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Ang Paghihiganti ng Pastol ng Pulut-Pukyutan / The Honeyguide’s revenge

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Ang Paghihiganti ng Pastol ng Pulut-Pukyutan

The Honeyguide’s revenge

Zulu folktale
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Tagalog / English
Level 4

Ito ang kuwento ni Ngede, ang Pastol ng Pulut-Pukyutan, at ni Gingile, isang binatang sakim. Isang araw, habang nangangaso si Gingile, narinig niya ang tawag ni Ngede. Naglaway si Gingile sa posibilidad ng pulut-pukyutan. Tumigil siya at nakinig nang maigi, naghanap hanggang sa makita niya ang ibon sa sanga sa itaas. “Twit-twit-twit,” kalansing ng munting ibon habang nagpalipat-lipat siya ng puno. “Twit, twit, twit,” tawag niya, paminsan-minsang tumitigil para siguraduhing nakasusunod si Gingile.

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This is the story of Ngede, the Honeyguide, and a greedy young man named Gingile. One day while Gingile was out hunting he heard the call of Ngede. Gingile’s mouth began to water at the thought of honey. He stopped and listened carefully, searching until he saw the bird in the branches above his head. “Chitik-chitik-chitik,” the little bird rattled, as he flew to the next tree, and the next. “Chitik, chitik, chitik,” he called, stopping from time to time to be sure that Gingile followed.

Makalipas ang kalahating oras, naabot nila ang isang malaki at masukal na puno ng igos. Masayang lumukso si Ngede sa mga sanga nito. Sa wakas ay nanatili siya sa isang sanga at tumingin kay Gingile na para bang gusto niyang sabihin, “Ito na! Halika! Ano pa’ng hinihintay mo?” Walang makitang mga bubuyog si Gingile, pero pinagkatiwalaan niya si Ngede.

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After half an hour, they reached a huge wild fig tree. Ngede hopped about madly among the branches. He then settled on one branch and cocked his head at Gingile as if to say, “Here it is! Come now! What is taking you so long?” Gingile couldn’t see any bees from under the tree, but he trusted Ngede.

Ibinaba ni Gingile ang kanyang sibat sa ilalim ng puno, nag-ipon ng mga tuyo at maliliit na sanga, at gumawa ng maliit na apoy. Nang nagliyab nang mabuti ang apoy, naglagay siya ng isang mahaba at tuyong patpat sa puso nito. Kilala ang mga sangang ito sa paggawa ng malaking usok habang ito'y nasusunog. Nag-umpisa siyang umakyat, hawak ang malamig-lamig na bahagi ng patpat sa kanyang mga ngipin.

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So Gingile put down his hunting spear under the tree, gathered some dry twigs and made a small fire. When the fire was burning well, he put a long dry stick into the heart of the fire. This wood was especially known to make lots of smoke while it burned. He began climbing, holding the cool end of the smoking stick in his teeth.

At dahil diyan, iginagalang ng mga anak ni Gingle si Ngede, ang munting ibon, sa tuwing maririnig nila ang kuwentong ito. Sa tuwing maga-ani sila ng pulut-pukyutan, sinisigurado nilang iiwan nila ang pinakamalaking bahagi nito para sa Pastol ng Pulut-Pukyutan!

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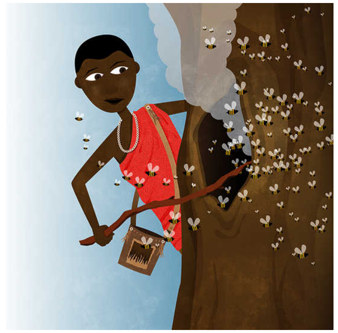
And so, when the children of Gingile hear the story of Ngede they have respect for the little bird. Whenever they harvest honey, they make sure to leave the biggest part of the comb for Honeyguide!



Maya-maya ay narinig niya ang malakas na haging ng mga abalang bubuyog. Labas-pasok sila sa hungkag ng puno – ang kanilang pugad. Nang maabot ni Gingile ang bahay-pukyutan, itinulak niya ang patpat na may usok sa hungkag. Naglabasan ang mga bubuyog, galit at buwisit. Lumipad sila palabas dahil ayaw nila ng usok – ngunit lumabas sila habang binibigyan ng massakit na kagat si Gingile!

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Soon he could hear the loud buzzing of the busy bees. They were coming in and out of a hollow in the tree trunk – their hive. When Gingile reached the hive he pushed the smoking end of the stick into the hollow. The bees came rushing out, angry and mean. They flew away because they didn’t like the smoke – but not before they had given Gingile some painful stings!

Nang lumabas ang mga bubuyog, ipinasok ni Gingile ang kanyang mga kamay sa loob ng pugad. Nakakuha siya ng isang dakot ng panilan na punung-puno ng pulut-pukyutan, at matataba at mapuputing uod. Iningatan niyang ilagay ang pulut-pukyutan sa supot na dala niya sa kanyang balikat, at bumaba mula sa puno.

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When the bees were out, Gingile pushed his hands into the nest. He took out handfuls of the heavy comb, dripping with rich honey and full of fat, white grubs. He put the comb carefully in the pouch he carried on his shoulder, and started to climb down the tree.

