






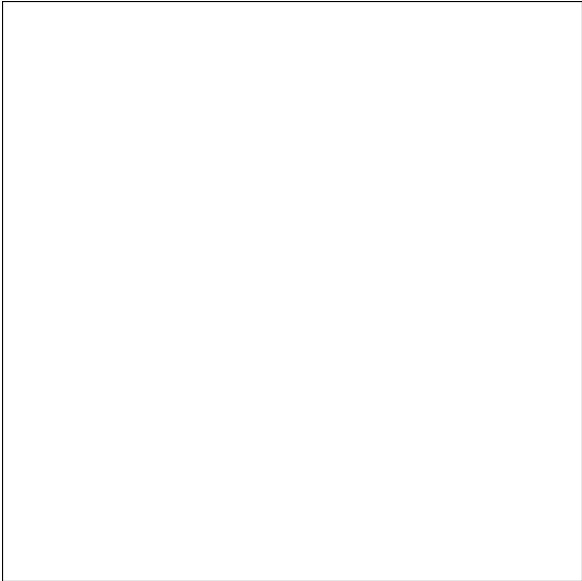
የአያት ጠቀሰ

Grandma's bananas

-  Ursula Nafula
-  Catherine Groenewald
-  Dawit Girma
-  Amharic / English
-  Level 4

(imageless edition)

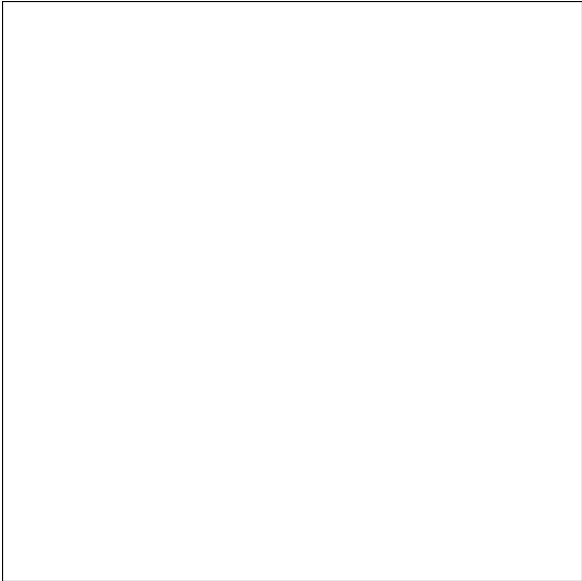




የአያቴ የአትክልት ስፍራ ግሩም ነው፤ ጥራጥሬው፣ ገብሱ፣ ካዛቫው በሽበሽ ነው። ከሁሉም ሙዙ ይበልጣል። ምንም እንኳ አያቴ በርካታ የልጅ ልጆች ቢኖራትም እኔን አብልጣ እንደምትወደኝ በምስጢር አውቃለሁ። ደብቃኛለች- ሙዞችን የት እንደምታመርት። ሁልጊዜ ነው ወደቤቷ የምትጋብዘኝ። አንዳንድ ምስጢሮችንም ታወራኛለች። አንድ ምስጢር ብቻ ግን አልነገረችኝም ነበር። እሱም ሙዞችን የት እንዲበስሉ እንዳረገች ነበር።

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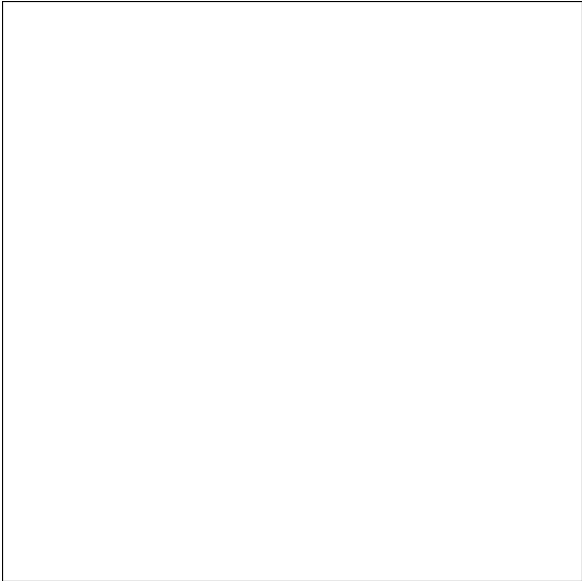
Grandma’s garden was wonderful, full of sorghum, millet, and cassava. But best of all were the bananas. Although Grandma had many grandchildren, I secretly knew that I was her favourite. She invited me often to her house. She also told me little secrets. But there was one secret she did not share with me: where she ripened bananas.



