






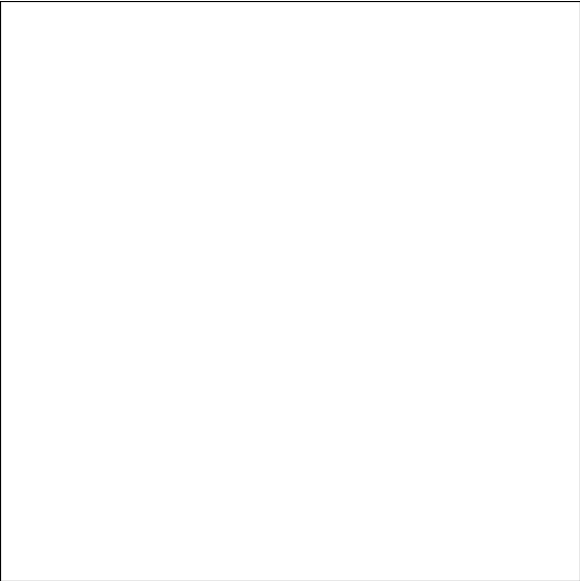
# Aargoosigii shimbir-malabka

## The Honeyguide's revenge

-  Zulu folktale
-  Wiehan de Jager
-  Anwar Mohamed Dirie
-  Somali / English
-  Level 4

(imageless edition)

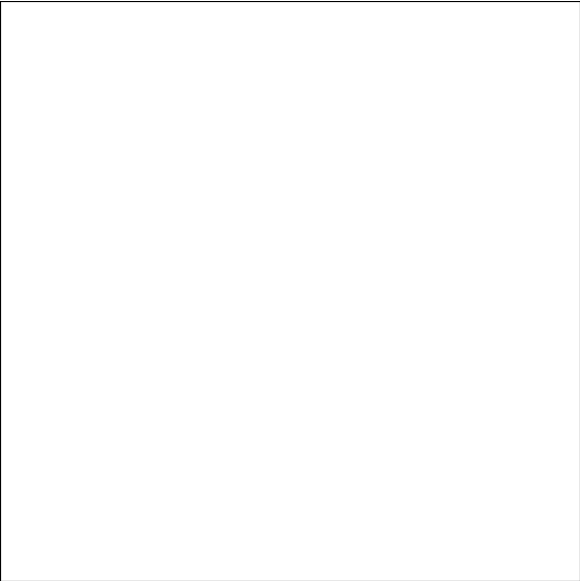




Tani waa sheekada Ngede, shimbir-malabka, iyo nin yar oo dhuuni ah laguna magacaabay Gingile. Maalin goor uu Gingile ugaarsi tagay maqlay ci'da Ngede. Gingile afkiisa ayaa bilaabay in uu dhareero niyeysiga malab dartii. Wuu istaagay wuu na dhagaystay si taxadar ah, oo uu raadiyay ilaa uu arkay shimbirkii oo laamaha korka madaxiisa ku jiro. "Jiiq-jiiq-jiiq," ayuu ku shanqaray shimbiarki yaraa, isaga oo u duulay geedka ku xigo, hadana kan kale. "jiiq-jiiq-jiiq," ayuu ku ciyay, istaagayana marba mar si uu u hubsado in uu Gingile soo raacay.

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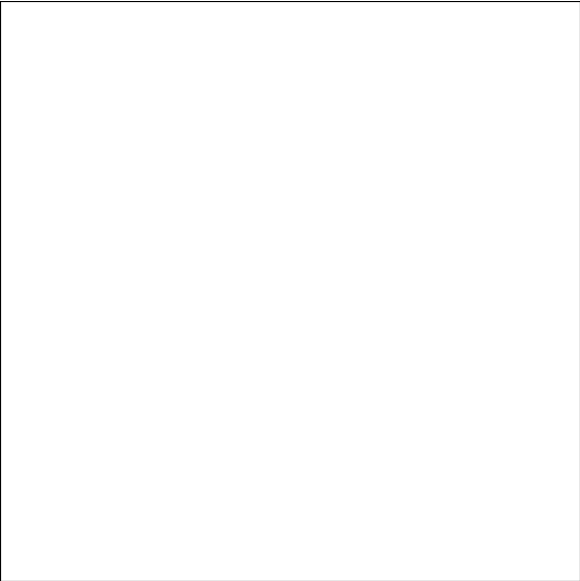
This is the story of Ngede, the Honeyguide, and a greedy young man named Gingile. One day while Gingile was out hunting he heard the call of Ngede. Gingile's mouth began to water at the thought of honey. He stopped and listened carefully, searching until he saw the bird in the branches above his head.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



