



## The Honeyguide's revenge

ମୁଖ୍ୟାନ୍ତର ମହିଳା ଗ୍ଲୋବ୍

ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିନ୍ଦୁ / English ଏଣ୍

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- ☞ Asma Afreen
- ☞ Wiehan de Jager
- ☞ Zulu folktale



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এই গল্পটি হল এনগেডে নামক হানিগাইড পাখি, এবং  
গিংগিলে নামক একজন লোভী তরুণের। একদিন গিংগিলে  
যখন বাহিরে শিকার করছিল, সে এনগেডের ডাক শুনতে  
পেল। মধুর কথা ভেবেই গিংগিলের মুখে পানি চলে আসল।  
সে থামল এবং মন দিয়ে শুনল। সে খুঁজতে থাকল যতক্ষণ  
না পর্যন্ত সে তার মাথার উপরে ডালের মাঝে পাখিটি দেখতে  
পেল। “চি-চি-চি,” ছোট পাখিটি এক গাছ থেকে অন্য গাছে  
উড়ে বেড়িয়ে ডাকছিল। “চি-চি-চি,” সে ডাকল আর মাঝে  
মাঝে থেমে দেখল যে গিংগিলে তাকে অনুসরণ করছে কিনা।

...

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.

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ጠናክሸ ተባሉ፤ ነገሮች መነሻ ቤትና ተካሬ ይሁዳ?  
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তাই গিংগিলে গাছের নিচে তার শিকারের বশাটি নামিয়ে  
রাখল, কিছু শুকনো ডাল জড়ো করল এবং ছোট করে  
আগুন ধরাল। যখন আগুন ভালো করে জ্বলতে লাগল,  
তখন সে একটি শুকনো লম্বা লাঠি আগুনের মাঝখানে  
রাখল। এই কাঠ পোড়ার সময় অনেক ধোঁয়া সৃষ্টি করার জন্য  
বিশেষভাবে পরিচিত। সে দাঁত দিয়ে ধোঁয়া ধরা লাঠিটির ঠাণ্ডা  
প্রান্ত কামড়ে ধরে গাছ বেঁয়ে উঠা শুরু করল।

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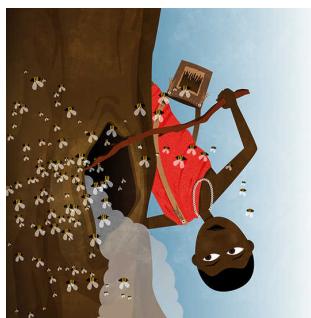
So Gingile put down his hunting spear under the tree, gathered some dry twigs and made a small fire. When the fire was burning well, he put a long dry stick into the heart of the fire. This wood was especially known to make lots of smoke while it burned. He began climbing, holding the cool end of the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

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

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Honeyguide! 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 them. Gingile always leaves the comb for the honeyguide! ...

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যখন মৌমাছিরা বেরিয়ে গেল, তখন গিংগিলে তার হাত  
মৌচাকে ঢুকিয়ে দিল। সে হাত ভর্তি করে ভারী চাক নিল,  
যার থেকে টপটপ করে ঘন মধু আর চর্বিযুক্ত সাদা মৌকীট  
পড়ছিল। সে সাবধানে চাকগুলো তার কাঁধে বহন করা  
থলিতে রাখল, এবং গাছ বেঁয়ে নিচে নামতে শুরু করল।

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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.

চিতা গিংগিলেকে স্পর্শ করার পূর্বেই, সে তড়িঘড়ি করে গাছের নিচে নামতে থাকল। তাড়াভুড়োর মাঝে সে একটি ডালে পা রাখতে ভুলে গেল আর মাটিতে ধড়াস্ক করে পড়ল। তার গোড়ালি মচকে গেল। সে যথাসম্ভব দ্রুত লেংচিয়ে লেংচিয়ে দৌড়ে গেল। সৌভাগ্যবশত চিতা তখনও নিদ্রালু থাকার কারণে তাকে ধাওয়া করতে পারেনি। হানিগাইড পাথি এনগেডে তার প্রতিশোধ নিল। আর গিংগিলে শিক্ষা পেল।

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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 Gingile was doing. He was waiting for him to leave a fat piece of honeycomb as a thank-you offering to the Honeyguide. Ngede filtered from branch to branch, closer and closer to the ground. Finally perched on a rock near the boy and waited for his reward.

