

Leeto La Go Batla Moya Wa Boitumelo Searching for the spirit of Spring



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Searching for the spirit of Spring

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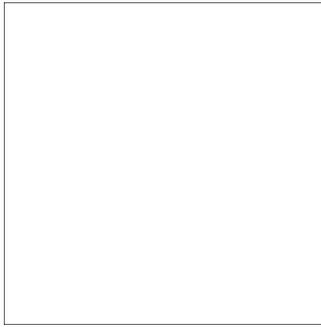
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(imageless edition)

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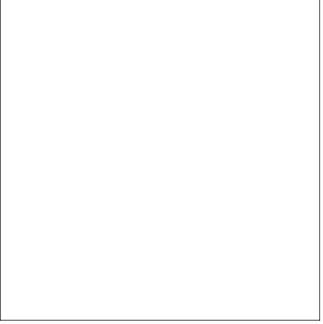




Mariga a magolo a fetile. Dikgakologo di ne di atametse kwa motseng wa ga Naledi. Mo sebakanyaneng, baagi ba motse ba ne ba tla go keteka setlha se sešwa. Moletlo wa keteko ya dikgakologo e ne e le moletlo o Naledi a neng a o rata go feta meletlo yotlhe ya ngwaga.

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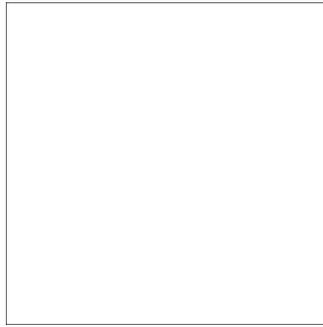
The Winter cold had passed. Spring was coming to Nkanyezi's village. Soon the villagers would gather to celebrate the new season. Nkanyezi looked forward to the Spring festival more than any other day in the year.



Moso mongwe o o neng o thutafatse, Naledi o ne a utlwa bagolo bangwe ba babedi ba motse ba bua ka moletlo o. "Baagi ba Batlounng ba latlhegetswe ke moya wa go keteka," mongwe wa bona a bua a swabile. "Re tla na jang le moletlo wa go keteka dikgakologo mo motseng o o lebetseng go keteka?" ga botsa o mongwe.

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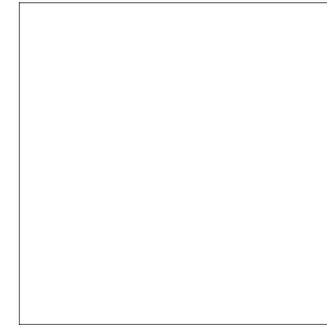
One warm morning, Nkanyezi overheard two village elders talking about the festival. "The people of Ndlouu have lost their spirit of celebration," one sighed. "How can we have a Spring festival in a village that has forgotten how to celebrate?" asked another.



Naledi o ne a tshwenyegile. "Letsatsi le tla phatsima jang gape ntle le gore re le opelele, re le tsose mo borokong jwa mariga?" a ipotsa. Naledi o ne a akanya nako e telele. "Ke tshwanetse go batla se se re latlhegetseng" a tsaya tshwetso. "Ke tshwanetse ke tsamae ke ye go batla dilo tse di tla tsosoiang moya wa go keteka mo motseng wa me."

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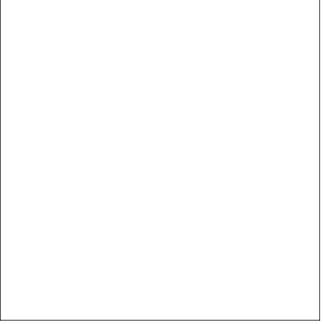
Nkanyezi was worried. "How will the sun shine again unless we sing to wake it from its winter slumber?" she asked herself. Nkanyezi thought for a long time. "I must find what we have lost," she decided. "I must go in search of things that will bring back the spirit of celebration to my village."



Fa a goroga kwa motseng baagi ba ne ba mo kgobokanela, ba batla go utlwa ka leeto la gagwe. O ne a ba bolelela tsotlhe tse a di boneng, tse a di utlwileng le tse a di jeleng. Naledi a bula kgetsi ya gagwe go kgaoganya dimpho tse a di filweng. Batho ba ne ba itumelela go amogela dimpho tse. Ka ntlha ya dimpho tsa batho ba bangwe, le boganka jwa ga Naledii, baagi ba motse ba ne ba bona mebala, pina le mmimo mo matshelong a bona. Ka jalo moya wa go keteka o ne wa boela gape mo motseng wa Batlounge.