Bago pa man mahagupit ni Leopardo si Gingile, dali-dali siyang bumaba mula sa puno. Sa kanyang pagmamadali ay hindi siya nakaapak sa isang sanga, bumagsak siya lupa, atnapihit ang bukung-bukong. Dali-dali siyang umika. Sa kabutihang palad, masyadong antok na si Leopardo para habulin siya. Nakuha ni Ngede, ang Pastol ng Pulut-Pukyutan, ang kanyang paghihiganti. At may natutunang aral si Gingile.

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Before Leopard could take a swipe at Gingile, he rushed down the tree. In his hurry he missed a branch, and landed with a heavy thud on the ground twisting his ankle. He hobbled off as fast as he could. Luckily for him, Leopard was still too sleepy to chase him. Ngede, the Honeyguide, had his revenge. And Gingile learned his lesson.

Umakyat si Gingile, nagtataka kung bakit hindi niya marinig ang karaniwang haging. “Baka nasa looban ng puno ang bahay-pukyutan,” isip niya. Itinulak niya ang sarili niya sa isang sanga. Pero sa halip na bahay-pukyutan, nakita niya ang sarili niyang nakatitig sa mukha ng isang leopardo! Galit na galit si Leopardo dahil naudlot ang tulog niya. Nagdilim ang kanyang paningin, at binuksan ang kanyang bibig para ilabas ang kanyang napakalaki at napakatalas na mga ngipin.

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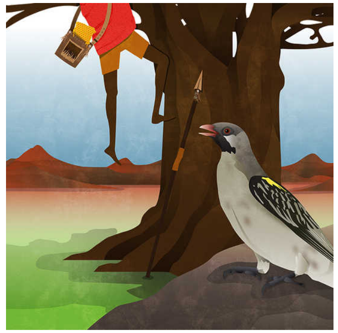
Gingile climbed, wondering why he didn’t hear the usual buzzing. “Perhaps the hive is deep in the tree,” he thought to himself. He pulled himself up another branch. But instead of the hive, he was staring into the face of a leopard! Leopard was very angry at having her sleep so rudely interrupted. She narrowed her eyes, opened her mouth to reveal her very large and very sharp teeth.



Nasaksihan ni Ngede ang lahat ng ginawa ni Gingile. Naghintay siyang maiwanan ng isang malaking piraso ng pulut-pukyutan bilang pasasalamat sa Pastol ng Pulut-Pukyutan. Humagibis siya sa mga sanga, papalapit nang papalapit sa lupa. Nang maabot ni Gingile ang ilalim ng puno, dumapo si Ngede sa isang bato malapit sa batang lalaki at naghintay sa kanyang gantimpala.

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Ngede eagerly watched everything that Gingile was doing. He was waiting for him to leave a fat piece of honeycomb as a thank-you offering to the Honeyguide. Ngede flittered from branch to branch, closer and closer to the ground. Finally Gingile reached the bottom of the tree. Ngede perched on a rock near the boy and waited for his reward.

Ngunit pinatay ni Gingile ang apoy, pinulot ang kanyang sibat, at nag-umpisang maglakad pauwi nang hindi pinapansin ang ibon. Galit na tawag ni Ngede, "BIK-torrr! BIK-torrr!!" Tumigil si Gingile, tinitigan ang munting ibon, at tumawa ng malakas. "Gusto mo ng pulut-pukyutan ano, kaibigan? Ha! Pero ako ang naghirap para dito, at ako ang nakagat. Bakit ko ibabahagi ang kahit katiting ng masarap na pulut-pukyutan sa iyo?" At naglakad siya paalis. Galit na galit si Ngede! Hindi siya maaaring tratuhin ng ganoon! Pero makakapaghiganti rin siya.

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But, Gingile put out the fire, picked up his spear and started walking home, ignoring the bird. Ngede called out angrily, "VIC-torr! VIC-torrr!" Gingile stopped, stared at the little bird and laughed aloud. "You want some honey, do you, my friend? Ha! But I did all the work, and got all the stings. Why should I share any of this lovely honey with you?" Then he walked off. Ngede was furious! This was no way to treat him! But he would get his revenge.

Isang araw makalipas ang ilang linggo, muling narinig ni Gingile ang pantawag sa pulut-pukyutan ni Ngede. Naalala niya ang masarap na pulut-pukyutan at sabik na sinundang muli ang ibon. Matapos pangunahan si Gingile sa dulo ng kagubatan, nagpahinga si Ngede sa isang malaking payong na tinik. "Ahh," isip ni Gingile. "Marahil ay nasa punong ito ang pugad." Dali-dali siyang gumawa ng maliit na apoy at nag-umpisang umakyat, at nilagay ang patpat na pang-usok sa ngipin niya. Naupo at nanood si Ngede.

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One day several weeks later Gingile again heard the honey call of Ngede. He remembered the delicious honey, and eagerly followed the bird once again. After leading Gingile along the edge of the forest, Ngede stopped to rest in a great umbrella thorn. "Ahh," thought Gingile. "The hive must be in this tree." He quickly made his small fire and began to climb, the smoking branch in his teeth. Ngede sat and watched.