








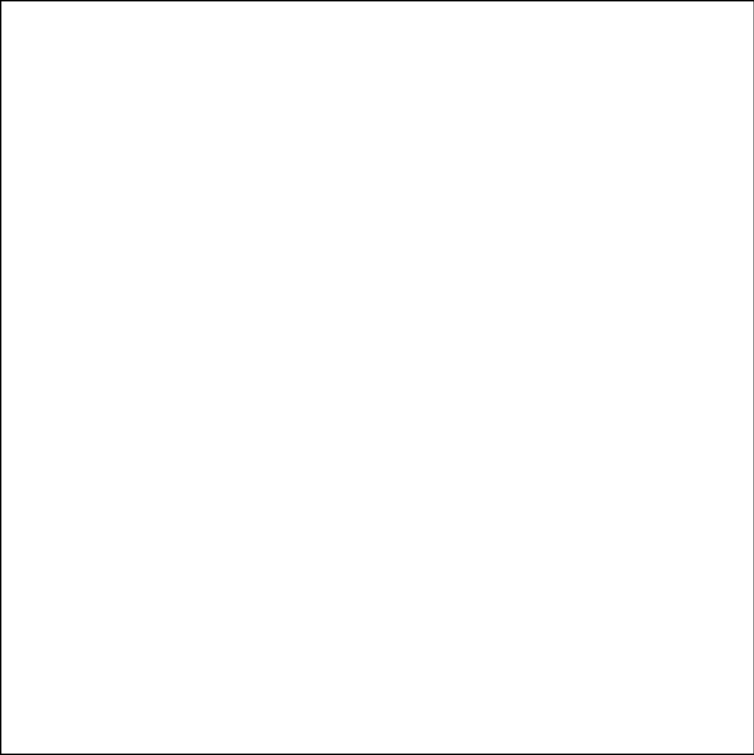
Ukukhangela Umoya Wentwasahlobo

Searching for the spirit of Spring

-  Mosa Mahlaba
-  Selina Masego Morulane
-  Xolisa Guzula
-  Xhosa / English
-  Level 4

(imageless edition)

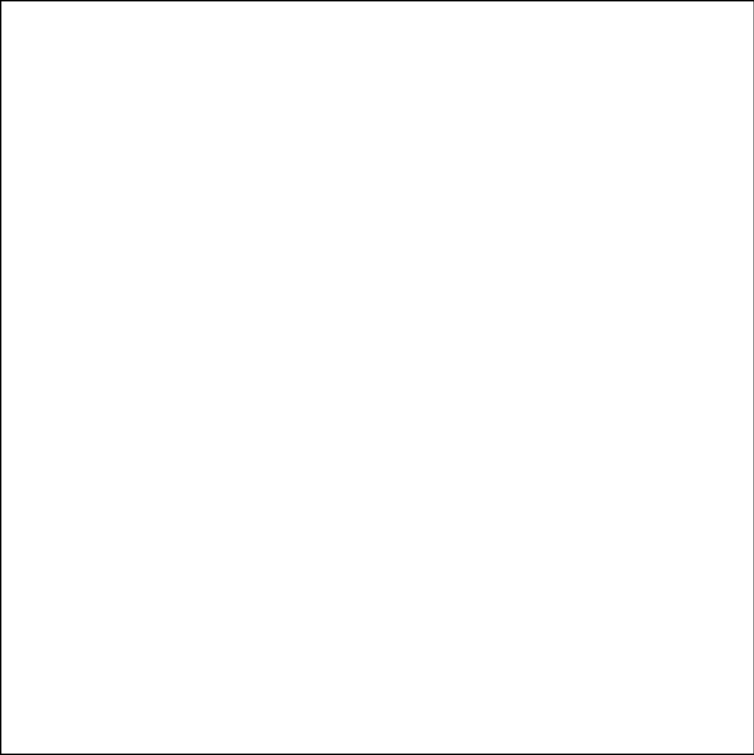




Ubusika obuqhaqhazelisa amazinyo babusele budlulile. Kwakusele kuza kungena iNtwasahlobo elalalini kaKhwezi. Kungekudala abahlali babesele belungiselela ukubhiyozela ixesha lokuthwasa konyaka, iNtwasahlobo. UKhwezi wayelulangazelela ngaphezulu kwezinye iintsuku olu suku lokubhiyozelwa kokuthwasa kwehlobo.

