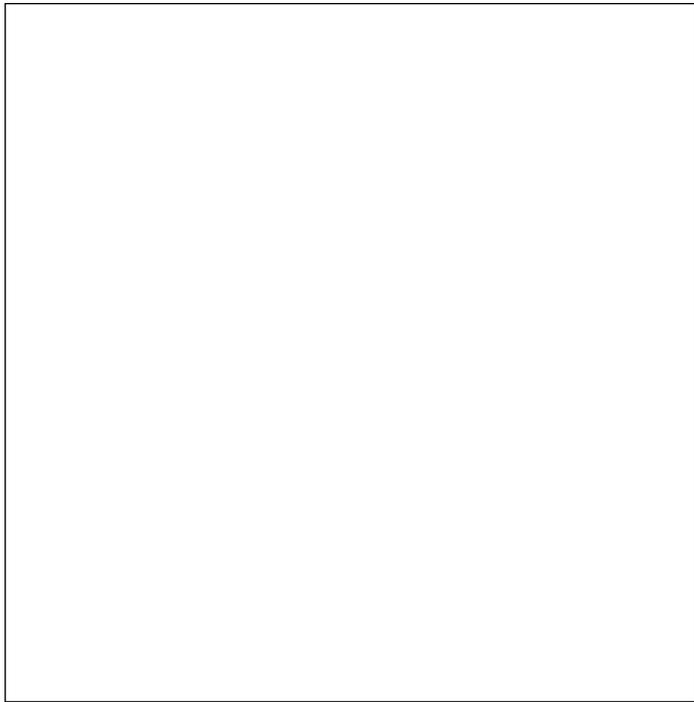
Level 3

Swati / English

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**Ngelusuku lwekushisa kakhulu  
ngengcibelo ntsambama**

**One hot Saturday afternoon**



# Storybooks South Africa

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**Ngelusuku lwekushisa kakhulu**

**kwelianga ngengcibelo ntsambama /**

**One hot Saturday afternoon**

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Translated by: Joyce Ngomane, Zinhle Msibi (ss)

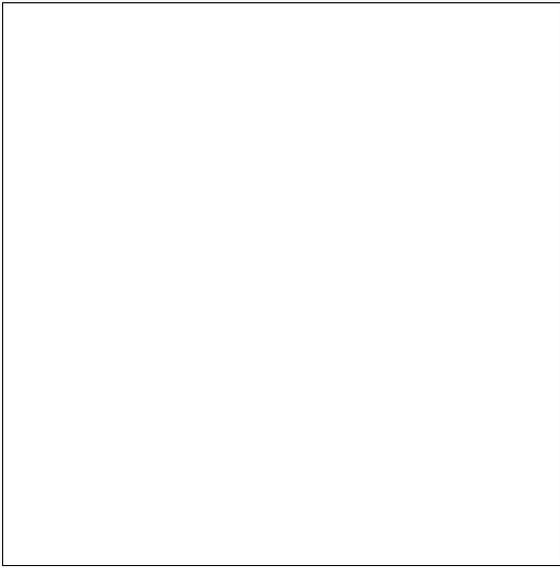
This story originates from the African Storybook ([africanstorybook.org](https://africanstorybook.org)) and is brought to you by Storybooks South Africa in an effort to provide children's stories in South Africa's many languages.



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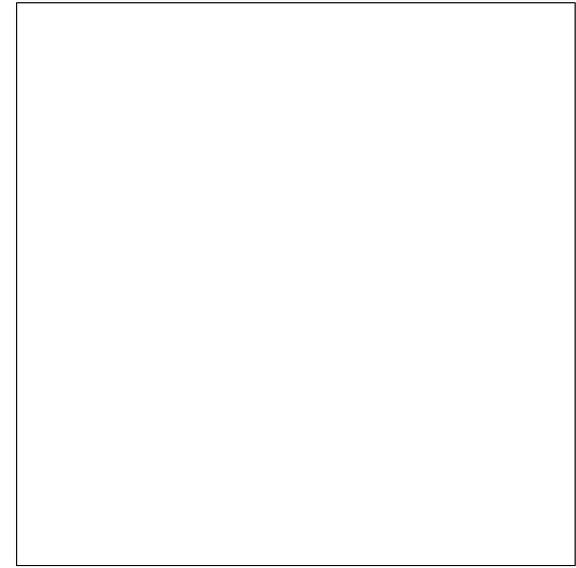
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Bekuyintsambama yangemgcibelo leshisa kakhulu, enyangeni yengongoni. Wonkhe umuntfu bekanyukubele. "Bontle, Mpho na Lerato, Hambani niyodlala ngaphandle!" kwasho unina. "Angifuni niloku nilandzelana nami."

