

Ifyalandile nkashi yakwa Vusi

What Vusi's sister said



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Wiehan de Jager

AGNES CHIBAMBA

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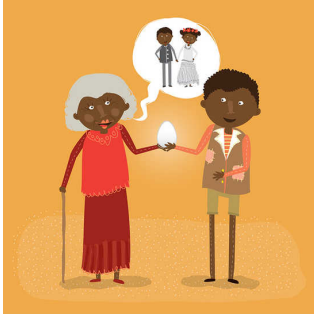
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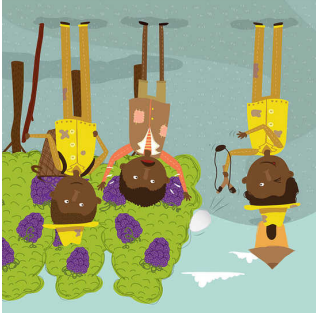




Ubushiku bumo ulucelo Vusi balimwitile kuli ba nakulu, “Vusi, napapata twala ilini ili ku bafyashi bobo. Balefwaya ukupanga keke iyikalamba iya pa bwinga bwakwa nkashi yobe.”

...

Early one morning Vusi’s granny called him, “Vusi, please take this egg to your parents. They want to make a large cake for your sister’s wedding.”



Munshila pakuya ku bafyashi bakwe, Vusi  
akumenye abalumendo babili baletola fuluti.  
Umlumendo umo asompwele ilini kuli Vusi  
alitoba ku cimuti. Ilini lyalitobeke.

...

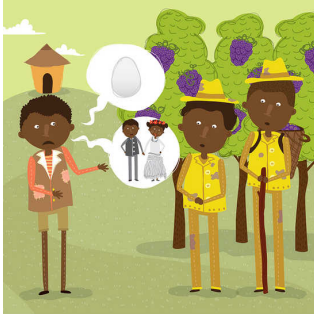
On his way to his parents, Vusi met two boys  
picking fruit. One boy grabbed the egg from  
Vusi and shot it at a tree. The egg broke.



Nkashi yakwa Vusi alikutumene panshita iyitali,  
elyo asosele ati, nshisakamene pa fyabupe,  
nangu ukusakamana pali keke! Nintemwe ukuti  
bonse tuli kuno abansansa. Nomba fwaleni  
ifyakufwala fyenu ifisuma elyo tusefye ubu  
bushikui Nacine elyo Vusi acitile.

...

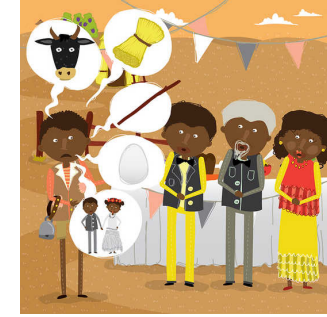
Vusi's sister thought for a while, then she said,  
"Vusi my brother, I don't really care about gifts. I  
don't even care about the cake! We are all here  
together, I am happy. Now put on your smart  
clothes and let's celebrate this day!" And so  
that's what Vusi did.



“Finshi wacita?” Vusi ali lilile. “ Ilini lilya lyaciba lya keke. Keke yaciba yapa bwinga bwakwa nkashi yandi. Finshi nkashi yandi alalanda nga takwabe keke ya bwinga.?”

...

“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That egg was for a cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. What will my sister say if there is no wedding cake?”



“Nalacita shani?” Vusi ali lilile. “Ilya ing’ombe iyi butwike yali ya bupe, pa fyani bakakula bampele. Bakakula bacimpela ifyani pantu ba cikontola icimuti ica cifuma ku batola ama fuluti. Abatola ama fuluti ba cimpela icimuti pantu ba citoba ilini lya keke. Keke yaciba yapa bwinga. Nomba tapali ilini, tapali keke, elyo tapali na ubupe.”

...

“What shall I do?” cried Vusi. “The cow that ran away was a gift, in return for the thatch the builders gave me. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for the wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift.”

Abalumendo ballimbela ubwelo pa kutumfya Vusi. "Tapali ifyo twingacita pali keke, lelo senda inkonto upele nkashi yobe," efo umo asosele. Vusi aikonkenyepo ubulendo bwakwe.

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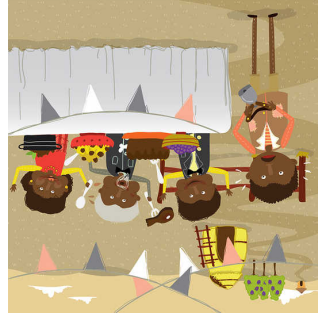
The boys were sorry for teasing Vusi. "We can't help with the cake, but here is a walking stick for your sister," said one. Vusi continued on his journey.

