



Honiingguidens hemn / The Honeyguide's revenge

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Zulu folktale

nyorsk nn / English en

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Dette er historia om Ngede, honningguiden, og ein grådig ung mann ved namn Gingile. Ein dag medan Gingile var ute på jakt, kalla Ngede på han. Gingile fekk vatn i munnen ved tanken på honning. Han stoppa og lytta oppmerksamt, og leitte til han såg fuglen i greinene over hovudet sitt. «Tsjitikk, tsjitikk, tsjitikk», kvitra den vesle fuglen i det han flaug til det neste treet, og det neste. «Tsjitikk, tsjitikk, tsjitikk», kalla han, og stoppa innimellom for å forsikra seg om at Gingile følgde etter.

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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

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Gingile followed.



Etter ein halvtime nådde dei eit stort vilt fikentre. Ngede hoppa rundt som ein galen blant greinene. Han slo seg ned på ei grein og strekte hovudet mot Gingile som om han sa: «Her er det! Kom no! Kvifor brukar du så lang tid?» Gingile kunne ikkje sjå nokre bier frå under treet, men han stolte 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.



Og på den måten, når borna til Gingile høyrer forteljinga om Ngede, respekterer dei den vesle fuglen. Kvar gong dei sankar honning sørger dei for å gje den største delen av vokskaka til honningguiden!

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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!

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 la spydet sitt ned under treet og samla nokre tørre kvistar og tende eit lite bål. Då elden brannt godt, stakk han ein lang, torr kjøpp inn i hjartet av bålet. Denne veden var han byrga å klatra medan han heldt den kjølege enden av kjøppen mellom tenrene.



Befor 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.

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Gingile hadde fått seg ein lærepeng. Honeyguiden, hadde fått hemmen sin. Og Leopard enno for sovning til å jaga han. Ngede, vidare så fort han kunne. Heldigvis for han var bruk på bakkene og forstua anken. Han hinka boma han på ei grein og landa med eit høgt skunda han seg ned frå treet. I hastverket før Leopard kunne svinga labben etter Gingile,





Snart kunne han høyra summinga til dei travle biene. Dei kom inn og ut av eit holrom i trestammen – bolet deira. Då Gingile nådde bolet, dytta han den rykande enden inn i holrommet. Biene fór ut, sinte og klare til angrep. Dei flaug bort sidan dei ikkje likte røyken – men ikkje før dei hadde gjeve Gingile nokre smertefulle stikk!

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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 klatra, men lurte på kvifor han ikkje høyrdé den sedvanlege summinga. «Kanskje bolet er djupt inne i treet», tenkte han for seg sjølv. Han drog seg opp etter ei anna grein. Men i staden for bolet, stira han inn i auga til ein leopard! Leopard var veldig sint fordi søvnen hennar vart så brått avbrote. Ho kneip att auga og opna munnen for å visa dei veldig lange og skarpe tennene sine.

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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.

Ein dag fikkere veker seinare høyrdé Gingilie igjen
kallt frå Ngede. Han hugsa den herlege
honnigen og følgde ivrig etter fuglen nok ein
gong. Etter at han hadde leidd Gingilie langs
skogkantene, stoppa han for å kvila i et stort
akasietre. «Å», tenkte Gingilie. «Bolet må vera i
dette treet.» Han tende raskt det vesle bålet sitt
og byrja å klatra med den rykande greina
mellem tennene. Ngede sat og venta.

One day several weeks later Gingilie again heard
the honey call of Ngede. He remembered the
delicious honey, and eagerly followed the bird
once again. After leading Gingilie along the edge
of the forest, Ngede stopped to rest in a great
umbrella thorn. “Ah,” thought Gingilie. “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.

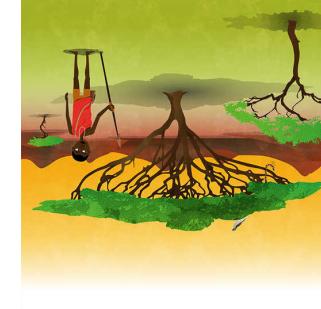
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When the bees were out, Gingilie pushed his
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Ngede såg ivrig på alt Gingile gjorde. Han venta på at han skulle leggja igjen ei tjukk vokskake som ei takkegåve til honningguiden. Ngede svinsa frå grein til grein, nærare og nærare bakken. Til slutt nådde Gingile foten av treet. Ngede sat på ein Stein nær guten og venta på påskjøninga si.

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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 fluttered 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 sløkte bålet, plukka opp spydet, byrja å gå heim og oversåg fuglen. Ngede ropte sint: «SI-ger, SI-ger!» Gingile stoppa og stira på den vesle fuglen og lo høgt. «Du vil ha litt honning, du, vesle ven? Ha! Men eg gjorde alt arbeidet og fekk alle stikka. Kvifor skulle eg dela noko av denne herlege honningen med deg?» Ngede var rasande! Dette var då ingen måte å behandla han på! Men han skulle få hemnen sin.

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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.