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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.

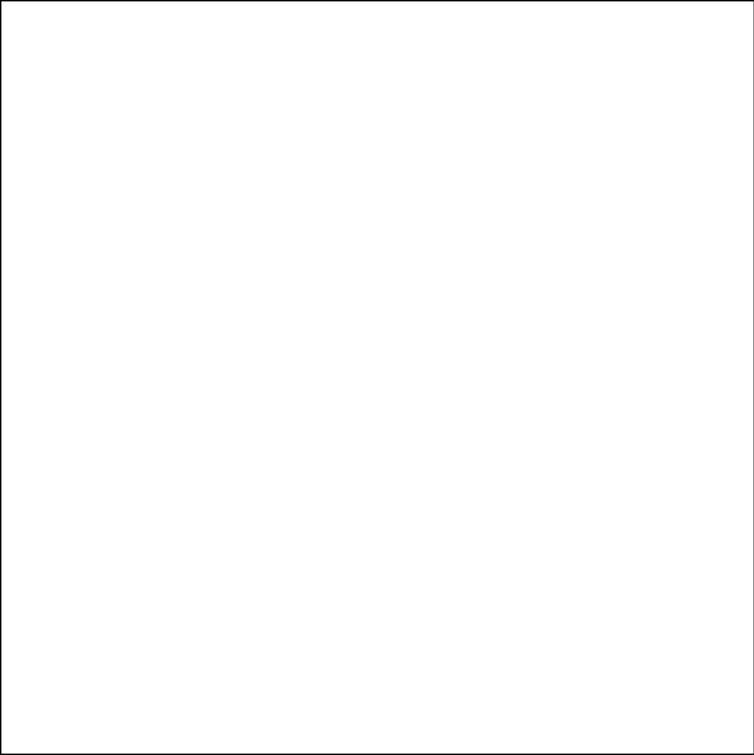


Ngenye imini wathi uKhwezi ezihlelele nje, weva abantu abadala ababini bexoxa ngalo mbhiyozo. “Abantu balapha eNdlovu abasenawo umdla nomoya wokubhiyozela ukuthwasa kwehlobo,” watsho omnye waba.

“Singakubhiyozela njani ukuthwasa kwehlobo njengokuba abantu sele balibalayo ngalo mbhiyozo?” Wabuza omnye.

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One warm morning, Nkanyezi overheard two village elders talking about the festival. “The people of Ndlovu 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.



Kwamkhathaza kakhulu ukuva le nto uKhwezi. “Liza kuphinde libe shushu njani ilanga xa singalivusi ebuthongweni basebusika?” wazibuza. Wahlala wacinga ixesha elide. “Kufuneka ndifumanise ukuba yintoni kanye kanye esingasayaziyo,” wathatha esi sigqibo. “Kufuneka ndihambe ndiyokufuna izinto ezingabuyisa umdla nomoya wokubhiyozela eli xesha lonyaka.”

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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.”



Abantu abadala bamsikelela kuhambo awayeza kuluthatha. Bamnika isingxobo awayeza kufaka kuso izinto awayeza kuzifumana eluhambeni. UKhwezi wayesoyika kodwa ekwakholelwa ekubeni uhambo lwakhe luza kuba yimpumelelo.

