

MMAMABELE (SETSWANA): By Refilwe Morongwa Ramagoshi

Bogologolotala. maje a sa ntse a tobetsega. Go kile ga bo go na le mosadi a bidiwa Mmamabele mo motseng wa Tlapeng. Mosadi yo, o ne a le maswe mo go neng go boifisa. E ne e re fa a tlhagelela, tota le dintšwa di ne di sia. Mmamabele, e ne e le mmamabele ka tota. Mabele a gagwe a ne a le matona e bile a gagaba fa fatshe fa a tsamaya. Meno one, ga ke bue! A phatlhaletse, a le maleele e kete dinaka tsa phoko.

Le fa go ntse jalo, Mmamabele o ne a na le mosetsana a bidiwa Naledi. Naledi o ne a le bontle bo bo fatlhang matlho. A le mosesane, ka letheke le e keteng la mofu. Matlho ona ga ke bue! A le makima e kete a namane. A le mosetlhana ka mmala.

Basimane ba motse o, ba ne ba mo rata ka la o ka swa nka go ja. Sebe sa phiri e ne e le bomaswe ba ga Mmamabele. Mosimane wa ntlha o ne a ya go bolelela batsadi ba gagwe fa a bone sego sa metsi kwa ga Mmamabele, e leng Naledi. Batsadi ba ne ba bitsa boMalome le bangwe ba lelapa gore ba ye go ba kopela sego sa metsi kwa ga Mmamabele.

Naledi ka gale o ne a tlhola kwa gae a tshwaragane le ditiro tsa lelapa fa mmaagwe, Mmamabele a tlhola a thagola kwa masimong motshegare otlhe. Jaanong jaaka re itse go ya ka molao wa Setswana, sego sa metsi, e leng Naledi, a ka se ke a buisana le ba bogadi. O tla re go lemoga fa e le ba gaabo mosimane ba ba tsenang ka lelapa la kwa gaabo, a bo a simolola go tlhabeletsa pina:

Nyentlele wee! Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae

Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae!

Nyentlele wee! Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae!

Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae!

Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae!

Ka yone nako eo, Mmamabele o tla bo a itse gore go na le batho kwa ga gagwe. O tla tla a leka go tsamaela ka bonako fela a sitisiwa ke mabele a a magolo. O tla tlhaga a ntse a re:

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana.

Ka nako eo, o elela dithito, meno le one e kete a dimo a tsamaya a ya kwa pele le kwa morago. O tla tsamaya a bua jalo go fitlha a tsena ka lelapa la gagwe. Ba ba romilweng go batla ngwetsi, e tla re ba utlwa mosumo wa gagwe, ba eme ka diferwana, ba gakgametse gore go tla eng. Mmamabele o tla tsena ka lapa a ntse a re:

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

E tla re fa a tsena ka kgoro ya ntlo ya gagwe, baromiwa ba bo ba betsega, e le semphete ke go fete!- ba tshositswe ke meno le mabele a a gagabang fa fatshe le tedu e e mo nkong. Go ne ga nna ga diragala jalo. Mosimane a gapiwa matlho ke bontle ba ga Naledi, fela fa ba gaabo mosimane ba bona bomaswe ba ga Mmamabele, ba sie, ba se ke ba tlhola ba bowa gape. Basimane botlhe ba motse, ba ne ba leka, ba palelwa ba bo ba felela botlhe. Basimane ba motse oo, ba ne ba inyalela basetsana ba bangwe. .

Basimane ba metse e e fa gaufi le bone, ba ne ba iteka lesego mme ba tiholwa. Jaanong go ne ga diragala gore kwa motseng wa Dithoteng, o o kgakala le wa gaabo Naledi, go bo go na le morwa kgosi yo o neng a rata go nyala. O ne a setse a utlwetse ka ga bontle ba ga Naledi, fela a sa itse ka ga bomaswe ba ga Mmamabele. O ne a ntsha barongwa ka dikgomo tse dintsi le dimpho tse dintle tse ba tla fitlhang ba nyala Naledi ka tsona. Fela morwa wa kgosi, le fa e ne e se ka fa molaong, o ne a tsamaya le bona. E rile fa Naledi a ba bona a bo a tlhabeletsa pina ele gape:

Nyentlele wee! Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae

Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae!

Nyentlele wee! Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae!

Nyentlele!

