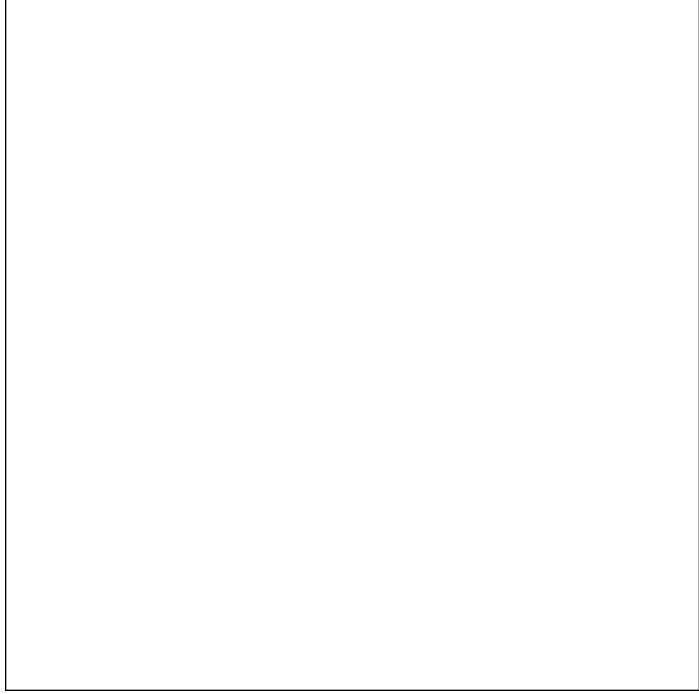


Ngenye Imva Kwemini Eshushu Yangomqibelo

One hot Saturday afternoon



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🗣️ Xhosa / English

📊 Level 3



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Yangomqibelo / One hot Saturday

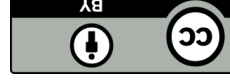
afternoon

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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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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. "Andintfuni endleleni yam." Sabaleka saphuma endlwini.

...

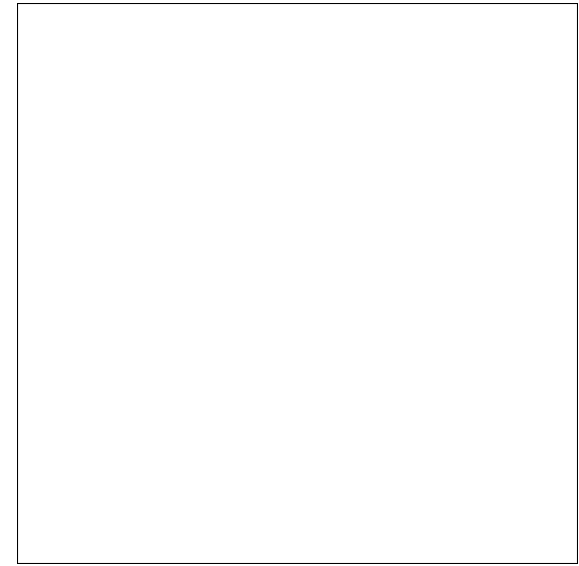
"Bontle and Mpho and Lerato, go out and play!" Mme said to us. "I don't want you under my feet." We ran out of the house.



“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 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.



Kodwa ukudlala 'ulibeke' ngumsebenzi obilisayo, nokuba
uphantsi kwemithi ecaleni komlambo. Okokuqala
sakhulula izihlangu zethu. Kodwa sasiseshushu. Saza
sakhulula iziket! neblawuzi. 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.



Saya ekhaya ngeepenti zethu, siqhazela. Kodwa
ingasukuba kwakuphile. "Yayizimazi zenkomo," Sakhala.
"Imazi zenkomo zitye impahla zethu."

...

