



Avó-feto ninia hudi

Grandma's bananas

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 Tetun / English



Avó-feto ninia jardin furak, nakonu ho sorgu, milhu no aifarina. Maibé ida ne'ebé furak liu mak hudi sira. Maske Avó-feto iha bei-oan barak, ha'u hatene katak ha'u mak ninia favoritu. Nia konvida ha'u beibeik ba ninia uma. Nia mós konta mai ha'u segredu ki'ik sira. Maibé iha segredu ki'ik ida mak nia la fahe ho ha'u: iha fatin ne'ebé nia hatasak hudi sira.

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Grandma's garden was wonderful, full of sorghum, millet, and cassava. But best of all were the bananas. Although Grandma had many grandchildren, I secretly knew that I was her favourite. She invited me often to her house. She also told me little secrets. But there was one secret she did not share with me: where she ripened bananas.



Loron ida ha'u haree raga nakonu ho du'ut sira rai hela iha avó-feto nia uma liur iha loron matan nia okos. Bainhira ha'u husu kona-ba raga ne'e, resposta unika ne'ebé ha'u simu mak, "Ne'e ha'u nia raga majiku." Besik ba raga ne'e, iha hudi tahan barak ne'ebé avó-feto fila ba mai dalabarak. Hau kuriozu. "Ai tahan sira ne'e atu halo saida, avó-feto?" ha'u husu. Resposta unika ne'ebé ha'u simu mak, "Sira ha'u nia ai-tahan majiku sira."

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One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the sun outside Grandma's house. When I asked what it was for, the only answer I got was, "It's my magic basket." Next to the basket, there were several banana leaves that Grandma turned from time to time. I was curious. "What are the leaves for, Grandma?" I asked. The only answer I got was, "They are my magic leaves."



Interesante tebes haree avó-feto, hudi sira, hudi tahan sira no raga du'ut ne'ebé bo'ot. Maibé avó-feto haruka ha'u ba ajuda tiha ha'u nia ama. "Avó-feto favor ida husik ha'u haree oinsá ita prepara..." "Labele nakar, labarik, halo tuir saida mak dehan ba o atu halo," nia ejiji. Hau foti halai.

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It was so interesting watching Grandma, the bananas, the banana leaves and the big straw basket. But Grandma sent me off to my mother on an errand. "Grandma, please, let me watch as you prepare..." "Don't be stubborn, child, do as you are told," she insisted. I took off running.



Bainhira ha'u fila, avó-feto tuur hela iha liur maibé la ho raga ka hudi sira. "Avó-feto raga ne'e iha ne'ebé ona, hudi sira iha ne'ebé ona no iha ne'ebé..." maibé resposta unika ne'ebé ha'u hetan mak, "Sira iha ha'u nia fatin majiku." Sente triste tebes!

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When I returned, Grandma was sitting outside but with neither the basket nor the bananas. "Grandma, where is the basket, where are all the bananas, and where..." But the only answer I got was, "They are in my magic place." It was so disappointing!



Loron rua tuir mai, avó-feto haruka ha'u atu ba foti ninia ai-tonka husi ninia kuartu. Iha momentu ha'u loke odamatan, hudi tasak ninia morin simu kedas ha'u. Iha kuartu ida iha klanan, iha avó-feto ninia raga majiku halo husi du'ut. Lensol tuan ida mak taka subar tiha nia. Hau foti sai tiha nia no horon morin ne'ebé gostu.

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Two days later, Grandma sent me to fetch her walking stick from her bedroom. As soon as I opened the door, I was welcomed by the strong smell of ripening bananas. In the inner room was grandma's big magic straw basket. It was well hidden by an old blanket. I lifted it and sniffed that glorious smell.



Avó-feto ninia lian halo ha'ú hakfodak bainhira nia bolu ha'ú, "O halo hela saida? Lalais no foti ai-tonka ne'e mai ha'ú." Hau sai kedas ho ninia ai-tonka ne'e. "O hamnasa ba saida?" Avó-feto husu. Ninia pergunta halo ha'ú realiza katak ha'ú sei hamnasa tan ha'ú diskobre ona ninia fatin majiku.

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Grandma's voice startled me when she called, "What are you doing? Hurry up and bring me the stick." I hurried out with her walking stick. "What are you smiling about?" Grandma asked. Her question made me realise that I was still smiling at the discovery of her magic place.



Loron tuir mai bainhira avó-feto mai vizita, ha'u ba lalais ninia uma atu halo revista ba hudi sira dala ida tan. Iha hudi sasuit tasak ida iha ne'eba. Hau foti ida no subar tiha iha ha'u nia vestidu laran. Depois de taka tiha raga ne'e, ha'u ba uma kotuk no han lalais tiha hudi ne'e. Hudi ne'e mak hudi ida midar tebes ne'ebé ha'u han.

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The following day when grandma came to visit my mother, I rushed to her house to check the bananas once more. There was a bunch of very ripe ones. I picked one and hid it in my dress. After covering the basket again, I went behind the house and quickly ate it. It was the sweetest banana I had ever tasted.



Loron tuir mai, bainhira avó-feto iha jardim ku'ú hela modotahan sira, ha'ú hateke tama no hare ba hudi sira. Kuaze hudi sira hotu tasak ona. Ha'ú labele tahan aan no foti hudi fuan haat. Bainhira ha'ú la'ó neneik ba odamatan, ha'ú rona avó-feto me'ar iha liur. Ha'ú maneja atu subar hudi sira iha ha'ú nia vestidu laran no la'ó liu nia oin.

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The following day, when grandma was in the garden picking vegetables, I sneaked in and peered at the bananas. Nearly all were ripe. I couldn't help taking a bunch of four. As I tiptoed towards the door, I heard grandma coughing outside. I just managed to hide the bananas under my dress and walked past her.



Loron tuir mai mak loron bazar. Avó-feto hadeer sedu. Nia sempre foti hudi tasak no ai-farina ba fa'an iha merkadu. Ha'u la ba lalais atu vizita nia iha loron ne'e. Maibé ha'u labele sees husi nia ba tempu naruk.

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The following day was market day. Grandma woke up early. She always took ripe bananas and cassava to sell at the market. I did not hurry to visit her that day. But I could not avoid her for long.



Depois iha kalan ne'e, ha'u hetan bolu husi ha'u nia mama no apa no avó-feto. Hau hatene tanbasa. Iha kalan ne'e bainhira ha'u toba, ha'u hatene katak ha'u sei labele tan kedas atu na'ok, la'ós husi avó-feto, husi ha'u nia inan-papa, no la na'ok husi ema seluk.

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Later that evening I was called by my mother and father, and Grandma. I knew why. That night as I lay down to sleep, I knew I could never steal again, not from grandma, not from my parents, and certainly not from anyone else.




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