Ka yone nako eo, moriri o o mo nkong ya ga Mamabele wa simolola go tlhotlhona. A bo a setse a itse gore go na le batho kwa ga gagwe. A bo a ragoga a latlhakanya megoma, a leba kwa ga gagwe a ntse a re:

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

E rile fa a tlhagelela a gagabisa mabele, meno a mo eteletse pele e kete dimo jalo, batlhanka ba kgosi ba gasagana ba latlhaganya dimpho. Morwa Kgosi ena a itsetsepela senna a se ke a ba a sia. Fa batlhanka ba bona morwa wa Kgosi a sa sie, ba tabogela go mo farafara. Ba bogela Mmamabele a ntse a re:

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

Mmamabele e rile fa a bona batho ba ba sa sie, a ngeba. A ba dumedisa mme a ba botsa gore ke bo mang e bile ba bewa ke eng fa ga gagwe. Motlhanka yo mogolo wa ga kgosi a bega morwa wa ga Kgosi mme a tlhalosa fa ba bone sego sa metsi kwa ga gagwe, e leng Naledi. Mmamabele a tshega a ba a ntsha leino la motlhagare fa a lemoga gore Naledi o nyalwa ke morwa wa kgosi.

Batlhanka ba ne ba supetsa Mmamabele dikgomo tsa bogadi tse di neng di fula kgakajana mme a ba kopa go di tlhatlaela ka fa lesakeng. Naledi o ne a bidiwa mme batlhanka le morwa wa ga Kgosi ba sala ba gamaregile go bona mosetsana yo montle jaaka Naledi.

Mmamabele o ne a laletsa batho ba mo motseng go tla go keteka moletlo wa lenyalo la ga Naledi. Ke fa Naledi a tseiwa a ya go nna Mohumagatsana kwa motseng wa Dithoteng.

Ke seo sa moselana wa seripa!

Le be le fela!

MMAMABELE (AFRIKAANS)

Lank lank gelede, toe klippe nog sag was, was daar 'n vrou wat Mmamabele genoem is, in die dorpie, Tlapeng. Hierdie vrou was so lelik soos die nag. Elke keer as sy haar verskyning gemaak het, het selfs die honde weggehardloop. Mmamabele was 'n vrou met 'n enorme boesem. Haar boesem was so groot dat dit op die grond gesleep het, as sy loop. As 'n mens by haar tande kom – wel ek weet nie hoe om dit te beskryf nie – hulle was ver uitmekaar net soos die horings van 'n ram. Selfs al was sy baie lelik, het Mmamabele 'n dogter gehad, wat Naledi genoem is, wat asemrowend mooi was. Sy was slank, met 'n middel soos 'n perdeby. Haar oë was groot soos die van 'n kalf en sy was lig van gelaat. Die jongmans van die dorpie het haar liefgehad met 'n liefde wat nie eens beskryf kon word nie. Die enigste struikelblok was Mmamabele. Die eerste jongman het na sy ouers gegaan en hulle meegedeel dat hy 'n toekomstige bruid gesien het by die huis van Mmamabele en dat haar naam Naledi is. Die ouers van die jongman het sy oom en ander familielede ingeroep om by die huis van Mmamabele om Naledi se hand te gaan vra.

Naledi is altyd tuis gelaat om huiswerk te doen, terwyl Mmamabele die hele dag gespandeer het om onkruid op die landerye uit te trek. Soos ons almal weet, is dit nie gebruiklik binne die Setswanakultuur dat 'n toekomstige bruid met die aanstaande skoonfamilie sal onderhandel of praat nie.

Naledi het dadelik besef dat daar mense is wat om haar hand kom vra. Op daardie oomblik het sy 'n liedjie begin sing:

Nyentlele wee! Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae!

(Die skoonfamilie kom soek my by die huis)

Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae!

(Die skoonfamilie kom soek my by die huis)

Nyentlele! Bagwe ba ntlela gae!

(Die skoonfamilie kom soek my by die huis)

Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae!

(Die skoonfamilie kom soek my by die huis)

Mmamabele sal gewaarsku word en sal sy weet dat daar mense by haar huis is. Sy sal kom, probeer om vinniger te loop, maar met moeite, weens haar groot boesem. Sy sal kom en sê:

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

(Ek is gesteur deur die meisie se dinge)

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

(Ek is gesteur deur die meisie se dinge)

Sy sal sweet en haar tande sal soos 'n reus s'n lyk wat vorentoe en agtertoe uitpeul soos sy probeer om vinniger te loop. Sy sal aanhou om so te praat, totdat sy haar huis bereik. Diegene wat gestuur is om na Naledi te verneem, sal hierdie snaakse geluid hoor en begin om deur die heinings te loer – bekommerd en verras oor dit wat aankom. Mmamabele sal die huis binnekom en sê:

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

(Ek is gesteur deur die meisie se dinge)

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

(Ek is gesteur deur die meisie se dinge)

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

As sy haar huis binnekom, sal die mense wat gestuur is om met haar te onderhandel nie vir haar wag om iets te sê nie, maar vir die deur mik en weghardloop. Hulle was bang vir die lang tande, die boesem wat op die grond sleep en vir die baard op haar neus.

