




## Kuku nia vinganisa

### The Honeyguide's revenge

 Zulu folktale

 Wiehan de Jager

 Aurelio da Costa

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Ne'e istória ida kona-ba Ngede, manu Kuku ida, no mane kaan-teen ida naran Gingile. Loron ida bainhira Gingile sai ba kasa nia rona Ngede ninia lian. Gingile ninia kaben suli hanoin hetan bani-been. Nia para hodi rona didi'ak, buka to'o nia hetan manu ida tuur hela iha ai-sanak iha ninia ulun leten. "Chitik-chitik-chitik," manu ki'ik ne'e halo lian neneik bainhira nia semo ba ai-hun tuir mai. Chitik-chitik-chitik," nia bolu, para husi tempu ida ba tempu seluk atu aseguira katak Gingile la'o tuir nia.

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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.



Depois de oras ida ho balun, sira to’o iha ai-figeira boot fuik ida. Ngede haksoit ba mai iha ai-sanak leten. Depois nia tuur iha ai-sanak ida nia leten no hatun nia ulun hodi hateke ba Gingile atu dehan, “Mak ne’e! Mai agora! Saida mak halo o kleur loos?” Gingile labele haree bani sira iha ai-okos, maibé nia fiar ba 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.



Entaun Gingile tau tun ninia dima kasa nian iha ai-okos, tau hamutuk ai-sanak maran sira no sunu ahi ki'ik ida. Bainhira ahi ne'e lakan didi'ak, nia tau ai sanak maran ida ba ahi klaran. Ai ne'e ema koñese katak sei suar barak bainhira ita sunu. Nia komesa sa'e, ho nia ibun nia kaer hela ai-sanak sunu nia rohan ne'ebé malirin.

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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.



Lakleur nia bele rona bani nia lian maka'as. Sira mai husi ai-kuak ida - bani nia knuuk. Bainhira Gingile to'o iha bani ninia knuuk, nia dudu ai-sanak nia rohan ne'ebé iha suar ba ai-kuak ninia laran. Bani sira semo sai lalais, hirus tebes. Sira semo dook tanba sira la gosta ahi suar - maibémolok sira sai fó pikada balun ba Gingile.

...

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!



Bainhira bani sira sai tiha ona, Gingile dudu tama ninia liman ba iha bani ninia knuuk. Nia foti sai bani isin lubuk balun, been sulin ho nakonu bani been midar. Nia tau didi'ak bani isin lubuk balun iha ninia kabas no komesa tuun husi ai-hun.

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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 haree didi'ak buat hotu ne'ebé Gingile halo hela. Nia hein hela Gingile atu husik hela bani isin balun ba nia hanesan simbolu agradesimentu ba manu Kuku. Ngede semo lalais husi ai-sanak ida ba ai-sanak seluk, besik ba rai-leten. Finalmente Gingile to'o iha ai ninia hun. Ngede tuur iha fatuk ida nia leten besik ba labarik ne'e no hein ba ninia rekompensa.

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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.



Maibé Gingile huu mate tiha ahi, foti sa'e ninia dima no komesa la'o fila ba uma. Ngede bolu ho hakilar "VIC-torr! VIC-torr!" Gingile para haree ba manu ki'ik ne'e no hamnasa maka'as." Ha'u nia belun, o hakarak bani-been balun? Ha! Maibé ha'u mak halo hotu servisu sira ne'e, no hetan tata husi bani. Tansa mak ha'u fahe bani been gostu sira ne'e ho o?" Depois nia la'o dook tiha. Ngede hirus loos! Nee la'ós maneira tratamentu ida ba nia! Maibé nia sei hatudu ninia vingansa.

...

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.





Loron ida depois semana hirak tuir mai Gingile rona tan Ngede ninia bolu hodi buka bani been. Nia hanoin hetan bani been delisiozu, no la’o tuir manu ne’e dala ida tan. Depois lidera Gingile la’o tuir ai-laran ninin, Ngede para atu deskansa iha ai-tarak ninia leten. “Ahh,” Gingile hanoin. “Bani knuuk tenke iha ai-hun ida ne’e.” Lalais nia halo ahi lakan natoon no komesa sa’e, tata hela ai-sanak rohan ne’ebé iha suar iha ninia nehan. Ngede tuur no haree.

...

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 sa'e no hanoin tansá nia la rona lian hanesan baibain. "Talvez bani knuuk iha hela ai ninia laran," nia hanoin de'it ba ninia aan. Nia dada sa'e ninia aan ba aisanak seluk. Maibé envez ke hetan bani knuuk, nia hateke loos kedas ba leopardu ida ninia oin! Leopardu hirus tebes tamba ninia toba hetan interrompe. Nia hakloot ninia matan sira, loke ninia ibun hodi hatudu ninia nehan sira ne'ebé boot no kroat.

...

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.



Molok Leopardu bele kamat Gingile, nia tun lalais husi aihun. Bainhira nia tuun derrepente, nia lakonsege sama ai-sanak ida no monu tuun no nia monu ba rai ne'ebé halo ninia tornozelu naksalak. Nia la'ó kudek maka'as tuir nia bele. Sorte ba nia, Leopardu sei sente dukur atu duni tuir nia. Ngede, manu kuku, hetan ninia vingansa. No Gingile aprende ninia lisaun.

...

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.



Ho nune'e, bainhira Gingile ninia oan sira rona Ngede nia istória, sira iha respeitu ba manu ki'ik ne'e. Iha sa tempu de'it mak sira kua bani, sira asegura atu rai hela bani-isin boot ida ba manu Kuku!

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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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