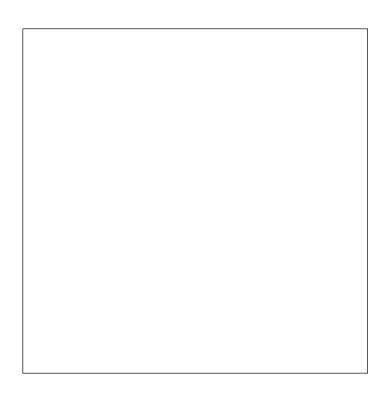
مؤزه کانی نهنک

Grandma's bananas



יון ל nidsłA iypA 👼 🔊 Ursula Nafula

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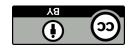


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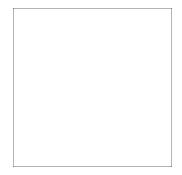
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باغچهکهی نه نه پر بوو له گهنمهشامی و ههرزن و مانیوّك. به لام موّزه کان له ههموان باشتر بوون. ههرچه ند که نه نکم نه وهی زوّری ههبوون، به لام من به نهیّنی زانیم، که من لای ئه و له ههموان خوّشه ویسترم. ئه و زوّربه ی کاته کان منی بوّ مالّی خوّی بانگیّشت ده کرد. ههروه ها ئه و نهیّنی وردی پی ده گوتم. به لام ئه و نهیّنییه کی ههبوو که له منی ئاشکرا نه ده کرد: ئه و موّزه گهیوه کانی له کوی داده نان.

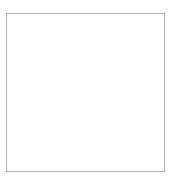
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Grandma's garden was wonderful, full of sorghum, millet, and cassava. But best of all were the bananas. Although Grandma had many grandchildren, I secretly knew that I was her favourite. She invited me often to her house. She also told me little secrets.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

درهنگانیّکی ئهو شهوه له لایهن دایکم، بابم و نهنکم بانگکرام. من دهمزانی بوّچیه. ئهو شهوه کاتیّك من چووم راکشام که بخهوم، دهمزانی من جاریّکی دیکه هیچ کات ناتوانم نه له نهنکم، نه له دایك و بابم و بیّ گوهان نه له هیچ کهسیّکی دیکه دزی بکهم.

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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.



لهبه هرنى سهبهته ك حهسيرى گهوره م بينى كه له دهرهوه لوزيكيان هن سهبهته يه ك حهسيرى گهوره م بينى كه له دهرهوه لهبه هن پرسيارم لئ كرد ئه وه بؤ لهبه و من پرسيارم لئ كرد ئه وه بؤ چييه، وه الميك كه وه رمگرته وه ئه وه بوو: "ئه وه سه وه ته چييه، وه الميك كه وه رمگرته وه ئه وه به يه الى داره مؤزيكي زفرى جادوه كهى منه." له تنه نيست سهبهته كه گه آلى داره مؤزيكي زفرى لي بوو كه نه نكم سهروبني پي ده كردن. من به حه زه وه پرسيارم ليكرد: "نه نه ئه و گه آليانه بؤچي به كل ديني ؟" تاقه و آلميك كه ده ستم كه وت ئه وه بوو: "ئه وانه گه آل جادوه كاني منن."

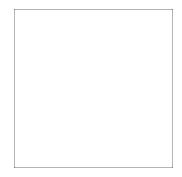
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One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the sun outside Grandma's house. When I asked what it was for, the only answer I got was, "It's my magic basket." Next to the basket, there were several banana leaves that Grandma turned from time to time.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

رفرژی پاشتر رفرژی بازار کردن بوو. نه نه بهیانی زوو له خهو هه ستابوو. ئه و هه میشه موزی گهیوو و هرنیوکی ده برد که له بازاردا بیانفروشیّت. من بو سه ردانی ئه و له و روزه دا په له م نه کرد. به آلم من نه مده توانی بو هرومیه کی زور خومی لی دوور بخه مه وه.

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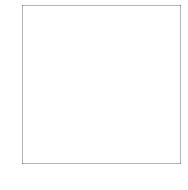
The following day was market day. Grandma woke up early. She always took ripe bananas and cassava to sell at the market. I did not hurry to visit her that day. But I could not avoid her for long.



تەماشاكردنى نەنك، مۆزەكان، گەڭاى دارە مۆز، سەبەتە گەورە حەسىرىيەكە زۆر سەرنجراكىش بوو. بەڭام نەنكم منى بۆ كارىك بۆ لاى دايكم نارد. "نەنە، تكايە، لىنمگەرى كاتىك تۆ ئامادەى دەكەى با چاوت لىكەم…" ئەوتكاى كرد: "كچم ھىندە لاسلار مەبە، ئەو كارەى پىم گوتى برۆ ئەنجامى بدە." من بە ھەڭاتن ئەويىم بە جى ھىنىت.

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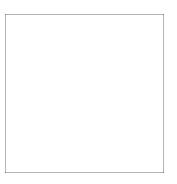
It was so interesting watching Grandma, the bananas, the banana leaves and the big straw basket. But Grandma sent me off to my mother on an errand. "Grandma, please, let me watch as you prepare..." "Don't be stubborn, child, do as you are told," she insisted. I took off running.



رۆژى پاشتر كاتێك نەنكم لە باخچەكەدا خەرىكى سەوزى رنىنەوە بوو، من بەدزىەوە چوومە ژوورەوە و تەملاشاى مۆزەكلانم كرد. زۆربەيان پێگەيشتبوون. من نەمتوانى كە خۆم رابگرم و هێشوويەكى چوار دانەم ھەڵگرت. كاتێك كە بە ئەسپايى بەرەو دەرگاكە دەرۆيشتم، لە دەرەوە گوێم لە دەنگى كۆخەى نەنكم بوو. من تەنيا توانىم مۆزەكان لە ژێركراسەكەمدا بشارمەوە و بەپشت ئەودا برۆم.

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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.



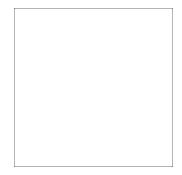
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When I returned, Grandma was sitting outside but with neither the basket nor the bananas. "Grandma, where is the basket, where are all the bananas, and where..." But the only answer I got was, "They are in my magic place." It was so disappointing!

رفری پاشتر، کاتیك نه نکم بو سه ردانی دایکم هر بود، من به خیرایی بو هر که کهی رویشتم تا جاریکی دیکه چاوم به موزه کنی خیرایی بو هر که کهی رویشتم تا جاریکی دیکه چاوم به موزه کنی بکه وی. هیشویه دی نوزی زفر گهیشتوی لیبوو. من دانه یه کیام برد بکه وی میشارد مه وی باشل سه به ده که ما داپوشیه وه و به به ام خوادم، نه وه مه نیدینی موزیک چوومه پشت خانووه که و به په ام خوادم، نه وه شیرینترین موزیک بود که تا نیستا تامم کردبوو.

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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.



دوو رۆژ دواتر، نەنكم منى نارد كە وەكلازى لە ژوورى نوستنەكەى بۆ بێنم. ھەر كە دەرگاكەم كردەوە بۆنێكى زۆرى مۆزە گەيوەكلانم كرد. لە قوژبنى ناو ژوورەكەدا، سەبەتە گەورە حەسيرييە جادوە كەى نەنكمى لى بوو. ئەو بە جوانى بە پەتوويەكى كۆن شاردرابۆوە. من لە سەرم ھەلدايەوەو بۆنێكى خۆشم كرد.

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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.



. . .

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.