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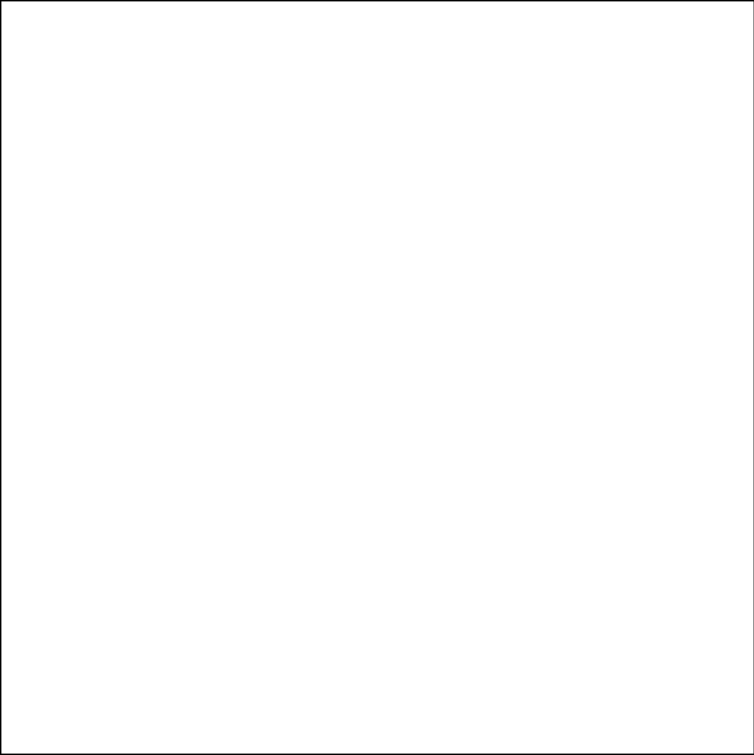
The elders gave Nkanyezi their blessing for the journey. They gave her a bag to carry the things she would find. Nkanyezi was afraid, but she believed she would succeed.



UKhwezi wahamba imini yonke. Wayesenyuka aphinde ehle emimangweni. Wawela umlambo omkhulu wenyuka nasemaweni. Wahamba njalo edlula amathafa waze wayokufika phantsi kweentaba ezibomvu.

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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.

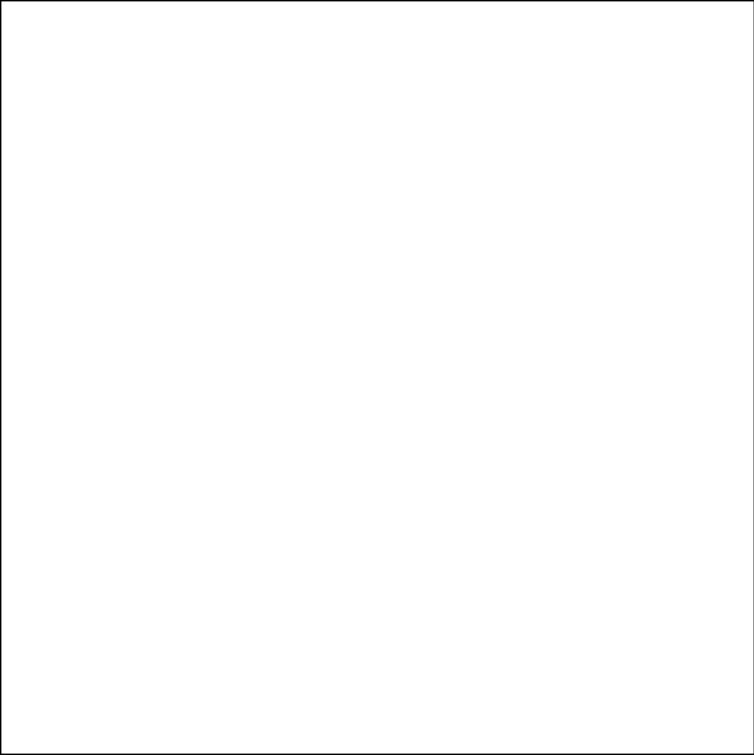


Ngokuhlwa, uKhwezi wafika elalini eyayinezindlu ezipeyintwe ngeephatheni ezimibalabala awayengazange ayibone ngaphambili. Waxelela abantu abadala bakule lali ngohambo lwakhe nezicwangciso zakhe zokubuyisela ukubhiyozelwa kwentwasahlobo. Umama wesi sizwe afikele kuso wapha uKhwezi isipho. Wathi kuye, “Sikupha le peyinti ngothando olukhulu, yeyona eza kubuyisa umbala elalini yakho esele ikhangeleka imthuwasi ngebala.” UKhwezi wabulela kakhulu kubantu abadala waze wafaka ipeyinti esingxotyeni sakhe. Ekuseni ngemini elandelayo, waqhubeka nohambo lwakhe. Wayonwabe kakhulu sisipho sakhe sombala.

