



Storybooks South Africa

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Letsatsi! La Lamathatso Le Le Mogote /

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 in an effort to provide children's stories in South Africa's many languages.



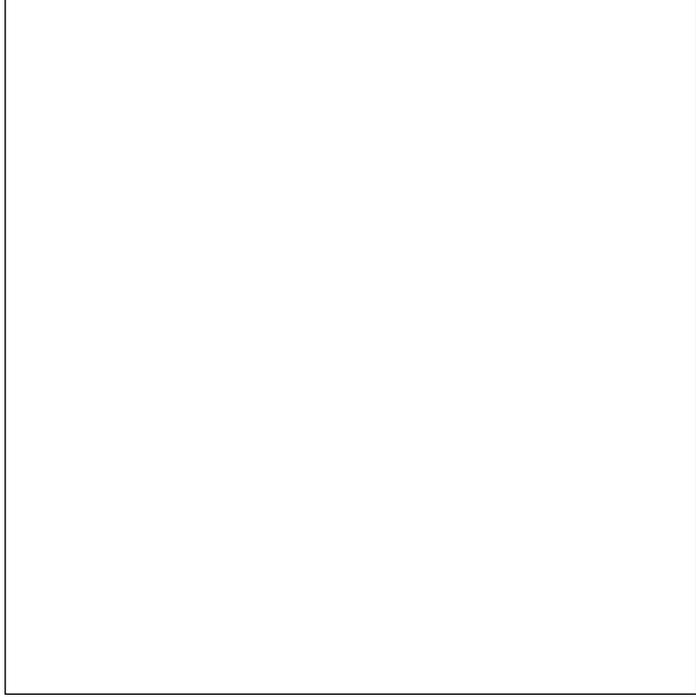
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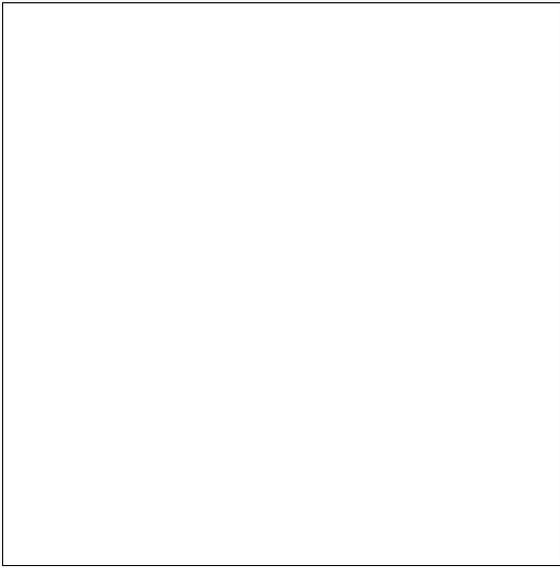
(imageless edition)

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 Tswana / English
 Level 3



One hot Saturday afternoon

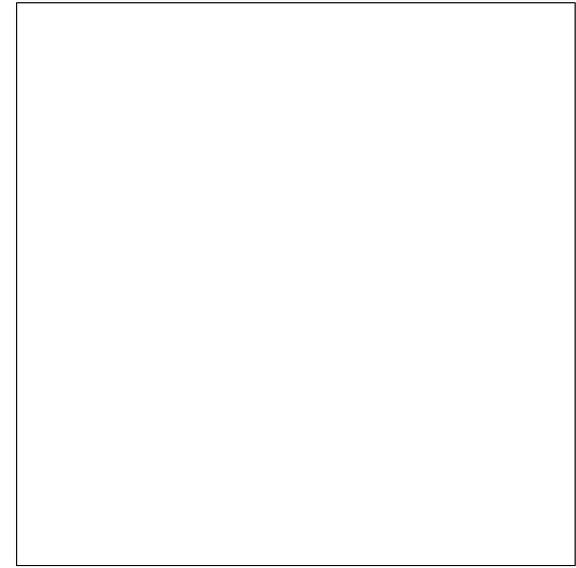
Letsatsi! La Lamathatso Le Le Mogote



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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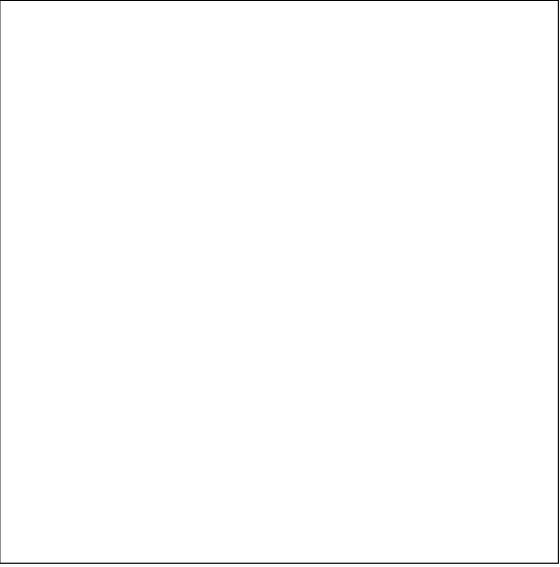
It was a very hot Saturday afternoon in December.



