

Icilandushi cakwa kalinda wa buch!

The Honeyguide's revenge



Zulu folktales ✎

Wiehan de Jager ✎

Sandra Mulesu 📄

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Icibemba / English / English en



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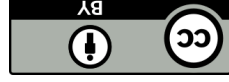
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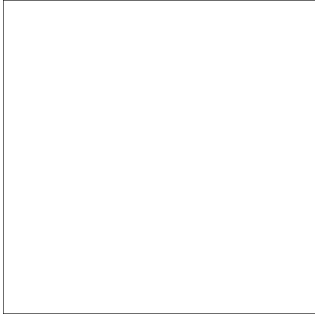


Akakalyashi kakwa Ngede, kalinda wa buchi na Gingile uwakaso. Bushiku bumo ninshi Gingile aile mukulunga aunfwile Ngede alemwita. Mukanwa kakwa Ngele mwaiswilila pakunfya ikyashi lya buchi. Efyo aiminine ukunfwikisha, ayamba ukunfwikisha, ukufwailisha mpaka amona iconi bucimuti pamulu wamutwe wakwe. "Chitik-chitik-chitik," akacini kalila cilya kalepululuka ukuya kucimuti cimbi, nacimbi. "chitik-chitik-chitik" nokwiminina limolimo pakushininkisha ukuti Gingle alekonka.

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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

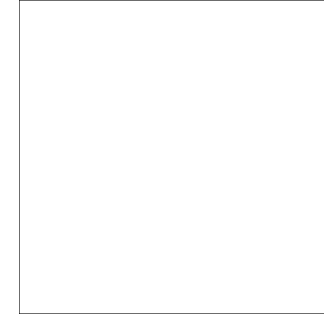
Gingile followed.



Panuma yakashita kanono, bafika pacimuti
icikulu. ngede ekeamba ukutantala
mumisambo. Elyo aisa ikala pamusambo umo
nokusontelela Gingile kumutwe kwati
alemwalula ,” Pano! isa nombamba! Ninshi ulecita
palyaponse?” Gingile tamwene inshimu munshi
yacimuti lelo alicetekele Ngede.

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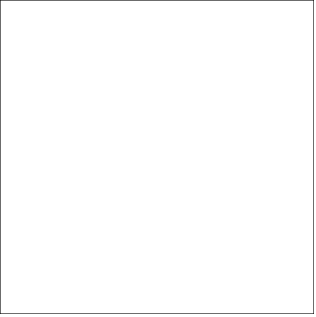
After half an hour, they reached a huge wild fig
tree. Ngede hopped about madly among the
branches. He then settled on one branch and
cocked his head at Gingile as if to say, “Here it is!
Come now! What is taking you so long?” Gingile
couldn’t see any bees from under the tree, but
he trusted Ngede.



Kanshi abana bakwa Gingile ngabaumfwa
ilyashi lyakwa Ngede bacindi utoni utunono.
Lyonse ngabapanda ubuchi, balatushilapo
ubuchi bumo ubwakwa kalinda wabuchi.

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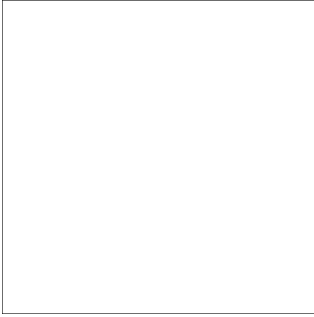
And so, when the children of Gingile hear the
story of Ngede they have respect for the little
bird. Whenever they harvest honey, they make
sure to leave the biggest part of the comb for
Honeyguide!



Efyo abikile umufwi wakwe mwisamba lyacimuti,
alonganika utukuni akosha nomulilo. Ututukuni
twali utwacushi sana ngatule yaka. Eyo aninine
kucimuti naikatillila kumpela yatumuti kumeno
yakwe.

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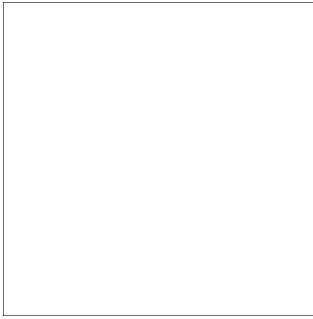
So Gingile put down his hunting spear under the
tree, gathered some dry twigs and made a small
fire. When the fire was burning well, he put a
long dry stick into the heart of the fire. This
wood was especially known to make lots of
smoke while it burned. He began climbing,
holding the cool end of the smoking stick in his
teeth.



Cilya imbili tai lati ipilibuke, Gingele abutuka
ukwikila kucimuti. Mukubutuka apusa
umusambo umo epakuisanga panshi, aikontola
nanokulu. Aesha ukukula bwangu bwangu,
iceshuko imbwilli yali notulo, tayamupepeke.
Ngede kalinda wabuchi efyo alandwile elyo na
Gingile abambillilepo ukukana itemwa.