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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

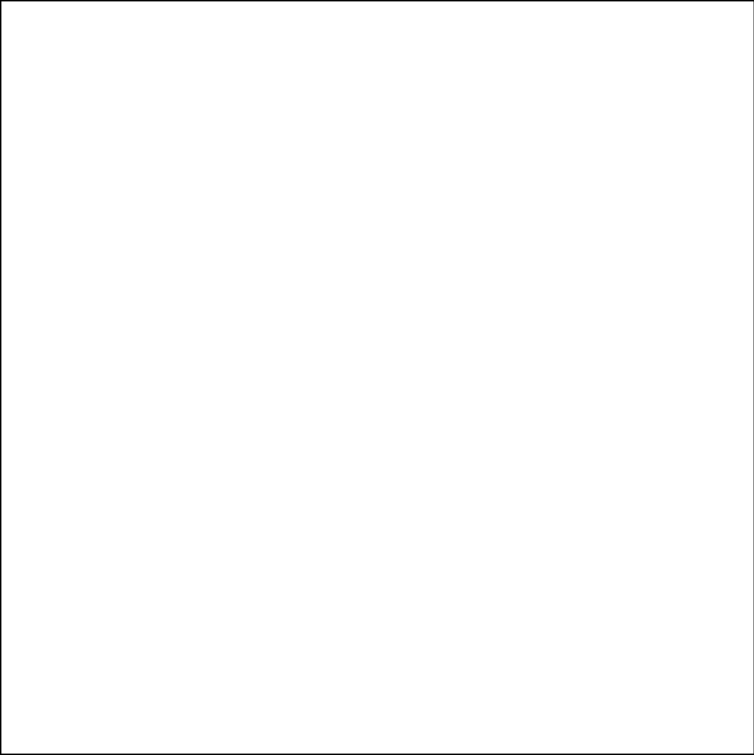
with this gift of colour.



UKhwezi wahamba imini yonke ethubeleza phakathi kwemithi emikhulu yasehlathini. Kuthe xa kuqalisa ukuhlwa, apho wayengasaboni kakuhle weva isandi segubu elikhalayo. Waxhabashela apho lalikhala ngakhona igubu eziva elangazelela ukuxhentsa nangona iinyawo zakhe zazidiniwe nje.

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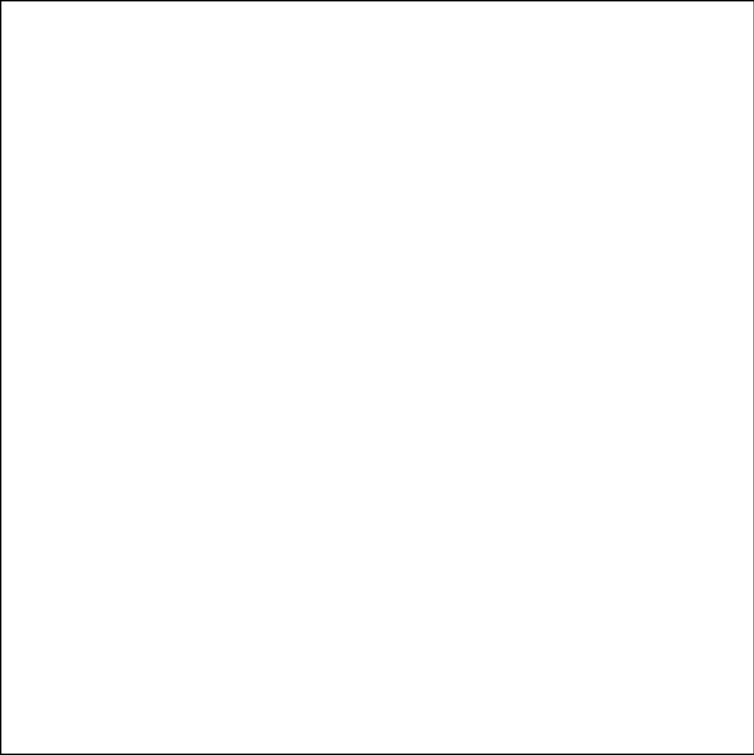
Nkanyezi walked all day, through a vast forest of giant trees. As the sky became too dark for her to see, she heard the sound of beating drums. She hurried towards the drumming, feeling the spirit of dance coming to her tired feet.



