

Niki mushiki wa Vusi yavuze?

What Vusi's sister said



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Ikinyarwanda / English



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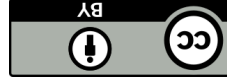
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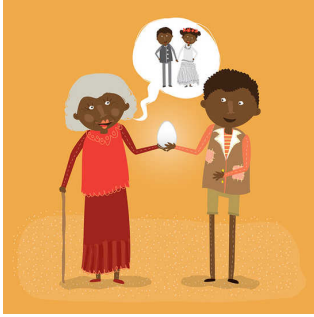
Patrick Munyurangabo (rw)



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Kare mu Igitondo kimwe nyirakuru wa Vusi yaramuhamagaye, “Vusi, mbabarira ujyane iri gi ku ababyeyi bawe. Barashaka gukora keke nini y’ubukwe bwa mushiki wawe”.

...

Early one morning Vusi’s granny called him, “Vusi, please take this egg to your parents. They want to make a large cake for your sister’s wedding.”



Munzira alya kubabeyi be, Vusi yahuye
 n'abahunqu babiri batoragura imbuto. Umwe
 yashikuje igi Vusi aritera ku igiti. Ryagi
 rirameneka.

...

On his way to his parents, Vusi met two boys
 picking fruit. One boy grabbed the egg from
 Vusi and shot it at a tree. The egg broke.



Mushiki wa Vusi yatekereje akanya, arangije
 aravuga, "Vusi musaza wange, ntago nitaye ku
 mpano. Ntanubwo nitaye kuri keke! Turi hano
 twese hamwe, ndishimye. Ubu amambara
 imyenda yawe myiza, twizihize yu munsi!"
 kandi nibyo Vusi yakoze.

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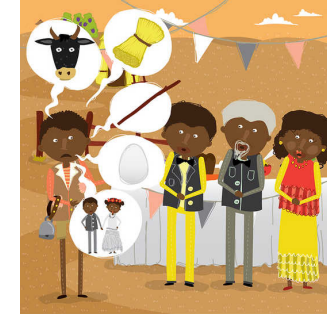
Vusi's sister thought for a while, then she said,
 "Vusi my brother, I don't really care about gifts. I
 don't even care about the cake! We are all here
 together, I am happy. Now put on your smart
 clothes and let's celebrate this day!" And so
 that's what Vusi did.



“Nibiki mukoze?” Vusi yararize. “Iryo gi ryari iryo gukora keke. Keke yari iy’ubukwe bwa mushiki wange. Niki mushiki wange aribuvuge nimba nta keke y’ubukwe?”

...

“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That egg was for a cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. What will my sister say if there is no wedding cake?”



“Niki nakora?” Vusi yararize. “Inka yirukatse yari impano, kubw’ibyatsi abubatsi bari bampaye. Abubatsi bampaye ibyatsi kubera ko baciye inkoni nari nahawe n’abatoromyi. Abatoromyi bampaye inkoni kubera ko bamennye igi. Keke yari iy’ubukwe. Ubu ntagi, nta keke, nta’impano.”

...

“What shall I do?” cried Vusi. “The cow that ran away was a gift, in return for the thatch the builders gave me. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for the wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift.”

Abahungu basabye imbabazi kubwo gukinisha Vusi. "Ntitwagufasha na keke, ariko aka ni akabando (ko kwifashisha mu kugenda) ko guha mushiki wawe," Umwe yaravuze. Vusi yakomeje urugendo rwe.

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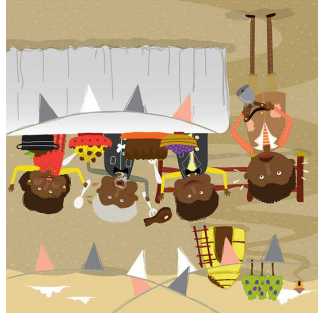
The boys were sorry for teasing Vusi. "We can't help with the cake, but here is a walking stick for your sister," said one. Vusi continued on his journey.

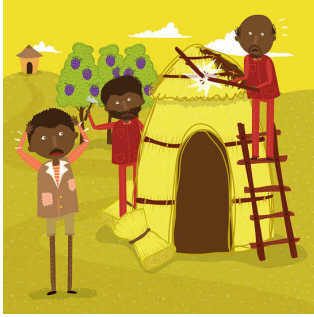


Ariko inka yarirukitse isanga umuhinzi mugihe cyamafunguro yanimugoroba. Na Vusi yaburiye kurugendo rwe. Yageze mukukwe bwa mushiki we atinze cyane. Abashyitsi barimo barya.

