


Nkhuku ndi Nkhwazi

Hen and Eagle



 Ann Nduku

 Wiehan de Jager

 Sitwe Benson Mkandawire

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 Chichewa [ny](#) / English [en](#)



Panali-panali, nkhuku ndi nkhwazi anali paubwenzi. Anakhala mumutendere ndi nyoni zina. Kulibe kanyoni kamene kanali kumbululuka.

...

Once upon a time, Hen and Eagle were friends. They lived in peace with all the other birds. None of them could fly.



Tsiku limodzi, kunali njala kwamene anali kukhala. Nkhwazi anali kuyenda kutali kuti apeze cakudya. Anabwelera olema kwambiri. “Kufunikira njila ina yapafupi mumayendedwe” Nkhwazi inatelo.

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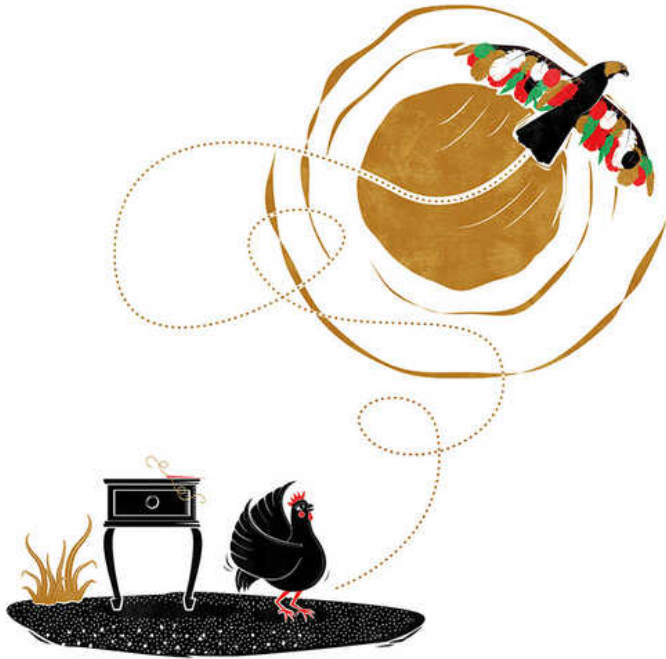
One day, there was famine in the land. Eagle had to walk very far to find food. She came back very tired. “There must be an easier way to travel!” said Eagle.



Mumawa mwace, nkuku inali ndi cocita. Anayamba kudoba weya wa nyoni iliyonse wamene unagwa. “Tiyeni titungile pamodzi namaweya yamene tili nayo” inatelo nkuku. “Mwina ici cizakhala capafupi kuyenda”.

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After a good night’s sleep, Hen had a brilliant idea. She began collecting the fallen feathers from all their bird friends. “Let’s sew them together on top of our own feathers,” she said. “Perhaps that will make it easier to travel.”



Nkhwazi ndiye anali cabe na nyeleti yotungila pamunzi, iye anayambilira kusoka. Anazipangila maweya yabwino-bwino nakumbululuka pamwamba pa nkhuku. Nkhuku inabweleka nyeleti koma analema kutunga. Anasiya nyeleti yotungila pa kabati ndiponso anayenda kukakonza cakudya ca ana.

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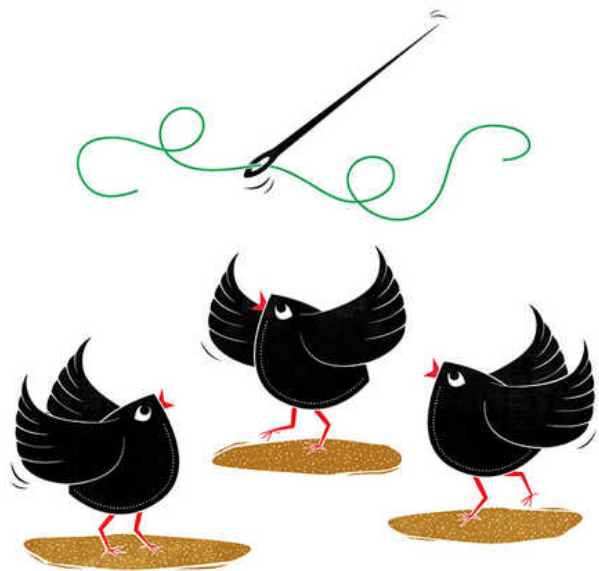
Eagle was the only one in the village with a needle, so she started sewing first. She made herself a pair of beautiful wings and flew high above Hen. Hen borrowed the needle but she soon got tired of sewing. She left the needle on the cupboard and went into the kitchen to prepare food for her children.



Nyoni zina zinamuona nkhwazi kubululuka.
Anafunsa nkuku kuti iwabweleke nyeleti kuti
azipangile maphapindo yombululukila nao.
Posacedwa, kunali nyoni zambili kumbululuka
mumwamba.

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But the other birds had seen Eagle flying away.
They asked Hen to lend them the needle to make
wings for themselves too. Soon there were birds
flying all over the sky.



Pamene nyoni yomaliza inabweza nyeleti yotungila, nkhuku siyinaliko. Ana a nkhuku anatenga nyeleti nakuyamba kuisoweletsa. Pamene analema kusowera, anasiya nyeleti mumcanga.

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When the last bird returned the borrowed needle, Hen was not there. So her children took the needle and started playing with it. When they got tired of the game, they left the needle in the sand.



Mumazulo, nkhwazi anabwelera. Anapempha nyeleti kuti atunge maweya yamene siyanali bwino kucoka paulendo. Nkhuku inasakila nyeleti pakabati, mophikila, ndi panja pa nyumba. Koma nyeleti sinaoneke.

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Later that afternoon, Eagle returned. She asked for the needle to fix some feathers that had loosened on her journey. Hen looked on the cupboard. She looked in the kitchen. She looked in the yard. But the needle was nowhere to be found.



“Ndipaseni tsiku limodzi” Nkhuku inapempha nkhwazi. “Kuti mukakonze maweya yanu nakumbululukanso kukasakila cakudya”. “Tsiku limodzi cabe” Nkhwazi anatelo. “Ngati siupeza nyeleti, uzanipatsa mwana wako yumodzi kukhala malipiro”.

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“Just give me a day,” Hen begged Eagle. “Then you can fix your wing and fly away to get food again.” “Just one more day,” said Eagle. “If you can’t find the needle, you’ll have to give me one of your chicks as payment.”



Pamene nkhwazi inabwela tsiku lokonkhapo, anapeza nkhwazi asakila mumucanga kuno nyeleti sanaipeze. Nkhwazi anabwela mwamsanga nakutenga kamwana ka nkhuku kamozi nakuyendanako. Kucoka ija tsiku, nkhwazi ikaonekela cabe, iona nkhuku isakala nyeleti mumucanga.

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When Eagle came the next day, she found Hen scratching in the sand, but no needle. So Eagle flew down very fast and caught one of the chicks. She carried it away. Forever after that, whenever Eagle appears, she finds Hen scratching in the sand for the needle.



Ngati mudima wa nkhwazi waonekela kucoka kumwamba, nkhuku icenjeza ana ace. “Cokani poonekela”. Ndiponso iwo akuyankha, “Sindife oputsa, tizathamanga”.

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As the shadow of Eagle’s wing falls on the ground, Hen warns her chicks. “Get out of the bare and dry land.” And they respond: “We are not fools. We will run.”



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