Saacad barkeed ka dib, waxa ay soo gaareen geed berde duur baaxad le. Ngede waxa uu si waalli ah ugu boodbooday laamihii geedka. Dabadeedna waxa uu dul dagay mid ka mid ah laamihii, waxa uu na madaxiisa ku soo leexiyay Gingile sidii in la dhahayo, “Waa kan! Kaalay hada! Maxaa waqtigaas dheer u qaadanaysaa?” Gingile kama uusan arki karayn wax shinni ah geedka hoostiisa, laakiin waxa uu aaminay Ngede.

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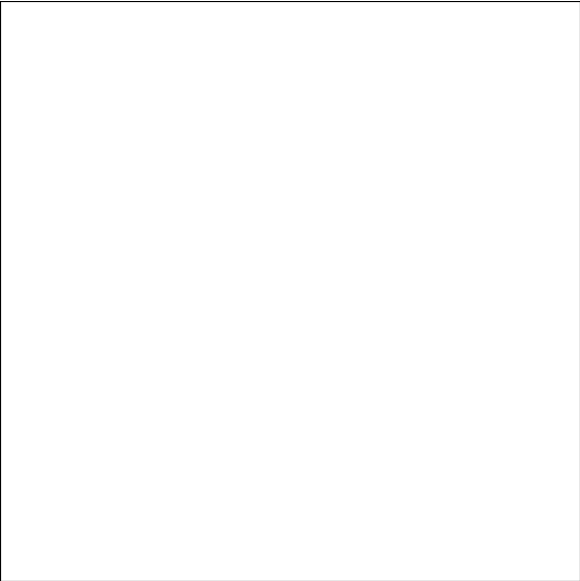
After half an hour, they reached a huge wild fig tree. Ngede hopped about madly among the branches. He then settled on one branch and cocked his head at Gingile as if to say, “Here it is! Come now! What is taking you so long?” Gingile couldn’t see any bees from under the tree, but he trusted Ngede.



Gingile waxa uu warrankii ugaarsiga dhigtay geedka hoostiisa, waxa uu soo aruursaday xaabo, dab ayuuna shiday. Markii uu dabkii si fiican u shidmay, qori dheer oo qallalan ayuu dabkii galiyay. Qorigani waxuu khaasatan caan ku ahaa in uu sameeyo qiiq badan marka la shido. Waxa uu bilaabay fuullidii, isaga oo ilkaha ku haya dhanka qaboow ee qoriga qiiqaya.

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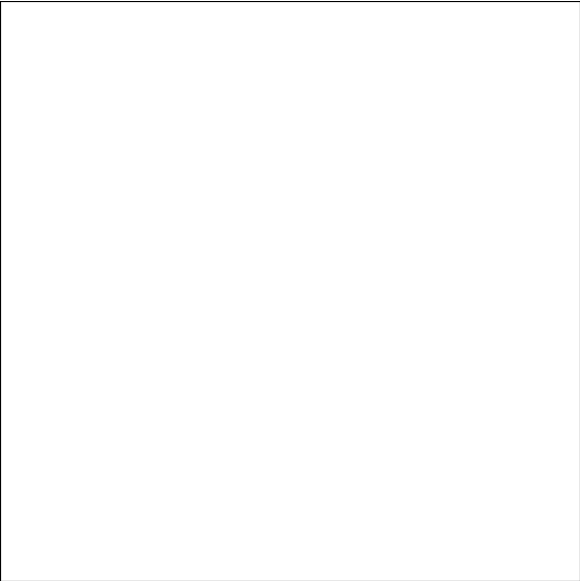
So Gingile put down his hunting spear under the tree, gathered some dry twigs and made a small fire. When the fire was burning well, he put a long dry stick into the heart of the fire. This wood was especially known to make lots of smoke while it burned. He began climbing, holding the cool end of the smoking stick in his teeth.