አንድ ቀን አንድ ትልቅ ቅርጫት ከአያቴ ቤት ውጭ ጸሐይ ላይ ተሰጥቶ ተመለከትኩ። ምን ይሆን ብዬ ሳሰላስል <<ያ ምትሃተኛ ቅርጫቴ>> ሊሆን እንደሚችል ገመትኩ። ከቅርጫቴ ጎን ብዙ የሙዝ ቅጠሎች ይታያሉ። በጣም በመጓጓት <<አያቴ የምን ቅጠሎች ናቸው>> ብዬ ጠየኳት። ያገኘሁት ብቸኛ ምላሽም <<ምትሃተኛ ቅጠሎቼ ናቸው>> የሚል ነበር።

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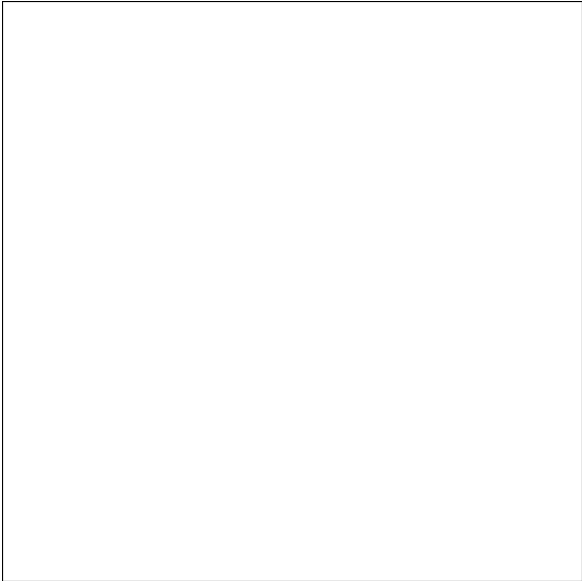
One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the sun outside Grandma’s house. When I asked what it was for, the only answer I got was, “It’s my magic basket.” Next to the basket, there were several banana leaves that Grandma turned from time to time. I was curious. “What are the leaves for, Grandma?” I asked. The only answer I got was, “They are my magic leaves.”



አያቴን፣ ሙዞቼን፣ የሙዞ ቅጠሎችንና ትልቁን ቅርጫት መመልከት በጣም አስደሳች ነበር። ነገር ግን አያቴ የሆነ ነገር እንዳመጣ ወደ እናቴ ዘንድ ላከችኝ። <<እባክሽ አያቴ ስትሰሪ ልይ...>> <<አንቺ ልጅ፣ ድርቅ አትበዱ፣ ዝም ብለሽ የተባልሽውን አድርጊ>> አለች። ወዲያው እየሮጥኩ ሄድኩ።

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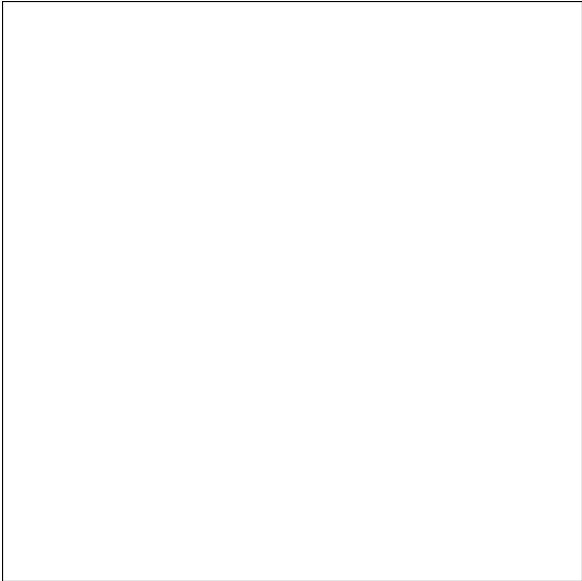
It was so interesting watching Grandma, the bananas, the banana leaves and the big straw basket. But Grandma sent me off to my mother on an errand. “Grandma, please, let me watch as you prepare...” “Don’t be stubborn, child, do as you are told,” she insisted. I took off running.



