



Lomcta Bockoia / The Honeyguide's revenge

Storybooks Canada

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revenge
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III Level 4
Ukrainian / English
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Ця розповідь про Нгеде, Воскоїда, і скупого юнака, якого звали Гінгіле. Одного разу, коли Гінгіле полював, він почув спів Нгеде. У Гінгіле потекла слинка при одній тільки думці про мед. Він зупинився і уважно прислухався, шукаючи пташку, аж поки не побачив її у гілках у себе над головою. "Чітік-чітік-чітік," - співала маленька пташка, перелітаючи з дерева на дерево. "Чітік-чітік-чітік," - кликала вона, зупиняючись, щоб переконатися, що Гінгіле йде за нею.

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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.

Ngede.

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

...

Hepe3 nib roAñin boni npññiun Añ beñinkoro ikunkpa. HreAñ maneho ckarana cepAñ riñok. ToAñ boha cña ha oAñ ríñky, cxññabun roñoby, hahe npomoburion: "Ocb tyt! XoAñ choAñ! Homy tn tak Añboró?" Lihriñe he gahne 6Añki-3- nia Añpeba, aue bih Añbipar HreAñ.





Гінгіле поклав свій спис під дерево, зібрав кілька прутиків і розклав невелике багаття. Коли вогнище добре розгорілося, він запхав довгу суху палицю у вогонь. Це особливе дерево створювало багато диму, коли горіло. Він поліз на дерево, тримаючи палицю у зубах.

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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.



Kokhoroo pa3y, korni Aitn Lihrine yjortp ictoplivo npo HreAe,
Bohn saxonuhohotpc a Jieho ntaramkoh. I saabkAn, 3nphahon
MeA, bonh ogoB, a3kobo saninuahotp 6iruply hacny
6Akokhororo ctiuphinka Aja Bocko!Ajl!
And so, when 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!

...

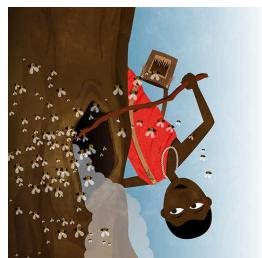
stings!

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

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Lihrine!

Gkopo bih noyb rojoche ryAlichha sakuronotahnx 6Akkin.
Bohn saniutan i bunitan i3 Ayuna Y ctoB6yp! ApeBea -
ixhporo bynka. Korn Lihrine Aogpabca Ad bynka, bih
3anxar kihelp manu! i3 Anmoy Ayuna. B4ksoni bunitan i3
Ayuna, 3ui i cepAnt. Bonh nojertin retb, toMy llo im he
cnogobaca Ann. Ane chonatky bonh cnupho nokcarn





Коли бджоли вилетіли, Гінгіле запхав свої руки у дупло. Він вийняв повний бджолиний стільник, з якого капав густий мед, і на якому було багато товстих, білих личинок. Він обережно поклав стільник у мішечок, який був на плечі, і почав злазити з дерева.

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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.



Перш, ніж Леопард зміг напасті на Гінгіле, хлопець кинувся злазити з дерева. Поспішаючи, він пропустив гілку і сильно впав на землю, вивернувши ногу. Він тікав, підстрибуючи, якомога швидше. На щастя, Леопард все ще був занадто сонний, щоб переслідувати його. Воскоїд Нгеде помстилася. И Гінгіле отримав урок.

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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.

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

...

Gingille 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 buzzed, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I have to interrupt you." "What do you want?" asked Ngede. "I'm here to collect honey," said the leopard. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't let you have any. You see, I'm a bit hungry."



Gingille 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. Gingille 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 buzzed, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I have to interrupt you." "What do you want?" asked Ngede. "I'm here to collect honey," said the leopard. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't let you have any. You see, I'm a bit hungry."

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Але Гінгіле загасив вогонь, взяв спис і вирушив додому, не звертаючи уваги на пташку. Нгеде сердито вигукнула: "Вік-торр! Вік-торр!" Гінгіле зупинився, подивився на пташку і вголос засміявся: "Ти хочеш меду, правда, друже? Ха! Але я зробив всю роботу і отримав усі жала. Чому я повинен ділитися з тобою цим чудовим медом?" І пішов. Нгеде була дуже зла! Так не можна з нею поводитися! Але вона помститься.

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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.

Одного разу, через кілька тижнів, Гінгіле знову почув медовий клич Нгеде. Він згадав смачний мед і ще раз охоче пішов за пташкою. Провівши Гінгіле узбіччям лісу, Нгеде зупинилася, щоб відпочити під великою парасолькою колючки. "Ага, - подумав Гінгіле. - Вулик повинен бути в цьому дереві". Він швидко розвів маленький вогонь і почав лізти на дерево, тримаючи у зубах гілку з димом. Нгеде сиділа і спостерігала.

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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.