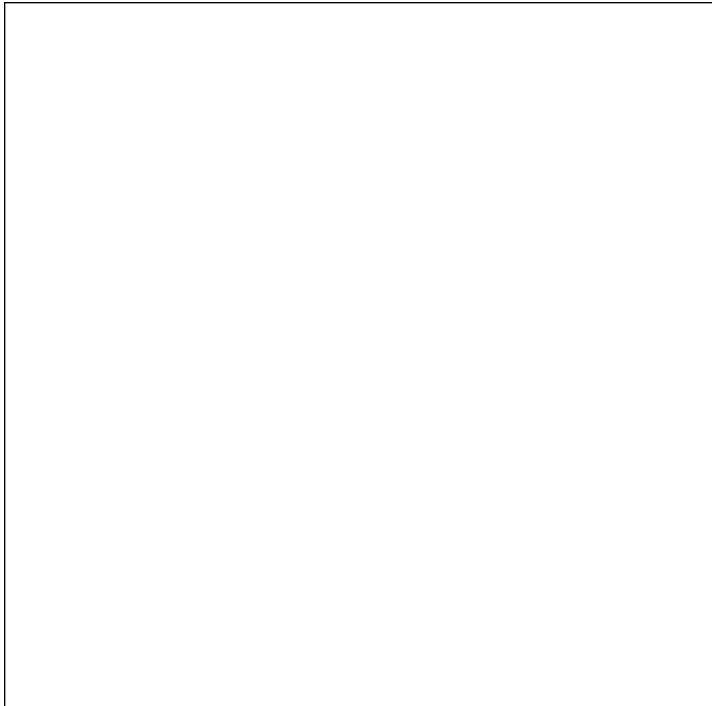




(imageless edition)

- III Level 4
- ◎ Russian / English
- Ania Voznaiia
- ❖ Wiehan de Jager
- ✎ Zulù folktale



Mectb Hrnjan
The Honeyguide's revenge

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

Written by: Zulù folktale
Illustrated by: Wiehan de Jager
Translated by: (ru) Ania Voznaiia

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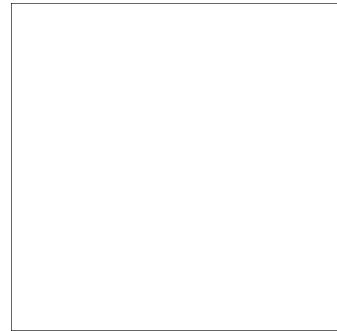


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Это история Нгиди, медоуказчика, птицы, которая приводит к мёду, и жадного молодого человека по имени Гингиле. Однажды Гингиле охотился и услышал зов Нгиди. Гингиле проголодался при мысли о мёде. Он остановился и внимательно прислушался, выискивая птицу в ветках над головой. “Чирик-чирик-чирик,” пела птица, перелетая с дерева на дерево. “Чирик-чирик-чирик,” звал Нгиде и останавливался время от времени, чтобы убедиться, что Гингиле шёл за ним.

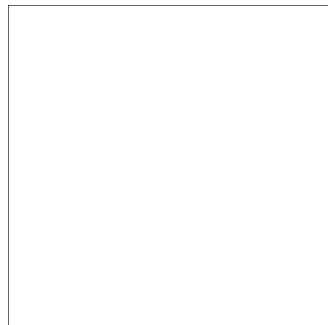
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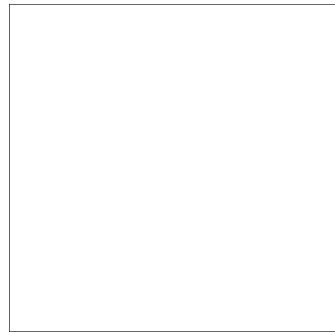
This is the story of Ngede, the Honeyguide, and a greedy young man named Gingile. One day while Gingile was out hunting he heard the call of Ngede. Gingile's mouth began to water at the thought of honey. He stopped and listened carefully, searching until he saw the bird in the branches above his head. “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.

