



## **Grandma's bananas**

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بغچهکهی نهنه پر بوو له گهنمه همی و ههرزن و هنیوٚك. به لام موّزه كن له ههموان بشتر بوون. ههرچهند که نهنکم نهوهی زوّری ههبوون، به لام من بهنهیّنی زانیم، که من لای ئه و له ههموان خوّشه ویسترم. ئه و زوّربهی کته کن منی بوّ هلّی خوّی بنگیشت ده کرد. ههروه ه ئه و نهیّنی وردی پی ده گوتم. به لام ئه و نهیّنییه کی ههبوو که له منی ششکرا نهده کرد: ئه و موّزه گهیوه کنی له کوی دادهنن.

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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.



رۆژێكێن من سەبەتەيەكى حەسيرى گەورەم بينى كە لە دەرەوە لەبەر هڵى نەنكم داندرابوو. كتێك كە من پرسێرم لێ كرد ئەوە بۆ چىيە، وەڵامێك كە وەرمگرتەوە ئەوەبوو: "ئەوە سەوەتە جدوەكەى منە." لە تەنيشت سەبەتەكە، گەڵاى دارەمۆزێكى زۆرى لێ بوو كە نەنكم سەروبنى پێ دەكردن. من بە حەزەوە پرسҳرم لێكرد: "نەنە ئەو گەڵҳنە بۆچى بەكر دێنى ؟"ڏقە وڵامێك كە دەستم كەوت ئەوە بوو: "ئەوانە گەڵ جدوە كنى منن."

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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."



تەھىتكردنى نەنك، مۆزەكن، گەلأى دارە مۆز، سەبەتە گەورە حەسىرىيەكە زۆر سەرنجراكىش بوو. بەلام نەنكم منى بۆكرىك بۆلاى دايكم درد. "نەنە، تكيە، لىنمگەرى كتىك تۆكھدەى دەكەى چوت لىكەم…" ئەوتكى كرد: "كچم ھىندە لالدر مەبە، ئەوكدەى پىم گوتى برۆ ئەنجمى بدە." من بە ھەلاتن ئەويىم بە جى ھىست.

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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.



کتیک گهرامهوه نهنکم له دهرهوه دانیشتبوو، به لام سهبهته که وموّزه کن لهوی نهبوون. "نهنه، سهبهته که له کویّیه ؟ موّزه کن له کویّن و له کویّن … ؟" به لام هقه وه لامیّک دهستم کهوت، ئهوه بوو: "ئهوان له جیّگ جدویه کهی منن." ئهوه زوّر هیوابراوکهر بوو!

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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!



دوو رۆژ دواتر، نەنكم منى درد كە وەكزى لە ژوورى نوستنەكەى بۆ بێنم. ھەر كە دەرگكەم كردەوە بۆنێكى زۆرى مۆزە گەيوەكنم كرد. لە قوژبنى دو ژوورەكەدا، سەبەتە گەورە حەسيرييە جدوە كەى نەنكمى لى بوو. ئەو بە جوانى بە پەتوويەكى كۆن شردرابۆوە. من لە سەرم ھەلدايەوەو بۆنێكى خۆشم كرد.

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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.



دەنگى نەنكم رايچڵەكذىدم، كتێك ﴿بنگى كردم: "ئەوە تۆ چى دەكەى؟ زووكە وەكذرەكەم بۆ بێنە." منيش بە پەلە پەل بە وەكذرەكەيەوە ھتمە دەرەوە. نەنكم پرسى: "ئەوە بە چى پێدەكەنى؟" پرسيرەكەى واى لێكردم كە ئێىدش زەردەخەنەم لە سەر لێوان بێت بەشكرا كردنى جێگا ﴿جدوەكەى ئەو.

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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.



رۆژى پشتر، كتێك نەنكم بۆ سەردانى دايكم هتبوو، من بە خێرايى بۆ هڵەكەى رۆيشتم ﴿ جُرێكى ديكە چوم بە مۆزەكنى بكەوى. هێشويەك مۆزى زۆر گەيشتووى لێبوو. من دانەيەكێنم برد و لە﴿ كراسمدا ﴿ شردمەوه. پشت مۆزێك داپۆشيەوەو چوومە پشت خنووەكە و بە پەلە خواردم. ئەوە شيرينترين مۆزێك بوو كە﴿ ئێسدۤ ﴿ مُردبوو.

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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.



رۆژى چشتر كتێك نەنكم لەجخچەكەدا خەرىكى سەوزى ڕنىنەوە بوو، من بەدزىەوە چوومە ژوورەوە و تەدهى مۆزەكنم كرد. زۆربەين پێگەيشتبوون. من نەمتوانى كە خۆم رابگرم و ھێشوويەكى چوار دانەم ھەڵگرت. كتێك كە بە ئەسچىى بەرەو دەرگكە دەڕۆيشتم، لە دەرەوە گوێم لە دەنگى كۆخەى نەنكم بوو. من تەني توانىم مۆزەكن لە ژێركراسەكەمدا بىدرمەوە و بەپشت ئەودا بڕۆم.

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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.



رۆژى چشتر رۆژى جزاړ كردن بوو. نەنە بىينى زوو لە خەو ھەسلابوو. ئەو ھەمىشە مۆزى گەيوو و لانيۆكى دەبرد كە لەجزاردا بينفرۆشيّت. من بۆ سەردانى ئەو لەو رۆژەدا پەلەم نەكرد. بەلام من نەمدەتوانى بۆ لاوەيەكى زۆر خۆمى لى دوور بخەمەوە.

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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 long.



درهنگنیّکی ئهو شهوه له لایهن دایکم، هبم و نهنکم هنگکرام. من دهمزانی بوّچیه. ئهو شهوه کتیّک من چووم راکشم که بخهوم، دهمزانی من جریّکی دیکه هیچ کت هتوانم نه له نهنکم، نه له دایک و هبم و بی گوهن نه له هیچ کهسیّکی دیکه دزی بکهم.

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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.



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