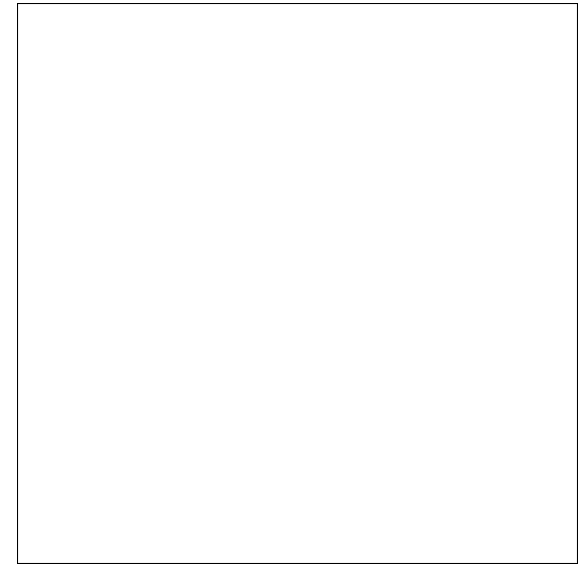
We went home in our panties, shivering. But not only
because it was cool. "It was the cows," we cried. "The cows
ate our clothes."



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.



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

...

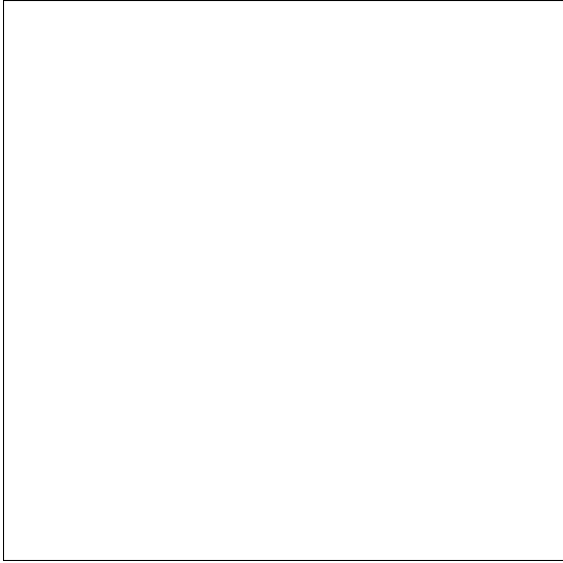
We looked at another cow who was chewing something blue. “That’s my skirt!” shouted Bontle.



“O-oi Yizani! Masiqubheni,” wats’ho uMpho. “Utata akasoze ayazi!” Saqubha, saqubha, salibala ngexesha.

...

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



Kwakukho ii! mazi zeenkomo kufutshane nomlambo, zonwabele ingca enambithekayo. Ubontle wajonga phezu!u, “Jonga kulaa mazi yenkomoi Yintoni esemlonjeni yayo?” “Itya intyantyambo ebomvu,” wakhwaza uMpho.

...

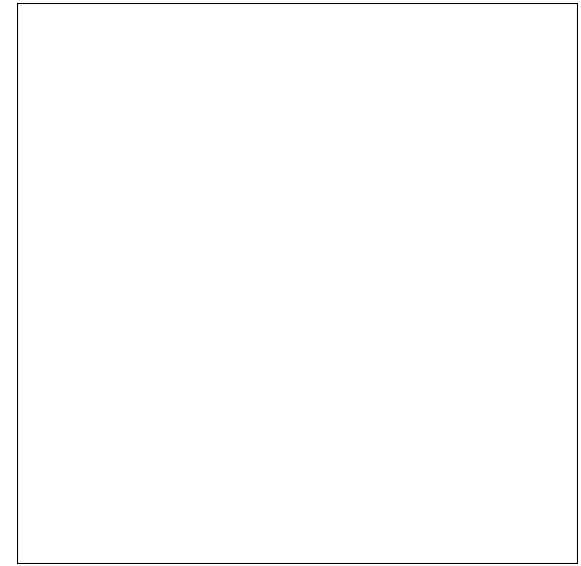
There were some cows near the river, enjoying the sweet grass. Bontle looked up, “Look at that cow! What’s in her mouth?” “She’s eating a red flower,” said Lerato. “It’s not a red flower,” shouted Mpho. “It’s your shirt!”



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.