



# Ifyalandile nkashi yakwa Vusi

## What Vusi's sister said

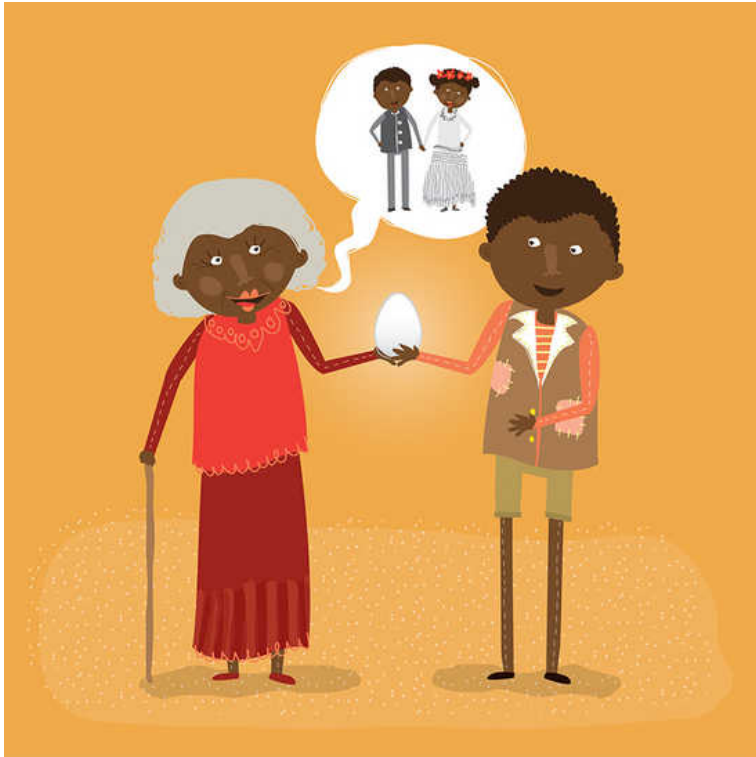
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Ubushiku bumo ulucelo Vusi balimwitile kuli ba nakulu, “Vusi, napapata twala ilini ili ku bafyashi bobe. Balefwaya ukupanga keke iyikalamba iya pa bwinga bwakwa nkashi yobe.”

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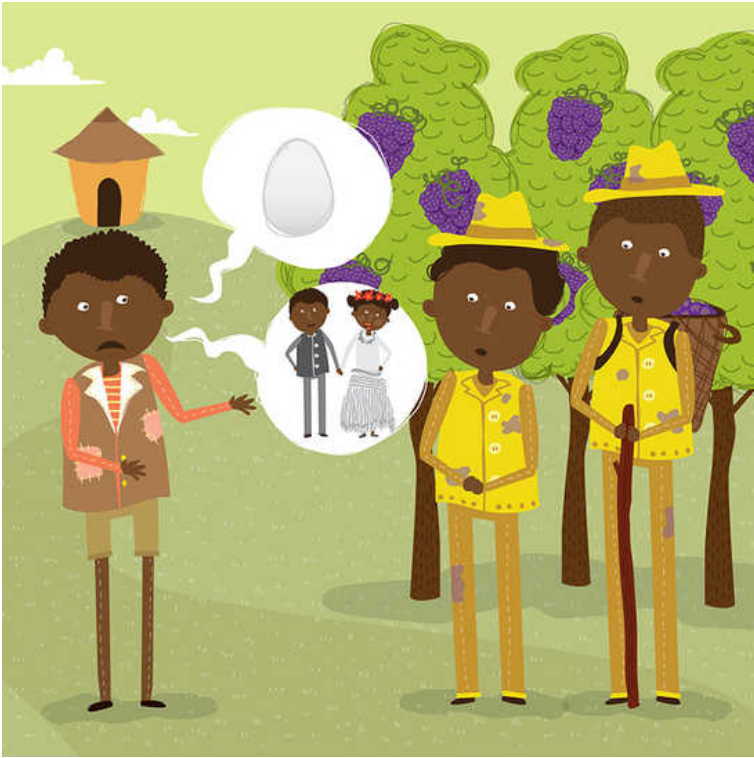
Early one morning Vusi’s granny called him, “Vusi, please take this egg to your parents. They want to make a large cake for your sister’s wedding.”



Munshila pakuya ku bafyashi bakwe, Vusi akumenye abalumendo babili baletola fuluti. Umulumendo umo asompwele ilini kuli Vusi alitoba ku cimuti. Ilini lyalitobeke.

...

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.



“Finshi wacita?” Vusi ali lilile. “ Ilini lilya lyaciba lya keke. Keke yaciba yapa bwinga bwakwa nkashi yandi. Finshi nkashi yandi alalanda nga takwabe keke ya bwinga.?”

...

“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?”



Abalumendo balilombele ubwelelo pa kutumfya Vusi. “ Tapali ifyo twingacita pali keke, lelo senda inkonto upele nkashi yobe,” eflyo umo asosele. Vusi alikonkenyepo ubulendo bwakwe.

...

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.



