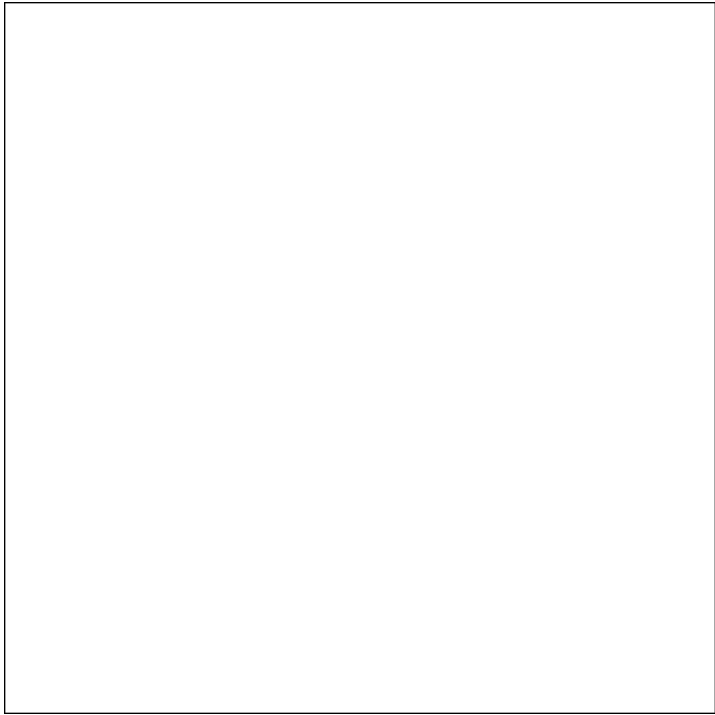




(imageless edition)

- Zulu folktale
- Wiehan de Jager
- Mezemir Girma
- Amharic / English
- Level 4



The Honeyguide's revenge

የግሮ ጳጳሌ ወን ስቃይ



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የግሮ ጳጳሌ ወን ስቃይ / The Honeyguide's

revenge

Written by: Zulu folktale

Illustrated by: Wiehan de Jager

Translated by: (am) Mezemir Girma

This story originates from the African Storybook ([africanstorybook.org](http://africanstorybook.org)) and is brought to you by Storybooks Canada in an effort to provide children's stories in Canada's many languages.



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ይህ የማር ቆራጩ መሪ የንጌዴና ግንጊሌ የተባለ ገብጋባ ወጣት ታሪክ ነው።  
አንድ ቀን ግንጊሌ አደን ላይ ሳለ የንጌዴን ጥሪ ሰማ። ግንጊሌ ማርን አሰቦ  
ሳመዘ። ከራሱ በላይ ባሉት የዛፍ ቅርንጫፎች ወፉን እስኪያየው ድረስ  
እየፈለገ ቆሞ ብሎ በጥንቃቄ አደመጠ። <<ችክ፣ ችክ፣ ችክ>> በማለት ወደ  
ቀጣዮቹ ዛፎች እየበረረ ትንሹ ወፍ ጮኸ። ግንጊሌ መከተሉን እርግጠኛ  
ለመሆን ቆሞ እያለ እያየ <<ችክ፣ ችክ፣ ችክ>> እያለ ተጣራ።

...

This is the story of Ngedede, the Honeyguide, and a greedy young man named Gingile. One day while Gingile was out hunting he heard the call of Ngedede. 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.



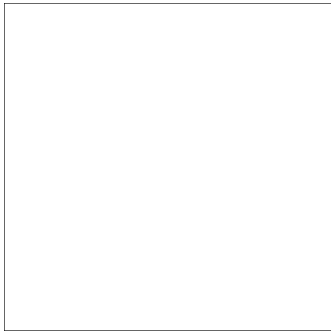


ስለዚህ ግንጊሌ የማደኛ ጦሩን ከዛፍ ስር አስቀምጦ ደረቅ እንጨቶችን ለቀመና እሳት አቀጣጠለ። እሳቱ በደንብ ሲቀጣጠል አንድ ረጅም ደረቅ እንጨት በእሳቱ መካከል አደረገ። ይህም እንጨት ሲነድ ብዙ ጭሰ የሚወጣው ዓይነት ነበር። በእሳት ያልተያያዘውን የእንጨቱን ጫፍ በጥርሱ ይዞ ዛፍ ይወጣ ጀመር።

...

