

Amerru A'mukaka Grandma's bananas



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Akalima k'amukaka kabya kiwene ndeke. Imuli omuhemba, obulho, haima n'omuhogo. Aliriryo ibwa ekikasinga w'ameero, othusukali othwerire. Ibwa mukaka nomwanabya awithe abitsikulhu banene, ingye inganasi omwambitha kuningye mwanzibwa wiwe. Inyakambirikira ewiwe kandi inyakambwira okwa thupitha thwiwe. Kyonga hali embitha nguma isialy'athambwira: ameeru iwe ngakereraya wahayi.

...

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.



Neryo ibwa omwigholhogholho, mama, n'athatha, haima n'amukaka mubambirikira. Neryo munaminya ekikaleka ibambirikira. Mubanyikalya neerinyikanirya. Nabere nayawotsera, munathwamu indi sinangathasiba okumukaka, kutse mama rundi thatha, rundi mundu wosi wosi.

...

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.



Neryo kiro kighuma munahangira ekithiri kiwe
 ikine okwathwisi okwabuthala. Nanabya
 namamubulia indi ibwa ekithiri nikyaki mukaka?
 Inyakasubamu, "eyo nimbita yaghe". Hakuhi
 n'ekithiri habya ihane amababi awa mukaka
 abya inyanemubindulikania. Neryo
 namayibulya, "ibwa amababi aya niaki mbwino,
 mukaka?" Mukaka inyakwama kyambwira ati,
 "eyo nimbita yayi":

...

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."



Ekindi kiro, kyabya kiro kyakathale. Mukaka
 mwabuka omwanyagakya akayaghulya ameru
 haima n'omuhogo omwathale.
 Mungathanguha eriyamulebya, kyonga
 isinangayitsunga erithindiyamulebya
 inyanemuthalengekania okwa masukali.

...

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.



Mukyabya ekyeriswekyia ingathalangira mukaka, amasukali, n'amababi kandi n'ekithiri eribihira hauma. Neryo mukaka mwanyithibithako athi ngaghende eyiri mama. "Mukaka, kyisi kyisi leka ngalhangire kuwukathekatheka nerithalikirira amasukali..." Iwe mwana, leka erinzathisya, ghenda eyiri mama waghu nkokunabirikubwira. Mukaka amabya abirihathikana, neryo munakulika namaghenda.

...

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.



Ekindi Kiro, mukaka abere inyane omwakalima kiwe, neryo munanyonya, nerisoba erithasiayalebya omwa kithiri ky'amukaka. Namasangana awosi inyabiryera. Namalhusiako awali ng'ani, neryo munahirawo omw'alhukimba. Neryo nkanimusoba, munowa mukaka akakoholha. Namakwama kukyeribisa amasukali womwakiteteya, neryo namalhaba okumukaka.

...

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.



Nabere ingasubulha namasangana mukaka inyanikere okwabuthalha kyonga ekithiri, namasukali haima namababi isibikiriho.

Namabulya, "ibwa mukaka ekithiri, namasukali namababi... byayirehayi? Mukaka mwakwama kyasubamu, "esyoyimbitha syayi". Neryo munayibulhulhai!

...

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!



Ekindi kiro mukaka abere abiryasa erisalebya mama, neryo munayiwusa ewiwe namayalebya omw'akithiri kiwe. Namalhangira mw'ebisaki ebyerire. Namakuthulha kw'alighuma, neryo namabisalyo omwalhukyimba. Neryo namaghenda eyihya omwabalazi ekanyuma. Namalirya lhubalhuba, umhho obusho bunene.

...

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.



Habere hahwa biro bibiri, mukaka
mwanyithuma eriyenda omusokolho wiwe
w'ekathi. Nabere ingakingulha olhuyi neryo
munowa akabeho k'amasukali awerire
omwakathi neryo namalhangira ekithiri
ky'amukaka ikinaswikire kwakabbulangiti. Neryo
namasumba erilebererya omw'akithiri. Ahaaa...
neryo namowa akibehe ky'ameeru.

...

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.



Neryo namowa omulenge w'amukaka
amabirikira, "ukakolhaki kawamasibayo,
ndethere omutso waghi lhuba". Neryo
namanguhya omutso w'amukaka.
"Ukabehererayaki kwawamayisekererya?"
mukaka mwabulya. Neryo namaminya indi
mukaka mwalhangira inganemuseka
ngokunamabirifumbula embitha yiwe.

...

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.