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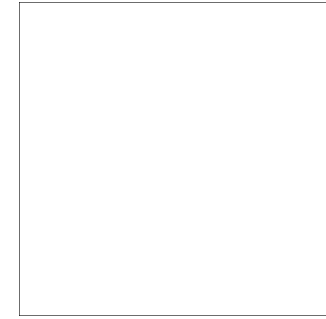
Before Leopard could take a swipe at Gingile, he
rushed down the tree. In his hurry he missed a
branch, and landed with a heavy thud on the
ground twisting his ankle. He hobbled off as fast
as he could. Luckily for him, Leopard was still
too sleepy to chase him. Ngede, the
Honeyguide, had his revenge. And Gingile
learned his lesson.



Panonofye aunfwa uko inshimu shile pupuka. Shalefuma nokwingila mubwendo bwa cimuti-mulupako lwanshimu. Cilya Gingile afika palupako, asunkilisha kumpeka yachusimucipunda. Inshimu epakufulumukamo, nashikalipa. Shapupuka shaya pantu tashatemwa ichushi- lelo shalisha shamusumaulako Gingile.

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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!



“Chinshi inshimu tashilefumina filya ciba lyonse, limbi ulupako naluya sana apatali”. Aya kumusambo umbi, ukwisa isanga aleloleshanya nembwili mumenso. Imbwili tepakufulwa pauipunfyanya utulo. Yatontomesha amenso, nokwisula akanwa nameno yatwa yamoneka.

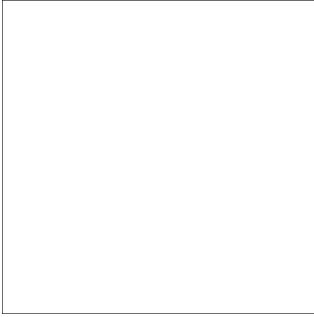
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Gingile climbed, wondering why he didn't hear the usual buzzing. “Perhaps the hive is deep in the tree,” he thought to himself. He pulled himself up another branch. But instead of the hive, he was staring into the face of a leopard! Leopard was very angry at having her sleep so rudely interrupted. She narrowed her eyes, opened her mouth to reveal her very large and very sharp teeth.



Cilya shaya, aingisha ukuboko micinsa.
Asendammo ubuchi buletona, ubusuma,
ubwamafuta. Epakubika bwino bwino mukacola
kakwe asndeke pakubeya nokwamba ukwikila.
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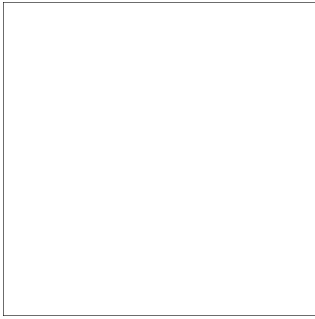
When the bees were out, Gingile pushed his
hands into the nest. He took out handfuls of the
heavy comb, dripping with rich honey and full of
fat, white grubs. He put the comb carefully in
the pouch he carried on his shoulder, and
started to climb down the tree.



Bushiku bumbi futi, Gingile aunftwa ubuchi
buleita Ngede. Aibukisha ubuchi ubusuma
nakabili akonkamo mucuni. Cilya batika kumpela
yampanga, Ngede aiminina pakuti atushako
mwisaamba lyacimuti camyunga. "Ahh, ulupako
lufwile lwaba mucimuti umu." Bwangu bwangu
ayasha umlilo ayamba na ukunina icimuti,
icushi cilepita namumeno. Ngede ninshi naikala
aletamba.

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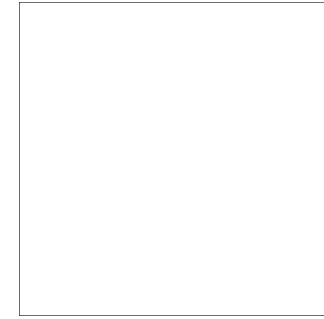
One day several weeks later Gingile again heard
the honey call of Ngede. He remembered the
delicious honey, and eagerly followed the bird
once again. After leading Gingile along the edge
of the forest, Ngede stopped to rest in a great
umbrella thorn. "Ahh," thought Gingile. "The
hive must be in this tree." He quickly made his
small fire and began to climb, the smoking
branch in his teeth. Ngede sat and watched.



Ngede ninshi aletamba fyonse. Alelolelafye ukumushila icipandwa cabuchi bwakwe pakumutasha- pakumulanga apali ubuchi. Ngede apitana kunisambo mpaka aya alefika panshi. Mpaka afika panshi, ayamba ukusobaula panshi mupepi nomulumendo pakulolela icabupe cakwe.

...

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.



Lelo Gingile ashimya nomulilo, asenda umufwi wakwe ayamba nokubwekela kumushi ukwabula nokuposa amano kuli Ngede. "Vic-torr! Vic-torr!" Gingile epakwiminina nokulolesha icuni, ayamba ukuciseka. "mune ulefwaya ubuchi? nine nacibomba incito yonse, nine inshimu shacisuma. Ninshi nalakupelako ubuchi bwandi?" Efyo aile nokuya. Ngede tepakufulwa! Lelo alifilwa ukulandula.

...

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.