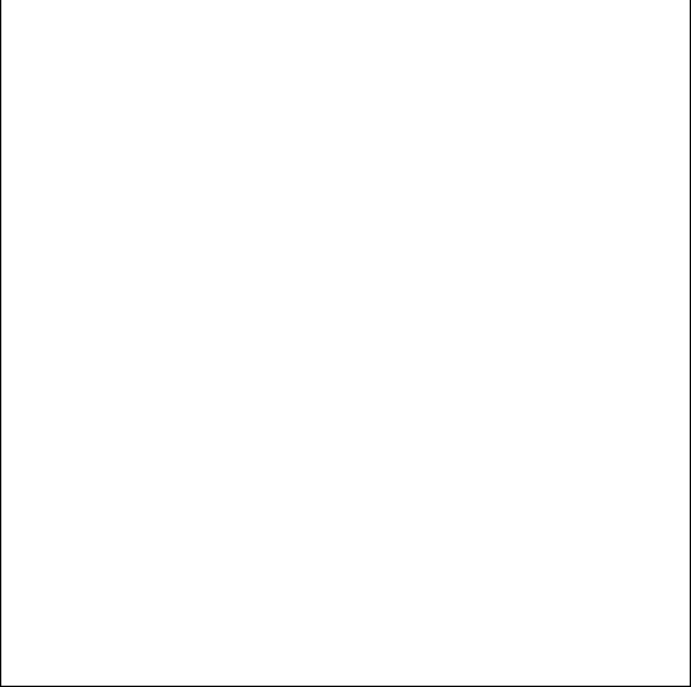


Eritrhuhlia ly'omnyabkyi  
The Honeyguide's revenge



Zulu folktales ✎  
Wiehan de Jager ✎  
Amos Mubunga Kambere 📄  
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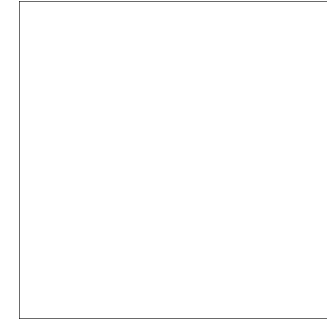
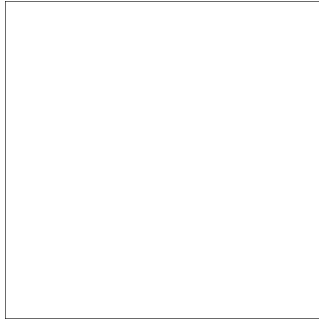
**Eritrhuhlia ly'omnyabkyi / The  
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Zulu folktales ✎  
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Lhuno Ihwolhughano Ihwa Ngende,  
Omunyabukyi, haima n’omulwana omweru iya  
Gingile. Kiro kiwuma Gingile abere  
inyanemuhigha, mwowa omulenge oweribirikira  
Iya Ngede. Neryo obunu bwa Gingile  
bwamatsuka erisonia sonia, namatande  
erithogha akalengekania obusihe bw’obukyi.  
Mwimana nerihulikirira ndeke nerisamalira  
omwamuthi kuhika ahalhangirira enyonyi  
omwamisale yomwamuthi eyighulhu. “Chitik-  
chitik-chitik,” akanyonyi mukimba  
ikanemuyitsiadanga okwa mithahi yomwamuthi.  
“Chitik-Chitik-Chitik” mukimba  
ikanemuyitsiadanga okwamithahi nerilebya kati  
Gingile anamukakwama.

...

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

Neryo abana ba Gingile bakabya bakowa  
omwatsi ono, bakasikaya Ngede nerimuha  
ekitsumbi. Obuthuku bakatheha obukyi  
bakalengaho erisighira ekiihembo ky’obunyunyu  
habw’omwembembethya w’obukyi!

...