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When she arrived home the villagers gathered around her to hear of her adventures. She told them the tales of what she had seen, heard, and eaten. Then she opened her bag to share the gifts given. The villagers rejoiced to receive these treasures. The generosity of others and the courage of Nkanyezi brought back colour, song and dance to the people. And so the spirit of celebration was restored to the village of Ndlovu.



Bagolo ba motse ba ne ba fa Naledi masego a leeto. Ba ne ba mo fa kgetsana go tsenya dilo tse a ka di fitlhelelang. Naledi o ne a tshogile, mme fela o ne a dumela gore o tla atlega.

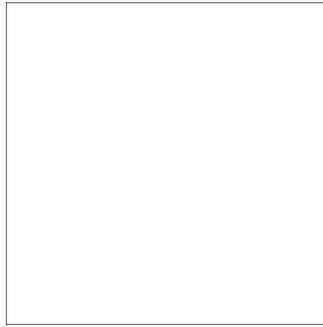
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The elders gave Nkanyezi their blessing for the journey. They gave her a bag to carry the things she would find. Nkanyezi was afraid, but she believed she would succeed.

Ka letsatsi le le latehang, sethopa sa baapei se ne sa mo fa sephiri sa metswako ya dinoko. "Morwadi," ba rialo, "ka dinoko tse, re go tshepisana gore mala a tla itumelai! Re go fa mpho ya bokgoni jwa go apaya dijo tse di monate." Naledi! o ne a leboga bagolo mme a tsenya dinoko tsa gagwe mo kgetsing. O ne a itse gore o nale tsothe tse a di tihokang. Ka maatla a a ntshwafetseng, a simolola leeto la go boela motseng wa gagwe wa Batloung.

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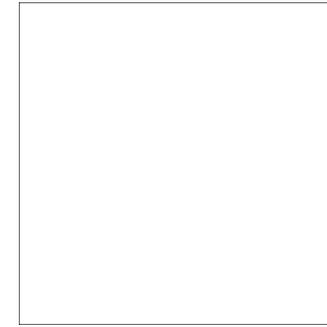
The next day, the council of cooks gave her a secret spice blend. "Our daughter," they said, "with these spices, happy tummies are guaranteed! We give you the gift of good food." Nkanyezi thanked the elders and put the spices in her bag. She knew she had everything she needed. With new energy she started the long journey back to the village of Ndlouu.



Naledi o ne a tsamaya letsatsi lotlhe. A palama thabana, a fologela kwa tlase mo segotlhong. A tsamaya ka mokoro mo nokeng e kgolo, a feta mo gare ga matlapa a a bogale. O ne a tsamaya nako e telele mo gare ga dikgwa go fitlhela a bona moriti wa dithaba tse dikhibidu.

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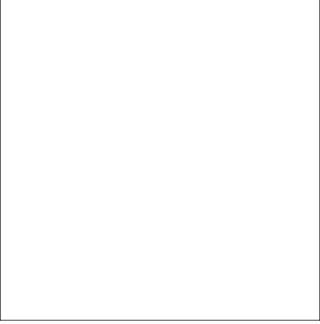
Nkanyezi walked all day. She hiked up a hill, and down into a valley. She sailed across the great river, and climbed between sharp rocks. She marched across the plains until she reached the shadow of the red mountains.



Ka letsatsi la boraro la leeto la gagwe, fa a feta lebala la dikgomo tse di nonneng, nko ya gagwe ya simolola go tlhotlhona. Monkgo o o monate wa dijo wa utlwala, mme molomo wa gagwe wa rokotsa mathe. O ne a sala monkgo o morago, mme fa a goroga kwa motseng o, a fitlhela batho ba eme mo thoko ga dipitsa tse di tletseng dinamama tse di rokotsang. Morafe o, o ne o tumile ka meletlo ya bona, mme Naledi o ne a simolola go ja dijo tse di monate tsa mefuta-futa. Fa a fetsa go ja, a bolelela bagolo ka ga leeto la gagwe la go busetsa moya wa go keteka kwa motseng wa gagwe.

