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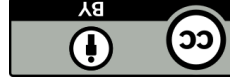
Nkhuku ndi Nkhwazi / Hen and

Eagle

✎ Ann Nduku

👤 Wiehan de Jager

📖 Sitwe Benson Mkwandawire (ny)



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Nkhuku ndi Nkhwazi

Hen and Eagle



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🗣️ Chichewa / English / English



Panali-panali, nkhuku ndi nkhwazi anali paubwenzi. Anakhala mumutendere ndi nyoni zina. Kulibe kanyoni kamene kanali kumbululuka.

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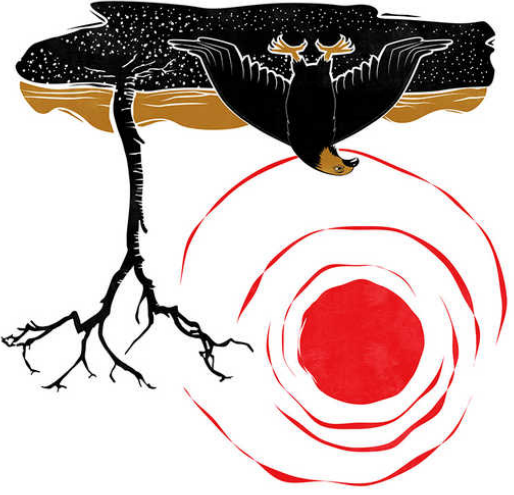
Once upon a time, Hen and Eagle were friends. They lived in peace with all the other birds. None of them could fly.



Ngati mudima wa nkhwazi waonekela kucoka kumwamba, nkhuku icenjeza ana ace. “Cokani poonekela”. Ndiponso iwo akuyankha, “Sindife oputsa, tizathamanga”.

...

As the shadow of Eagle’s wing falls on the ground, Hen warns her chicks. “Get out of the bare and dry land.” And they respond: “We are not fools. We will run.”



Tsiku limodzi, kunali njala kwamene anali kukhala. Nkhwazi anali kuyenda kutali kuti apeze cakudya. Anabwelera oloma kwambiri. "Kufunikira njila ina yapafupi mumayendedwe" Nkhwazi inatelelo.

...

One day, there was famine in the land. Eagle had to walk very far to find food. She came back very tired. "There must be an easier way to travel!" said Eagle.



Pamene nkhwazi inabwela tsiku lokonkhapo, anapeza nkhwazi asakila mumucanga kuno nyleti sanaipeze. Nkhwazi anabwela mwamsanga nakutenga kamwana ka nkuku kamozzi nakuyendanaako. Kucoka ija tsiku, nkhwazi ikaonekela cabe, iona nkuku isakala nyleti mumucanga.

...

When Eagle came the next day, she found Hen scratching in the sand, but no needle. So Eagle flew down very fast and caught one of the chicks. She carried it away. Forever after that, whenever Eagle appears, she finds Hen scratching in the sand for the needle.



Mumawa mwace, nkhuku inali ndi cocita. Anayamba kudoba weya wa nyoni iliyonse wamene unagwa. “Tiyeni titungile pamodzi namaweya yamene tili nayo” inatelo nkhuku. “Mwina ici cizakhala capafupi kuyenda”.

...

After a good night’s sleep, Hen had a brilliant idea. She began collecting the fallen feathers from all their bird friends. “Let’s sew them together on top of our own feathers,” she said. “Perhaps that will make it easier to travel.”



“Ndipaseni tsiku limodzi” Nkhuku inapempha nkhwazi. “Kuti mukakonze maweya yanu nakumbulukanso kukasakila cakudya”. “Tsiku limodzi cabe” Nkhwazi anatelo. “Ngati siupeza nyeleti, uzanipatsa mwana wako yumozi kukhala malipiro”.

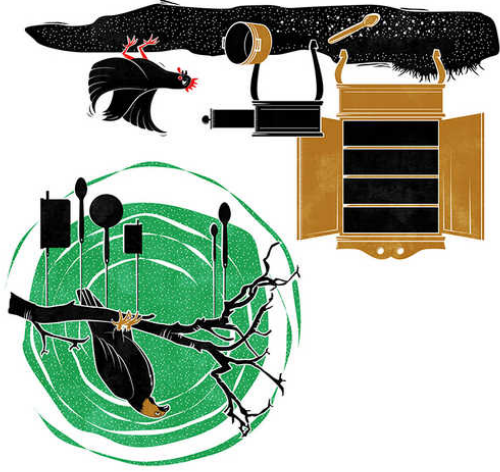
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“Just give me a day,” Hen begged Eagle. “Then you can fix your wing and fly away to get food again.” “Just one more day,” said Eagle. “If you can’t find the needle, you’ll have to give me one of your chicks as payment.”

Later that afternoon, Eagle returned. She asked for the needle to fix some feathers that had loosened on her journey. Hen looked on the cupboard. She looked in the kitchen. She looked in the yard. But the needle was nowhere to be found.

...

Mumazulo, nkhwazi anabwelera. Anapempha nyeleti kuti atunge maweya yamene siyanali bwino kucoka paulendo. Nkhuku inasakila nyeleti pakabati, mophikila, ndi panja pa nyumba. Koma nyeleti sinaoneke.



Eagle was the only one in the village with a needle, so she started sewing first. She made herself a pair of beautiful wings and flew high above Hen. Hen borrowed the needle but she soon got tired of sewing. She left the needle on the cupboard and went into the kitchen to prepare food for her children.

...

Nkhwazi ndiye anali cabe na nyeleti yotungila pamunzi, iye anayambilira kusoka. Anazipangila maweya yabwino-bwino nakumbululuka pamwamba pa nkhuku. Nkhuku inabwleka nyeleti koma analema kutunga. Anasiya nyeleti yotungila pa kabati ndiponso anayenda kukakonza cakudya ca ana.





Nyoni zina zinamuona nkhwazi kubululuka.
Anafunsa nkhuku kuti iwabweleke nyeleti kuti
azipangile maphapindo yombululukila nao.
Posacedwa, kunali nyoni zambili kumbululuka
mumwamba.

...

But the other birds had seen Eagle flying away.
They asked Hen to lend them the needle to
make wings for themselves too. Soon there
were birds flying all over the sky.

Pamene nyoni yomaliza inabweza nyeleti
yotungila, nkhuku siyinaliko. Ana a nkhuku
anatenga nyeleti nakuyamba kuisoweletsa.
Pamene analema kusowera, anasiya nyeleti
mumcanga.

...

When the last bird returned the borrowed
needle, Hen was not there. So her children took
the needle and started playing with it. When
they got tired of the game, they left the needle
in the sand.