Markiiba waxa uu maqli karay “sss-ssss” da dheer ee shinnida mashquulsan. Waxa ay ka galeysay kana soo baxaysay shinniddu meel dulleesha oo geedka jirridiisa ah - hoygeeda. Markii uu Gingile gaaray hoygii shinnida waxa uu qorigi qiiqayay ku riixay meeshii duleeshay. Shinnidii banaanka ayay u yaacday, sababtoo ah ma jeclayn qiiqa - laakin intaa ka hor waxay Gingile siiyeen xoogaa qaniinyo kulul!

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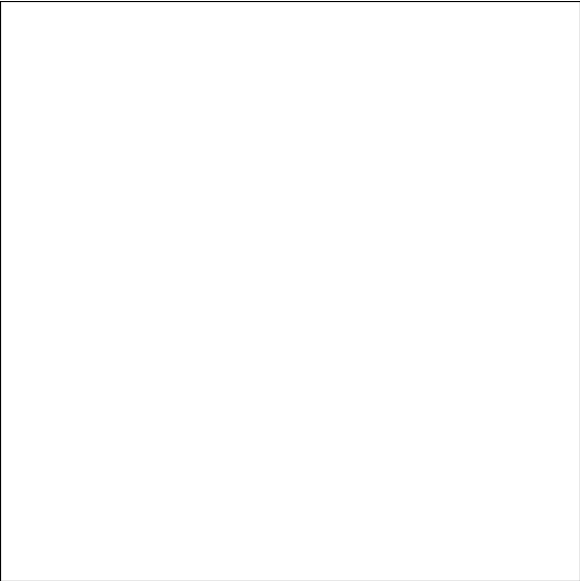
Soon he could hear the loud buzzing of the busy bees. They were coming in and out of a hollow in the tree trunk – their hive. When Gingile reached the hive he pushed the smoking end of the stick into the hollow. The bees came rushing out, angry and mean. They flew away because they didn’t like the smoke – but not before they had given Gingile some painful stings!



Markii ay shinnidii tagtay, Gingile waxa uu gacantiisa ku riixay buulki malabku ku jiray. Waxa uu kala soo baxay gacan buuxdo xabag-barsheed, tiftifqayso malab iyo diirdiir cadcad oo buudhan. Waxa uu si taxaddar leh ugu riday xabag-barsheedkii kiish uu garabka ku sitay, geedkiina waa uu ka soo degay.

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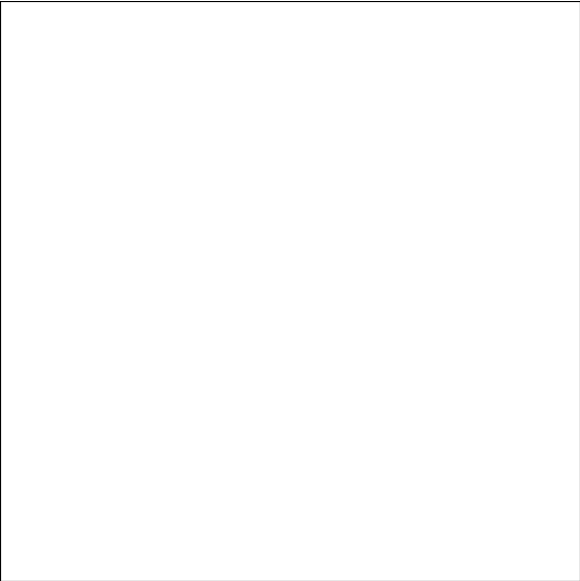
When the bees were out, Gingile pushed his hands into the nest. He took out handfuls of the heavy comb, dripping with rich honey and full of fat, white grubs. He put the comb carefully in the pouch he carried on his shoulder, and started to climb down the tree.



Ngede waxa uu si xiiso leh u daawanayay wax walba oo uu Gingile sameynayey. Waxa uu sugayay in uu uga tago cad xabag-barsheed buurran ah Shimbir-malabka si mahad celin ah. Ngede laanba laan ayuu uga duulay, ugu na sii dhawaanayay dhulka. Ugu dambeyn Gingile geedka salkiisi ayuu gaadhay. Ngede dhagax u dhow wiilka ayuu dul istaagay waxuu na suggay abaalmarintiisii.

