



**Global Storybooks**

[globalstorybooks.net](http://globalstorybooks.net)

ጉዳዮች ቅርጽ / The Honeyguide's

**revenge**

Zulu folktales

Wiehan de Jager

Daniel Berhane Habte (ti)



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



ጉዳዮች ቅርጽ

**The Honeyguide's revenge**



Zulu folktales

Wiehan de Jager

Daniel Berhane Habte

4

ትንቢት / English



እዚ ዛንታ ናይ ንገደ፡ እታ ቅርቅረን፡ ጊንጊላ ዝተብሃለ ስሱዕ መንእሰይን እዩ። ሓደ መዓልቲ ጊንጊላ ክሃድን ወፊሩ ከሎ ናይ ንገደ ፋጻ ሰምዐ። ጊንጊላ መዓር ተራእይዎ ኣፉ ማይ መልእ። ደው ኢሉ ተጠንቂቑ ኣዳሚጹ፡ ነታ ዑፍ ደልዩ ደልዩ ኣብቲ ኣብ ልዕሊኡ ዝነበረ ጨንፈር ናይ ገረብ ርኣዩ። “ጨኛ-ጨኛ-ጨኛ።” ኢላ እናፋጸየት እታ ንእሽቶ ዑፍ ካብ ገረብ ናብ ገረብ ነፈረት። ጊንጊላ ይስዕባ ከምዘሎ ንምርግጋጽ ነናታ ደው እናበለት፡ “ጨኛ-ጨኛ-ጨኛ።” ፋጸየት።

...

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.





ስለዚህ ጊንጊሊ መሀደኒት ኩናቱ አብ ትሕቲ ገረብ አቐሚጠዎ፡ ገለ ዝነቐጸ ቀጠንቲ ጨናፍር አራርዩ ንእሽቶ ሓዊ አናኸሰ። እቲ ሓዊ ጸቡቕ ጌሩ ክነድድ ምስጀመረ፡ ሓንቲ ድርቕቲ ነዋሕ በትሪ አብ ማእከሉ ገበረ። እዚ ዓይነት ዕንጨይቲ ክነድድ ከሎ ብዙሕ ትኪ ዝገብር ምዃኑ እዩ ዝፍለጥ። ነታ በትሪ በቲ ዝሓል ክፋላ በስናኑ ቀርቂሩ ናብታ ገረብ ክድይብ ጀመረ።

...

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.





እቶም ኣናህብ ምስወጹ፡ ጊንጊለ ኢዱ ናብቲ ሰፈሮም ሰደደ። ኣዘዩ ብርኩትን ስቡሕን፡ መዓር ዘንጠብጥብ ጽዑቕ ሰፈ-ንህቢ፡ ጸዕዳ ጎጎ መዓር ኣውጸኡ። ነቲ ሰፈ-ንህቢ ኣብታ ኣብ መንኲቡ ዝተሰከማ ሳንጣ ተጠንቂቑ ኣእተዎ፡ ካብታ ገረብ ድማ ክወርድ ጀመረ።

...

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.



ነብሪ ብጽፍዒት ከየላደደቶ ከላ፡ ብቕልጡፍ ካብቲ ገረብ ወረደ። ክወርድ ክብል ሓንቲ ጨንፈር ሰሓተ፡ ናብ መሬት ዱብ ኢሉ ብምውዳቕ ግንካር ግንካሪቱ ተቐጽዮ። ሰልፈፍ እናበለ ናይ ሓይለቦኡ ሃደመ። ጽቡቕ ዕድል ጌሩ፡ ነብሪ ተታኺሳ ስለዝነበረት ክትሕዞ ኣይተጓየየትን። ንገደ፡ እታ ቅርቕረ ሕኒኣ ፈደየት። ጊንጊለ ድማ መምሃሪ ኮኖ።

...

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. Ngedede, the Honeyguide, had his revenge. And Gingile learned his lesson.





እንተኾነ ግና ጊንጊሊ ነቲ ሓዊ አጥፊኡ፡ ኩናቱ አልዒሉ፡ ነታ ዑፍ ሸለል ብምባል፡ ናብ ገዝኡ ክኸይድ ተበገሰ። ንገደ ብሕርቃን፡ “ዕውት! ዕውት!” ብምባል ጸውዓቶ። ጊንጊሊ ደው ኢሉ፡ ናብታ ንእሽቶ ዑፍ ቀው ኢሉ ብምጥማት ዓው ኢሉ ሰሓቐ። “መዓር ደሊኹ ምሽ? ከምኡ ድዩ ዛግርከይ? ሃ! ግና ኣነ እኳ እየ እቲ ኩሉ ስራሕ ዝሰራሕክዎ፡ እቲ ኩሉ እውን ዝተነኸስክዎ። ስለምንታይ እየ ነዚ ምቁር መዓር ምሳኺ ዝተኻፈልክዎ?” ኢሉ ገዲፍዎ ከደ። ንገደ ተቈጥዐት! እዚ ኣይኩነን ኔሩ ኢዳ! ግና ሕኒኣ ኸትፈደይ እፆ።

...

But, Gingile put out the fire, picked up his spear and started walking home, ignoring the bird. Ngede called out angrily, “VIC-torr! VIC-torr!” 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.



ሓደ መዓልቲ ድሕሪ ገለ ሳምንታት፡ ጊንጊሊ እንደገና መዓር ከምዘሎ ዝሕብር ጸውዒት ናይ ንገደ ሰምዐ። ነቲ ምቁር መዓር ዘከር፡ ብህርፋን ድማ እንደገና ነታ ዑፍ ተኸተላ። ንጊንጊሊ በቲ ጫፍ ናይቲ ጫካ ድሕሪ ምምራሕ፡ ንገደ ኣብ ሓንቲ ዓባይ ጨዓ ከተዕርፍ ደው በለት። “ኣሃ” ኢሉ ጊንጊሊ ሓሰበ፡ “እቲ ቆፎ ኣብዛ ገረብ ክህሉ ኣለዎ።” ብቕልጡፍ ቊሩብ ሓዊ ኣናኺሱ፡ ነታ እትተክኽ ጨንፈር ኣብ ኣፉ ቀርቂሩ ክድይብ ጀመረ። ንገደ ኮፍ ኢላ ተኸታተለት።

...

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.