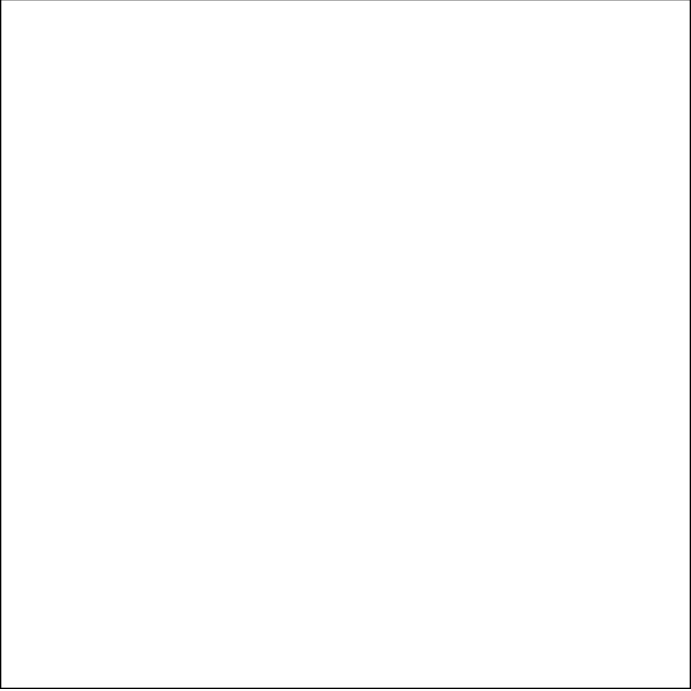






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Grandma's bananas



 Ursula Natula
 Catherine Groenewald
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 Ursula Natula

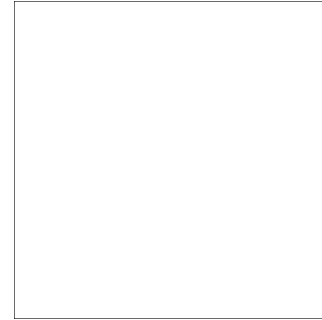
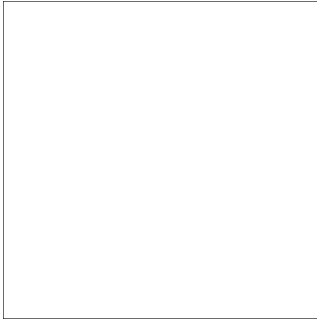
Catherine Groenewald

Daniel Berhane Habte (ti)



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ናይ ዓባዩ ሰፈር ኣታኽልቲ ብመሸላ፡ ብልቱግን ካሳሻን ዝመልእ መስተንክር እዩ ዝነበረ። ካብ ኩሉ ዝበለጸ ግናን እቲ ባናና እዩ። ሸሕ'ኳ ንዓባዩ ብዙሓት ደቀደቂ እንተነበርዎ፡ ዝያዳ ኩሎም ንዓይ ትፈትው ከምዝነበረት ብምስጢር እፈልጥ ነበርኩ። ብዙሕ ግዜ ናብ ቤታ ትዕድመኒ ነበረት። ቊሩብ ምስጢራት ድማ ትነግረኒ ነበረት። ሓንቲ ዘይተካፍለኒ ምስጢር ግናን ኔራታ - ባናና ኣበይ ተብስሎ ከምዝነበረት።

...

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.

ዳሕራይ ንምሸቱ ኣደይ፡ ኣበይን ዓባዩን ጸውዑኒ። ንምንታይ ከምዝኾነ ተረድኣኒ። እታ ምሸት ምስደቀስኩ፡ ዳግም፡ ካብ ዓባዩ፡ ካብ ወለደይ፡ ብርግጽ ድማ ካብ ዝኾነ ካልእ ሰብ ክሰርኽ ከምዘይክእል ፈለጥኩ።

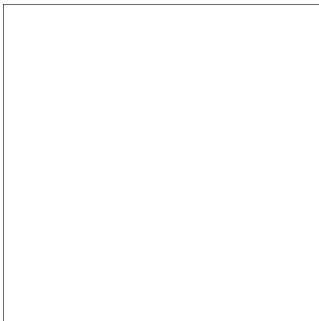
...

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.

