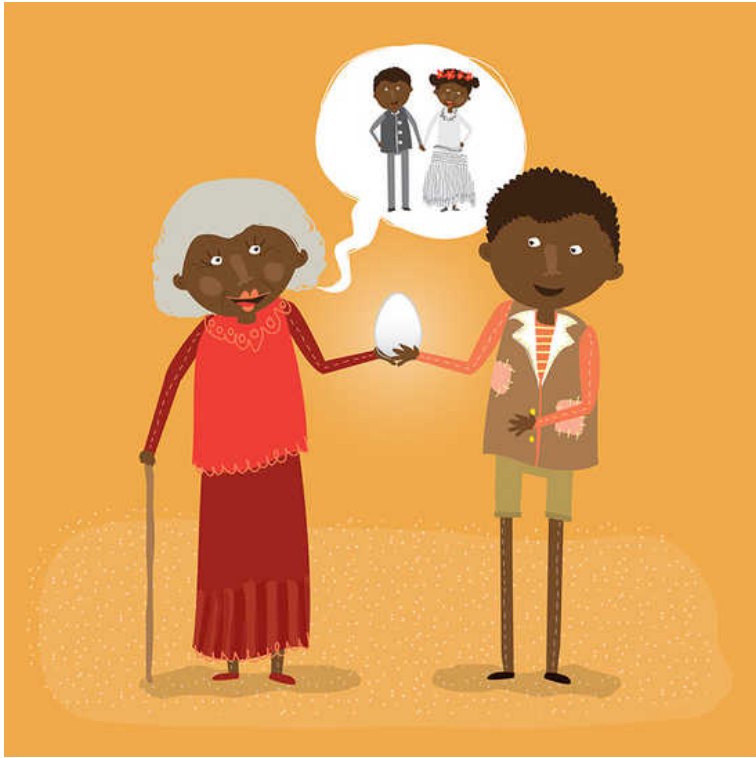




Ekya'mwaliwabu Vusi abugha

What Vusi's sister said

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Kiro kighuma omwangyaka, mukaka wa Vusi mwamubirikira, “Vusi, mwanithu thwalha eriya lino ly’ababuthi baghu. Bakendikolha mw’omugati wobugheni bwa mwaliwenyu”.

...

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.”



Abere anemughenda, Vusi mwasangana abalhwana babiriri ibanemuthoghongya ebiwuma. Omulhwana mughuma mwabakulha eriya neryo amaliwusa omwa muthi. Neryo eriya ly'amathulika.

...

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.



Bathami mwamakolha byahi? Vusi mwalhaka. “Eriya lilhwe ly’eriyakolha omugati. Omugati niwobugheni bwamwaliwethu. Nikwa obo mwaliwethu akendibugha atiki omugati amabulhaho?”

...

“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?”



Abalhwana muba kwira Vusi y'obulighe.
"Sithwangawathikya okwikolha omugati, aliwe
thwanganakuha omutso wa'mwaliwenyu akendisyabya
akaghendera kuwo." Omughuma okwabalhwana
mwabugha athya. Neryo Vusi mwalholh'embere
nolhunghendo lhwiwe.

...

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.



Abere animughenda mwasangana abalhume babiri ibanemuhimba enyumba. Omulhume mughuma amasaba Vusi, “thwanganahimbisya omutso waghu oyo?” Omutso abya isiaghumire, neryo mwabunika.

...

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.



“Mwamakolha kyahi inywe bathahi” Vusi mwapura.

“Omutso oyo alhwe kihembo ky’amwaliwethu. Abalhwana mubathulha eriya eryanathwalha eriyakolha mw’omugati. Omugati alhwe w’obugheni bwamaliwethu. Neryo hathya, sihakiri mugati, sihakiri eriya, kandi sihakiri ekihembo ky’omutso. Obo mwaliwethu akendibugha athiki?”

...

“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?”



Abahimbi mubakwira Vusi y'obulighe. "Sithwangabana omugati, aliryo imaya omuyonga wuthwalire mwaliwenyu". Vusi mwimya omuyonga neryo ama lholh'embere nolhughendo lhwawe.

...

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.