UKhwezi wabona sele efikile elalini yakwaBhubesi. Wafika abantu behleli berhangqe umlilo bebetha amagubu becula nokucula. Wayengazange awuve umculo omnandi ngolwa hlobo. Wafika wabachazela ngehambo yakhe abantu abadala bale lali. Wabaxelela ngohambo lwakhe olunjongo zikukubuyisa ukubhiyozelwa kwentwasahlobo kwilali yakokwabo. Abantu bakwaBhubesi bamcela ukuba alale ngobo busuku ukuze aphumle.

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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.



Ekuseni inkosi yabiza uKhwezi. “Mntwan’am’ yatsho inkosi, “Nali igubu elingafaniyo namanye. Lidlala ingoma entsha ngalo lonke ixesha uqalisa ukulidlala.” UKhwezi wabulela kakhulu. Wathatha igubu walifaka esingxotyeni sakhe. Waqhubeka nohambo lwakhe esivuyela kakhulu isipho sakhe sokudlala iingoma ezinesingqisho eziza kwenza ukuba abantu bavakalelwe baxhentse.”

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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.

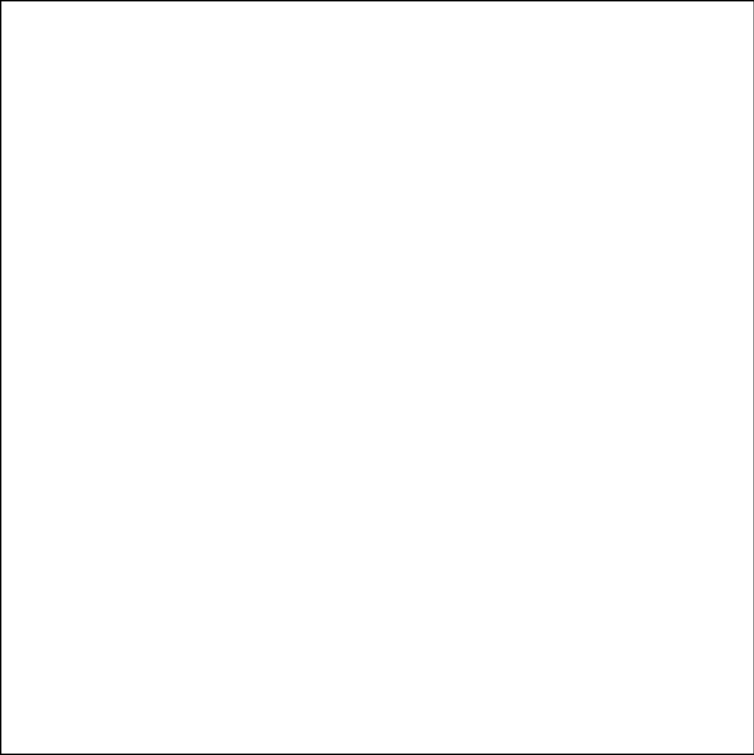


Ngosuku lwesithathu lohambo lwakhe wathi uKhwezi xa egqitha kumadlelo eenkomo ezityebileyo zale lali, waqala warhogola ivumba elithile. Yayilivumba lenyama. Wathi akuva eli vumba wavuza izinkcwe. Wahamba walandela umkhondo oya kwicala apho laliphuma ngakhona ivumba elimnandi de wayokufika. Wafika abantu belali bemile bejikeleze iimbiza ezazipheke unqweme. Esi sizwe sasidume kakhulu ngokupheka kwaye uKhwezi wayengazange akungcamle okunjalo ukuba mnandi ukutya ngaphambili. Emveni kokuba etyile, waqala wachazela abantu ngohambo lwakhe. Wabaxelela ngeenjongo zakhe zokubuyisela umbhiyozo wentwansahlobo kubantu belali yakhe.