Re 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.

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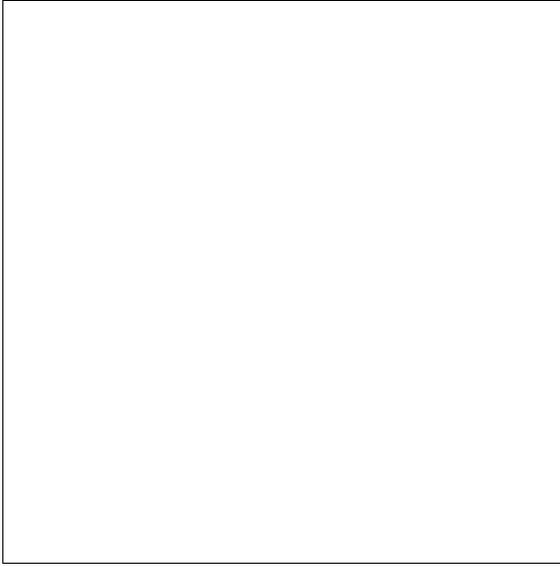
We looked at another cow who was chewing something blue. "That's my skirt!" shouted Bontle.



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

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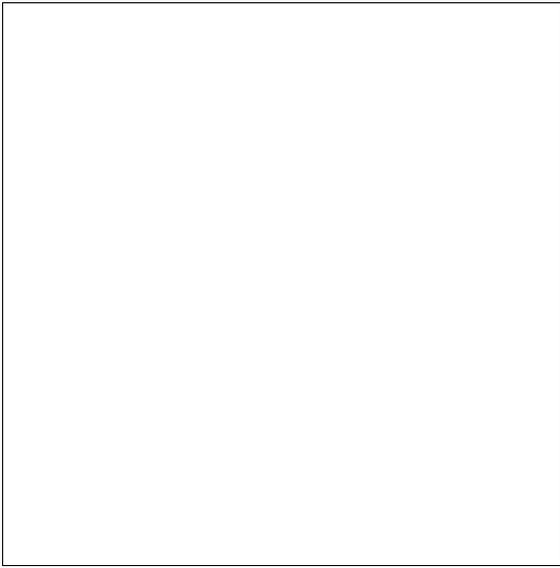
"Bontle and Mpho and Lerato, go out and play!" Mme said to us. "I don't want you under my feet." We ran out of the house.



"E ja palesa e e khibidu," ga araba Lerato. "Ga se palesa e khibidu," Mpho a goa. "Ke hempa ya gago!" Re ne ra lebelela kgomo e nngwe. E ja sengwe se se tala. "Ke seketse sa mei!" ga goa Bontle.

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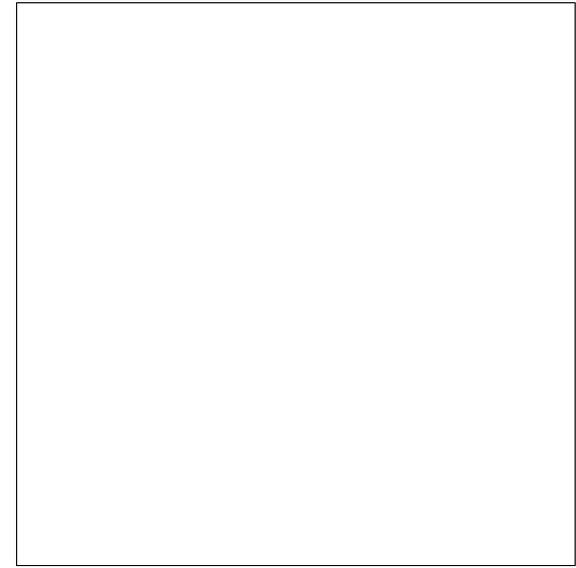
There were some cows near the river, enjoying the sweet grass. Bontle looked up, "Look at that cow! What's in her mouth?" "She's eating a red flower," said Lerato. "It's not a red flower," shouted Mpho. "It's your shirt!"



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.