Omwanzira, Vusi mwasangana omulisya haima n'ende yiwe. "ibwa kawuwithe omuyonga siwangahererya ende yaghe?" Ende neryo muyowa omuyonga inyabirisiha neryo yamaghunza owosi.

...

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!



“Nibwa iw’ende wamakolha byahi?” Vusi amaturuma.
“Omuyonga oyo kilhwe kihembo ky’amwaliwethu.
Abahimbi balyamuhereraya kundi mubabbuna omutso
wiwe. Omutso nalhusaya wokwabalhwana abathulha eriya.
Eriya nalithwalha ewathatha bakayakolha mw’omugati.
Omugati alhwe ow’obugheni bw’amwaliwethu. Ibwa obo
mwaliwethu akendibugha athiki?”

...

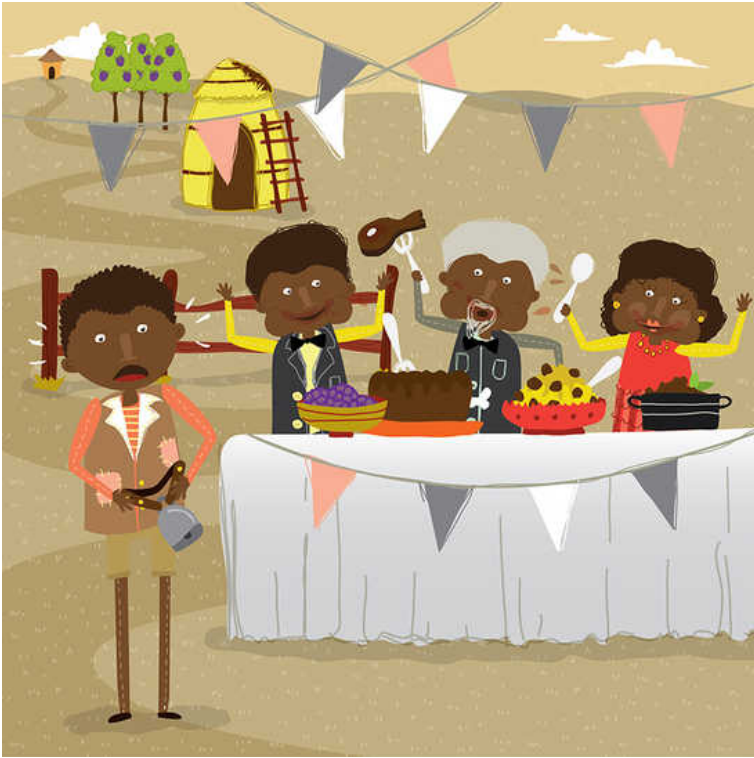
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That thatch was a gift
for my sister. The builders gave me the thatch because
they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers
gave me the stick because they broke the egg for my
sister’s cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now
there is no egg,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



Ende muyakwabilighe, neryo omulisya wayo amabugha athi Vusi akwame kukyerithwalha ende mwakihembo kyamwaliwabu. Neryo Vusi amalholh'embere nolhughendo Ihwiwe.

...

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.



Neryo ende muyathibitha kutsibu erisuba eyiri mukama wayo. Na Vusi nayo abere akarondyayo, mwathala okwanzira neryo obuthuku bwamamwirira. Amahika eka inyabirikererewa okwabugheni. Abalhambayiri basangawa ibali okwiryra.

...

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.



“Ibwa obo thukendikolhaki?” Vusi amalhaka. “Ende eyiryathibitha yilhwe kihembo, kusangwa muyalya omuyonga owabahimbi bahereraya mwaliwethu kusangwa mubabbuna omutso owa balhwana bambereraya, babirithulha eriya eryanathwalha likayakolha omugati. Omugati abya ow’obughene bwamaliwethu. Neryo hathya sihali Eriya, sihali Mugati, kandi sihali kihembo.

...

“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.”



Mwaliwabu Vusi mwalengekania ahabwakathuku, neryo abugha athi,” Vusi mwanithu, humulikana, singaleghene okwabihembo. Singatsomene n’amugati! Ithwabosi thunehano ndeke, thunemuyanaza. Ghenda wambale okwathusomeko thwaghu othuwene, wase thwangatsangatsanga okw’akiro kyamunabwire”. Neryo Vusi kwanabya akolire athya. Obugheni mubwalhuma.

...

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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