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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

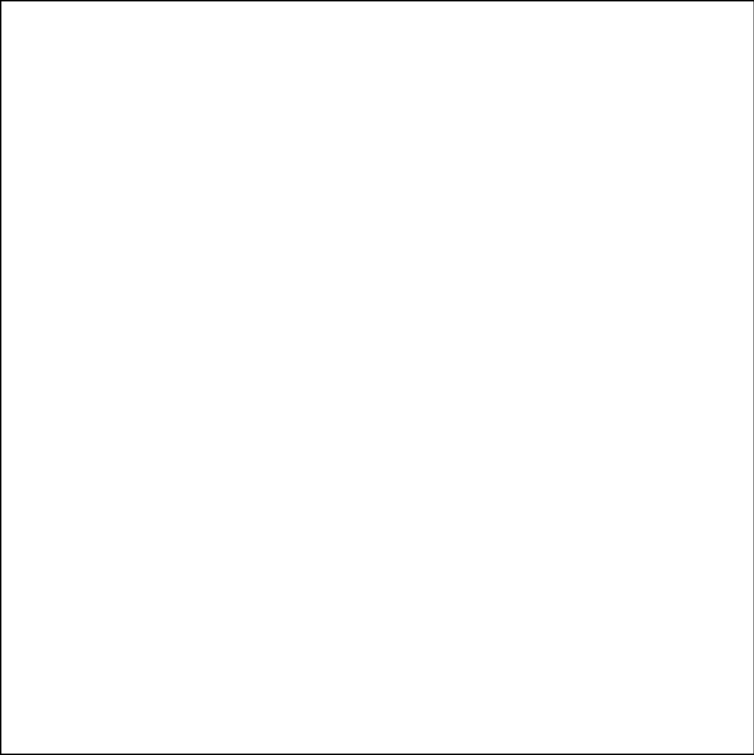
her journey to bring back the spirit of celebration to her people.



Ngentseni elandelayo, iqela labapheki lamnika iziqholo zokutya ezazingaziwa mntu. “Ntwazana,” batsho abapheki, “Xa usebenzisa ezi ziqholo zokutya, abantu abaza kutya ukutya kwakho baza kwaneliseka nakanjani! Sikupha isipho esiza kukwenza ukuba upheke ukutya okunambithekayo.” UKhwezi wabulela waphaphatha, wathatha iziqholo wazifaka kwisingxobo sakhe. Wayesazi ukuba wayezifumene zonke izinto awayezidinga. Waziva esemandleni waza waqalisa uhambo lwakhe olubuyela elalini yakwaNdlovu.

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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 Ndlovu.



Wathi xa efika ekhaya babe abahlali bemvuyela, bemjikeleza befuna ukuva konke ngohambo lwakhe. Waqala wababalisela ngayo yonke into ayibonileyo, ayivileyo nayityileyo. Emva koko wavula isingxobo sakhe wababonisa izinto awayeziphiwe. Abantu belali bavuya kakhulu baze bazamkela ezi zipho. Ububele nesisa sabanye abantu kunye nobugorha bukaKhwezi babuyisela umbala, umculo kunye nomxhentso kubantu belali. Le, yaba yindlela owabuyiswa ngayo umoya wokubhiyozela intwasahlobo kubantu belali yakwaNdlovu.

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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.



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Written by: Mosa Mahlaba

Illustrated by: Selina Masego Morulane

Translated by: Xolisa Guzula (xh)

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