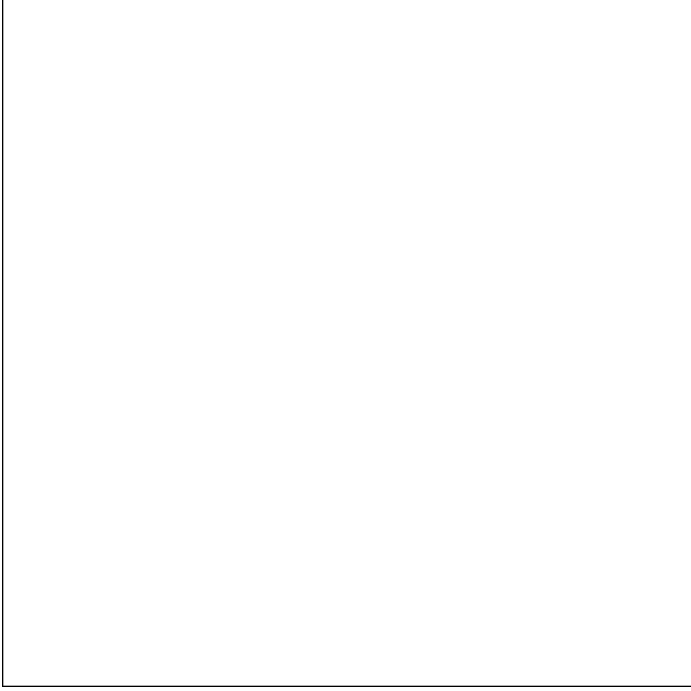




**Ameru A'mukaka**

**Grandma's bananas**



 Ursula Natula

Catherine Groenewald

 Amos Mubunga Kambere

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 Olukonjo  / English




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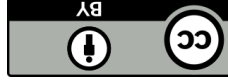
**Ameru A'mukaka / Grandma's**

**bananas**

 Ursula Natula

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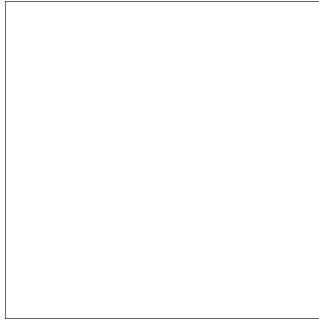


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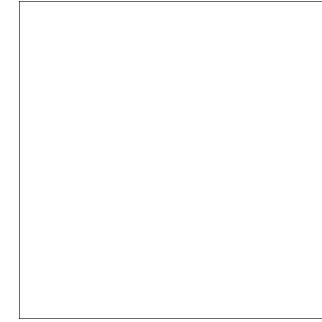




Akalima k'amukaka kabya kiwene ndeke. Imuli omuhemba, obulho, haima n'omuhogo. Aliriryo ibwa ekikasinga w'ameero, othusukali othwerire. Ibwa mukaka nomwanabya awithe abitsikulhu banene, ingye inganasi omwambitha kuningye mwanzibwa wiwe. Inyakambirikira ewiwe kandi inyakambwira okwa thupitha thwiwe. Kyonga hali embitha nguma isialy'athambwira: ameeru iwe ngakereraya wahayi.

...

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.



Neryo ibwa omwigholhogholho, mama, n'athatha, haima n'amukaka mubambirikira. Neryo munaminye ekikaleka ibambirikira. Mubanyikalya neerinyikanirya. Nabere nayawotsera, munathwamu indi sinangathasiba okumukaka, kutse mama rundi thatha, rundi mundu wosi wosi.

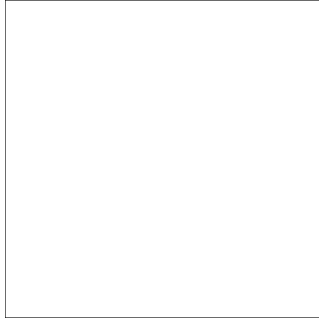
...

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.

Neryo kiro kighuma munahangira ekithiri kiwe  
ikine okwathwisi okwabuthala. Nanabya  
namamubulia indi ibwa ekithiri nikyaki mukaka?  
Inyakasubamu, "eyo nimbita yaghe". Hakuhi  
n'ekithiri habya ihane amababi awa mukaka  
abya inyanemubindulikania. Neryo  
namayibulya, "ibwa amababi aya niaki mbwino,  
mukaka?" Mukaka inyakwama kyambwira ati,  
"eyo nimbita yayi":

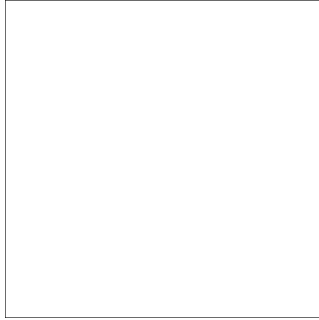
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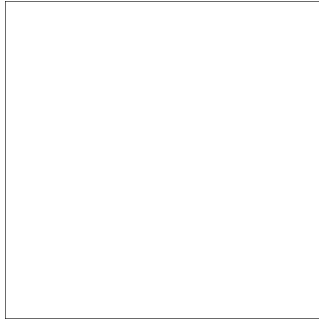
One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the  
sun outside Grandma's house. When I asked  
what it was for, the only answer I got was, "It's  
my magic basket." Next to the basket, there  
were several banana leaves that Grandma  
turned from time to time. I was curious. "What  
are the leaves for,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



Ekindi kiro, kyabya kiro kyakathale. Mukaka  
mwabuka omwanyagakya akayaghulya ameru  
haima n'omuhogo ommakathale.  
Mungathanguha eriyamulebya, kyonga  
isinangayitsunga erithindiyamulebya  
nganemuthalengekania okwa masukali.  
...

