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Ibitoki bya nyogokuru / Grandma's bananas

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Ikinyarwanda rw / English en

Umurima wa nyogokuru wari mwiza, wuzuye amasaka, uburo, n’imyumbati. Ariko ibyiza kurushaho byari ibitoki. Nubwo nyogokuru yararafite abuzukuru benshi, mwibanga narinziko ndi umutoneshwa we. Yantumiraga kenshi munzu ye. Kandi yabwiraga amabanga mato. Ariko hari ibanga rimwe atigeze ansangiza: aho yataraga ibitoki.

. . .

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.

Kuri uwo mugoroba nahamagawe na mama na dada, na nyogokuru. Narinzi impanvu. Iryo joro ubwo narambararaga kuryama, narinziko ntashobora kuzongera kwiba, kuri nyogokuru, ababyeyi bange, bidasubirwaho kuri buri muntu uwo ariwe wese.

. . .

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.

Umunsi ukurikiyeho wari umunsi w'isoko. Nyogokuru yarazindutse kare. Buri gihe yajyanaga imineke ihiye n'imyumbati ku isoko. Sinigeze nihutira kumusura uwo munsi. Ariko sinashoboraga kumwihisha igihe kire kire.

. . .

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.

Umunsi umwe nabonye igitebo giteretse kuzuba hanze y'inzu ya nyogokuru. Mubajije icyo aricyo, igisubizo cyonyine yampaye ni, "Ni igisabo cya maje." Iruhande rw'igisabo. Hari amakoma menshi nyogokuru yuburaga igihe kimwe na kimwe. Narinfite amatsiko. "Aya makoma ni ayiki, nyogoku?" narabajije. Igisubizo cyonyine nabonye ni. "Ni amakoma ya maje zange."

. . .

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."

Narinshishikajwe cyane no kureba nyogokuru, ibitoki, amakoma niigisabo. Ariko nyogokuru yanyohereje gufasha mama, “Nyogoku, mbabarira, undeke ndebe uri gutegura...” “Ntiwinangire, mwana, kora nkuko ubwiwe,” arahatiriza. Ngenda nirukanka.

. . .

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.

Umunsi ukurikiyeho, ubwo nyogokuru yari mu murima asoroma imboga, ninjiye mo nitegereza imineke. Hafi yayose yari yahiye. Sinashoboraga kwihanganira gufata myinshi ine. Ubwo nagenderaga kumano nsanga urugi, nunvishe nyogokuru akorora hanze. Nabashije guhisha imineke munsi y’ikanzu yange namucaho.

. . .

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.

Umunsi ukurikiye ho ubwo nyogokuru yari yaje gusura mama, nirukankiye munzu ye kureba imineke rimwe nanone. Hari imineke ihiye cyane myinshi. Nafashe umwe ndawuhisha mu ikanzu yange. Ndangije gupfundikira igisabo neza nanone, nagiye inyuma y’inzu ndawurya byihuse. Wari umuneke uryoshye cyane nigeze rya.

. . .

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.

Ngarutse, nyogokuru yari yicaye hanze ariko nta gisabo ntan’ibitoki. “Nyogoku igisabo kirihe, ibitoki biri he, na...” Ariko igisubizo cyonyine nabonye ni, “Biri ahantu ha maji zange.” Nari nteguhwe!

. . .

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!

Iminsi ibiri ishize, nyogokuru yantumye gushaka akabando ke mu icyumba. Nkimara gufungura umuryango, nakiriwe n'impumuro ikomeye y'imineke. Mu icyumba mo imbere niho hari igisabo cya maji cya nyogokuru. Cyari gihijwe neza n'ikirangiti gishaje. Naragitwikuruye nihumereza iyo mpumuro nziza.

. . .

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.

Ijwi rya nyogokuru ryarankanze ubwo yahamagaraga, "Uri gukora iki? Ihute unzanire akabando." Narihuze nsohokana akabando ke. "Uri gusetswa n'iki?" Nyogokuru yarabajije. Ikibazo cye cyanteye kumenya ko narinkiri guseka kubera kuvumbura ahantu ha maji he.

. . .

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.