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Grandma's bananas

Avo-feto niniā hudi



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Avó-feto ninia jardin furak, nakonu ho sorgu, milhu no aifarina. Maibé ida ne'ebé furak liu mak hudi sira. Maske Avó-feto iha bei-oan barak, ha'u hatene katak ha'u mak ninja favoritu. Nia konvida ha'u beibeik ba ninia uma. Nia mós konta mai ha'u segredu ki'ik sira. Maibé iha segredu ki'ik ida mak nia la fahe ho ha'u: iha fatin ne'ebé nia hatasak hudi sira.

...

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.



Depois iha kalan ne'e, ha'u hetan bolu husi ha'u nia mama no apa no avó-feto. Hau hatene tanbasa. Iha kalan ne'e bainhira ha'u toba, ha'u hatene katak ha'u sei labele tan kendas atu na'ok, la'ós husi avó-feto, husi ha'u nia inan-papa, no la na'ok husi ema seluk.

...

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.

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."

...

"Nia turin mai mak loron bazaar. Avo-feto hadeer matan nia okos. Bainhira hau husu kona-ba rai heila iha avo-feto nia uma liur iha loron raga ne'e, respostta unika ne'ebé hau simu mak, "Né'e hau nia raga majiku." Besik ba raga ne'e, iha hudi tahan barak ne'ebé avo-feto filia ba mai dalabarak. Hau kuriozu. "Ai tahan sira né'e atu halo saida, avo-feto?" hau husu. Resposta unika ne'ebé hau simu mak, "Sira hau nia ai-tahan majiku sira."



long.

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

..."
ih a loron ne'e. Mabilé hau labele sees husi nia ba fa'an iha merkadi. Hau la ba lalais atu vizita nia sedu. Nia sempre foti hudi tasak no ai-farina ba raga ne'e, respostta unika ne'ebé hau simu mak, "Né'e hau nia raga majiku." Besik ba raga ne'e, iha hudi tahan barak ne'ebé avo-feto filia ba mai dalabarak. Hau kuriozu. "Ai tahan sira né'e atu halo saida, avo-feto?" hau husu. Resposta unika ne'ebé hau simu mak, "Sira hau nia ai-tahan majiku sira."

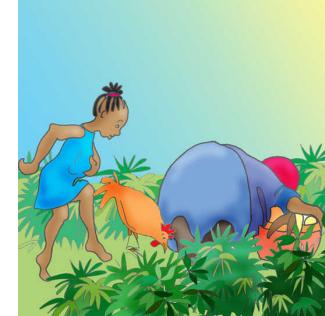




Interesante tebes haree avó-feto, hudi sira, hudi tahan sira no raga du'ut ne'ebé bo'ot. Maibé avó-feto haruka ha'u ba ajuda tiha ha'u nia ama. "Avó-feto favor ida husik ha'u haree oinsá ita prepara..." "Labele nakar, labarik, halo tuir saida mak dehan ba o atu halo," nia ejiji. Hau foti halai.

...

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.



Loron tuir mai, bainhira avó-feto iha jardin ku'u hela modo-tahan sira, ha'u hateke tama no hare ba hudi sira. Kuaze hudi sira hotu tasak ona. Ha'u labele tahan aan no foti hudi fuan haat. Bainhira ha'u la'o neneik ba odamatan, ha'u rona avó-feto me'ar iha liur. Ha'u maneja atu subar hudi sira iha ha'u nia vestidu laran no la'o liu nia oin.

...

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.

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!

...

Bainhira hau filia, avo-feto turur hela iha luir
maiibe la ho raga ka hudi sira. "Avo-feto raga
ne'e iha ne'ebe ona, hudi sira iha ne'ebe ona no
hetaan mak, "Sira iha hau nia fatin majiku." Sente
triste tebes!



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.

...

Loron turir mai bainhira avo-feto mai vizita, hau
ba lalais niniua atu halo revisita ba hudi sira
Hau foti ida no subar thia iha hau nia vestidu
dala ida tan. Iha hudi sasuit taskak ida iha ne'ebea.
laran. Depois de taka thia iha hau ne'e, hau ba
uma koutuk no han lalais thia hudi ne'e. Hudi ne'e
mak hudi ida midar tebes ne'ebe hau han.





Loron rua tuir mai, avó-feto haruka ha'u atu ba foti ninia ai-tonka husi ninia kuartu. Iha momentu ha'u loke odamatan, hudi tasak ninia morin simu kedes ha'u. Iha kuartu ida iha klaran, iha avó-feto ninia raga majiku halo husi du'ut. Lensol tuan ida mak taka subar tiha nia. Hau foti sai tiha nia no horon morin ne'ebé gostu.

...

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.



Avó-feto ninia lian halo ha'u hakfodak bainhira nia bolu ha'u, "O halo hela saida? Lalais no foti ai-tonka ne'e mai ha'u." Hau sai kedes ho ninia ai-tonka ne'e. "O hamnasa ba saida?" Avó-feto husu. Ninia pergunta halo ha'u realiza katak ha'u sei hamnasa tan ha'u diskobre ona ninia fatin majiku.

...

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.