

ગ્રાન્ડમાંસ બનાનાસ

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અનુષ્ઠાનિક પત્રા / ગ્રાન્ડમાંસ બનાનાસ
દ્વારા કથાખાલી માટે ઉપયોગ કરી શકાત્મક
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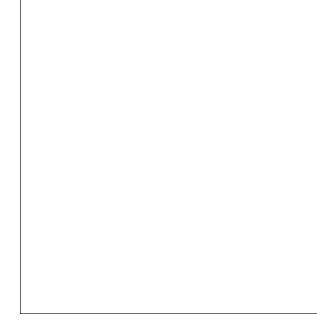
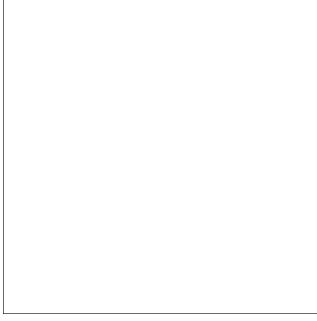


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दादी माँ का बगीचा बहुत सुंदर था और ज्वार, बाजरा और कसावा से भरा हुआ था। पर उनमें से सबसे अच्छे केले थे। ऐसे तो दादी माँ के बहुत सारे नाती-पोते थे, पर यह राज़ मुझे ही पता था कि मैं उनकी सबसे ज़्यादा लाडली हूँ। वह कई बार मुझे अपने घर बुलातीं। वे मुझे अपने छोटे-छोटे राज़ भी बतातीं। लेकिन एक राज़ जो वह मुझे से नहीं बताती थीं, वह यह था कि वह केले कहाँ पकाती हैं।

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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.

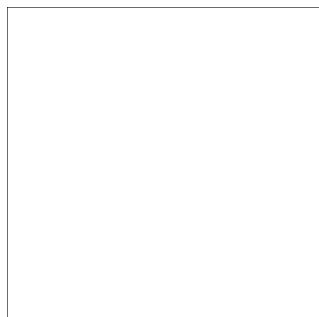
उस शाम को मुझे मेरी माँ, पिता और दादी माँ ने बुलाया। मुझे पता था क्यों। उस ही रात जब मैं सोने के लिए लेटी, मैंने फैसला किया कि अब मैं कभी भी दादी माँ, अपने माता-पिता और किसी और की चोरी नहीं करूँगी।

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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.

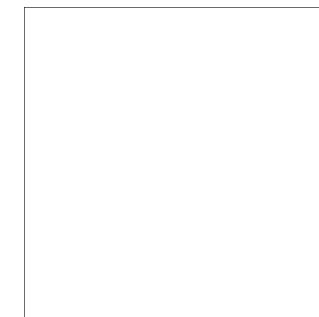
One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the sun outside Grandma's house. When I asked what it was for, the only answer I got was, "It's my magic basket." Next to the basket, there were several banana leaves that Grandma turned from time to time. I was curious. "What are the leaves for, Grandma?" I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

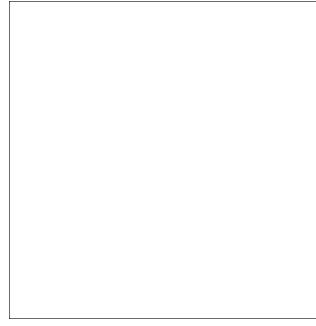
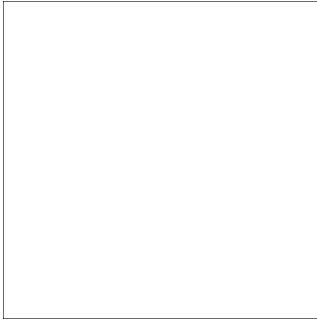
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The following day was market day. Grandma woke up early. She always took ripe bananas and cassava to sell at the market. I did not hurry to visit her that day. But I could not avoid her for long.