ስመለስ አያቴ ውጭ ተቀምጣ አገኘኋት፣ ነገር ግን ቅርጫቱም ሆነ ሙዞቹ አልነበሩም። <<አያቴ፣ የታለ ቅርጫቱ፣ የታለ ሙዞቹ ሁሉ፣ እና የታለ...>> ግን ያገኘሁት ብቸኛ ምላሽ <<ከምትሃተኛው ቦታዬ ጋር ነው ያሉት>> የሚል ነበር። በጣም ነው ያስከፋኝ።

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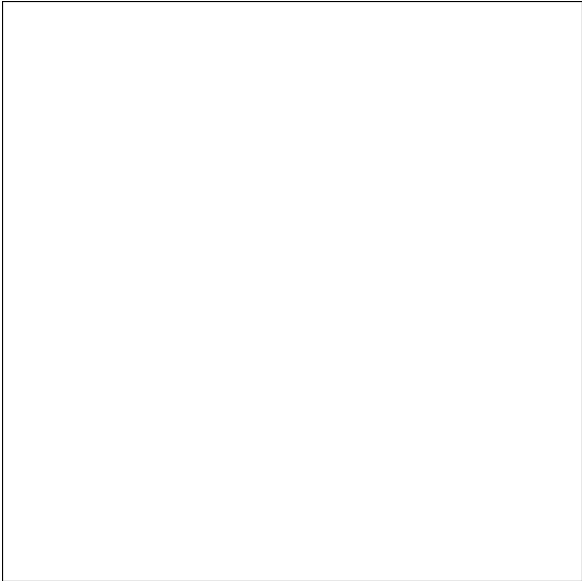
When I returned, Grandma was sitting outside but with neither the basket nor the bananas. “Grandma, where is the basket, where are all the bananas, and where...” But the only answer I got was, “They are in my magic place.” It was so disappointing!



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 አሸተኩት።

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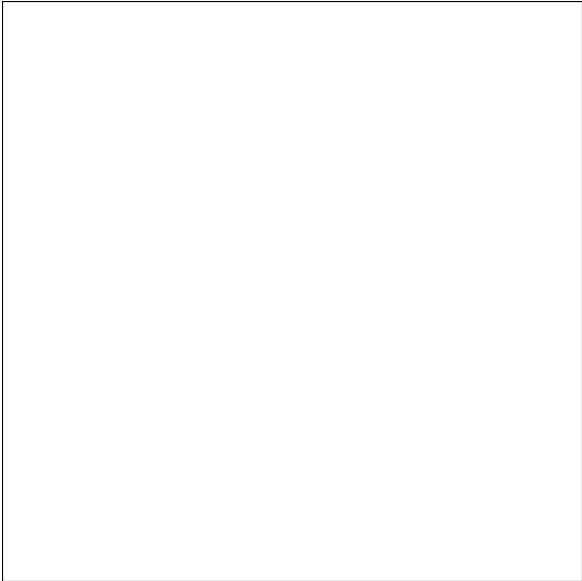
Two days later, Grandma sent me to fetch her walking stick from her bedroom. As soon as I opened the door, I was welcomed by the strong smell of ripening bananas. In the inner room was grandma's big magic straw basket. It was well hidden by an old blanket. I lifted it and sniffed that glorious smell.



የአያቴ ድምጽ ከተመሰጠዎ አነቃኝ። <<ምን እያረሽ ነው? ቶሎ በይና ምርኩዜን አምጨልኝ>>። ምርኩዚን ይዜ ቶሎ ሄድኩ። <<ለምንድን ነው የምትስቂው?>> አያቴ ጠየቀኝ። ከምትሃተኛ ቦታ ላይ ያለውን ድንቅ መዓዛ አሁንም ድረስ እያጣጣምኩ እንዳለሁ ጥያቄዎ አስታወሰኝ።

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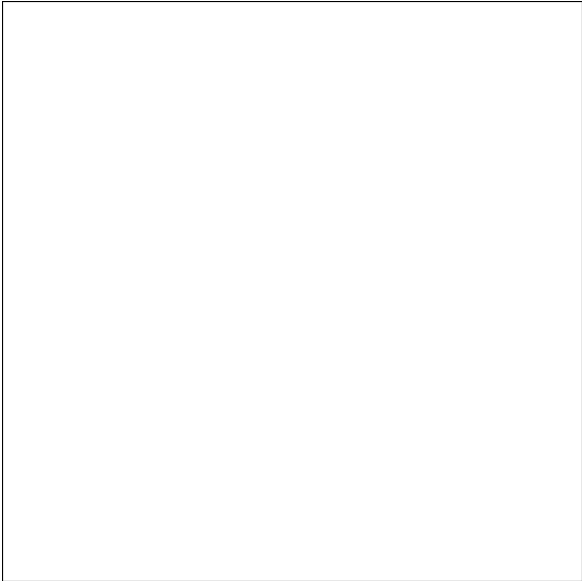
Grandma’s voice startled me when she called, “What are you doing? Hurry up and bring me the stick.” I hurried out with her walking stick. “What are you smiling about?” Grandma asked. Her question made me realise that I was still smiling at the discovery of her magic place.