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

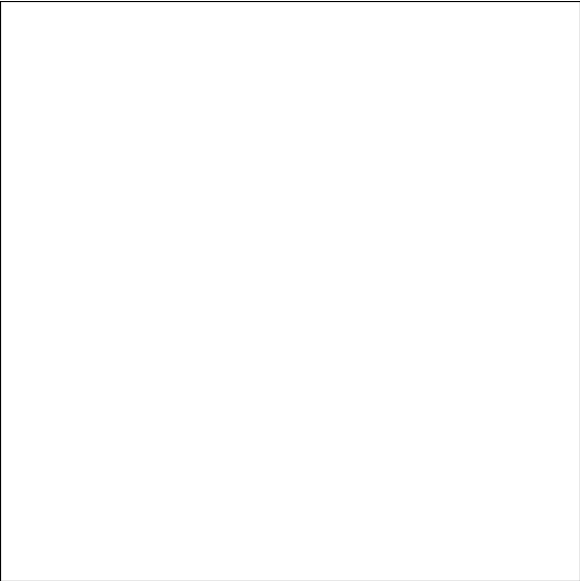


Laakiin, Gingile dabkii ayuu damiyey, warrankiisii na qaatay oo socodkii gurigiisa billaabay, isaga oo inkiraya shimbirki. Ngede si carro leh ayuu u ciyey, “Fiiq-fifiq-fiifiiq!” Gingile inta istaagay, oo shimbirki yaraa eegay ayuu aad ugu qoslay. “Waxa aad rabtaa xoogaa malab ah, ma rabtaa, saaxiib? Ha! Laakiin hawsha oo dhan aniga ayaa qabtay, aniga ayaana qaatay qaniyo oo idil. Maxaan kuula qaybsadaa malabkan la jecelyahay?” Dabadeedna wuu iska dhaqaaqay. Ngede aad ayuu u carooday! Ma ay ahayn in sidan loola dhaqmo! Lakiin wuu aargoosan doonaa!

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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.

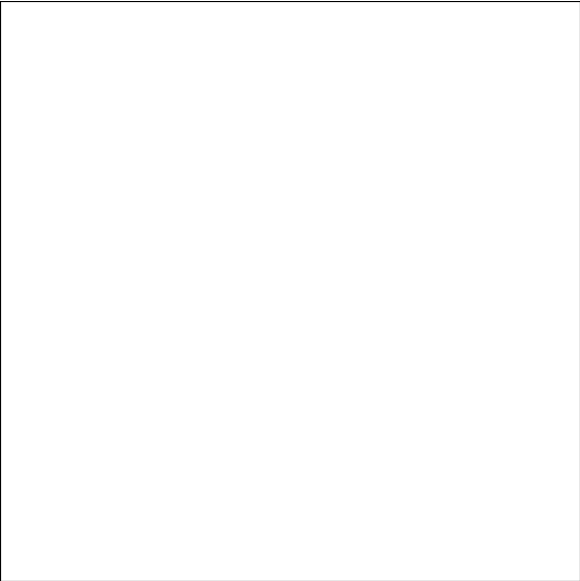




Asbuucyo badan kadib, maalin, markale ayuu Gingile maqlay ci'da malab sheega ee Ngede. Waxa uu xusuustay malabkii macaanaa, si xiiso leh na u dabagalay shimbirkii mar kale. Sidii uu kaynta dhinaceeda ugu horkacayey Gingile, Ngede waxuu dul istaagay geed weyn oo qodxo dallad ah leh si uu ugu nasto. "Ahh," Gingile ayaa ku fikiray. "Godka shinnida geedkan un buu ku yaal." dhaqso ba waxuu samaystay dabkii si yaraa waxa uuna bilaabay in uu fuulo, laanti yarayd ee qiiqeysayna ilkaha ku sita. Ngede wuu fariistay oo iska daawaday.