Munshila akumenye abaume babili balekula ing'anda. " Kuti twabomfyako icimuti ico icakosa?" efyo umu aipwishe. Lelo icimuti tacakosele icakukulilako, efyo caputwike.

...

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.



“Finshi wacita?” Vusi ali lilile. “Ico icimuti caciba bupe bwakwa nkashi yandi. Abatola ama fuluti ebacimpela icimuti pantu ba citoba ilini lya keke. Keke yaciba yapa bwinga bwakwa nkashi yandi. Nomba tapali ilini, tapali keke, elyo tapali na ubupe. Finshi nkashi yandi alalanda?”

...

“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?”



Bakakula balilombele ubwelelo paku kontola icimuti.  
“Tapali ifyo twingacita pali keke, lelo bula ifyani ifi upele nkashi yobe,” eflyo umo asosele. Lelo Vusi alikonkenyepo ubulendo bwakwe.

...

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.





Munshila, Vusi akumenye umulimi na ing'ombe. "Yangu ifyani ifi ubusuma, kuti nalyapo utunono?" efa ipwishe ing'ombe. Lelo ifyani fyaliweme sana icakuti ing'ombe yalilile fyonse.

...

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!



“Finshi wacita?” Vusi ali lilile. “Ifyani ifyo fyaciba bupe bwakwa nkashi yandi. Bakakula bacimpela ifyani pantu ba cikontola icimuti icacifuma ku batola amafuluti. Abatola amafuluti ba cimpela icimuti pantu bacitoba ilini lya keke yakwa nkashi yandi. Keke yaciba yapa bwinga bwakwa nkashi yandi. Nomba tapali ilini, tapali keke, elyo tapali na ubupe. Finshi nkashi yandi alalanda?

...

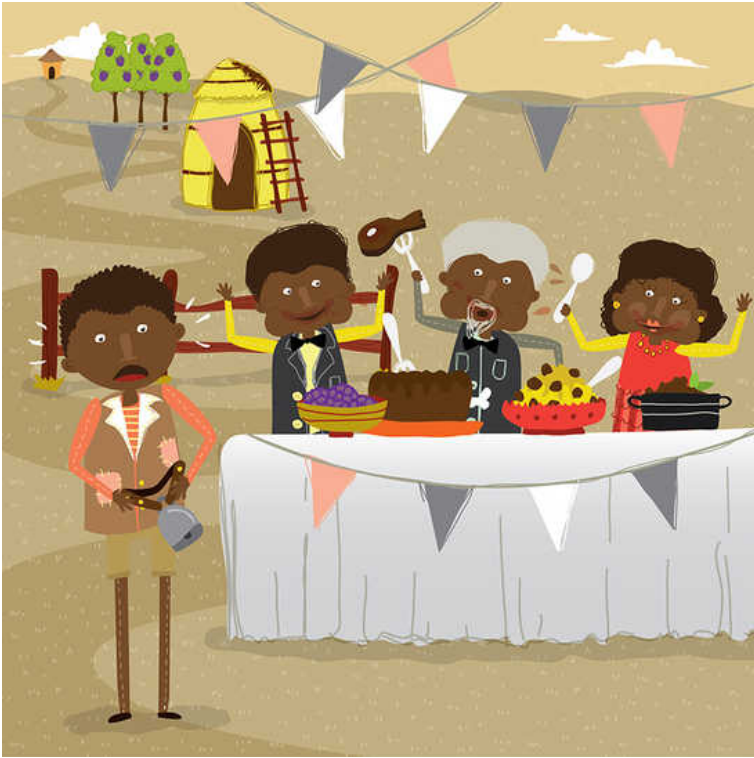
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That thatch was a gift for my sister. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for my sister’s cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg,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



Ing'ombe yali lombamba ubwelelo pali bu kaitemwe. Umulimi ali sumina ukuti ing'ombe iye na Vusi nga ubupe bwakwa nkashi yakwe. Efyo Vusi akonkenyepo.

...

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.



Lelo ingo'mbe yalibutwike ukubwelela kuli shibulimi panshita ya cakulya ca mulalilo. Na Vusi alilubile pa bulendo bwakwe. Afikile ku bwinga bwakwa nkashi yakwe ubushiku sana. Abeni baitile ninshi nabatampa na ukulya.

...

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.



“Nalacita shani?” Vusi ali lilile. “Iiya ing’ombe iyi butwike yali ya bupe, pa fyani bakakula bampele. Bakakula bacimpela ifyani pantu ba cikontola icimuti ica cifuma ku batola ama fuluti. Abatola ama fuluti ba cimpela icimuti pantu ba citoba ilini lya keke. Keke yaciba yapa bwinga. Nomba tapali ilini, tapali keke, elyo tapali na ubupe.”

...

“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.”



Nkashi yakwa Vusi alikutumene panshita iyitali, elyo asosele ati, nshisakamene pa fyabupe, nangu ukusakamana pali keke! Nintemwe ukuti bonse tuli kuno abansansa. Nomba fwaleni ifyakufwala fyenu ifisuma elyo tusefye ubu bushiku! Nacine efyo Vusi acitile.

...

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.



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