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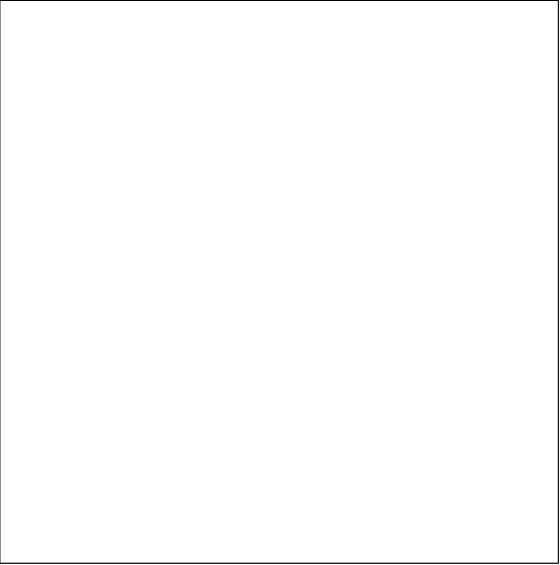
"Let's go to the river," Lerato said. "It's cooler there." "But Mme told us not to swim in the river," said Bontle. "We won't swim," answered Lerato. "We'll just play in the shade next to the water."



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?"

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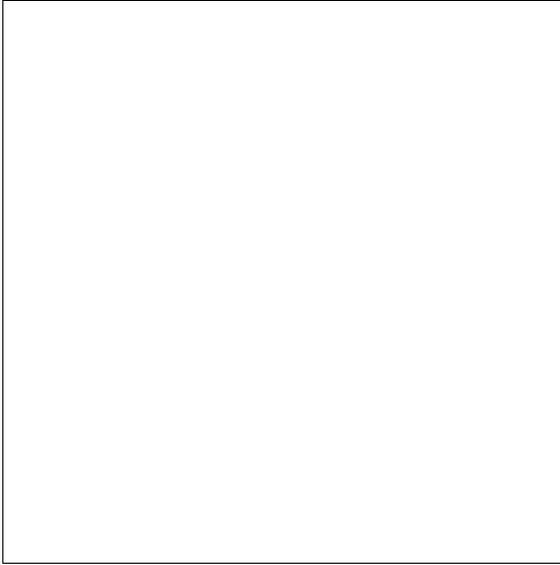
We looked under the trees. We looked on the bushes. We looked everywhere.



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

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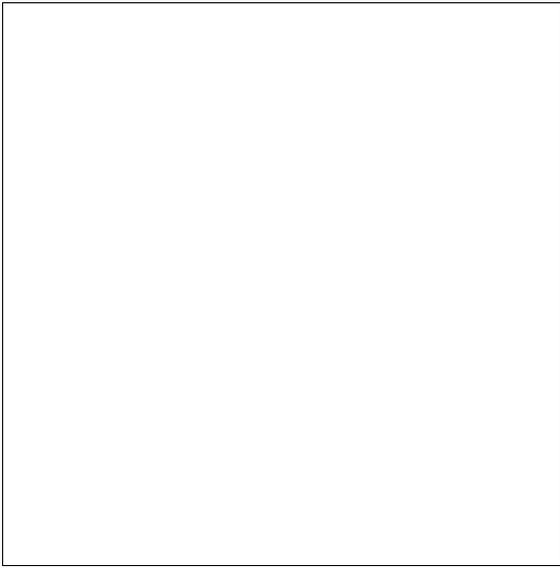
But playing libeke is hot work, even when you're under the
trees next to the river. First we took off our shoes. But we
were still hot. Then we took off our shirts and skirts. But
we were still hot.



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

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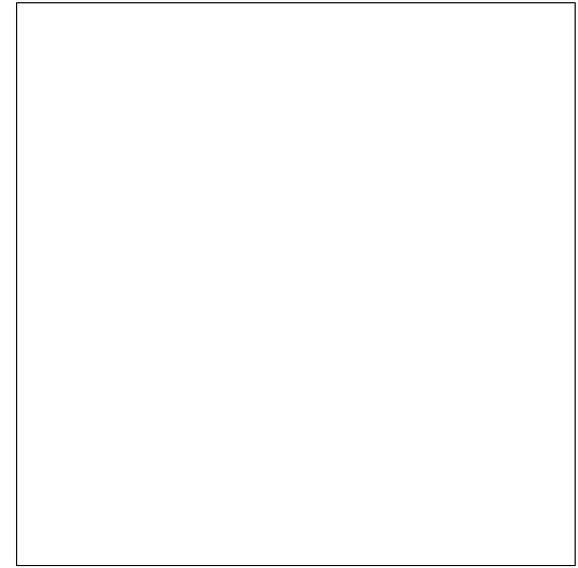
The sun started to go down, and the day began to cool.
Where were our clothes?



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

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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.



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

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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.