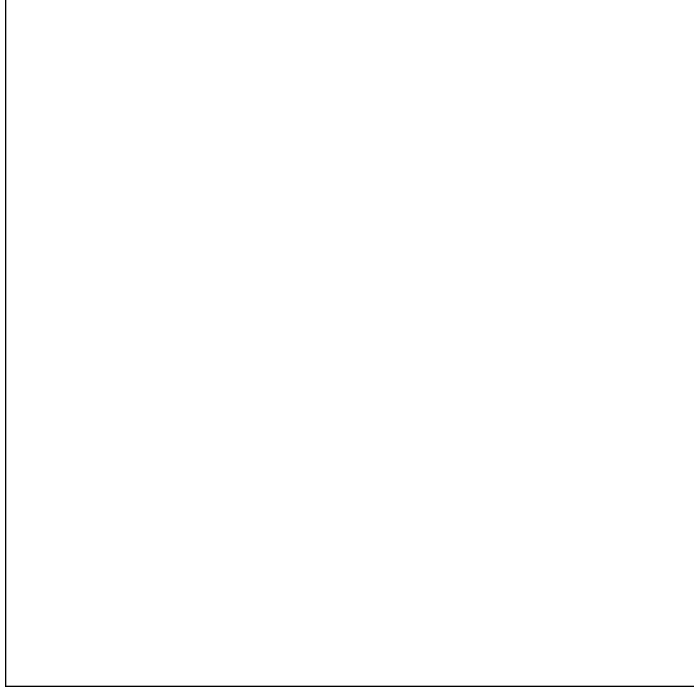


Bedstemors bananer  
Grandma's bananas



✎ Ursula Natula  
☑ Catherine Groenewald  
📧 Kim Sandvad West  
📄 4  
🗨️ dansk [da] / English [en]



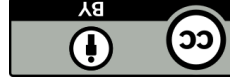
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**Bedstemors bananer / Grandma's**

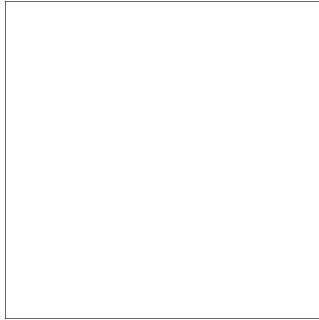
**bananas**

✎ Ursula Natula  
☑ Catherine Groenewald  
📧 Kim Sandvad West (da)



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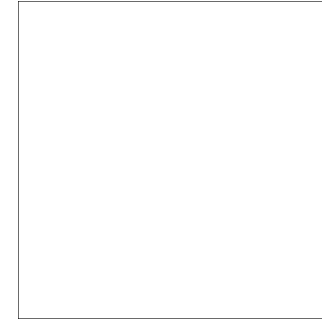




Bedstemors have var fantastisk, fuld af durra, hirse og maniok. Men det bedste var bananerne. Selv om Bedstemor havde mange børnebørn, vidste jeg, at jeg var hendes yndling. Hun inviterede mig ofte på besøg i hendes hus. Hun fortalte mig også små hemmeligheder. Men der var én hemmelighed, hun ikke delte med mig: hvor hun modnede sine bananer.

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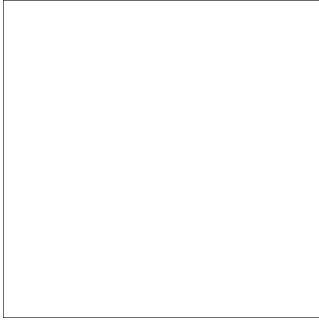
Grandma's garden was wonderful, full of sorghum, millet, and cassava. But best of all were the bananas. Although Grandma had many grandchildren, I secretly knew that I was her favourite. She invited me often to her house. She also told me little secrets. But there was one secret she did not share with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



Senere den aften kaldte min mor, far og bedstemor på mig. Jeg vidste hvorfor. Da jeg om aftenen lagde mig ned for at sove, vidste jeg, at jeg aldrig kunne stjæle igen. Ikke fra Bedstemor, ikke fra mine forældre, også slet ikke fra nogen andre.

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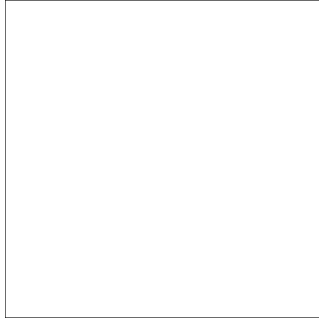
Later that evening I was called by my mother and father, and Grandma. I knew why. That night as I lay down to sleep, I knew I could never steal again, not from grandma, not from my parents, and certainly not from anyone else.



En dag så jeg en stor sivkurv i solen uden for  
Bedstemors hus. Da jeg spurgte, hvad den var  
til, svarede hun: "Det er min magiske kurv." Ved  
siden af kurven lå der en del bananblade, som  
Bedstemor vendte fra tid til anden. Jeg var  
nysgerrig. "Hvad er bladene til, Bedstemor?"  
spurgte jeg. Det eneste svar, jeg fik, var: "Det er  
mine magiske blade."

