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 🌐 / English [en] [ckb] كورى



Global Storybooks

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مۆزەزىيە باشى / Grandma's bananas

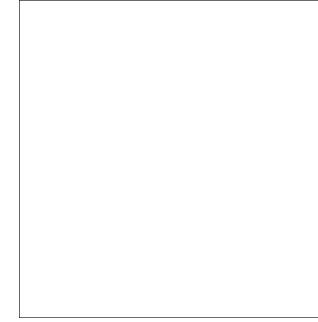
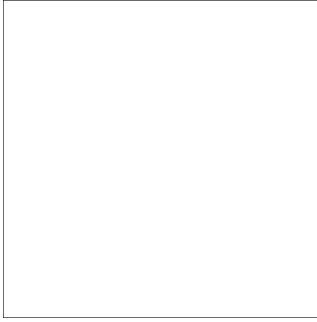
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باغچه كەي نەنە پېر بوو لە گەنمە شامى و ھەرزىن و مەنيۆك. بە لام
مۆزەكلان لە ھەموان باشتەر بوون. ھەرچەند كە نەنكەم نەوھى زۆرى
ھەبوون، بە لام من بەنھيىنى زانيم، كە من لاي ئەو لە ھەموان
خۆشەويسترم. ئەو زۆربەي كاتەكلان منى بۆ مالى خۆي بانگيشت
دەکرد. ھەروەھا ئەو نھيىنى وردى پى دەگوتم. بە لام ئەو نھيىبەھى
ھەبوو كە لە منى ئاشكرا نەدەکرد: ئەو مۆزە گەيوەكلانى لە كوئ
دادەنان.

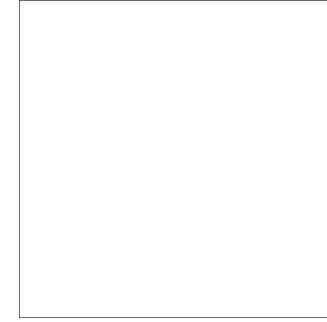
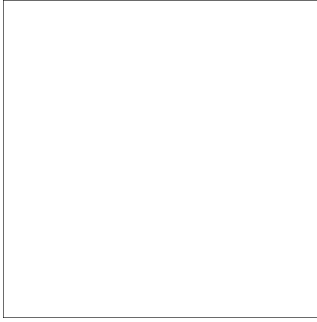
...

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.

درەنگانيكى ئەو شەوھ لە لايەن دايكەم، بابم و نەنكەم بانگكرام. من
دەمزانی بۆچيە. ئەو شەوھ كاتيك من چووم راکشام كە بخەوم،
دەمزانی من جاريكى ديكە ھيچ كات ناتوانم نە لە نەنكەم، نە لە
دايك و بابم و بى گوھان نە لە ھيچ كەسيكى ديكە دزی بكەم.

...

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.



تەمەشاكردنى نەنك، مۆزەكان، گەلای دارە مۆز، سەبەتە گەورە
حەسیرییەكە زۆر سەرنجراکیش بوو. بەلام نەنك منى بۆ كارىك بۆ
لاى دايكم نارد. “نەنە، تكلایە، لیمگەپى كاتىك تۆ ئامادەى دەكەى با
چاوت لیکەم...” ئەوتكلای کرد: “كچم هیئندە لاسار مەبە، ئەو
كارەى پیم گوتى برۆ ئەنجامى بدە.” من بە هەلاتن ئەویم بە جى
هیشت.

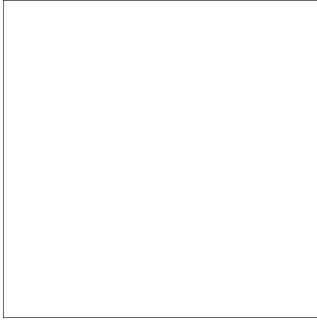
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It was so interesting watching Grandma, the
bananas, the banana leaves and the big straw
basket. But Grandma sent me off to my mother
on an errand. “Grandma, please, let me watch
as you prepare...” “Don’t be stubborn, child, do
as you are told,” she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

رۆژى پاشتر كاتىك نەنك لە باخچەكەدا خەرىكى سەوزى رپینەو
بوو، من بەدزیهوه چوومه ژوورەوه و تەمەشای مۆزەكانم کرد.
زۆربەیان پینگەیشتبوون. من نەمتوانى كە خۆم رابگرم و
هیشووپیەكى چوار دانەم هەلگرت. كاتىك كە بە ئەسپایی بەرەو
دەرگا كە دەرپۆیشتم، لە دەرەوه گویم لە دەنگى كۆخەى نەنك بوو.
من تەنیا توانیم مۆزەكان لە ژپركراسەكەمدا بشارمەوه و بەپشت
ئەودا برۆم.

...

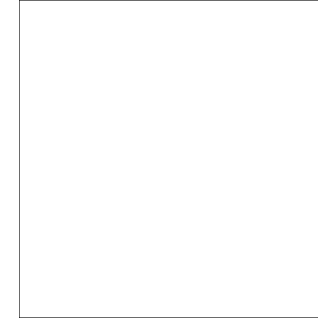
The following day, when grandma was in the
garden picking vegetables, I sneaked in and
peered at the bananas. Nearly all were ripe. I
couldn’t help taking a bunch of four. As I tiptoed
towards the door, I heard grandma coughing
outside. I just managed to hide the bananas
under my dress and walked past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



دوو رۆژ دواتر، نه نكم منى نارد كه وه كلزى له ژوورى نوستنه كهى
بۆ بېنم. هەر كه دەرگا كه م كرده وه بۆنپكى زۆرى مۆزه گه يوه كلنم
كرد. له قوژبنى ناو ژووره كه دا، سه به ته گه وره حه سيرييه جادوه
كهى نه نكمى لى بوو. ئه و به جوانى به په توويه كى كۆن
شاردرا بۆوه. من له سه رم هه لدايه وه و بۆنپكى خۆشم كرد.

...

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.



دهنگى نه نكم رايچله كلنم، كلتيك بانگى كردم: "ئه وه تۆ چى
ده كهى؟ زوو كه وه كلزه كه م بۆ بېنه." منيش به په له په له به
وه كلزه كه يه وه هلاتمه دهره وه. نه نكم پرسى: "ئه وه به چى
پيده كه نى؟" پرسياره كهى واى ليكردم كه ئيسلاش زه رده خه نه م له
سه ر ليوان بيت به ناشكرا كردنى جيگا جادوه كهى ئه و.

...

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.