Dit het vir 'n tyd so aangehou. Die jongmans was aangetrokke tot Naledi se skoonheid, maar as 'n jongman se familie sien hoe lelik Mmamabele is, het hulle wegghardloop en nooit weer teruggekom nie. Al die jongmans van die dorpie het hulle geluk probeer, maar hulle het misluk, tot die laaste een. Hulle het met ander meisies in die dorpie getrou.

Die jongmans van nabygeleë dorpies het ook hulle geluk probeer, maar hulle het misluk. In 'n ander dorpie, genaamd Dithoteng, ver van Naledi s'n, was daar 'n prins wat graag wou trou en ook gehoor het van Naledi se skoonheid. Hy het nie geweet hoe lelik Mmamabele was nie. Hy het boodskappers uitgestuur met baie mooi presente wat hulle as lobola vir Naledi sou gee. Selfs al was dit teen Setswanakultuur, het hy hulle vergesel na Naledi se huis. Toe Naledi hulle sien, het sy weer begin om daardie liedjie te sing:

Nyentlele wee! Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae

(Die skoonfamilie kom soek my by die huis)

Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae!

(Die skoonfamilie kom soek my by die huis)

Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae!

(Die skoonfamilie kom soek my by die huis)Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae!

(Die skoonfamilie kom soek my by die huis)

Op daardie oomblik het die hare op Mmamabele se neus begin jeuk. Sy het onmiddellik geweet dat daar mense by haar huis was. Sy het opgestaan, die skoffels neergegooi en begin aanloop na die huis, terwyl sy sê:

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

(Ek is gesteur deur die meisie se dinge)

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

(Ek is gesteur deur die meisie se dinge)

Toe sy verskyn, haar boesem slepend op die vloer, die tande wat soos 'n reus s'n uitsteek, het die prins se boodskappers die presente laat val. Die prins het vas bly staan soos 'n man. Toe die boodskappers sien dat die prins nie weghardloop nie, het hulle gehardloop, hom omring en hom beskerm. Hulle het gekyk hoe Mmamabele sê:

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

(Ek is gesteur deur die meisie se dinge)

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana

(Ek is gesteur deur die meisie se dinge)

Toe Mmamabele sien dat hierdie mense nie vir haar bang was nie, het sy gelag. Sy het hulle gegroet en vir hulle gevra wie hulle was en wat hulle na haar huis gebring het. Die hoofboodskapper het die prins voorgestel en het verduidelik dat die prins 'n toekomstige bruid by haar huis gesien het, genaamd Naledi. Mmamabele het gelag en 'n mens kon al haar tande sien, toe sy hoor dat Naledi gaan trou met 'n prins. Die boodskappers het vir Mmamabele die lobolabeeste gewys wat besig was om naby die huis te wei. Sy het hulle gevra om die beeste binne die kraal te jaag. Mmamabele het vir Naledi geroep, sodat hulle haar kon sien. Die prins en sy boodskappers kon nie hulle opgewondenheid betuel toe hulle sien hoe mooi Naledi was nie.

Mmamabele het al die mense van die dorpie uitgenooi om Naledi se troue saam met haar te vier. Naledi is weggeneem om 'n prinses te word.

Dit is die einde van ons verhaal.

MMAMABELE (ENGLISH)

Long long ago, when stones were still soft, there was a woman called Mmamabele in Tlapeng village. This woman was as ugly as the night. Every time she appeared even dogs ran away. Mmamabele was really a big breasted woman. Her breasts were so big that they swept on the ground when she walked. When coming to the teeth, I do not know how to describe them – they were far apart and long like a he-goat's horns.

Even though she was very ugly, Mmamabele had a daughter called Naledi who was astonishingly beautiful. She was thin, with a waist like a hornet. Her eyes were big like those of a calf and she was light in complexion.