በሚቀጥለው ቀን አያቴ እናቴን ለመጠየቅ ስትመጣ እኔ የሙዞችን ሁኔታ ለመጨረሻ ጊዜ ለማጣራት ወደአያቴ ቤት በፍጥነት ሄድኩ። በጣም የደረሱ የሚያምሩ ሙዞች አገኘሁ። አንድ ወሰድኩና በልብሴ ደበኩ። ቅርጫቱን መልሼ ሸፈንኩና ከቤቱ ጀርባ ሄጄ ቶሎ በላሁት። በጣም ጣፋጭ ሙዝ ነበር፣ እንደዛ የሚጣፍጥ በልቼ አለውቅም።

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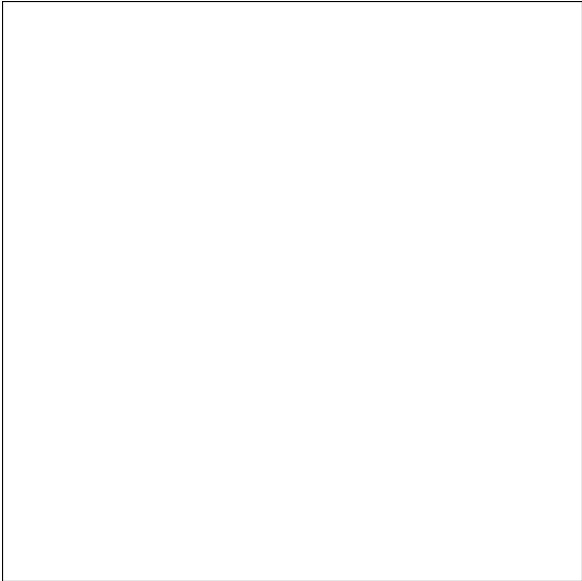
The following day when grandma came to visit my mother, I rushed to her house to check the bananas once more. There was a bunch of very ripe ones. I picked one and hid it in my dress. After covering the basket again, I went behind the house and quickly ate it. It was the sweetest banana I had ever tasted.



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 ስትስል ሰማኋት። ሙዞቹን በልብሶቼ ውስጥ ደበኩና ከበስተኋላዋ መራመድ ጀመርኩ።

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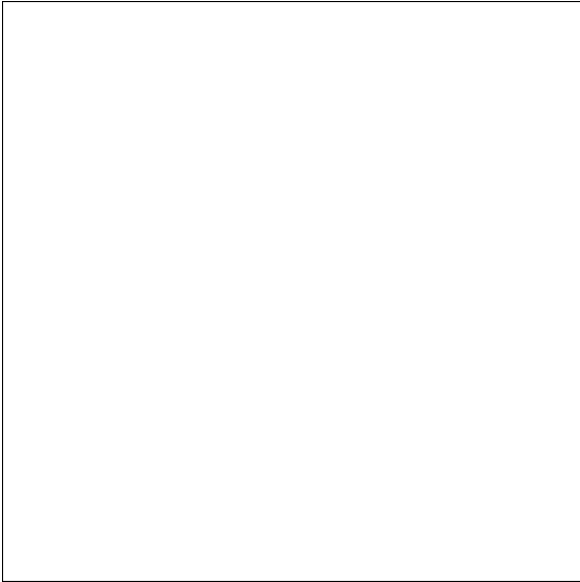
The following day, when grandma was in the garden picking vegetables, I sneaked in and peered at the bananas. Nearly all were ripe. I couldn't help taking a bunch of four. As I tiptoed towards the door, I heard grandma coughing outside. I just managed to hide the bananas under my dress and walked past her.



ቀጣዩ ቀን የገበያ ቀን ነበር። አያቴ በጠዋት ነቅታለች። እሷ ሁልጊዜ የደረሱ ሙዞችንና ካዛቫዎችን ለመሸጥ ገበያ ትወስዳለች። በዛ ቀን ልጎበኛት ቶሎ አልሄድኩም፤ ሆኖም ከርሷ ለመራቅም አልቻልኩም።

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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.



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

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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.



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Grandma's bananas

Written by: Ursula Nafula

Illustrated by: Catherine Groenewald

Translated by: (am) Dawit Girma

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.



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