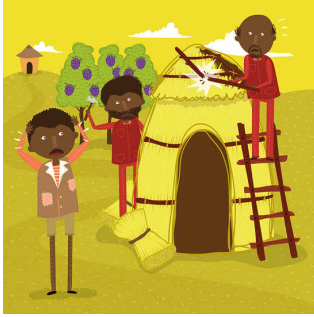


Lele ingo'mbe yaibutwike ukubwela kuli shibulimi panshita ya cakuya ca mulalilo. Na Vusi allubile pa bulendo bwakwe. Afikile ku bwinga bwakwa nkashi yakwe ubushiku sana. Abeni batile ninshi nabatampa na ukuya.

...

But the cow ran back to the farmer at supper time. And Vusi got lost on his journey. He arrived very late for his sister's wedding. The guests were already eating.

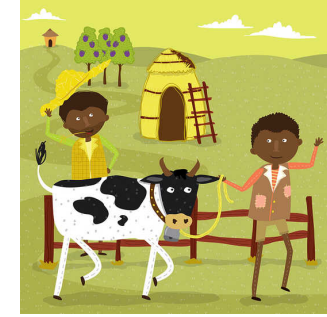




Munshila akumenye abaume babili balekula ing'anda. "Kuti twabomfyako icimuti ico icakosa?" eflyo umu aipwishe. Lelo icimuti tacakosele icakukulilako, eflyo caputwike.

...

Along the way he met two men building a house. "Can we use that strong stick?" asked one. But the stick was not strong enough for building, and it broke.



Ing'ombe yali lomba ubwelelo pali bu kaitemwe. Umulimi ali sumina ukuti ing'ombe iye na Vusi nga ubupe bwakwa nkashi yakwe. Eflyo Vusi akonkenyepo.

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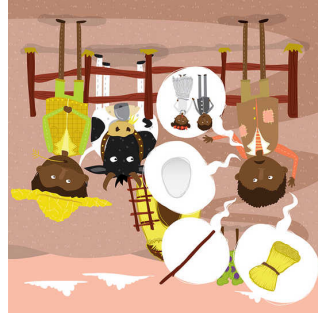
The cow was sorry she was greedy. The farmer agreed that the cow could go with Vusi as a gift for his sister. And so Vusi carried on.



“Finshi wacita?” Vusi aii lillile. “Ico icimuti caciba  
 bupe bwakwa nkashi yandi. Abatola ama fuluti  
 ebacimpela icimuti pantu ba citoba illini Iya keke.  
 Keke yaciba yapa bwinga bwakwa nkashi yandi.  
 Nomba tapali illini, tapali keke, elyo tapali na  
 ubupe. Finshi nkashi yandi alalanda?

...

“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That stick  
 was a gift for my sister. The fruit pickers gave  
 me the stick because they broke the egg for the  
 cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now  
 there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will  
 my sister say?”



“Finshi wacita?” Vusi aii lillile. “Ifyani ifyo fyaciba  
 bupe bwakwa nkashi yandi. Bakakula bacimpela  
 ifyani pantu ba cikontola icimuti icacifuma ku  
 batola amafuluti. Abatola amafuluti ba cimpela  
 icimuti pantu bacitoba illini Iya keke yakwa  
 nkashi yandi. Keke yaciba yapa bwinga bwakwa  
 nkashi yandi. Nomba tapali illini, tapali keke, elyo  
 tapali na ubupe. Finshi nkashi yandi alalanda?

...

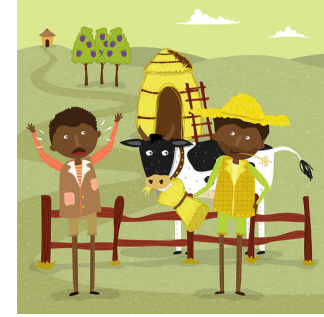
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That thatch  
 was a gift for my sister. The builders gave me  
 the thatch because they broke the stick from the  
 fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick  
 because they broke the egg for my sister’s cake.  
 The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there  
 is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my  
 sister say?”



Bakakula balilombele ubwelelo paku kontola icimuti. “Tapali ifyo twingacita pali keke, lelo bula ifyani ifi upele nkashi yobe,” eflyo umo asosele. Lelo Vusi alikonkenyepo ubulendo bwakwe.

...

The builders were sorry for breaking the stick. “We can’t help with the cake, but here is some thatch for your sister,” said one. And so Vusi continued on his journey.



Munshila, Vusi akumenye umulimi na ing’ombe. “Yangu ifyani ifi ubusuma, kuti nalyapo utunono?” eflya ipwishe ing’ombe. Lelo ifyani fyaliweme sana icakuti ing’ombe yalilile fyonse.

...

Along the way, Vusi met a farmer and a cow. “What delicious thatch, can I have a nibble?” asked the cow. But the thatch was so tasty that the cow ate it all!