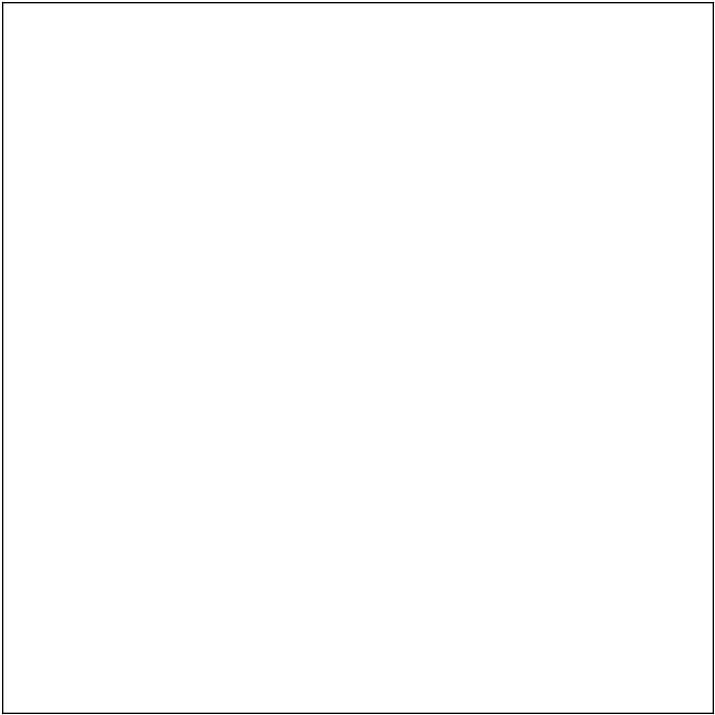




(imageless edition)

✎ Ursula Natula  
🔒 Catherine Groenewald  
📧 Dawit Girma  
🗣️ Amharic / English  
📖 Level 4



Grandma's bananas

የአያቱ ወተት



# Storybooks Canada

[storybookscanada.ca](http://storybookscanada.ca)

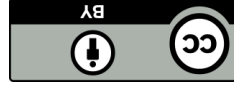
የአያቱ ወተት / Grandma's bananas

Written by: Ursula Natula

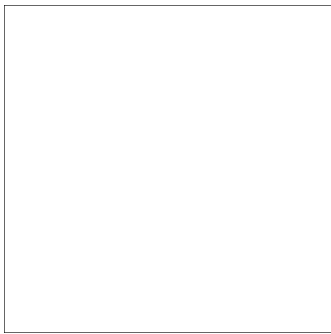
Illustrated by: Catherine Groenewald

Translated by: (am) Dawit 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.



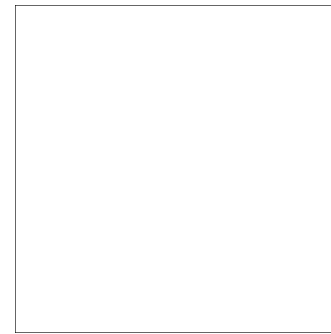
This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 3.0 International License.  
<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0>



የአያቴ የአትክልት ስፍራ ግሩም ነው፤ ጥራጥሬው፣ ገብሱ፣ ካዛቫው በሽበሽ ነው። ከሁሉም ሙዙ ይበልጣል። ምንም እንኳ አያቴ በርካታ የልጅ ልጆች ቢኖሩትም እኔን አብልጣ እንደምትወደኝ በምስጢር አውቃለሁ። ደብቃኛለች- ሙዞችን የት እንደምታመርት። ሁልጊዜ ነው ወደቤቷ የምትጋብዘኝ። አንዳንድ ምስጢሮችንም ታወራኛለች። አንድ ምስጢር ብቻ ግን አልነገረችኝም ነበር። እሱም ሙዞችን የት እንዲበስሉ እንዳረገች ነበር።

...

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.