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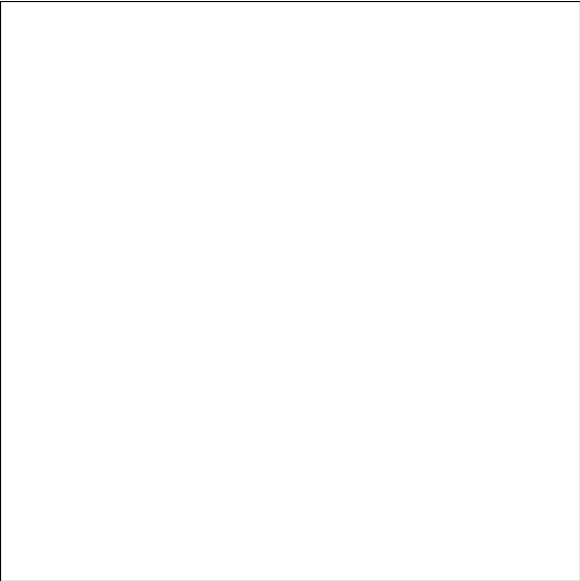
One day several weeks later Gingile again heard the honey call of Ngede. He remembered the delicious honey, and eagerly followed the bird once again. After leading Gingile along the edge of the forest, Ngede stopped to rest in a great umbrella thorn. "Ahh," thought Gingile. "The hive must be in this tree." He quickly made his small fire and began to climb, the smoking branch in his teeth. Ngede sat and watched.



Gingile wuu fuulay, la yaabbanaa sababta uu u maqli waayay “Sss-sss-sss” di caadiga ahayd. “Malaha godku gudaha geedka ayuu sii jiraa,” ayuu ku fikiray. Laan kale ayuu kor usii fuulay. Laakiin halkii godkii shinnida eegii lahaa, waxa uu indhaha ku dhuftay haramcad! Haramcaddu aad bay uga carootay in hurdadeedii si edeb darro ah looga dhexgalay. Indhaha ayay isku kuduudday, afkeedana way kala qaadday iyada oo ilkaheeda waaweyn ee afka badan dibedda u soo saaraysa.

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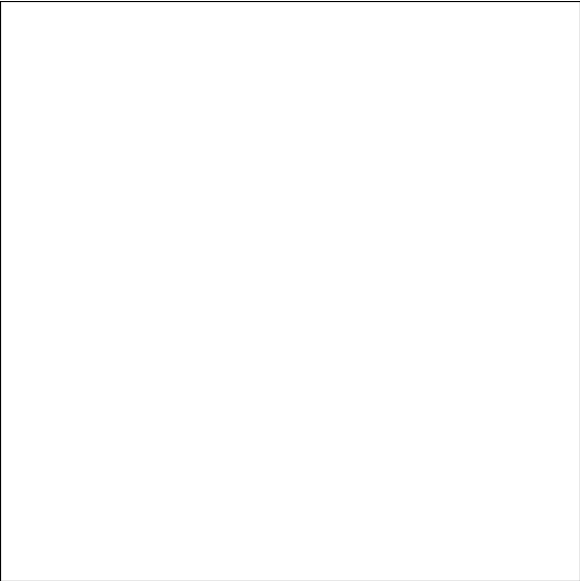
Gingile climbed, wondering why he didn't hear the usual buzzing. “Perhaps the hive is deep in the tree,” he thought to himself. He pulled himself up another branch. But instead of the hive, he was staring into the face of a leopard! Leopard was very angry at having her sleep so rudely interrupted. She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



Intii ay haramcaddu weerarin Gingile, si degdeg ayuu hoos uga degay geedki. Degdeggi awgii ayuu laan gafay, waxa uu si shanqar culus leh ugu dhacay dhulka oo wareejiyay canqowgiisi. Sidii ugu dhakhsaha badneyd ee uu karay ayuu u dhutiyay. Nasiib lahaayaa, haramcaddu aad bay weli u sii hurdeysnayd haday cayrsan lahayd. Ngede, Shimbir-malabkii, wuu helay aargoosigi. Gingile na cashar ayuu bartay.

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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.



Sidaa darteed, markii Gingile ay carruurtiisa maqlaan sheekada Ngedede waxa ay ixtiraam u qaadaan shimbirka yar. Mar walba oo ay malab soo gurtaan, waxa ay xaqiijiyaan in ay qeybta ugu weyn xabad barsheedka uga tagaan shimbir malabka!

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And so, when the children of Gingile hear the story of Ngedede they have respect for the little bird. Whenever they harvest honey, they make sure to leave the biggest part of the comb for Honeyguide!



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