

वि.२.वु.झे.दु.पू.ल.प्र्व.लवा

The Honeyguide's revenge

- Zulu folktale
- Wiehan de Jager
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- **11** 4
- ত ব্ৰিস্পৃত্ bo / English en



श्चर पर्दे ने केर लारे है ने स्पर्व मुंज हो है है दिया केर लाहे व ही लाने सप्ति पर्विव तुर ५२१.त.त.६व.वृवा.वृ.भूर.त्रवा ध्रेव.वृवा.ह्रव.ह्रोवा.ह्री.स्व.त.त.ह्व.क्वा.वृ.ह्रीव.स्व. र्षियानु दे ने भी भी दे विषय ने प्राप्त का हिव हो या ग्रीया होता है स्थान का प्राप्त का निवास के स्थान के स्था के स्थान ल.की.प्रात्र अवता वि.सट.पर्गे.अक्शकानविवा.वकालवा.त्र १ वि.स. १ वि.स. १ वी. यर्वे हिंग ने हेंट रेंदि प्यय नदे हिंद वर्ष मुद्ध या यहीं दायर दु पर्यय पारेद्व हर क्रिरः क्रिरः प्राप्तः वाक्ष्या व राष्ट्रिरः व वव संवि वा वी स्थान विद्या विद्या विद्या विद्या विद्या विद्या व वर्षाण्यापार्यारेत्। कैर...कैर...कैर...कैर...चु.देशर्चेषायारेत्। चु.देशःहेवःक्वेषाःणुशार्विवेःहेषः देन वर्षा भेंद्र वी भेंद्र से दाय विव दु से दार्थे दारे होता से दार के द रेंदा

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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.



लूट.त.थाड्र्ट. वी.शुटी लुच.चंटटा क्रिंग ची.ट्रंट्र.ज.लूट.कुंग चीयात्तर्टी अस्त्राची स्थान्तर्टी लुच.चंटटा क्रिंग चीयात्तर्टी लंद्र.चंट्र.

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After half an hour, they reached a huge wild fig tree. Ngede hopped about madly among the branches. He then settled on one branch and cocked his head at Gingile as if to say, "Here it is! Come now! What is taking you so long?" Gingile couldn't see any bees from under the tree, but he trusted Ngede.



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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.



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Soon he could hear the loud buzzing of the busy bees. They were coming in and out of a hollow in the tree trunk – their hive. When Gingile reached the hive he pushed the smoking end of the stick into the hollow. The bees came rushing out, angry and mean. They flew away because they didn't like the smoke – but not before they had given Gingile some painful stings!



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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.



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Ngede eagerly watched everything that Gingile was doing. He was waiting for him to leave a fat piece of honeycomb as a thank-you offering to the Honeyguide. Ngede flittered from branch to branch, closer and closer to the ground. Finally Gingile reached the bottom of the tree. Ngede perched on a rock near the boy and waited for his reward.



वि.प्र. मि.प्र. वि.प्र. वेयाच्यापात्ता हेव होयात्वी अळ्ययातवण केटा होतु देर स्थेण वीवा छेर ववा वा निर्वार पर रेता "र्चित वा सुर है में वा खंबा निवार वी वा में राम रेता सेता न्या दर्वः र्चेवायः र्यो द्वा धेव वतदः ययः गः रह्यः स्टर्मियः ययः प्येवा ह्यदः यदेः अकु:क्रेवा:क्ट:अ:ट:रट:वीय:वेंय:पेंच वा:रे:चुय:वय:दय:ब्रुट:क्रे:ब्रेट:हे:वें:तर्न:ब्रिट: ग्री अवेत्रारी त्वत्र मिवार मिवार वृद्धार पर मुरी अवेतर विराधार पर स्वार्थ स्वर्धा स्वर्धा स्वर्धा स्वर्धा स्वर हीव-शूर-त-रूटी ट्र-५-क्रिटास्न-जर्भवन-विचानिकी क्रि.ज.वीट-क्रेट्य-वर्ट-वर् रेत्। भेव वत्र विष्य र प्वी भ तिर्वेव भेव पी रेत्।

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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.



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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.



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Gingile climbed, wondering why he didn't hear the usual buzzing. "Perhaps the hive is deep in the tree," he thought to himself. He pulled himself up another branch. But instead of the hive, he was staring into the face of a leopard! Leopard was very angry at having her sleep so rudely interrupted. She narrowed her eyes, opened her mouth to reveal her very large and very sharp teeth.



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



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And so, when the children of Gingile hear the story of Ngede they have respect for the little bird. Whenever they harvest honey, they make sure to leave the biggest part of the comb for Honeyguide!



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🗗 प्र्पः र्ष्ण Dabtruk, भूतः भैण हिंता Patrick Dowd, कुः कॅरः पर्शेर् व्ययशभितः केवा Chusang Sonam Rinchen (bo)