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दादी माँ के केलों, केले के पत्तों और उस बड़ी सी धास की टोकरी को देखना बड़ा ही मज़ेदार था। उन्होंने किसी ज़रूरी काम से मुझे मेरी माँ के पास भेज दिया। मैंने कहा “दादी माँ आप जो बना रही हैं मुझे देखने दीजिए न...” “बच्ची, ज़िद मत करो, जो कहा गया है वह करो,” उन्होंने चेताया। मैं भाग गई।

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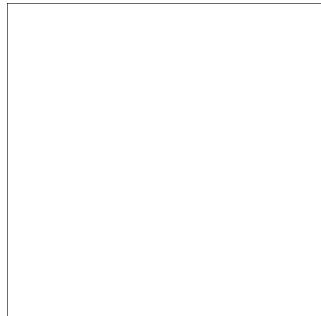
It was so interesting watching Grandma, the bananas, the banana leaves and the big straw basket. But Grandma sent me off to my mother on an errand. “Grandma, please, let me watch as you prepare...” “Don’t be stubborn, child, do as you are told,” she insisted. I took off running.

उसी दिन, जब दादी माँ बगीचे से सब्जियाँ तोड़ रही थीं, मैं केलों की ओर झाँककर उनकी आँख बचाकर केलों की चोरी की। सभी केले लगभग पक चुके थे। मैं चार से ज्यादा केले नहीं ले पाई। जैसे ही मैं दबे पाँव दरवाजे की तरफ बढ़ी, मैंने बाहर दादी माँ को खाँसते हुए सुना। मैंने जल्दी से केलों को कपड़ों के अंदर छिपाया और उनसे बचकर निकल गई।

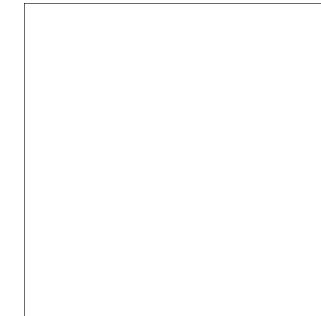
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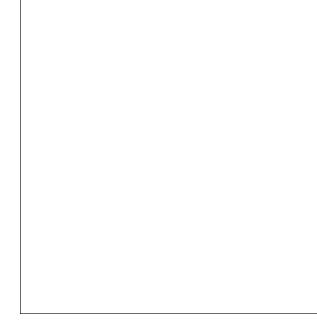
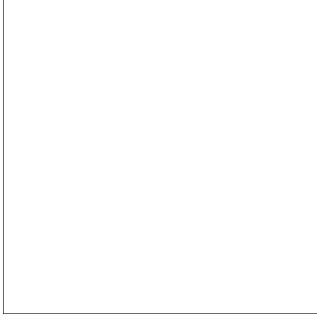
The following day, when grandma was in the garden picking vegetables, I sneaked in and peered at the bananas. Nearly all were ripe. I couldn’t help taking a bunch of four. As I tiptoed towards the door, I heard grandma coughing outside. I just managed to hide the bananas under my dress and walked past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

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!



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.





दो दिन बाद, दादी माँ ने मुझे अपनी छड़ी लाने के लिए अपने कमरे में भेजा। जैसे ही मैंने दरवाज़ा खोला वैसे ही पके केलों की मीठी सुगंध से मेरा मन खुश हो गया। अंदर के कमरे में दादी माँ की बड़ी सी घास की जादुई टोकरी थी। उसे पुराने कंबल से अच्छी तरह छुपाया गया था। मैंने उसे हटाया और मुझे एक लाजवाब खुशबूआई।

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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.

दादी माँ की आवाज़ सुनकर मैं चौंक गई “तुम क्या कर रही हो? जल्दी से मेरी छड़ी लाओ।” मैं जल्दी से उनकी छड़ी लेकर आ गई। “तुम किसलिए मुस्कुरा रही हो?” दादी माँ ने पूछा। जब उन्होंने यह पूछा तब मुझे एहसास हुआ कि मैं अभी भी उनके जादुई स्थान का पता लगाने पर मुस्कुरा रही थी।

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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.