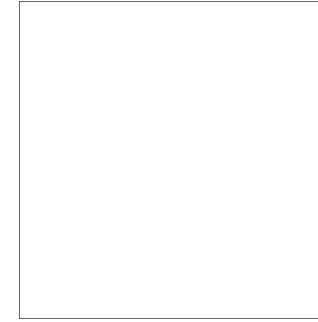
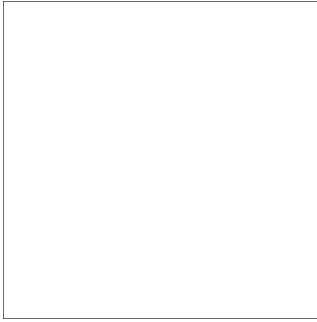
And so, when the children of Gingile hear the  
story of Ngede they have respect for the little  
bird. Whenever they harvest honey, they make  
sure to leave the biggest part of the comb for  
Honeyguide!

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.

Neryo wEngwe akinyairyatsira, Gingile mwayitsiada neryo athi akahamba omuthahi ebyalha byamatarkuka, nerisunukalha neryo amathoghera ahisi, erisina hekungudu, neribunika akakongulhu. Amaghenda akatsukuda Ihubalhuda. Ekyomughisa mubuya, wEngwe abya inyakine mwothulho mwathatsomana erimuharambia. Wakanyonyi Ngede mwayisima kwanamatathuhulia. Kandi na Gingile mwasoma.

...

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.



Habere halhaba kipindi ky'esaha, mubabya ibamabirihika okwamuthi munene owabakahulha mwe fig(omutini). Ngede mwawulhuka neriyawa omwamisale. Neryo amathahumulira okwa muthahe mughuma nerihoriahoria Gingile ngoyukabugha ati, "sibwabunu, as'eno lero, ibwa walindireki?" Gingile mwalhangira esyanzuki ahisi yomuthi, aliriryo mwakwama kyeriyisigha Ngede.

...

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.

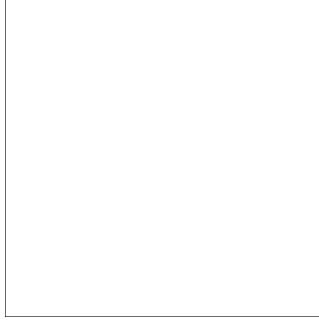
Gingile amasamba, kyonga amaghana eryowa eriruma ly'esyanzuki ngabulikiro. "Mbwino ekyuna ekyasirimu kirihali omwamuthi", mwalengekania atya. Amathasyahethuka okwawundi musale. Omwanya werilhangira ekyihembo kyesyanzuki, mwayisangana meso okwa meso na w'Engwe. W'Engwe mwahithana akalangire Gingile akasamusumbugha omwathulho thwiwe. W'Engwe amaliba ameso, nerithanda obunu ndeke erikangania ameno awathwire pia pia pia.

...

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.

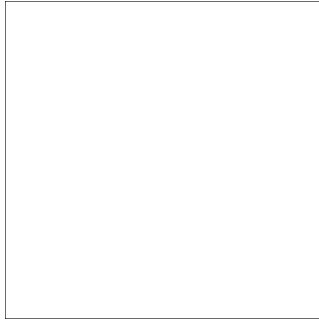
hive must be in this tree." He quickly made his small fire and began to climb, the smoking branch in his teeth. Ngede sat and watched.

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.



Nikwa neryo Gingile mwahira erithumo liwe lyobuhighi lyahisi yomuthi, amasondia ebithi ebyomire angahemba omuliro. Omuliro abere abirika ndeke, mwimya omuthi muli owumire amahira wo ahakathi komuliro. Omuthi ono inyasibwe ngowakaletha omuky! munene anemwaka. Gingile mwasamba omwamuthi inyahambire omuthi womwameno okwalihuhande olhute kwamuliro.

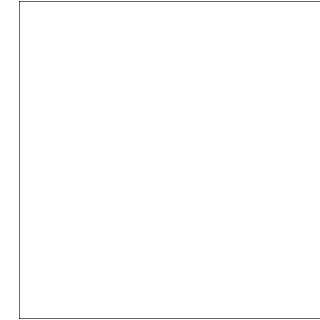
...



Neryo anemusamba amwowa eriruruma neribubutha ly'esyanzuki. Syabya isinemulhwa omwakyuna, ekyiri mwekyihembo kyesyanzuki. Gingile abere ahika ahali ekihembo ky'esyanzuki, mwingirya omuthi owalikwomukyi omwa kyuna ekiri mw'esyanzuki. Neryo esya nzuki syamahurumukayo ngebimira byomutsiha. Syamawulhuka sikasagha omukyi, kyonga syamasigha syalhumanga Gingile.