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
Gingille as if to say, "Here it is! Come now! What is taking
you so long?" Gingille couldn't see any bees from under
the tree, but he trusted Ngede.

...

Hepeš norača oho nočouin k gospodomy Ankomy
nuknibomy Apebey. Hrnčan gpicpo sanppiran c betkn
ha betky. Oh ycerica ha ožhy nis betok n obepheyu
rouoby k lnhnue, kak gbi roboja, "Boř! Nán chodaj
Lohemy tak Aotro?" Lnhnue he bnačen nheřen nis
nočokpa Apebey, ho oh Aobepau Hrnčan.



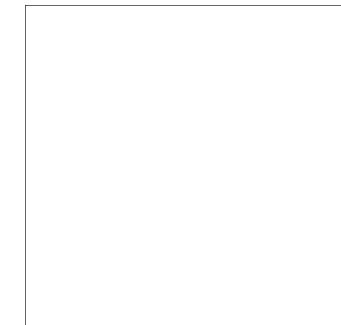


Гингиле опустил своё охотниче копьё на землю под дерево, собрал сухих веток и сделал маленький костёр. Когда костёр разгорелся, он засунул длинную сухую ветку в середину костра. Когда это дерево горит, от него особенно много дыма. Он полез по дереву, зажав холодный конец палки в зубах.

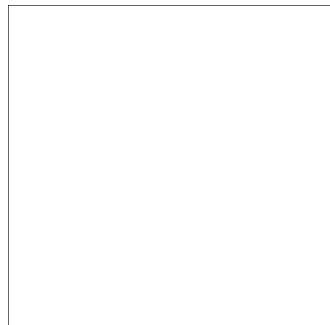
...

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.

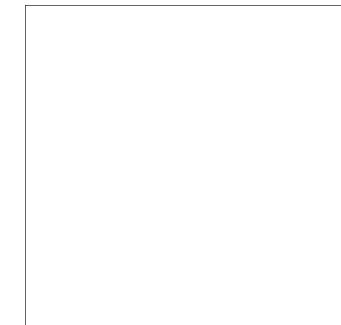
Tenepp, kora Aetn lnhnue cypiuat nctopnho HrnAn,
ohn ybakkahot marenhpkyo ntihky. KorAa ohn cognahot
m  , ohn he saapibahot octabnbt camyo gourpuyohactb
cot Aua ntihp! . . .



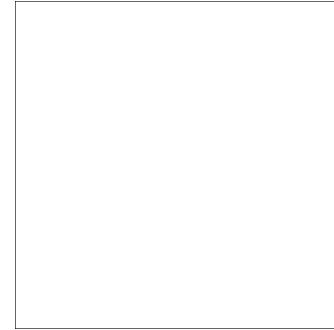
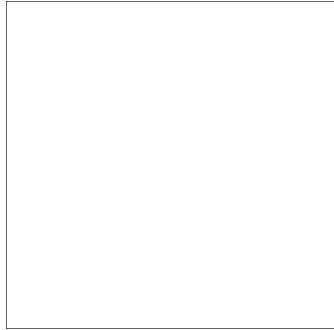
Bckope oh ycipiuam rpoooke kyyakkahne nh  . Ohn
burettan n bpietarun nis Aynta b Apebe, nx ynpa. KorAa
lnhnue Aogparica Ao rhe3Aa, oh sacyhyu roparulin
koh   narkin b Aynto. Lh  npi hahan gpicpo bpietarb,
hparnuka Apim, ho ctepba ohn gourpoh yakaninn
lnhnue. . .



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!



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!



Когда пчёлы вылетели, Гингиле засунул руки в улей. Он достал оттуда тяжёлые соты, с которых стекал ароматный мёд. Он заполнил ими сумку, которую он нёс на плече, и стал лезть вниз по дереву.

...

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.