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### ጋርግሽ ተሳታፊ

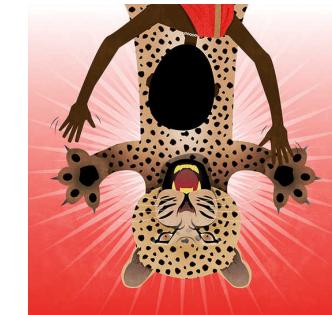
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Gingile climbed, wondering why he didn't hear the usual buzzing. "Perhaps the hive is deep in the tree," he thought to himself. He pulled himself up another branch. But instead of the hive, he was staring into the face of a leopard so rudely interrupted.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

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እሌታ ጥሩ መሸመድ መሸመድ መሸመድ መሸመድ





କିନ୍ତୁ ଗିଂଗିଲେ ଆଣ୍ଟନ ନେଭାଲ, ନିଜେର ବର୍ଷାଟି ତୁଳଲ ଏବଂ ପାଥିକେ ନା ଦେଖାର ଭାନ କରେ ବାଡ଼ିର ଦିକେ ହାଁଟା ଶୁରୁ କରଲ । ଏନଗେଡେ ରେଗେ ଡାକ ଦିଲ, “ଆମାର ମଧୁ ଦାଓ! ଆମାର ମଧୁ ଦାଓ!” ଗିଂଗିଲେ ଥାମଲ, ଛୋଟ ପାଥିର ଦିକେ ତାକାଳ ଆର ଅଟୁହାସି ଦିଲ । “ତୁମି କିଛୁ ମଧୁ ଚାଓ, ଚାଓ କି, ଆମାର ବନ୍ଧୁ? ହା! କିନ୍ତୁ ଆମି ସବ କାଜ କରେଛି ଆର ସବ ହଲେର କାମଡ୍ ଖେଯେଛି । ଆମି କେନ ତୋମାକେ ଏହି ମଜାଦାର ମଧୁର ଭାଗ ଦିବ?” ତାରପର ସେ ହେଁଟେ ଚଲେ ଗେଲ । ଏନଗେଡେ ତୁନ୍ଦୁ ହଲ! ଏଟି ତାର ସାଥେ କରାର ମତ କୋନ ଆଚରଣ ହଲ ନା! କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ଏର ପ୍ରତିଶୋଧ ନିବେ ।

...

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.



ଏକଦିନ ବେଶ କଯେକ ସନ୍ତାହ ପରେ ଗିଂଗିଲେ ଆବାର ଏନଗେଡେର ଡାକ ଶୁନତେ ପାଯ । ସେ ସୁନ୍ଦାଦୁ ମଧୁର କଥା ମ୍ୟାରଣ କରେ ଏବଂ ଉଂସୁକଭାବେ ପାଥିକେ ଆବାରଓ ଅନୁସରଣ କରେ । ବନଟିର ପ୍ରାନ୍ତ ବରାବର ଗିଂଗିଲେକେ ନିଯେ ଯାଓଯାର ପର, ଏନଗେଡେ ଏକଟି ବଡ଼ ଆସ୍ତ୍ରେଲ୍ଲା ଥର୍ଣ୍ଣର (ଏକ ପ୍ରକାର ବାବଲା ଗାଛ) ଉପର ବିଶ୍ରାମ ନିତେ ବସଲ । “ଆହ,” ଗିଂଗିଲେ ଭାବଲ । “ମୌଚାକ ନିଶ୍ଚଯଇ ଏହି ଗାଛେଇ ଆଛେ ।” ସେ ଦ୍ରୁତ ଆଣ୍ଟନ ଧରାଲ ଆର ଧୋଯା ଧରା ଲାଠି ଦାଁତେ ଧରେ ଗାଛ ବେଙ୍ଗେ ଉଠିତେ ଶୁରୁ କରଲ । ଏନଗେଡେ ବସେ ବସେ ଦେଖଲ ।

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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.