The boys of that village loved her with a love that is beyond description (literary meaning: should she die, they can even eat her up). The only obstacle was Mmamabele. The first gentleman went to inform his parents that he saw a “calabash of water” – (meaning a wife) at Mmamabele's home, and her name is Naledi (Star). The parents called in the uncle and some members of the family to go and ask for a calabash of water (ask Naledi's hand in marriage) at Mmamabele.

Naledi was always left at home to do house chores while Mmamabele spent the whole day weeding at the fields. As we all know, in the Setswana culture, a “calabash of water (Naledi), is not supposed to negotiate nor speak to the in-laws to be. Immediately Naledi realised that it is people who have come to ask her hand in marriage, she will start singing a song :

Nyentlelewee! Nyentlele!
Bagwe ba ntlela gae
(The inlaws are coming for me at home)
Nyentlele!
Bagwe ba ntlela gae!
(The inlaws are coming for me at home)
Nyentlele!

Bagwe ba ntlela gae!
(The inlaws are coming for me at home_
Nyentlele!
Bagwe ba ntlela gae!
(The inlaws are coming for me at home_

At that very moment, Mmamabele will be alerted and she will know that there are people at her home. She will come, trying to walk faster, but with difficulty, because of the big breasts. She will come, saying :

Mpopoti, mpopoti!
Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana
(I was troubled by the girl's things)
Mpopoti, mpopoti!
Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana
(I was troubled by the girl's things

At that time, she is sweating, and the teeth look like a giant's protruding back and forth as she tries to walk faster. She will keep on talking like that until she reaches her home. Those who have been sent to ask for the "calabash", will hear this funny sound and start peeping through the fences, worried and surprised about what could be coming. Mmamabele will enter the house, saying :

Mpopoti, mpopoti!
Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana
(I was troubled by the girl's things)
Mpopoti, mpopoti!
Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana
(I was troubled by the girl's things)
Mpopoti, mpopoti!

When she enters her house, the people who were sent to negotiate with her would not wait for her to say a thing, but dash for the door and run away. They were

scared by the long teeth and the breasts that are sweeping the floor and the beard on the nose. It went on like that for quite some time. The boys were attracted to Naledi's beauty, but when the boy's family sees Mmamabele's ugliness, they would run away, and they never returned. All the young men of the village have tried their luck, but they failed, to the last one. They ended up marrying other girls in the village.

Boys from nearby villages also tried their luck, but they failed. In another village far from Naledi's village, called Dithoteng, there was a prince who wanted to get married and had also heard about Naledi's beauty. He did not know about Mmamabele's ugliness. He sent out messengers with many able and beautiful presents which they will give when paying lobola for Naledi. However, even if it was against the Setswana culture, he accompanied them to Naledi's home. When Naledi saw them, she started singing that song again!

Nyentlelewee! Nyentlele!
Bagwe ba ntlela gae
(The inlaws are coming for me at home)
Nyentlele!
Bagwe ba ntlela gae!
(The inlaws are coming for me at home)
Nyentlele!
Bagwe ba ntlela gae!
(The inlaws are coming for me at home_
Nyentlele!
Bagwe ba ntlela gae!
(The inlaws are coming for me at home_

At that very moment, the hair on Mmamabele's nose started itching. She immediately knew that there were people at her home. She rose up and threw the hoes around and started for the house, saying :

Mpopoti, mpopoti!

Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana
(I was troubled by the girl's things)
Mpopoti, mpopoti!
Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana
(I was troubled by the girl's things)

When she appeared dragging the breasts on the floor like that, teeth protruding in front of her like a giant, the king's messengers scattered and dropped the presents. The prince stood his ground and stood there like a man. When the messenger saw that the prince is not running away, they ran and surrounded him to protect him. They watched Mmamabele saying :

Mpopoti, mpopoti!
Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana
(I was troubled by the girl's things)
Mpopoti, mpopoti!
Ke ne ke dirwa ke dilo tsa banyana
(I was troubled by the girl's things)

When Mmamabele saw that these people were not afraid of her, she smiled. She greeted them and asked who they were and what brought them to her home. The head messenger introduced the prince and he explained that the prince has seen "a calabash of water" (wife) at her home, namely Naledi. Mmamabele laughed and one could see all her teeth, when she heard that Naledi is getting married to a prince. The messengers showed Mmamabele the lobola cattle that was grazing not far from the house. She asked them to put them inside the kraal. Mmamabele called Naledi so that they could see her. The prince and the messengers could not hide their excitement when they saw how beautiful Naledi was.

Mmamabele went to invite the people from her village to come and celebrate Naledi's wedding with her. Naledi was taken away to be a Princess.

That is the end.