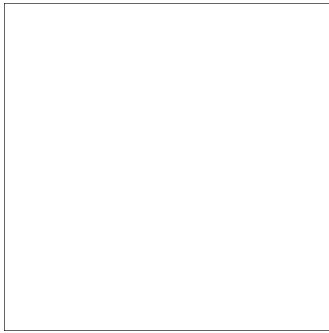


ወደምሽት ላይ እናቴ፣ አባቴና አያቴ ጠሩኝ። ለምን እንደሆነ አወኩ። ማታ ስተኛ ከአያቴ፣ ከቤተሰቤም ሆነ ከሌላ ከማንም ሰው ላይ መሰረቅ እንደሌለብኝ ለራሴ ቃል ገባሁ።

...

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.

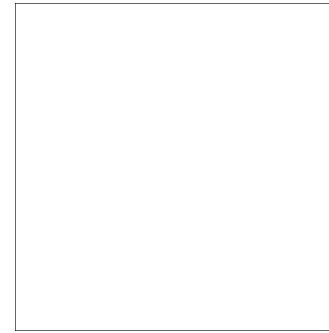




እያቴን፣ ሙዞቹን፣ የሙዝ ቅጠሎችንና ትልቁን ቅርጫት መመልከት በጣም አስደሳች ነበር። ነገር ግን እያቴ የሆነ ነገር እንዳመጣ ወደ እናቴ ዘንድ ላክችኝ። <<እባክሽ እያቴ፣ ስትሰሪ ልይ...>> <<እንቺ ልጅ፣ ድርቅ አትበዱ፣ ዝም ብለሽ የተባልሽውን አድርጊ>> አለች። ወዲያው እየሮጥኩ ሄድኩ።

...

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.

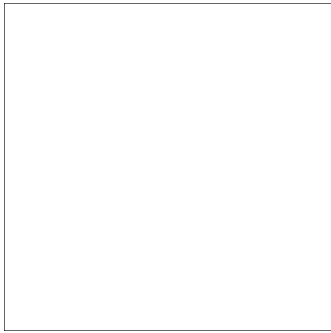


በቀጣይ ቀን እያቴ አትክልት ስፍራው ውስጥ ቅጠላቅጠል እየቀነጠሰች እያለ ቀስ ብዬ ተደብቄ ወደሙዞቹ ሄድኩ። ሁሉም ለመብል ዝግጁ የሆኑ ናቸው። በአንድ የተያያዘ አራት ሙዞችን መውሰድ አልፈለኩም። ወደ በሩ በተረከዜ ቀስ እያልኩ ስራመድ እያቴ ስትሰል ሰማኋት። ሙዞቹን በልብሶቼ ውስጥ ደበኩና ከበስተኋላዋ መራመድ ጀመርኩ።

...

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.

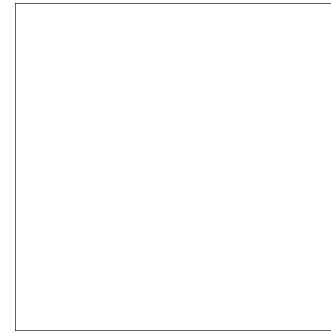




ከሁለት ቀናት በኋላ አያቴ ምርኩዚን እንዳመጣለት ወደመኝታ ቤቷ ላከችኝ። በሩን እንደከፈትኩት ወዲያውኑ ደስ የሚል አዲስ የሙዝ መዓዛ አወደኝ። ከውስጥ ደግሞ የአያቴ ምትሃተኛ ቅርጫት ነበረች። በአሮጌ ብርድልብስ በደንብ ተደብቃለች። ብድግ አረኩና ያን የሚያውድ መዓዛ በደንብ አሸተትኩት።

...

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.



የአያቴ ድምጽ ከተመሰጠኝ አነቃኝ። «ምን እያረሽ ነው? ቶሎ በይና ምርኩዜን አምጪልኝ»። ምርኩዚን ይዜ ቶሎ ሄድኩ። «ለምንድን ነው የምትስቂው?» አያቴ ጠየቀችኝ። ከምትሃተኛ ቦታ ላይ ያለውን ድንቅ መዓዛ አሁንም ድረስ እያጣጣምኩ እንዳለሁ ጥያቄዋ አስታወሰኝ።

...

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.