...

But the cow ran back to the farmer at supper time. And Vusi got lost on his journey. He arrived very late for his sister's wedding. The guests were already eating.

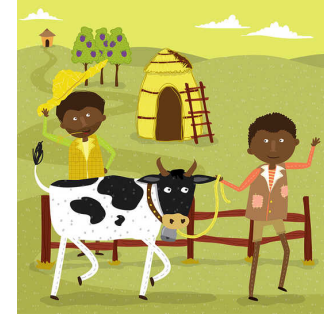




Munzira yahuye n’abagabo babiri barimo kubaka inzu. “Twakoresha iyo nkoni ikomeye?” Umwe arabaza. Ariko inkoni ntiyari ikomeye bihagije, yaravunitse.

...

Along the way he met two men building a house. “Can we use that strong stick?” asked one. But the stick was not strong enough for building, and it broke.



Inka byarayibabaje kubera ubusambo. Umuhinzi yemeye ko inka ijyana na Vusi nk’impano yo guha mushiki we. Nuko Vusi arakomeza.

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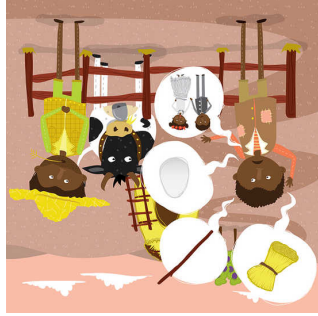
The cow was sorry she was greedy. The farmer agreed that the cow could go with Vusi as a gift for his sister. And so Vusi carried on.



“N’biki m’koze?” Vusi yararize. “Iyo nkoni yari
impano ya mushiki wange. Abasoromyi
b’imbuto bampaye inkoni kuberako bamennye
igi rya keke. Keke yari iy’ubukwe bwa mushiki
wange. Ubu nta gi, nta keke, nta n’impano. Ni iki
mushiki wange aribuvuge?”

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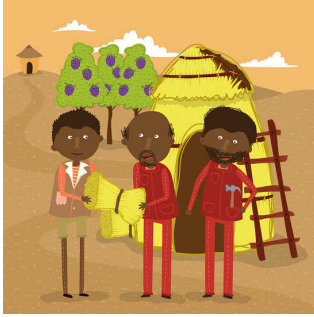
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That stick
was a gift for my sister. The fruit pickers gave
me the stick because they broke the egg for the
cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now
there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will
my sister say?”



“N’biki ukoze?” Vusi yararize. “Ib’yo byatsi byari
impano ya mushiki wange. Abubat’i bampaye
ib’yatsi kuberako bac’iye inkoni abasoromyi
b’imbuto bari bampaye. Abasoromyi bari
bampaye inkoni kuberako bamennye igi rya
keke ya mushiki wange. Ubu ntagi, nta keke,
ntan’impano. Niki mushiki wange aribuvuge?”

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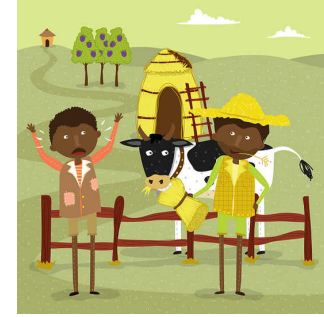
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That thatch
was a gift for my sister. The builders gave me
the thatch because they broke the stick from the
fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick
because they broke the egg for my sister’s cake.
The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there
is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my
sister say?”



Abubatsi byarababaje kuvuna inkoni.
“Ntitwagufasha na keke, ariko fatata ibi byatsi byo gusakara byo guha mushiki wawe,” Umwe yaravuzez. Nuko Vusi akomeza urugendo rwe.

...

The builders were sorry for breaking the stick.
“We can’t help with the cake, but here is some thatch for your sister,” said one. And so Vusi continued on his journey.



Munsira, Vusi yahuye n’umuhinzi n’inka. “Mbega ibyatsi biryoshye, naryaho bike?” Inka yarabajije. Ariko ibyatsi byari biryoshye cyane inka irabirya byose.

...

Along the way, Vusi met a farmer and a cow.
“What delicious thatch, can I have a nibble?” asked the cow. But the thatch was so tasty that the cow ate it all!