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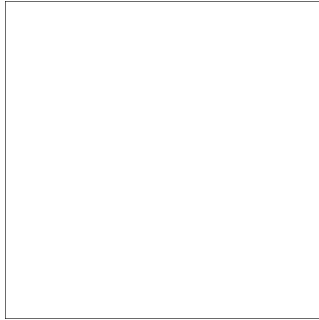
One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the  
sun outside Grandma's house. When I asked  
what it was for, the only answer I got was, "It's  
my magic basket." Next to the basket, there  
were several banana leaves that Grandma  
turned from time to time. I was curious. "What  
are the leaves for,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



Næste dag var det markedsdag. Bedstemor stod  
tidligt op. Hun tog altid modne bananer og  
maniokker med på markedet for at sælge dem.  
Jeg skyndte mig ikke for at besøge hende den  
dag. Men jeg kunne ikke undgå hende ret  
længe.

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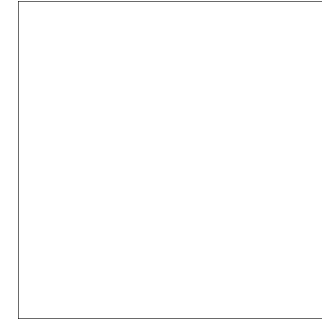
The following day was market day. Grandma  
woke up early. She always took ripe bananas  
and cassava to sell at the market. I did not hurry  
to visit her that day. But I could not avoid her for  
long.



Det var så spændende at se på Bedstemor, bananerne, bananbladene og den store sivkurv. Men Bedstemor sendte mig med et ærinde til min mor. "Bedstemor, vil du ikke nok lade mig se på, mens du modner ..." "Vær ikke stædig, barn, gør som jeg siger," insisterede hun. Jeg løb af sted.

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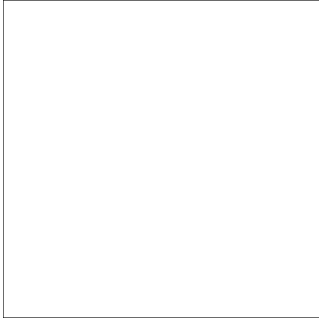
It was so interesting watching Grandma, the bananas, the banana leaves and the big straw basket. But Grandma sent me off to my mother on an errand. "Grandma, please, let me watch as you prepare..." "Don't be stubborn, child, do as you are told," she insisted. I took off running.



Da Bedstemor den næste dag gik og plukkede grøntsager i haven, sneg jeg mig ind og kiggede på bananerne. De var næsten allesammen modne. Jeg kunne ikke lade være med at tage en klase med fire. Da jeg listede mig mod døren, hørte jeg Bedstemor hoste udenfor. Jeg nåede lige præcis at gemme bananerne under min kjole og gik forbi hende.

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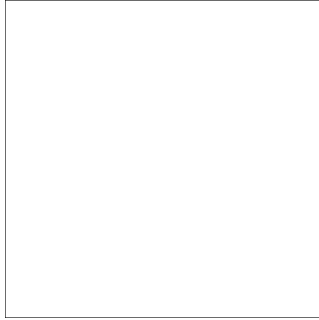
The following day, when grandma was in the garden picking vegetables, I sneaked in and peered at the bananas. Nearly all were ripe. I couldn't help taking a bunch of four. As I tiptoed towards the door, I heard grandma coughing outside. I just managed to hide the bananas under my dress and walked past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



Da jeg kom tilbage, sad Bedstemor udenfor, men hverken med kurven eller bananerne. "Bedstemor, hvor er kurven, hvor er alle bananerne, og hvor ..." Men svaret, jeg fik, var: "De er på mit magiske sted." Det var så skuffende!

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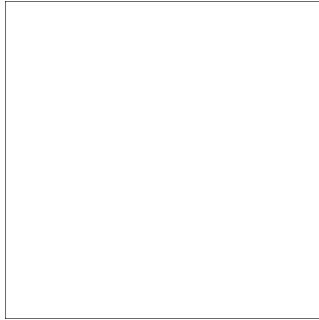
When I returned, Grandma was sitting outside but with neither the basket nor the bananas. "Grandma, where is the basket, where are all the bananas, and where..." But the only answer I got was, "They are in my magic place." It was so disappointing!



Da Bedstemor den næste dag kom for at besøge min mor, skyndte jeg mig til hendes hus for at se bananerne igen. Der var en masse af dem, der var meget modne. Jeg valgte en og gemte den under min kjole. Da jeg havde dækket kurven igen, gik jeg om bag huset og spiste hurtigt bananen. Det var den sødeste banan, jeg nogensinde havde smagt.

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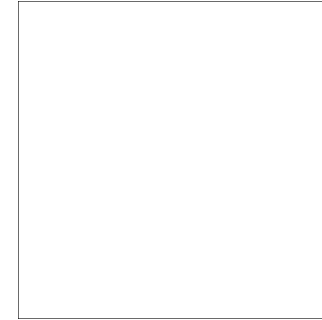
The following day when grandma came to visit my mother, I rushed to her house to check the bananas once more. There was a bunch of very ripe ones. I picked one and hid it in my dress. After covering the basket again, I went behind the house and quickly ate it. It was the sweetest banana I had ever tasted.



To dage senere bad Bedstemor mig om at hente hendes stok i hendes soveværelse. Så snart jeg åbnede døren, blev jeg mødt af en kraftig duft af modne bananer. I det inderste rum stod Bedstemors store, magiske sivkurv. Den var godt gemt under et gammelt tæppe. Jeg løftede på det og snusede den vidunderlige duft ind.

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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.



Jeg fik et chok, da Bedstemor kaldte på mig: "Hvad laver du? Skynd dig at komme med stokken." Jeg skyndte mig ud med hendes stok. "Hvad smiler du ad?" spurgte Bedstemor. Hendes spørgsmål fik mig til at indse, at jeg stadig smilede over at have fundet hendes magiske sted.

...

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.