Global Storybooks

globalstorybooks.net

Bwezela ya Msogoleli wa njuci / The Honeyguide's revenge

Zulu folktale
Wiehan de Jager
Sitwe Benson Mkandawire (ny)

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 3.0 International License.
https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0

Bwezela ya Msogoleli wa njuci

The Honeyguide's revenge

Zulu folktale
Wiehan de Jager
Sitwe Benson Mkandawire
4
Chichewa ny / English en

Iyi ndi nkhani ya Ngede, msogoleli wa njuci, ndi munyamata ozikonda ochedwa Gingile. Tsiku lina pamene Gingile anacokapo kukasaka nyama mthengo, anamva Ngede kuitana. Gingile anamva njala ya uci kwambiri. Anaimilira ndikumvetsetsa, kusakira mpaka anaona mbalame m'mwamba mwamtengo. "Chiti-chiti-chiti," mbalame inalira pamene inai kuluka ku kumtengo wina ndi winanso. "Chiti-chiti-chiti," mbalame inaitana, ndikuimilira kawirikawiri kuyembekezela kuti Agingile alikubwela.

. . .

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.

Pakanapita phindi zokwanila 30, anafika pa m'tengo ukulu ochedwa mkuyu. Ngede analumphalumpha mu m'tengo cimeneci kuuza Gingile kuti tafika. Gingile sanaone njuci pansi pa mtengo koma anadalira Ngede.

. . .

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.

Ngati ana aGingile amvela nkhani ya Ngede, amakapasa ulemu kanyoni. Akacosa uci, amasiyako uci wambiri kuti musogoleli wa njuci adye!

. . .

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!

Pamene Nyalungwe anayesa kumuluma Gingile, anaseluka cimtengo mwamsanga. Mofulumira, anagwa kuipa kucoka m'mtengo nakuzicita kwendo. Anathamanga mwansanga kuyopa nyalungwe. Mwamwai, Nyalugwe anali natulo kwambiri ndiponso iye sanamupitikise. Ngede, musogoleli wa njuci anabwezera. Ndiponso Gingile anaphunzirilapo.

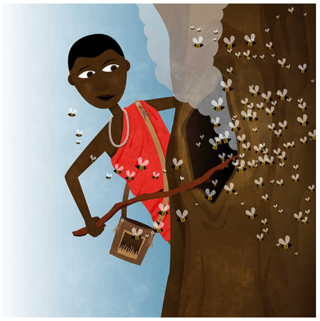
. . .

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.

Gindile anaika pansi mkondo wake panyansi pa mtengo, anatenga nkhuni nakuyasha moto. Pamene moto unayaka bwino, anaika kamtengo katali pakati pamoto. Kamtengo kameneka kanali kuziwika pankhani yopanga chusi cambili pakupya. Anayamba kukwela cimtengo ndi kamtengo ka chusi pakamwa.

. . .

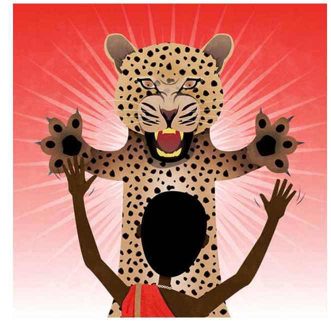
So Gingile put down his hunting spear under the tree, gathered some dry twigs and made a small fire. When the fire was burning well, he put a long dry stick into the heart of the fire. This wood was especially known to make lots of smoke while it burned. He began climbing, holding the cool end of the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



Posacedwa, anamva kulira kwa njuci. Zinali kulowa ndi kucoka m'mphako. Pamene Gingile anafika, anaika kamtengo kausi m'mphako. Njuci zinacoka mofulumira ndikukalipa. Zinathawa cifukwa sizinakonde usi ndiponso zikalibe kuyenda, zinamuluma Gingile.

. . .

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 anakwela, nakuganiza kuti ncifukwa cani saona njuci kuimba monga mwanthawizonse. "Kapena mphako ya njuci ili mukati mwa mtengo," anaziganizila. Anayendelako pamwamba. Koma mwakuti aone mphako, anaonana ndi nyalugwe! Nyalungwe anakalipa kwambiri posokoneza tulo kwake. Nyalugwe anacepesa maso ake ndikusegula kamwa kulangiza meno yakuthwa.

. . .

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.

Tsiku limodzi, Gingile anamveranso kuti Ngede aitana. Anakumbukira uci wabwino uja ndiponso iye anakakonkhanso kanyoni. Pamene Gingile anakonkha kanyoni, kanamupeleka kumalupiri koipa. Pamene anafika kuja, Ngede anaimilira kuti apumuleko mcimtengo ca minga. “Ahh,” anaganiza Gingile. “Mphako ya njuci ifunika kupezeka umu mwamene m’mtengo”. Anapanga moto mwamsanga nakuyamba kukwela nakamtengo ka cusi kukamwa. Ngede anakhala cete ndi kutamba.

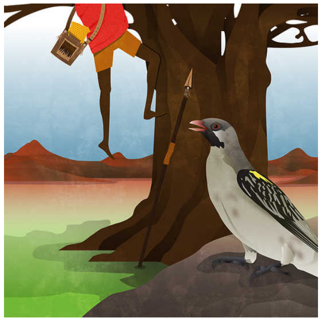
. . .

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.

Pamene njuci zinacoka, Gingile analowetsa dzanja lake mu m’mphako nakucosa uci umene unali ndi mafuta oyela. Anaika uci wake mukacola kamene ananyamula pephewa ndipo iye anayamba kuseluka m’mtengo.

. . .

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.



Ngede anali kuyangana zonse zamene Gingile anali kucita. Anali kuyembeza kuti amusiyileko uci kuthokoza pomulangiza. Ngede anayesa kufedera pafupi kuti amuoneko. Gingile anafika pansi pa mtengo ndiponse ngede anaimilira pa mwala kuyembekezera kuti amupaseko.

. . .

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.

Koma Gingile anazimya moto, ndi kunyamula mkondo wake nakuyenda kunyumba kosamukumbuka Ngede. Ngede anamuitana mokalipa, “VIC-torr! VIC-torrr!” Gingile anaimilira, anayangana ka mbalame ndi kuseka kwambiri. “Ufuna uci, ha mzanga? Ndasewenza ndi kulumiwa ndekha! Nicifukwa cani ufuna ndikupaseko uci wabwino tere?” Iye anayenda. Ngede anakalipa kwambiri! Anakalpa! Koma azabwezela tsiku limodzi.

. . .

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.