

III Level 4

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Grandma's bananas

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كانت لجدي حديقة رائعة تملأها الذرة الرفيعة والدخن والكسافا، ولكن شجيرات الموز كانت أجمل ما في الحديقة. وكان لجدي أحفادا كثيرين، إلا أنني كنت على يقين من أنني كنت المفضلة لديها. كانت تدعوني دوما إلى منزلها وكانت تودعني أسرارها الصغيرة، غير أن لجدي سرا تخفيه عني ولا ترغب في اطلاعي عليه، ألا وهو المكان الذي تقوم فيه بإنضاج الموز.

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Grandma's garden was wonderful, full of sorghum, millet, and cassava. But best of all were the bananas. Although Grandma had many grandchildren, I secretly knew that I was her favourite. She invited me often to her house. She also told me little secrets. But there was one secret she did not share with me: where she ripened bananas.



وفي ساعة متأخرة من تلك الليلة، دعاني أبي وأمي للحديث معي. كنت أعرف لماذا دعونني. وهكذا، وبينما كنت مستلقيبة للنوم في تلك الليلة، عرفت أنني لا يجب أن أسرق ثانية أبدا، لا من جدتي ولا من والدي ولا من أي إنسان آخر.

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Later that evening I was called by my mother and father, and Grandma. I knew why. That night as I lay down to sleep, I knew I could never steal again, not from grandma, not from my parents, and certainly not from anyone else.

One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the sun
outside Grandma's house. When I asked what it was for,
the only answer I got was, "It's my magic basket." Next
to the basket, there were several banana leaves that
Grandma turned from time to time. I was curious. "What
are the leaves for, Grandma?" I asked. The only answer I
got was, "They are my magic leaves."

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The following day was market day. Grandma woke up
early. She always took ripe bananas and cassava to sell
at the market. I did not hurry to visit her that day. But I
could not avoid her for long.

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وكم كنت يومها مستمتعة بمشاهدة جدتي وموزات جدتي وأوراق الموز وسلة السعف. لكن جدتي قررت أن تبعيني لقضاء أمر ما لدى أمي. توسلت إليها: "أرجوك جدتي، دعيني أشاهدهك وأنت تحضرين ..." لكنها قاطعتني، وأصرت: "لا تكوني عنيدة صغيرتي. هيا، افعلي ما أمرتك به". فانطلقت جريا نحو أمي.

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It was so interesting watching Grandma, the bananas, the banana leaves and the big straw basket. But Grandma sent me off to my mother on an errand. "Grandma, please, let me watch as you prepare..." "Don't be stubborn, child, do as you are told," she insisted. I took off running.



ومن الغد، وبينما كانت جدتي في الحديقة تجمع الخضار، تسللت إلى المنزل واسترقت النظر للموز. كانت كل الموزات تقريبا قد نضجت، ولم أستطع أن أمسك نفسي عن أخذ أربع حبات من الموز. وبينما كنت متوجهة نحو الباب على أطراف أصابعي، إذ بي أسمع سعال جدتي بالخارج. وبالكاد نجحت في إخفاء حبات الموز تحت فستاني ثم تجاوزت جدتي في المشي.

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The following day, when grandma was in the garden picking vegetables, I sneaked in and peered at the bananas. Nearly all were ripe. I couldn't help taking a bunch of four. As I tiptoed towards the door, I heard grandma coughing outside. I just managed to hide the bananas under my dress and walked past her.



When I returned, Grandma was sitting outside but with neither the basket nor the bananas. "Grandma, where is the basket, where are all the bananas, and where..." But the only answer I got was, "They are in my magic place." It was so disappointing!

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The following day when I arrived home to visit my mother, I rushed to her house to check the bananas once more. There was a bunch of very ripe ones. I picked one and hid it in my dress. After covering the basket again, I went behind the house and quickly ate it. It was the sweetest banana I had ever tasted.

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وبعد يومين، طلبت مني جدتي أن أحضر لها عصا المشي من بيت نومها. وبمجرد أن فتحت الباب، استقبلتني رائحة الموز الناضج. لقد كانت سلة جدتي السحرية في الغرفة الداخلية، مخبأة جيداً تحت غطاء قديم. رفعت الغطاء واستنشقت تلك الرائحة الرائعة.

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Two days later, Grandma sent me to fetch her walking stick from her bedroom. As soon as I opened the door, I was welcomed by the strong smell of ripening bananas. In the inner room was grandma's big magic straw basket. It was well hidden by an old blanket. I lifted it and sniffed that glorious smell.



لكن صوت جدتي فاجئني عندما نادتني: "ماذا تفعلين؟ أسرعي وأحضر لي العصا". أسرعت بعصا المشي لجدتي، فسألتني: "لماذا تبتسمن؟" جعلني سؤالها أنفطنا إلى أنني لازلت مبتسمة لاكتشافي مكان موزات جدتي السحري.

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Grandma's voice startled me when she called, "What are you doing? Hurry up and bring me the stick." I hurried out with her walking stick. "What are you smiling about?" Grandma asked. Her question made me realise that I was still smiling at the discovery of her magic place.