



# Mwana wa Bulu

## Donkey Child

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



Kanali kamwana kakakazi kang'ono komwe  
kanaona chinthu cha maonekedwe odabwisa patali.

...

It was a little girl who first saw the mysterious  
shape in the distance.



Pamane chinthu chinabwela pafupi, anaona kuti  
anali mzimai ome anali ndi mimba yaikulu.

...

As the shape moved closer, she saw that it was a  
heavily pregnant woman.



Mwamanyazi koma mopanda mantha, kamwana kayenda pafupi ndi mzimai. “Tifunika kukhala nao pamozi,” anthu a kamwana kakazi anavomekezana. “Tizamusunga ndi mwana wake bwino-bwino.

...

Shy but brave, the little girl moved nearer to the woman. “We must keep her with us,” the little girl’s people decided. “We’ll keep her and her child safe.”



Mwana anali pafupi kubadwa. “Kankha!” “Bwelesani zovimba!” “Water!” “Kankhaaaa!!!”

...

The child was soon on its way. “Push!” “Bring blankets!” “Water!” “Puuuuusssshhh!!!”



Koma pamene anaona mwana wakhanda, aliyense anabwelera m'mbuyo ndi kudabwa. "Bulu?!"

...

But when they saw the baby, everyone jumped back in shock. "A donkey?!"



Aliyense anayamba kukangana. “Tinakamba kuti tizamusunga pamozi ndi mwana wake bwino-bwino, ndipo tizachita motero,” ena anatero. “Koma azatibweretsera soka!” enanso ananena.

...

Everyone began to argue. “We said we would keep mother and child safe, and that’s what we’ll do,” said some. “But they will bring us bad luck!” said others.



Chifukwa cha icho, mzimai anasala yekha.  
Anavutika kuganiza zomwe azachita ndi mwana  
wodabwisa. Anavutika kuganiza kuti azazichita  
chani.

...

And so the woman found herself alone again. She  
wondered what to do with this awkward child. She  
wondered what to do with herself.





Koma pothera, anafunika kuvomela kuti bulu anali mwana wake ndipo anali mai wake.

...

But finally she had to accept that he was her child and she was his mother.



Tsono, ngati mwana anakhala chimosimozi, ndi thupi ing'ono, zinthu zinakakhalako bwino. Koma bulu anakula ndi kukula kufikila nthawi yomwe sankakhala pa mbuyo pa mai wake. Ndipo mukhalidwe wake unasiyana ndi munthu. Amai ake anli olema nthawi zambili komanso aukali. Nthawi zina, anatuma mwana kuchita nchito zomwe zinafunikila kuchitika ndi nyama.

...

Now, if the child had stayed that same, small size, everything might have been different. But the donkey child grew and grew until he could no longer fit on his mother's back. And no matter how hard he tried, he could not behave like a human being. His mother was often tired and frustrated. Sometimes she made him do work meant for animals.



Msokonezo ndi mkwiyo unakula mu mtima wa bulu. Anali kulephela kuchita zilizonse. Analephela kukhali ndi mkhalidwe weni weni. Anali okwiya kotelo kuti, tsiku lina, anamenyesela amai ake pansi.

...

Confusion and anger built up inside Donkey. He couldn't do this and he couldn't do that. He couldn't be like this and he couldn't be like that. He became so angry that, one day, he kicked his mother to the ground.



Bulu anachita manyazi. Anayamba kuthawila kutali komwe angathe kupita.

...

Donkey was filled with shame. He started to run away as far and fast as he could.



Pa nthawi yamene analeka kuthawa, unali usiku, Bulu anasowa. “Hee, hyu?” anatelo ku mdima. Anafika pamathelo. Anayamba kusanduka. Anagona mu tulo twatukulu twa mavuto.

...

By the time he stopped running, it was night, and Donkey was lost. “Hee haw?” he whispered to the darkness. “Hee Haw?” it echoed back. He was alone. Curling himself into a tight ball, he fell into a deep and troubled sleep.



Bulu anauka ndi kupeza nkhalamba ili kumuyangana. Anayangana mu maso a mdala ndi kuyamba kukhala ndi chiyembekezo.

...

Donkey woke up to find a strange old man staring down at him. He looked into the old man's eyes and started to feel a twinkle of hope.



Bulu afuna kukhala ndi mdala, omwe anamuphunzisa njira zambili zomwe angakhalilemo umoyo. Bulu anamva ndi kuphunzila, chimozi mozi mdala nayenso anamvesera ndi kuphunzila. Anathandizana ndipo anaseka pamozi.

...

Donkey went to stay with the old man, who taught him many different ways to survive. Donkey listened and learned, and so did the old man. They helped each other, and they laughed together.



Tssiku lina m'mawa, mdala anapempha Bulu kuti amunyamule kumupeleka pa mwamba pa phiri.

...

One morning, the old man asked Donkey to carry him to the top of a mountain.





Pamwamba pa mithambo, anagona. Bulu analota kuti amai ake anli kudwala ndipo anali kumuitana. Ndipo pamene anauka...

...

High up amongst the clouds they fell asleep. Donkey dreamed that his mother was sick and calling to him. And when he woke up...



Mithambo inachoka pamozi ndi mzake, mdala.

...

... the clouds had disappeared along with his friend, the old man.



Bulu anaziwa zomwe anafunika kuchita.

...

Donkey finally knew what to do.



Buu anapeza amai ake, okha ali kulilila mwana wao wosowa. Anapenyana kwakanthawi, ndipo anakumbatilana mwamphamvu.

...

Donkey found his mother, alone and mourning her lost child. They stared at each other for a long time. And then hugged each other very hard.



Bulu ndi amai ake akulila pamozi ndi anapeza nzila zosiyanasiyana zokhalilamo pamozi. Pang'ono pang'ono, onse anthu okhala pafupi nao ndi banja lao ayamba kukhala nao pamozi mopanda vuto lenileni.

...

The donkey child and his mother have grown together and found many ways of living side by side. Slowly, all around them, other families have started to settle.



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