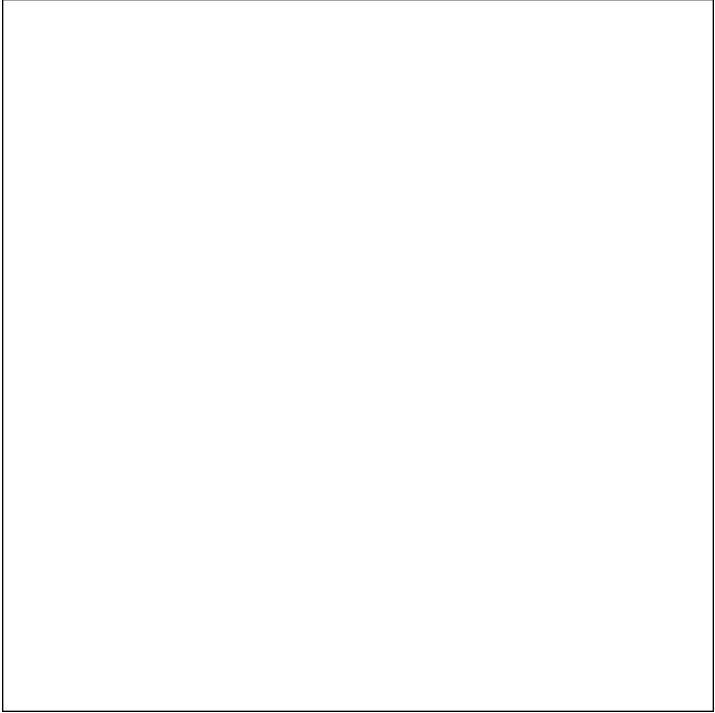




(imageless edition)

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🗣️ Bengali / English
📖 Level 4



Grandma's bananas

গান্ধামা'স বানানাস



Storybooks Canada

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গান্ধামা'স বানানাস / Grandma's bananas

Written by: Ursula Nafula

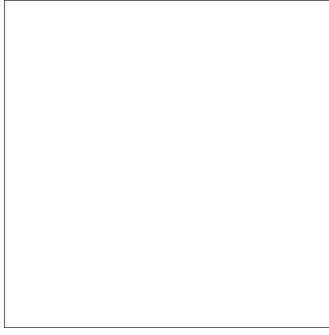
Illustrated by: Catherine Groenewald

Translated by: (bn) Asma Afreen

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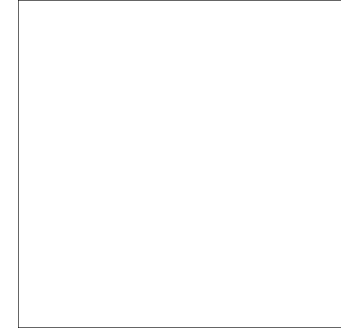
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দাদীমার চমৎকার একটি বাগান ছিল যেটি জোয়ার, বাজরা এবং কাসাবা পূর্ণ ছিল। কিন্তু সব থেকে ভাল ছিল কলা। যদিও দাদীমার অনেক নাতিনাতি ছিল, আমি গোপনে গোপনে জানতাম যে আমি তাঁর সবচেয়ে প্রিয়। তিনি আমাকে প্রায়ই তাঁর বাড়িতে আমন্ত্রণ জানাতেন। তিনি আমার সাথে ছোট ছোট গোপন কথাগুলোও বলতেন। কিন্তু একটি গোপন কথা তিনি আমাকে বলেননি, তা হল তিনি কোথায় কলা পাকাতেন।

...

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.



ওইদিন সন্ধ্যায় আমাকে আমার মা, বাবা আর দাদীমা ডেকে পাঠালেন। আমি জানতাম কেন। সেইদিন রাতে যখন আমি ঘুমাবার জন্য শুয়ে পড়লাম, আমি জানতাম আমি আর কখনো চুরি করতে পারব না, দাদীমার থেকে না, বাবামার থেকে না, এবং নিশ্চিতভাবে অন্য কারও থেকে না।

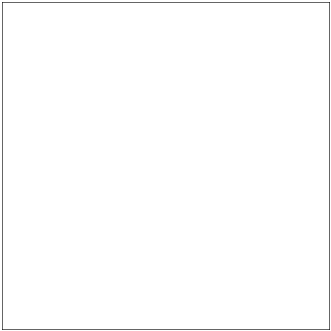
...

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."

...