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.

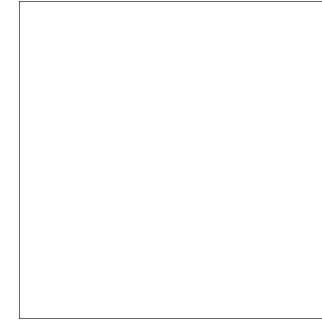




Mukyabya ekyeriswekyia ingathalangira mukaka, amasukali, n'amababi kandi n'ekithiri eribihira hauma. Neryo mukaka mwanyithibithako athi ngaghende eyiri mama. "Mukaka, kyisi kyisi leka ngalhangire kuwukathekatheka nerithalikirira amasukali..." Iwe mwana, leka erinzathisya, ghenda eyiri mama waghu nkokunabirikubwira. Mukaka amabya abirihathikana, neryo munakulika namaghenda.

...

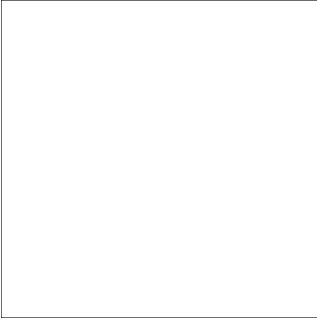
It was so interesting watching Grandma, the bananas, the banana leaves and the big straw basket. But Grandma sent me off to my mother on an errand. "Grandma, please, let me watch as you prepare..." "Don't be stubborn, child, do as you are told," she insisted. I took off running.



Ekindi Kiro, mukaka abere inyane omwakalima kiwe, neryo munanyonya, nerisoba erithasiayalebya omwa kithiri ky'amukaka. Namasangana awosi inyabiryera. Namalhusiako awali ng'ani, neryo munahirawo omw'alhukimba. Neryo nkanimusoba, munowa mukaka akakoholha. Namakwama kukyeribisa amasukali womwakitetya, neryo namalhaba okumukaka.

...

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.

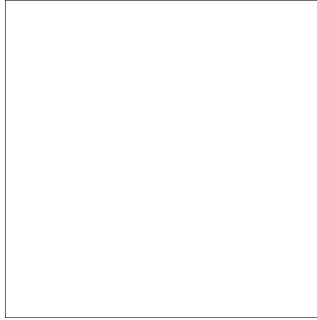


Nabere ingasubulha namasangana mukaka  
inyanikere okwabuthalha kyonga ekithiri,  
namasukali haima namababi isibikiriho.

Namabulya, "ibwa mukaka ekithiri, namasukali  
n'amababi... byayirehayi? Mukaka mwakwama  
kyasubamu, "esyono nimbitha syayi". Neryo  
munayibulhahulhai!

...

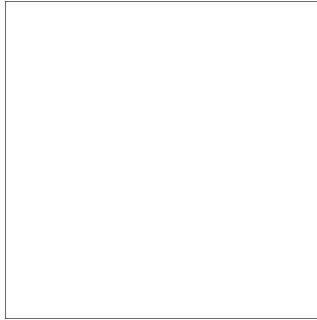
When I returned, Grandma was sitting outside  
but with neither the basket nor the bananas.  
"Grandma, where is the basket, where are all the  
bananas, and where...?" But the only answer I got  
was, "They are in my magic place." It was so  
disappointing!



Ekindi kiro mukaka abere abiryasa erisalebya  
mama, neryo munayiwusa ewiwe namayalebya  
omw'akithiri kiwe. Namalhangira mw'ebisaki  
ebyerire. Namakuthulha kw'alighuma, neryo  
namabisalyo omwalhukyimba. Neryo  
namaghenda eyihya omwabalazi ekanyuma.  
Namalirya lhubalhuba, umhho obushe bunene.

...

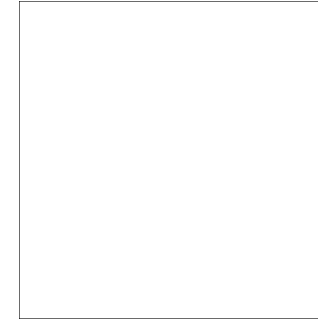
The following day when grandma came to visit  
my mother, I rushed to her house to check the  
bananas once more. There was a bunch of very  
ripe ones. I picked one and hid it in my dress.  
After covering the basket again, I went behind  
the house and quickly ate it. It was the sweetest  
banana I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



Habere hahwa biro bibiri, mukaka mwanyithuma eriyenda omusokolho wiwe w'ekathi. Nabere ingakingulha olhuyi neryo munowa akabeho k'amasukali awerire omwakathi neryo namalhangira ekithiri ky'amukaka ikinaswikire kwakabbulangiti. Neryo namasumba erilebererya omw'akithiri. Ahaaa... neryo namowa akibebo ky'ameeru.

...

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.



Neryo namowa omulenge w'amukaka amabirikira, "ukakolhaki kawamasibayo, ndethere omutso waghi lhuba". Neryo namanguhya omutso w'amukaka. "Ukabehererayaki kwawamayisekererya?" mukaka mwabulya. Neryo namaminya indi mukaka mwalhangira inganemuseka ngokunamabirifumbula embitha yiwe.

...

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.