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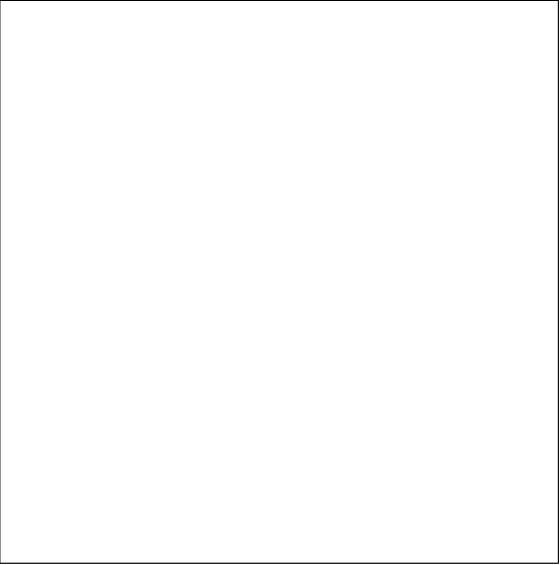
It was a very hot Saturday afternoon in December.



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.

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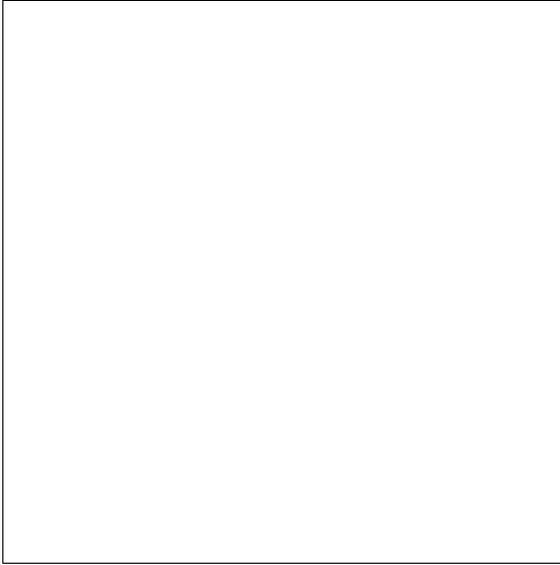
We looked at another cow who was chewing something blue. "That's my skirt!" shouted Bontle.



Sagijimela ngaphandle. "Asambeni siye emfuleni," kwasho Lerato. "Phela kuphohle emfuleni." "Kepha make wasitjela kutsi singabogeza emfuleni," kwasho Bontle. "Angeke sibhukushe," kuphendvula Lerato. "Sitawumane sidiale emtuntini losedvute kwemanti.

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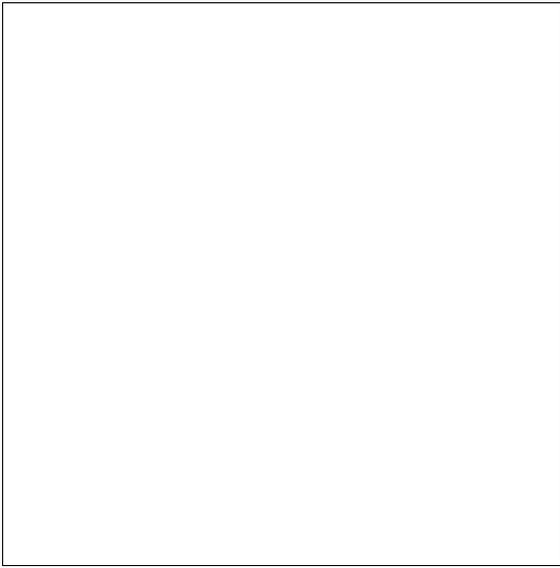
"Bontle and Mpho and Lerato, go out and play!" Mme said to us. "I don't want you under my feet." We ran out of the house.



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

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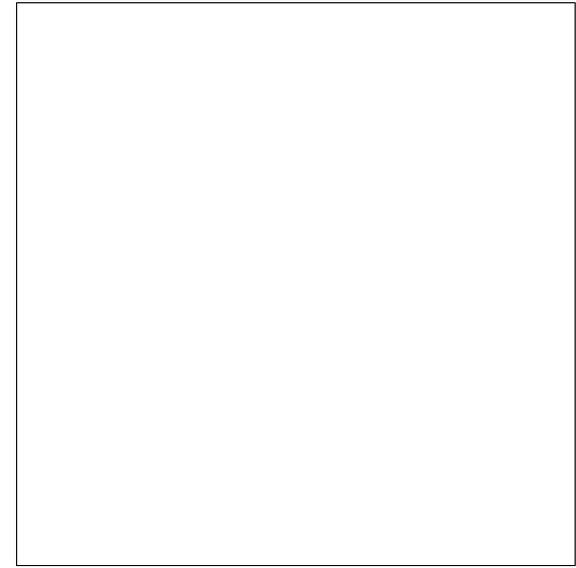
There were some cows near the river, enjoying the sweet grass. Bontle looked up, "Look at that cow! What's in her mouth?" "She's eating a red flower," said Lerato. "It's not a red flower," shouted Mpho. "It's your shirt!"



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.