Гингиле успел слезть с дерева до того как Леопард смог дотянуться до него. В этой спешке он пропустил ветку, упал на землю и подвернул щиколотку. Он побежал как можно быстрее. К счастью для него, Леопард был еще слишком сонный чтобы гнаться за ним. Так Нгида отомстил Гингили, а Гингили получил свой урок.

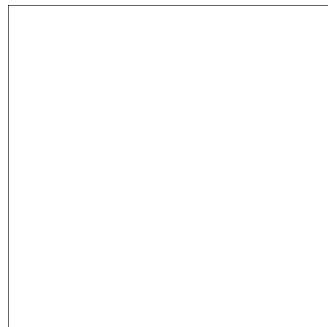
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Before Leopard could take a swipe at Gingile, he rushed down the tree. In his hurry he missed a branch, and landed with a heavy thud on the ground twisting his ankle. He hobbled off as fast as he could. Luckily for him, Leopard was still too sleepy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

Ngede eagerly watched everything that Gingilie 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 Gingilie reached the bottom of the tree. Ngede perched on a rock near the boy and waited for his reward.

...

Hrinan kaaho haqrahan sa bcam, ato ateran lnhnue. Oh kqaran, ato lnhnue octabnt emy hacbt cot kak guraqaphtcb tomy, kto ykazan emy, rae hantn mea, Hrinan uppiran c betkn ha betky, gunkc n gunkc k 3emre. B kohle kohlob, oh Aogparica Ao noahokna Appeba. Hrinan ycerica ha ha kameh hemoqaneky ot marhinka n ctan kqatb harpabi.

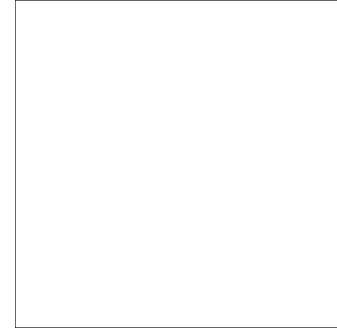
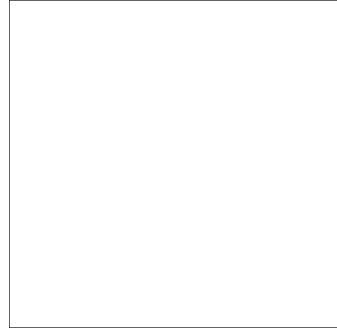


Gingilie climbed, wondering why he didn't hear the usual buzzing. "Perhaps the hive is deep in the tree," he thought to himself. He pulled himself up another branch. But instead of the hive, he was staring into the face of a leopard! Leopard was very angry at having her sleep so rudely interrupted. She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

...

Oh cyznu lruza n nokazan cbon obehb sotpume n ynpa oh ybnAen rnujo reonapAal. LeonaPAl bpi obehb paccepkhe, ato kro-to tak rpygo npespiabett ero coh. noaymar oh, Oh noqatahyrica k Apyron betke. Ho bmeto kykkahna, "habephoe, yneñ rygoko b betrax," octprie 3y6pi.





Но Гингиле потушил костёр, подобрал копьё и пошёл к дому, не обращая внимания на птицу. Нгиди нервно закричал, “Вик-торр! Вик-торр!” Гингиле остановился, взглянул на маленькую птичку и засмеялся. “Ты хочешь мёда, не так ли, друг мой? Ха! Но я проделал всю работу, и это меня жалили. С чего бы это мне делиться с тобой этим замечательным мёдом?” И он ушёл. Нгиди был очень зол! Так с ним никто не обходился! Но он отомстит.

...

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.

Однажды несколько недель спустя Гингиле снова услышал медовый зов Нгиди. Он вспомнил вкусный мёд и снова последовал за птицей. Проведя Гингиле по кромке леса, Нгиди остановился отдохнуть на большом кусте. “Ага,” подумал Гингиле. “Должно быть на этом дереве улей.” Он быстро развёл небольшой костёр и полез по дереву с дымящейся палкой в зубах. Нгиди сидел и смотрел.

...

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.