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.

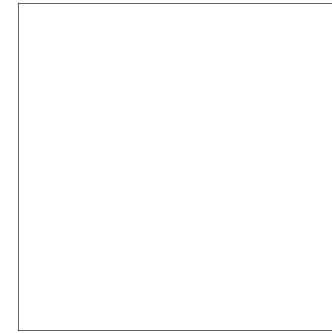




ንቦቹም እንደወጡ ግንጊሌ እጆቹን ወደ ቀፏቸው አስገባቸው። በጥሩ ማር የተሞላ ብዙ ከባባድ እጭም አወጣ። በትከሻውም ላይ ካነገተው ኮረጃ አስቀመጠውና ከዛፉ መወረድ ጀመረ።

...

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.



ነብሯ ለቀም ሳታደርገው ግንጊሌ ከዛፉ በፍጥነት መውረድ ጀመረ። በፍጥነቱም የተነሳ አንዱን ቅርንጫፍ ስቶት መሬት ላይ ክፉኛ ወድቆ ቁርጭም ጭሚቱ ዞረ። በተቻለው መጠን በፍጥነት እያነከሰ ሄደ። ዕድሉ ረድቶት ነብሯ እንቅልፍ ስለተጫናት አላሳደኛውም። ንጌዴ፣ የማር ቆራጩ መሪ፣ በቀሉን ተበቅሏል። ግንጊሌ ም ትምህርት ቀስሟል።

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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.

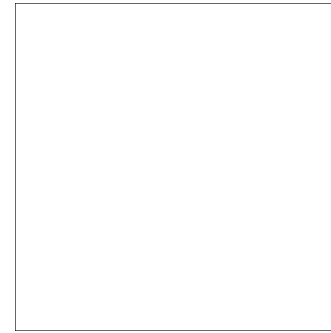




ግንጊሌ ግን እሳቱን አጥፍቶ፣ ጦሩን አንስቶና ወፉን ረሰቶ ወደቤቱ መሄድ ጀመረ። ንጌዴም በንዴት <<ቪክ ቶር! ቪክ ቶር>> ሲል ተጣራ። ግንጊሌም ቆም ብሎ ትንሹ ወፍ ላይ አፈጠጠበትና ጮክ ብሎ ሳቀ። <<ትንሽ ማር ፈለገህ ነው፣ ነው አይደል፤ ወዳጄ? አሃ! ግን ስራውን ሁሉ እኮ እኔ ነኝ የሰራሁት፤ የተነደፍኩትም እኔው ነኝ። ታዲያ ከዚህ ማር ለምን እሰጥሃለሁ?>> አለው። ነገደም ተናደደ። እንደዚህ መደረግ አልነበረበትም! መበቀል ግን አለበት።

...

But, Gingile put out the fire, picked up his spear and started walking home, ignoring the bird. Ngede called out angrily, “VIC-torr! VIC-torr!” 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.



አንድ ቀን በድጋሚ፣ ከብዙ ሳምንታት በኋላ ግንጊሌ ንጌዴ ማር ሊጠቁመው ሲጠራው ሰማ። ያንን ጣፋጭ ማር አስታውሶ ወፉን በጉጉት ይከተለው ጀመረ። ግንጊሌን በጫካው ጠርዝ ከመራው በኋላ ንጌዴ በአንድ እሾሃማ ዛፍ ስር ለማረፍ ቆመ። <<አሃ፣>> <<ቀድሞ በዚህ ዛፍ ላይ መሆን አለበት>> ሲል ግንጊሌ አሰበ። እሳቱን በፍጥነት አያይዞና የሚያያዘውን እንጨት በአፉ ይዞ ዛፉን ይወጣ ጀመረ። ንጌዴም ተቀምጦ ይከታተል ጀመረ።

...

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.