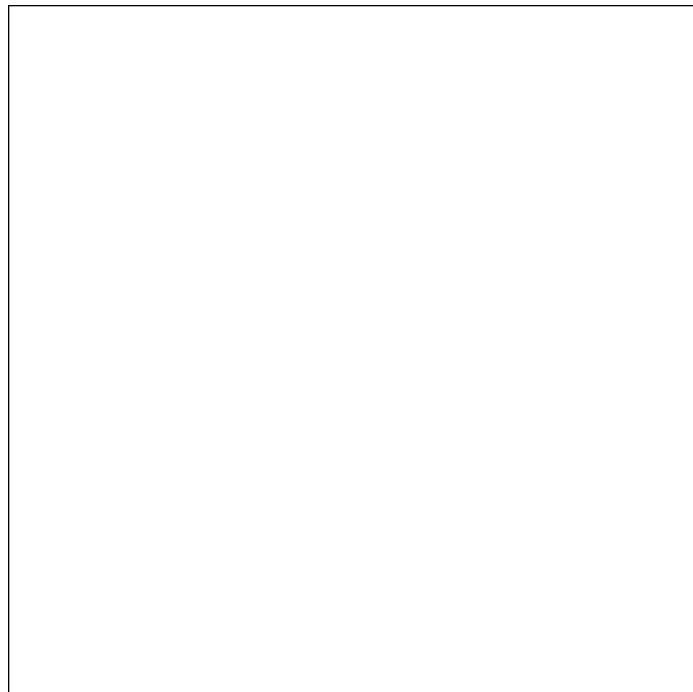




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- ☞ Ursula Nafula
- ☞ Catherine Greenewald
- ☞ Dhan Lama



Grandma's bananas

ମହାତ୍ମା ଗାନ୍ଧୀ ପତ୍ର

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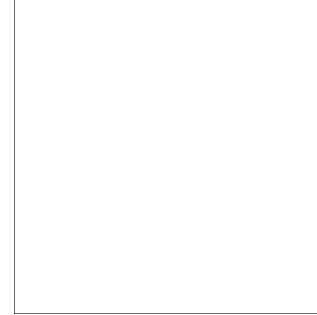
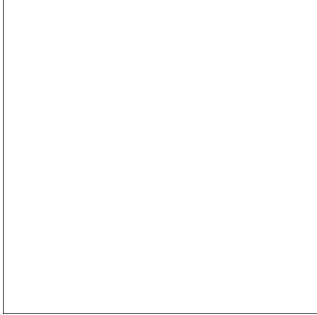


☞ Ursula Nafula
☞ Catherine Greenewald
☞ Dhan Lama (ne)
bananas
ମହାତ୍ମା ଗାନ୍ଧୀ ପତ୍ର / Grandma's

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हजूर आमाको करेसाबारीमा मकै, कोदो र तरुलको खेतीले टम्म भरिएको थियो। सबै भन्दा लोभलाग्दो चाहीं केराहरु थियो। हजूर आमाका धेरै नाति नातिनाहरु भएता पनि वहाँ मलाई नै मन पराउनु हुन्थ्यो। वहाँ प्राय जसो मलाई आफ्नो घरमा बोलाउनु हुन्थ्यो र आफ्नो केही गोप्य कुराहरु पनि खोल्नु हुन्थ्यो। तर वहाँले मलाई केरा कहाँ पकाउनु हुन्छ भन्ने कुरा चाहीं गोप्य नै राखेकी थिइन।

...

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.

त्यसपछि साँझमा आमा, बुबा र हजूर आमाले मलाई बोलाउनु भयो। किन हो भन्ने कुरा मलाई थाहा पाउन गाहो भएन। त्यो रात जब म आफ्नो ओछ्यानमा पल्टें, मलाई थाहा थियो कि म अब कहिल्यै हजूर आमा, आमा, बुवा र कसैबाट पनि चोर्न सक्ने छैन।

...

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.

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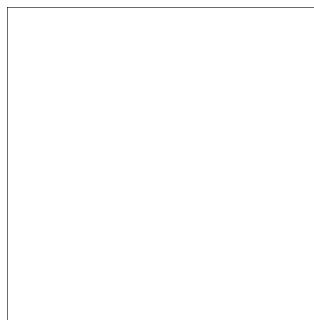
One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the sun outside Grandma's house. When I asked what it was for, the only answer I got was, "It's my magic basket." Next to the basket, there were several banana leaves that Grandma turned from time to time. I was curious, "What answer I got was, "They are my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

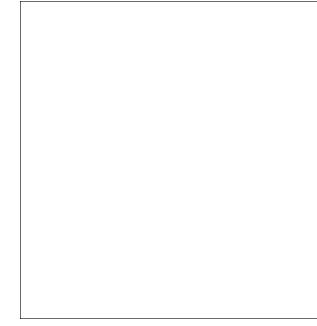
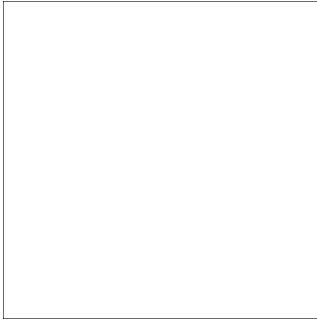
...