...

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!

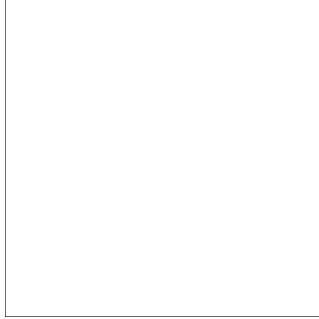


Kiro kighume ama'yenga manene abirilhaba, kandi Gingile mwowa olhusughundo lhwa Ngede olhukakanganaya lhuthi obukyi kandi bwabanikirre. Amibuka obunzwenzwe obwomwabukyi, neryo amakwama omulenge w'akanyonyi kandi. Amabya abirimuhikya okwa mwiso womusithu, Ngede mwahumulha omwa kathi akamahwa. "Ahh" amalengekania awobukyi neryo Gingile amahira w'okwakathi kamahwa. Neryo amakya omuliro kandi lhubalhuba, amatsuka erisamba omwakathi akalimwamahwa. Amahira omuthi wobukyi w'omwameno, neryo amasamba. Ngede w'akanyonyi amakwama kyikalha n'erithungerera.

...

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

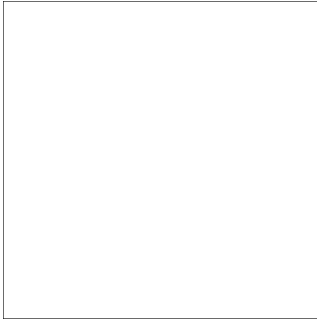
honey with you?" Then he walked off. Ngede was furious! This was no way to treat him! But he would get his revenge.



Esyanzuki syabere syabirihwamo, Gingile  
mwahira ebyalha byomwakyuna omuli  
olhwukyo lh'esyanzuki. Ebyalha  
byamalhussyayo ekihembo ekikathonghonga  
m'obukyi. Neryo amahira ekihembo  
kyomwasakira eyabya inyanahirire okwakitigho,  
neritsuka erichima omwamuthi.

...

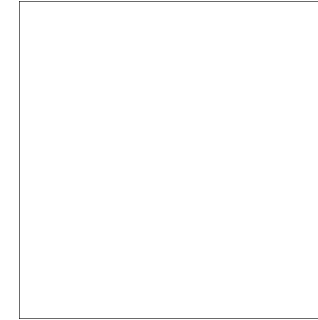
When the bees were out, Gingile pushed his hands into the nest. He took out handfuls of the heavy comb, dripping with rich honey and full of fat, white grubs. He put the comb carefully in the pouch he carried on his shoulder, and started to climb down the tree.



Iyo Ngede mwathwamo erisamalira ebyosi ebya Gingile aby'akakolha. Amalindirira ati mbwino Gingile anemwendimusighira ekihembo ekyobunyunu bw'obukyi ngekihembo ekyewasingya habwerimusondolia erihika ahali obukyi. Ngede mwaseseruka omwamisale yomuthi erihika ahisi yomuthi. Okwamwiso, Ngede mwahika ahisi hakuhi n'omulhwana inyanemulinda elhuhembo lhwiwe, kutse ewasingya.

...

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.



Ahonaho, Gingile mwalimya omuliro, amimya erithumo liwe neryo amatsuka olhungendo lhwerighenda eka, buthatsomana w'akanyonyi akamusondolhaya. Ngede mwabirikira nekyinigha ati, "viktor! Viktor!" neryo Gingile mwimana, amasamalira w'akanyonyi, neryo amaseka kutsibu. "Wanzire okw'abukyi, munywani wayi? haa! Mungakolha omwatsi wosi wingyowene, nesyzanzuki syamandumanga, ibwa busananaki inakuha okwabukyi obusihire buthya?" Leka ngayighendere. W'akanyonyi Ngede mwatsuruma nerihithana! Ekyi mukitabya kisosekano kibuya, kwenene hali erithuhulia.

...

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