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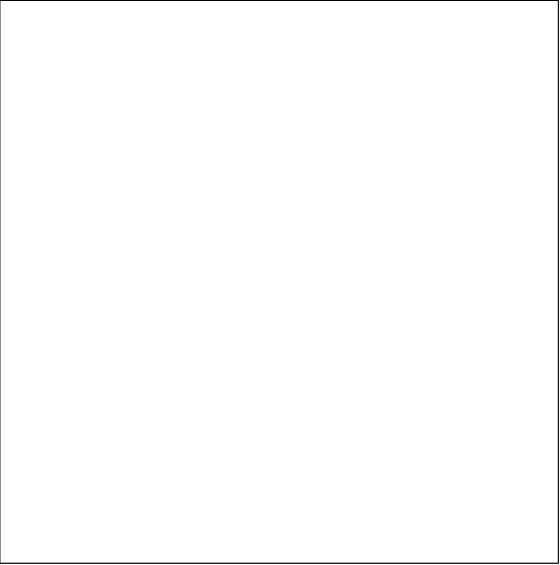
"Let's go to the river," Lerato said. "It's cooler there." "But Mme told us not to swim in the river," said Bontle. "We won't swim," answered Lerato. "We'll just play in the shade next to the water."



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

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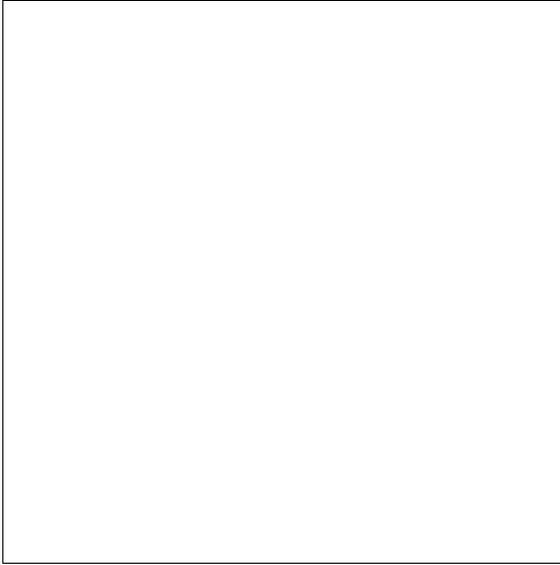
We looked under the trees. We looked on the bushes. We looked everywhere.



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

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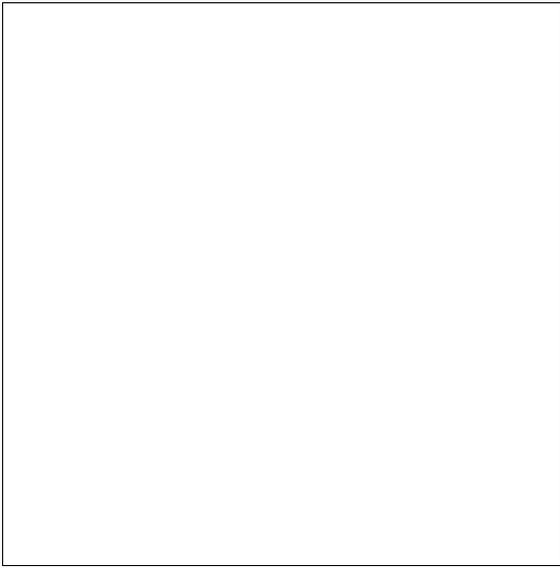
But playing iibeke is hot work, even when you're under the  
trees next to the river. First we took off our shoes. But we  
were still hot. Then we took off our shirts and skirts. But  
we were still hot.



Sibuke phansi kwetihlahla. Sabuka emahlatisini. Sabuka  
yonkhe indzawo.

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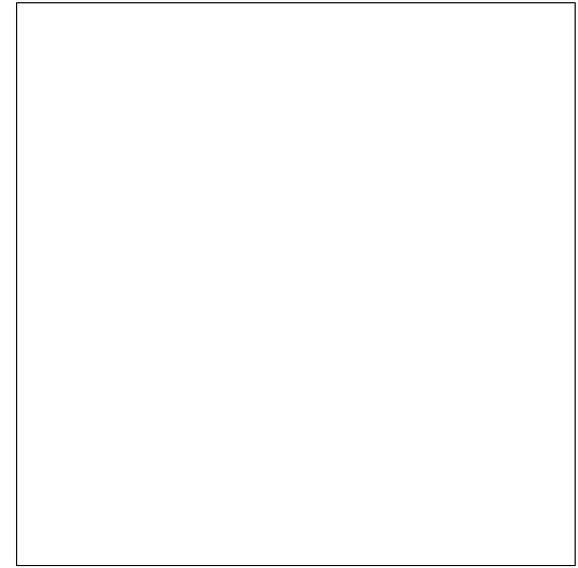
The sun started to go down, and the day began to cool.  
Where were our clothes?



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

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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?

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