




Kisasi cha Kiongozi

The Honeyguide's revenge

 Zulu folktale

 Wiehan de Jager

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Hii ni hadithi ya Ngede, ambaye ni ndege mpenda asali, na mvulana mmoja mlafi anayeitwa Gingile. Siku moja Gingile alipokuwa akiwinda alisikia mwito wa Ngede. Kinywa chake kilianza kutokwa mate kwa kufikiria asali. Alisimama, akasiliza na kuangalia vizuri hadi alipomwona yule ndege akiwa ametua kwenye matawi yaliyokuwa juu ya kichwa chake. “Chitik-chitik-chitik,” yule ndege mdogo alitatarika aliporuka na kutua kwenye mti mmoja hadi mwingine, na mwingine tena. “Chitik-chitik-chitik,” aliita, huku akinyamaza na kuhakikisha kwamba Gingile alikuwa amemfuata.

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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.



Baada ya nusu saa, walifika kwenye mti wa matini. Ngede aliruka kama mwenda wazimu kutoka tawi moja hadi jingine. Kisha alitulia kwenye tawi moja na kupindua kichwa chake akimwalia Gingile kana kwamba anasema, “Ipo hapa! Njoo sasa! Kwa nini unachukua muda mrefu?” Gingile hakuweza kuona nyuki wowote kutoka chini ya mti, lakini alimwamini Ngede.

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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.



Kwa hivyo Gingile aliweka mkuki wake alioutumia kuwinda chini ya mti, akakusanya vijiti vilivyokauka na kuwasha moto mdogo. Moto ulipokuwa ukiwaka vizuri, alichomeka kijiti kirefu kwenye moto. Mti huu ulijulikana kwa kutoa moshi mwingi ulipokuwa unaungua. Alianza kukwea mti huku akishika kijiti kwa meno upande usiofuka moshi.

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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.



Muda mfupi baadaye, aliweza kusikia sauti ya nyuki wenye harakati nyingi ikivuma. Walikuwa wakiingia na kutoka kwenye upenyo wa mti, yaani mzinga wao. Gingile alipoufikia mzinga, alisukuma ile kuni ya moto ndani ya ule upenyo. Nyuki waliharakisha kutoka ndani wakiwa na hasira na uchungu. Waliruka na kwenda mbali kwa sababu hawakupenda moshi – lakini walifanya hivyo baada ya kumuuma Gingile kwa uchungu!

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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!



Nyuki walipokuwa nje, Gingile aliingiza mikono yake ndani ya kiota. Alitoa kipande kikubwa cha sega kilichokuwa kinadondoka urojo mzito wa asali, na kilichojaa wadudu weupe wanene. Aliiweka taratibu ndani ya mkoba aliokuwa nao na kuanza kushuka kutoka mtini.

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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 alishuhudia kila kitu Gingile alichofanya. Alikuwa anamsubiri abakishe kiasi kidogo cha asali kama shukurani kwa Kiongozi. Ngede aliruka kutoka tawi hadi tawi huku akikaribia chini. Mwishowe Gingile alifika chini ya mti. Ngede alitua kwenye mwamba karibu na mvulana huyo na kusubiri zawadi yake.

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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.



Lakini Gingile alizima moto, akachukua mkuki wake na kuanza safari kwenda nyumbani bila kumjali ndege yule. Ngede aliita kwa hasira, “USH-ndi! USH-ndi!” Gingile alisimama, akamkodolea macho yule ndege kisha akacheka kwa sauti. “Unataka asali kidogo, rafiki yangu? Ha! Lakini ni mimi niliyefanya kazi yote pamoja na kuumwa na nyuki. Kwa nini nikugawie hii asali tamu?” Baada ya kusema hivyo, aliondoka na kwenda zake. Ngede alikasirika sana! Hivi sivyo alivyostahili kutendewa! Ila atalipiza kisasi.

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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.



Siku moja baada ya majuma machache, Gingile tena alisikia mwito wa asali kutoka kwa Ngede. Aliikumbuka asali tamu, na kwa hamu alimfuata ndege yule kwa mara nyingine. Baada ya kumwongoza Gingile pembeni mwa msitu, Ngede alisimama na kupumzika chini ya mti wa mwavuli. "Ahh," Gingile aliwaza. "Lazima mzinga umo ndani ya mti huu." Kwa haraka aliwasha moto wake na kuanza kukwea mti huku akibeba kuni iliyotoa moshi katika meno yake. Ngede alikaa na kuangalia tu.

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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 alipopanda, alishangaa kwa nini hakusikia sauti ya nyuki. “Pengine mzinga umo ndani zaidi katika mti,” alifikiria. Alipanda tena juu ya tawi jingine. Lakini badala ya mzinga, alijikuta uso kwa uso na chui! Chui alikuwa na hasira sana kwa sababu usingizi wake ulikuwa umekatizwa. Aliyafanya macho yake kuwa madogo, akaufungua mdomo wake na kuonyesha meno yake makubwa na makali.

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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.



Kabla ya Chui kumvamia Gingile, alishuka chini haraka. Katika haraka hiyo, aliteleza na kuanguka kwa kishindo huku akiumia mguu wake. Alirukaruka akienda kwa haraka alivyoweza. Kwa bahati nzuri, Chui alikuwa bado amelala kwa hivyo hakumfukuza. Ngede, Kiongozi alikuwa amelipiza kisasi chake na Gingile alikuwa amejifunza funzo lake.

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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.



Kwa hivyo wakati watoto wa Gingile wanaposikia hadithi ya Ngede, wanamheshimu yule ndege. Kila wanapotoa asali, huhakikisha kwamba wanamwachia Kiongozi fungu kubwa!

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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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