




Gadoo Dammaqajelchitu

The Honeyguide's revenge

 Zulu folktale

 Wiehan de Jager

 Demoze Degefa

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 Afan Oromo [om](#) / English [en](#)



Seenaan kuni wa'ee Nagade, dammaqajelchituu; fi nama sassattu dardar tokko kan Gingilee jedhamaniti. Gaftokko Yeroo Gingileen admsa dhaqe, waamicha Nagade dhagahe. Afaan Gingilee damma yaade jennaan bayee hawwee. Gingileen dhabbatee dhageefate lafaa simbirron suni jiritu barbaade. Simbirroon xiqqoon sunis, "chitiik-chitiik-chitiik" jechaa muka tokko irra gara biraati cetee. Chitiik, chitiik jechuu dhifte Gingileen duuka dhufu isaa mirkaneesuf.

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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.



Sa'ati walakka booda, hundii isaani mukka gudda tokko jala gahan. Nagade akka nama maratee dameewan gubbaa figee. Boodas damee tokko gubbaa ta'ee mataa isaa gara Gingilee qabee, "Asii kunooti, Kootu as, maltu sitursiise?" Gingileen garauu kannisa tokko ille hinagaree garu Nagade amane.

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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.



Kanaafu Gingileen eboo isaa mukaa jala ka'ee, mukaa goggogaa walitti qabee ibidda qabsiee. Yeroo ibiddichi sirriti boba'uu mukaa dheraa tokko ibiddicaha kessa ka'ee. Mukti kuni aara bayee umuudhan beekama. Amma mukaa sana koruu calqabee, mukaa gara qnaqee hinqbnee afaanti qabatee.

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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.



Yerooma sana sagaale kannisa dhagahee. Kannisonni sunis holqaa mukaa kessaa bahan. Gingileen yeroo holqaa kannisaa bira gahu aara sana gara afaan holqichaati qabee. Kannisniis aarani holqichaa kessaa badani deeman. Aaraa sana waan jibbaniif baqatani sokkan. Otto hinsokkin dura garuu Ginglee hiddani turan.

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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 Gingle 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 Gingle some painful stings!



Yeroo kannisonni alaati bahan, Gingileen harka isaa gara holqati galche. Biddeen damma walalaa bayee qabu argate. Damma sana sutaa jedhee korojooti naqatee sutaa jedhe mukkarra bu'ee.

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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.



Nagadeen waan Gingileen hojjacha turee ilaala ture. Innis damma gudda isaa akka kennati eggachaa ture. Nagadenis damee irraa dameet utaalun gara lafaati dhihate. Dhumarrati Gingileen lafa gahe. Nagadeenis dhakaa gubbaa ta'ee kennaa isaa eggatee.

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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.



Hata’u maale Gingileen ibdda dhamsee, eboo isaa qabatee Sibirricha dhisee gara mana isaa deeme. Nagaden aaree, akan jedheen. “vik-tor. vik-torr!” Gingileen dhaabbate, ijaa ittibasee akkan jedheen, “damma xinnoo barbaadee, ati hiriya kiyaa moo? Hojii maraa anumatu hojaatee. Damma kana maliifan siqooda?” Sana booda nideeme. Nagaden bayee aaree! Hali kun garu mit. Garuu gaddo itti bahuu danda’aa.

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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.



Turbaan bayee booda, gaftokko Gingileen sagaale damma himaa Nagadee dhagahe. Damma walalaa sana yadatee Nagade dukaa bu'ee. Eega Gingilee karaa ittiagarsisuu calqabee booda boqachudhaf mukaa tokko jala ta'ee. "Ahha, holqii kannisaa asi jiraachu qaba" jdhee yadee. Hatataman mukaa aara isaa qabsifatee mukkichaa koruu calqabe. Nagaden ta'ee ilaala ture.

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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.



Gingileen mukkicha yeroo koruu garu sagaale kannisa dhagahu dhisuun isaa isa dinqisiisa ture.” Holqichii gaddii fagachuu qaba jedhe yadee.” Damee biraa irra koree. Garuu holqaa kannisaa otu hinta’in fula qeransaa arge. Qeransichis hiribaa isaa irra waan dammaqeef bayee aare. Ija fi afaan ishee banudhaan ilkaan ishee hamam akka cimaa ta’e agarsiste.

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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.



Otoo qeransichi itti hin utaalin, Gingileen dafee mukarra bu'ee. Otoo muddamu damee tokko qolee lafati akka maleeti kufee caphee. Akka carraa ta'e qeransci hirribarra hinkanee wantureef. isa dukaa hinbunee. Nagaden, dammaqajelchitun, gaddod Gingileeti batee. Gingileenis barnoota bayee argate.

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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.



Ijoolen Gingilee yeroo seenaa Nagadee dhagahan bayee simbirroo kana kabajan. Yeroo damma muraan hundaa, damma bayee dammaqajelchitudhaf dhissan.

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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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