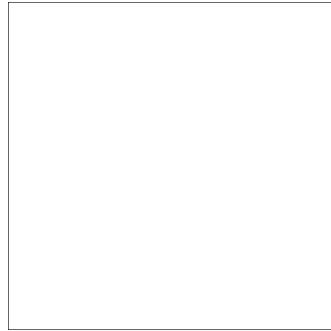
ଏକଦିନ ଆମ୍ଭ ନାନୀମାମୀ ବାନ୍ଧୁଣୀ ଯାହାଙ୍କ ଘର ବାହାରେ ଘାଟି ଘାଟି ଥିଲା । ଆମ୍ଭ ନାନୀମାମୀ ବାନ୍ଧୁଣୀ କିମ୍ପାକର ଜନ୍ମ ତା ଗ୍ରୀଷ୍ମାକାଳରେ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଆମ୍ଭ ନାନୀମାମୀ ବାନ୍ଧୁଣୀ କିମ୍ପାକର ଜନ୍ମ ତା ଗ୍ରୀଷ୍ମାକାଳରେ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଆମ୍ଭ ନାନୀମାମୀ ବାନ୍ଧୁଣୀ କିମ୍ପାକର ଜନ୍ମ ତା ଗ୍ରୀଷ୍ମାକାଳରେ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଆମ୍ଭ ନାନୀମାମୀ ବାନ୍ଧୁଣୀ କିମ୍ପାକର ଜନ୍ମ ତା ଗ୍ରୀଷ୍ମାକାଳରେ ହୋଇଥିଲା ।

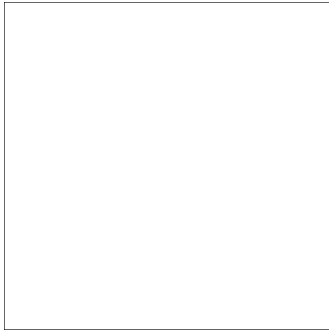


The following day was market day. Grandma woke up early. She always took ripe bananas and cassava to sell at the market. I did not hurry to visit her that day. But I could not avoid her for long.

...

ଦିନିକି ଦିନିକି ଘର ବାହାରେ ଘାଟି ଘାଟି ଥିଲା । ଆମ୍ଭ ନାନୀମାମୀ ବାନ୍ଧୁଣୀ କିମ୍ପାକର ଜନ୍ମ ତା ଗ୍ରୀଷ୍ମାକାଳରେ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଆମ୍ଭ ନାନୀମାମୀ ବାନ୍ଧୁଣୀ କିମ୍ପାକର ଜନ୍ମ ତା ଗ୍ରୀଷ୍ମାକାଳରେ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଆମ୍ଭ ନାନୀମାମୀ ବାନ୍ଧୁଣୀ କିମ୍ପାକର ଜନ୍ମ ତା ଗ୍ରୀଷ୍ମାକାଳରେ ହୋଇଥିଲା ।

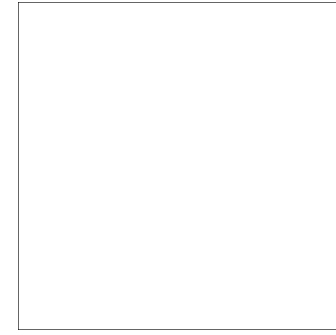




দাদীমাকে, কলাপাতাগুলোকে, এবং বড় খড়ের ঝুড়িটিকে দেখতে আমার অনেক আকর্ষণীয় লাগছিল। কিন্তু দাদীমা আমাকে একটি কাজ করার জন্য মার কাছে পাঠিয়ে দিলেন। “দাদীমা, অনুগ্রহ করে আমাকে এটি প্রস্তুত করা দেখতে দিন...” “জিদ করোনা বাচ্চা, তোমাকে যা করতে বলা হয়েছে তা কর,” তিনি জোর দিয়ে বললেন। আমি দৌড় দিলাম।

...

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.



পরদিন যখন দাদীমা বাগান থেকে সবজি তুলতে গেলেন, আমি চুপিচুপি উঁকি দিয়ে কলা দেখলাম। প্রায় সবগুলোই পাকা ছিল। আমি চারটি কলার একটি কাঁদি না নিয়ে পারলাম না। আমি যখন দরজার দিকে গুঁটি গুঁটি পায়ে এগিয়ে গেলাম, আমি বাহিরে দাদীমাকে কাশতে শুনলাম। আমি কলাগুলোকে জামার ভিতরে কোনমতে লুকিয়ে তাঁর পাশ দিয়ে হেঁটে গেলাম।

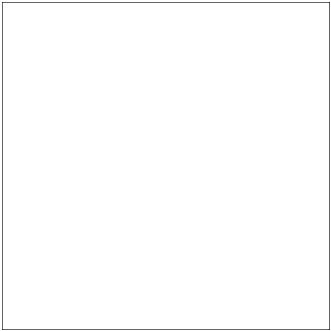
...

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!

...

