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Honningøgens havn / The Honeyguide's revenge

Zulu folktales ✎

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The Honeyguide's revenge

Honningøgens havn



Dette er historien om Ngede, honninggøgen, og en grådig mand, der hed Gingile. En dag mens Gingile var på jagt, hørte han Ngedes kald. Gingiles tænder løb i vand ved tanken om honning. Han stoppede og lyttede, indtil han så fuglen i grenene over sit hoved. "Tjitik-tjitik-tjitik," skrattede den lille fugl, mens han fløj videre til det næste træ, og det næste. "Tjitik-tjitik-tjitik," kaldte han, mens han af og til stoppede for at sikre sig, at Gingile fulgte efter ham.

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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.



Efter en halv time kom de til et stort, vildt figentræ. Ngede hoppede vildt omkring i grenene. Så faldt han til ro på en gren og lagde hovedet på skrå og så på Gingile som for at fortælle: "Her er det! Kom nu! Hvad venter du på?" Gingile kunne ikke se nogen bier, men han stolede på 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.



Når Gingiles børn hører historien om Ngede, får de respekt for den lille fugl. Når de samler honning, sørger de altid for at give det største stykke voks til honninggøgen!

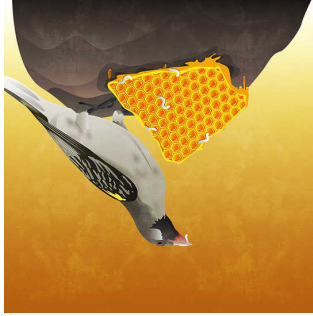
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And so, when the children of Gingile hear the story of Ngede they have respect for the little bird. Whenever they harvest honey, they make sure to leave the biggest part of the comb for Honeyguide!

Før Leopard kunne springe på Gingile, skynde han sig ned fra træet. I farten missede han en gren og landede med et tungt bump på jorden og vred om på sin ankel. Han humpede væk så hurtigt, han kunne. Heldigvis var Leopard stadig for søvrig til at jage ham. Ngede, honninggøgen, havde fået sin hævn. And Gingile havde fået sig en lærestreg.

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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.



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.

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Så Gingile lagde sit jagtspyd fra sig under træet, samlede nogle tørre kviste og lavede et lille bål. Da ilden brændte godt, lagde han en lang, tør pind ind i midten af bålet. Denne type træ var kendt for at lave masser af røg, når det brændte. Han begyndte at klatre, mens han holdt den kolde ende af den ryggede pind fast mellem tænderne.





Snart kunne han høre de travle biers høje summen. De fløj ind og ud af et hul i træstammen - deres bo. Da Gingile nåede op til boet, stak han den ryggede ende af pinden ind i hullet. Bierne skyndte sig ud, sure og vrede. De fløj væk, fordi de ikke kunne lide røgen - men ikke før de havde givet Gingile nogle smertefulde stik!

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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!



Gingile klatrede og undrede sig over, hvorfor han ikke hørte den sædvanlige summen. "Måske er boet dybt inde i træet," tænkte han. Han løftede sig op på en ny gren. Men i stedet for boet stirrede han ind i ansigtet på en leopard! Leopard blev meget vred over at få sin søvn forstyrret. Hun kneb øjnene sammen og åbnede munden og viste sine meget store og meget skarpe tænder.

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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.



Da bierne var væk, stak Gingile sine hænder ind til boet. Han tog håndfulde af den tunge voks ud, de dryppede af blød honning og var fulde af fede, hvide larver. Han lagde forsigtigt voksen i sin taske, han havde over skulderen, og begyndte at klatre ned fra træet.

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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.



Flere uger senere hørte Gingile igen Ngedes honningkald. Han huskede den lækre honning og fugt ivrigt fuglen endnu engang. Efter at have ledt Gingile langs skovbrynet stoppede Ngede for at hvile sig i et stort paraplytræ. "Ah," tænkte Gingile, "boet må være i dette træ." Han tændte hurtigt sit lille bål og begyndte at klatre med den rygende gren mellem tænderne. Ngede sad og kiggede på.

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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. "Ah," 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.



Ngede fulgte nøje med i alt, Gingile gjorde. Han forventede, at han skulle efterlade et stort stykke voks som tak til honninggøgen. Ngede fløj fra gren til gren, tættere og tættere på jorden. Endelig nåede Gingile til foden af træet. Ngede satte sig til rette på en sten nær drengen og ventede på sin belønning.

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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.



Men Gingile slukkede ilden, samlede sit spyd op og begyndte at gå hjem, mens han ignorerede fuglen. Ngede kaldte vredt: "VIK-torr! VIK-torr!" Gingile stoppede, stirrede på den lille fugl og lo højt. "Vil du have noget honning, min ven? Ha! Men jeg gjorde alt arbejdet og fik alle stikkene. Hvorfor skulle jeg dele denne skønne honning med dig?" Så gik han sin vej. Ngede var rasende! Sådan skulle man ikke behandle ham! Men han skulle få sin hævn.

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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-torr!" 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.