



Revans zwazo roder dimiel

The Honeyguide's revenge

 Zulu folktale

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 4

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Sa se zistwar Ngede, enn zwazo roder dimiel, ek enn zenes gourman ki apel Gingile. Enn zour, alor ki Gingile ti pe lasas, li'nn tan Ngede ki ti pe kriye. Gingile inn koumans bave kan li'nn mazinn dimiel. Li'nn arete ek li'nn ekout bien, li'nn rode ziska li trouv zwazo-la lor bann brans ki ti lao so latet. Zwazo-la ti pe gazouye, « chitik, chitik chitik » alor ki li ti pe anvole pou al poz lor diferan pie. « Chitik, chitik chitik » li ti pe sante, ek li ti pe arete de tan-z-an-tan pou ki li sir ki Gingile ti pe swiv-li.

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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.



Apré enn demi er-d-tan, zot inn ariv kot enn gro pie fig sovaz. Ngede ti pe sot-sot lor ban brans. Li'nn poz lor enn brans ek li'nn ris so latet ver Gingile kouma dir li pe rod dir-li : « Get li la ! Vini vit ! Kifer to pe pran tousa letan la ? » Gingile pa ti pe trouv mous dimiel depi anba me li'nn fer Ngede konfians.

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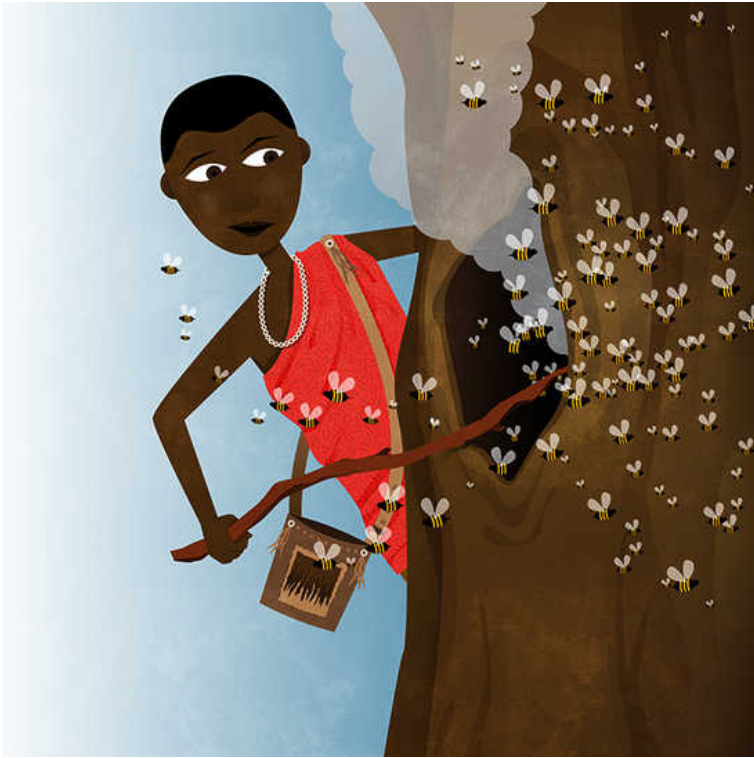
After half an hour, they reached a huge wild fig tree. Ngede hopped about madly among the branches. He then settled on one branch and cocked his head at Gingile as if to say, "Here it is! Come now! What is taking you so long?" Gingile couldn't see any bees from under the tree, but he trusted Ngede.



Alor Gingile finn poz so lans anba pie e li'nn ramas bann ti brans pou alim enn dife. Kan dife-la inn bien pran, li'nn met enn long dibwa sek omilie dife-la. Zot tou kone ki sa dibwa-la fer bookou lafime kan li brile. Li'nn tini dibwa-la dan so labous par so bout ki fre la ek li'nn koumans grinp lor pie.

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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.



Enn ti mama apre, li'nn kapav tann son bann mous dimiel. Zot ti pe rantre-sorti depi enn trou dan pie-la, kot zot nik ti ete. Kan Gingile finn ariv kot nik-la, li'nn met dibwa lafime la dan trou-la. Bann mous dimiel finn sorti vit-vit, zot ti bien ankoler. Zot finn sove akoz zot pa kontan lafime, me avan sa zot finn bien pik Gingile.

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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!



Kan bann mous dimiel-la finn sorti, Gingile finn met so lame dan zot nik. So lame ti plin avek bann bout dipin dimiel, ti ena enn bon dimiel ki ti pe koule e ban larv-la ti gra e blan. Li'nn pran prekosion pou met sa bann bout-la dan kaba ki ti lor so zepol ek li'nn koumans desann.

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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.



Ngede ti pe get tou seki Gingile ti pe fer avek linpasians. Li ti pe atann ki Gingile les enn gro bout dipin dimiel an sign remersiman pou so pister. Ngede ti pe anvol lor enn bann brans ki ti pli pre ar later. Finalman, Gingile ariv anba pie-la. Ngede dibout lor enn ros pre ar garson-la, e li atann so rekonpans.

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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.



Me Gingile teign dife-la, ramas so lans e retourn kot li ; li'nn ignor zwazo-la. Ngede ki ti ankole kriye « VIC-torr ! VIC-torr ! » Gingile arete, devizaz ti zwazo-la e li kas enn gran riye. « To le dimiel, mo kamwad ? Ha ! Me mwa ki'nn fer tou travay e ki'nn gagn pike. Kifer mo bizin partaz sa dimiel-la ar twa ? » E li ale. Ngede ti bien araze ! Sa pa ti enn manier pou tret li ! Me li pou aranz so kari kokas.

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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.



Enn zour, plizier semenn apre, Gingile re tann lapel Ngede. Li remazinn sa bon dimiel-la e ankor enn fwa, li finn swiv zwazo-la avek linpasians. Apre ki li finn amenn Gingile ziska dan fon lafore, Ngede arete pou li repoz dan enn pie akasia. « Ahh, » Gingile finn panse. « Nik-la bizin dan sa pie-la. » Li alim so ti dife vit e li koumans grinpe ek brans lafime-la dan so labous. Ngede, asize get li.

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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.



Gingile grinpe, li demann limem kifer li pa tann bourdonman ki abitie ena la. « Kapav nik-la bien dan fon pie-la, » li dir. Li mont lor enn lot brans. Me olie nik-la, li ariv fas a fas ar figir enn leopar ! Leopar-la ti bien ankoler ki so somey finn kase brit. Li ferm so lizie e ouver so labous pou montre so bann gro ledan bien pwint.

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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.



Avan ki Leopard resi gagn Gingile, li finn degaze desann depi sa pie-la. Telman ki li ti prese, li'nn rat enn brans ek li'nn tom anba san okenn tapaz; so sevi finn vire. Erezman pou li, leopard-la ti ankor tro dan somey pou galoup deryer li. Ngede ti gagn so revans. E Gingile finn gagn so leson.

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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.



Koumsamem, kan bann zanafan Gingile tann zistwar Ngede, zot ena respe pou ti zwazo-la. Sak fwa ki zot al ramas dimiel, zot fer sir ki zot gard pli gro bout dipin-la pou pister-la !

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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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