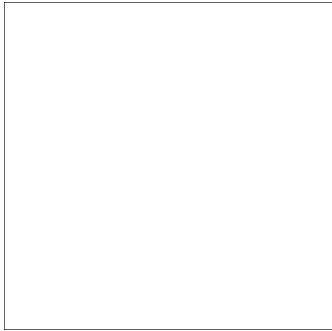
ସଦନ ଆମ୍ଭେ ହିସାବନାସ, ଦାନୁଆ ବାହାରେ ବଜା ହିଲେ, କିଛି ତୁମ ମାମା ନା ହାଲୁକା କଲେ, କୋଣାସ, କଳାଢାଲେ କୋଣାସ, ଝୁମ୍ପିଲ ନା କଳା।। "ଦାନୁଆ, ଝୁମ୍ପିଲ କୋଣାସ, କଳାଢାଲେ କୋଣାସ, ଝୁମ୍ପିଲ ନା କଳା।। "ଦାନୁଆ ବାହାରେ ବଜା ହିଲେ, କିଛି ତୁମ ମାମା ନା ହାଲୁକା କଲେ, କୋଣାସ, କଳାଢାଲେ କୋଣାସ, ଝୁମ୍ପିଲ ନା କଳା।। "ଦାନୁଆ ବାହାରେ ବଜା ହିଲେ, କିଛି ତୁମ ମାମା ନା ହାଲୁକା କଲେ, କୋଣାସ, କଳାଢାଲେ କୋଣାସ, ଝୁମ୍ପିଲ ନା କଳା।।

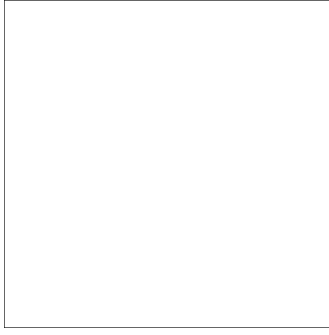


The following day when grandma came to visit my mother, I rushed to her house to check the bananas once more. There was a bunch of very ripe ones. I picked one and hid it in my dress. After covering the basket again, I went behind the house and quickly ate it. It was the sweetest banana I had ever tasted.

...

ପରଦିନ ସଦନ ଦାନୁଆ ଆସାର ମାମା ମେଠା କରାବେତେ ଆମଲେନ, ଆମ୍ଭେ କଳାଢାଲେ ଆସାର ଅଣ୍ଡୁଆ କରେ ଦେଝା କରାବେତେ ଆମଲେନ, ଆମ୍ଭେ କଳାଢାଲେ କୋଣାସ, କଳାଢାଲେ କୋଣାସ, ଝୁମ୍ପିଲ ନା କଳା।। "ଦାନୁଆ ବାହାରେ ବଜା ହିଲେ, କିଛି ତୁମ ମାମା ନା ହାଲୁକା କଲେ, କୋଣାସ, କଳାଢାଲେ କୋଣାସ, ଝୁମ୍ପିଲ ନା କଳା।। "ଦାନୁଆ ବାହାରେ ବଜା ହିଲେ, କିଛି ତୁମ ମାମା ନା ହାଲୁକା କଲେ, କୋଣାସ, କଳାଢାଲେ କୋଣାସ, ଝୁମ୍ପିଲ ନା କଳା।।

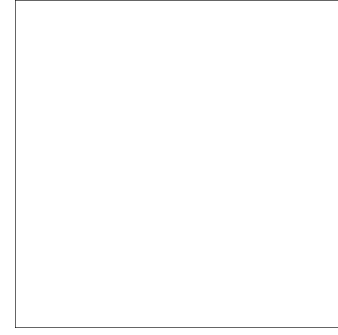




দু'দিন পর, দাদীমা আমাকে তাঁর শোবার ঘরে তাঁর ছড়ি আনতে পাঠালেন। আমি যেই দরজা খুললাম, আমাকে পাকা কলার মৌ মৌ গন্ধ স্বাগত জানাল। ভিতরের কক্ষে দাদীমার বড় যাদুর বুড়িটি রাখা ছিল। এটি একটি পুরনো কঞ্চল দিয়ে ভালভাবে আবৃত করা ছিল। আমি এটিকে উঁচু করে সেই মহিমাষিত গন্ধ শুকলাম।

...

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.



দাদীমার কণ্ঠস্বর আমাকে হকচকিয়ে দিল যখন তিনি আমাকে ডাকলেন, “তুমি কি করছ? জলদি করে আমার ছড়ি নিয়ে আস।” আমি তাঁর ছড়ি নিয়ে তড়িঘড়ি করে বাহিরে গেলাম। “তুমি কেন হাসছ?” দাদীমা জিজ্ঞেস করলেন। দাদীমার প্রশ্ন আমাকে উপলব্ধি করাল যে আমি তাঁর যাদুর স্থানের সন্ধান পাওয়াতে তখনো হেসে যাচ্ছিলাম।

...

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.