



Dipanana tsa ga mmemogolo

Grandma's bananas

✍ Ursula Nafula

👤 Catherine Groenewald

💬 Domitilla Naledi Madi

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💬 Setswana tn-na / English en



Tshimo ya ga mmemogolo e ne e le ntle tota, e tletse mabele, photso ya mabele, le makwele. Mme mo go tse tsotlhe tse di botlhokwa thata e ne e le dipanana. Le fa Mmemogolo a na le ditlogolo tse dintsi, mo sephiring ke ne ke itse gore o nthata go feta ba bangwe. O ne a tle a ntaletse nako ngwe kwa ntlong ya gagwe. Le gona o ne a mpolelela diphiri tse dinnye. Mme go ne gona le sephiri se le sengwe se o sa se abelanang le nna: kwa o budusang dipanana gona.

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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.



Ka letsatsi lengwe ke ne ka bona seroto se se tonna se beilwe mo letsatsing kwa ntle ga ntlo ya ga mmemogolo. E rile ke botsa gore se dira eng, karabo e le ngwe e ke e neilweng,” ke seroto same sa metlholo.” Fa thoko ga seroto, gone gona le makakaba a dipanana a a mmalwa a Mmemogolo o a pitikololang nako le nako. Ke ne ke batla go itse. “Makakaba a dira eng, Mmemogolo?” Go botsa nna. Karabo e le nngwe e ke e bonyeng ke, “Ke makakaba a me a metlholo.”

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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.”



Go ne go makatsa go leba Mmemogolo, dipanana, makakaba a dipanana le seroto se se tonna. Mme Mmemogolo a nthoma kwa go mme ka ntlha ya tiro. "Mmemogolo, tsweetswee, ntetlelele go leba jaaka o dira..." "O seka wa nna bodipa, ngwanyana, dira jaaka o kopiwa," o ne a gatelela. Ke ile ka taboga.

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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.



E rile fa ke boa, Mmemogolo o ne a dutse kwa ntle mme a sena seroto kgotsa dipanana. "Mmemogolo, seroto se kae, dipanana tsotlhe di kae, gape le..."Mme karabo e ke ileng ka e bona e ne e le, "Di mo lefelong la me la metlholo. "Go ne ga swabisa tota!

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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!



Morago ga malatsi a le mabedi, Mmemogolo a nthoma gore ke ye go tsaya thobane ya gagwe mo phaposing ya borobalo ya gagwe. E rile ke bula kgoro, ka kgatlhantshiwa ke monkgo wa dipanana tse di buduleng. Moteng ga phaposi e ngwe gone go na le seroto se se tonna sa metlholo. Se ne se subilwe sentle ka lepai le legologolo. Ke ile ka le tsholetsa mme ka dupelela monkgo o o monate.

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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.



Lentswe la ga Mmemogolo le ile la ntshosa fa a bitsa, “O dira eng? Itlhaganele o tlise thobane.” Ke ile ka itlhaganela ka thobane ya gagwe. “O nyenyela eng?” Ga botsa Mmemogolo. Potso ya gagwe e ne ya ntlhagisa gore ke ne ke ntse ke nyenyela lefelo le ke le bonyeng la metlholo.

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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.



Letsatsi le le latelang fa mmemogolo a tla go jela mme nala, ke ile ka taboga thata kwa ntlong ya gagwe go ya go tlhola dipanana gape. Go ne go na le segopa sa tse di buduleng. Ke ile ka tsaya e le nngwe mme ka e fitlha mo moseseng wa me. Morago ga ke sena go khurumetsa seroto gape, Ke ile ka ya kwa morago ga ntlo mme ka bonako ka e e ja. E ne e le panana e e botshe thata e ke sa tsamaya ka e leka.

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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.



Letsatsi le le latelang, e rile fa mmemogolo a le mo tshimong a kgetla merogo, Ke ile ka nanabela mo teng mme ka okomela dipanana. Di le dintsi di ne di bodule. Ga ke a kgona go itshwara mme ka tsaya segopa sa tse nne. E rile fa ke ntse ke nanabela kwa kgorong, ka utlwa mmemogolo a gotlholo kwa ntle. Ke ile ka kgona go fitlha dipanana ka fa tlase ga mosese wa me mme ka feta fa go ene.

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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.



Letsatsi le le latelang e ne e le letsatsi la mmaraka. Mmemogolo o ile a tsoga phakela thata. Gale gale o ne a tsaya dipanana tse di boduleng le makwele go ya go rekisa kwa mmarakeng. Ga ke a itlhaganela go ya go mo etela ka letsatsi leo. Mme ke ne ke sa kgone go mo itlhokomologa nako e leele.

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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.



Morago nyana maitsiboa a o ke ile ka bidiwa ke mme le rre, le Mmemogolo. Ke ne ke itse gore ke ka ntlha ya eng. Bosigo joo fa ke ya go robala, ke ne ke itse gore ga nkitla ke tlhola ke utswa gape, e seng gotswa mo go mmemogolo, e seng gotswa go batsading ba me, le e seng gotswa go mongwe le mongwe.

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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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Ursula Nafula



Catherine Groenewald



Domitilla Naledi Madi (tn-na)