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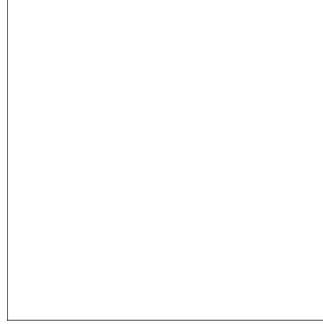
On the third day of her journey, as she passed a field of fat cows, her nose started to tingle. An aroma tickled her taste buds and her mouth started to water. She followed the scent, and arrived in a village to find people standing over steaming pots of stew. This tribe was famous for its feasts and Nkanyezi had never before tasted such flavours. After she had eaten her fill, she told the village elders about her journey to bring back the spirit of celebration to her people.



Fa bosigo bo atamela, Naledi o ne a goroga kwa motseng wa mebala-bala, le meaparo e mentle e o neng a simolola go e bona. O ne a bolelela bagolo ba motse ka ga leeto la gagwe la go tisa moya wa go keteka mo bathong ba gagwe. Mme wa morafe o, o ne a fa Naledi mpho. A mo raya a re, "Ka lerato, re go fa setschwantsho se gore o tle o busetse gape mebala mo motseng wa gago o o bodutu." Naledi o ne a leboga bagolo ba motse mme a tsenya setschwantsho mo kgetsing ya gagwe. Mo mosong o o latelang, o ne a tsena mo tseleng gape, a itumelletse mpho ya gagwe ya mebala.

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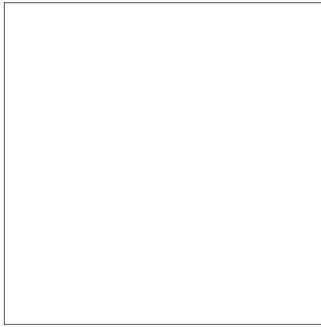
As night was closing in, Nkanyezi arrived at a village of patterns and colours as she had never seen before. She told the village elders about her journey to bring back the spirit of celebration to her people. The mother of this tribe gave Nkanyezi a gift. She told the girl, "With love we give to you this paint to restore colour to a village that has gone dull." Nkanyezi thanked the elders and put the paint in her bag. Early the next morning she went on her way, excited with this gift of colour.



Mo mosong kgosi e ne ya bitisa Naledi. "Ngwanaka," a rialo, "se ke moropa o o kgethegiling. Nako le nako fa o o letsa, o tshameka pina e ntšhwa." Naledi o ne a leboga bagolo ba motse mme a tsenya moropa mo kgetsing ya gagwe. O ne a tsena mo tseleng gape, a itumelletse mpho ya gagwe ya mmino.

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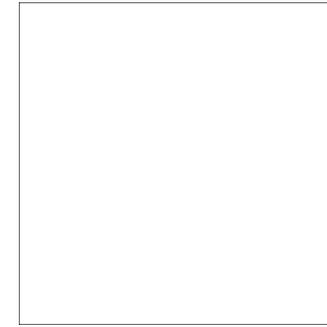
In the morning the chief called on Nkanyezi. "My child," he said, "here is a special drum. It plays a new song every time you beat it." Nkanyezi thanked the elders and put the drum in her bag. She went on her way again, delighted with this gift of music and dance.



Naledi o ne a tsamaya letsatsi lotlhe, mo gare ga sekgwa sa ditlhare tse dikgolo. Erile go fifala, mme a sa kgone go bona, o ne a utlwa medumo ya meropa. O ne a itlhaganelela kwa meropa e lelang gona, a utlwa moya wa mmimo mo maotong a gagwe a a lapileng.

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Nkanyezi walked all day, through a vast forest of giant trees. As the sky became too dark for her to see, she heard the sound of beating drums. She hurried towards the drumming, feeling the spirit of dance coming to her tired feet.



Naledi o ne a iphitlhela a le kwa motseng wa Bataung. Batho ba ne ba eme go ralala molelo, ba letsa meropa mme ba opela. O ne a simolola go utlwa mmimo o o monate jalo. O ne a bolelela bagolo ka leeto la gagwe la go tliša moya wa go keteka kwa motseng wa gagwe. Bataung ba ne ba mo laletsa go ikhutsa le go robala bosigo joo.

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Nkanyezi found herself in the village of the Bhubezi. People were sitting around a fire, drumming and singing. She had never before heard such wonderful music. She told the village elders about her journey to bring back the spirit of celebration to her people. The Bhubezi invited her to rest and stay the night.