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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हजूर आमालाई देखेर मलाई धेरै रमाइलो लागिरहेको थियो अनि केरा, केराका पातहरु अनिछ्वालीको टोकरी। तर हजूर आमाले मलाई केही सामान लिन भनेर आमा कहाँ पठाई दिनु भयो। हजूर आमा! तपाईं जसरी तयारी गर्दै हुनुहुन्छ नी! मलाइ पनिदैखाउनु होस् न? जिद्धी नगर्नु, मैले जे भनें त्यही गर्नु हजूर आमा चिच्याईन, त्यसपछि मैले त्यहाँबाट दौडिनु पर्यो।

...

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.

अर्को दिन जब हजूर आमा करेसाबारीमा सागसब्जी टिप्पैथिङ, मैले ढोका बाट इवाटू चियाएर केराहरू हेरे। प्राय सबै राम्रोसँग पाकेको थियो। त्यहाँबाट चार वटाको एउटा झुप्प नलिईकन म चल्नै सकिन्नै। जब म बिस्तारै ढोका तर्फ अगाडी बढें, मैले बाहिरे मेरी हजूर आमाले खोकेको सुनें। मैले केरा आफ्नो कपडा मूनी छोपेर बिस्तारै हजूर आमालाई छलेर अघि बढें।

...

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.

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.

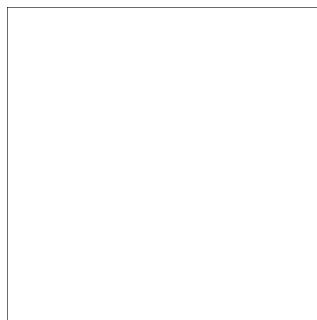
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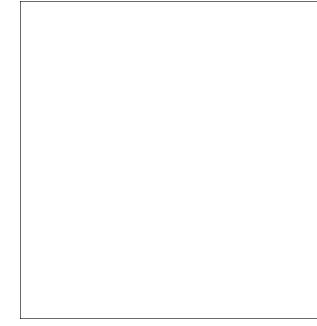
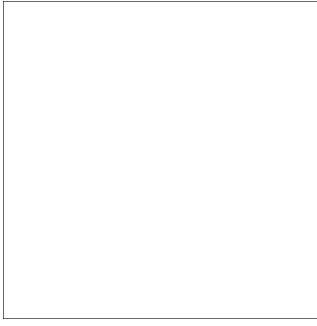
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When I returned, Grandma was sitting outside but with neither the basket nor the bananas. "Grandma, where is the basket, where are all the bananas, and where..." But the only answer I got was, "They are in my magic place." It was so disappointing!

...

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በትን ማዕከል ተደርሱ ይለም ተመሳሳይ ተደርሱ ይለም
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दुई दिन पछि, हजूर आमाले मलाई आफ्नो खाटबाट वहाँको टेक्ने लौरो ल्याउन भन्नु भयो। जब मैले ढोका खोले, पाक्दै गरेको केराको कडा वासनाले मलाई आकाश्चित गर्यो। भित्री कोठामा हजूर आमाको छवालीको ठूलो टोकरी थियो जसलाई एउटा पुरानो सिरकले घाप्लक्क छोपेको थियो। त्यसलाई मैले विस्तारै उचालें र त्यो लोभ लाग्दो वासनालाई सुधैँ।

...

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.

जब मेरी हजूर आमा मलाई, त्यहाँ तिमी के गर्दै छौ भनेर कराईनः मझसँग भएर तर्से। छिटो गर! मेरो लौरो लिएर आउ। वहाँको टेक्ने लौरो लिएर मछिटो छिटो वहाँ भएको ठाउँमा गएँ। तिमी किन मुस्कुराई रहेकी छौ? हजूर आमाले मलाई सोध्नु भयो। वहाँको प्रश्नले मैले वहाँको जादूमयी ठाउँको रहस्य पत्ता लागेकोमा निस्केको हल्का हाँसो हो भन्ने कुरोको अनुभूती गर्न गाहो भएन।

...

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.