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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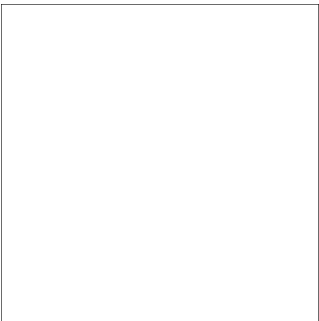
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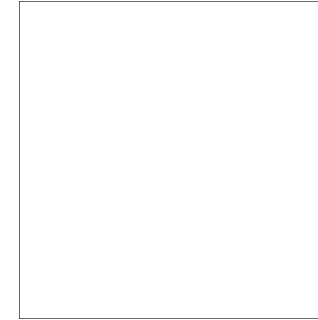
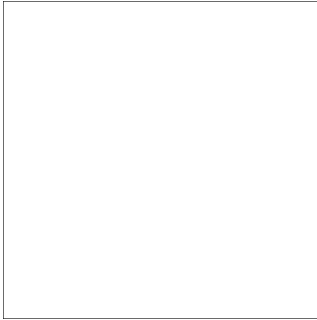


One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the sun outside Grandma's house. When I asked what it was for, the only answer I got was, "It's my magic basket." Next to the basket, there were several banana leaves that Grandma turned from time to time. I was curious. "What are the leaves for, Grandma?" I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

...

አንድ ቀን ሰው ግራፊክስ ለቅጽ ለማሳካት ማሳኪያ ማድረግ ይገባል።





ንዓባዩ፡ ነቲ ባናና፡ ነቲ ኣቑጽልቲ ባናናን ነታ ዓባይ ናይ ለኻ
 ዘንቢልን ምርኣይ ኣዘዩ ሰሓቢ እዩ። ግና ዓባዩ ናብ ኣደይ
 ለኣኸኣትኒ። “ዓባዩ በጃኺ ክርእየኪ ከተዳልዊ ከለኺ...” “ኣቲ
 ቈልዓ፡ ነቐጽ ኣይትኹኒ፡ ዝተባሃልክዮ ግበሪ።” ኢላ ግዲ በለትኒ።
 እናኹዮኹ ተመርቀናኹ።

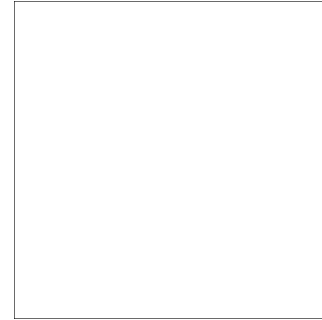
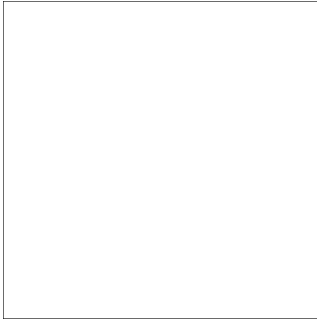
...

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.

ንጽባሒቱ፡ ዓባዩይ ኣሕምልቲ ክትቅንጥብ ኣብ ስፍራ ኣታኸልቲ ከለ
 ሰላሕ ኢላ ኣትዮ ነተን ባናና ርኣኸወን። ዳርጋ ኩለን በሲለን ነበራ።
 ኣርባዕተ ፍረ ዝነበራኣ ጥማር ክወስድ ኣይተማታእኩን። ብጽፍሪኢ
 እግረይ ሰላሕ እናበልኩ ናብ ደገ ክወጽእ ከለኹ፡ ዓባዩይ ኣብ ደገ
 ክትሰዕል ሰማዕክዋ። ነተን ባናና ኣብ ትሕቲ ክዳይሪ ሓቢኣየን
 ሓሊፊያ ከድኩ።

...

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.



ድሕሪ ክልተ መዓልቲ፡ ምርኩሳ ካብ መደቀሲ ክፍለ ከምጽኣላ
 ዓባዮይ ለኣኸትኒ። ነቲ ማዕጾ ክፍት ምስ ኣበልክዎ፡ ብርቱዕ ጨፍ
 ናይ ዝበስል ዘሎ ባናፍ ሓንጎፋይ በለኒ። እታ ናይ ዓባዮይ ዓባይ
 ትንግርታዊት ናይ ላኻ ዘንቢል ኣብ ውሽጢቲ ክፍሊ ኔራ። ብኣረጊት
 ኮቦርታ ጽቡቕ ጌራ ተሓቢኣ እያ። ኣልዕል ኣቢላ ነቲ ደስ ዘብል
 ምኡዝ ሸታ ኣሸተትክዎ።

...

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.

ዓባዮይ “እንታይ ትገብሪ ኣለኺ? ቀልጥፊ እታ ምርኩሳይ
 ኣምጽእለይ።” ኢላ ምስተዳህየትኒ ድምጻ ኣሰንበደኒ። ነታ ምርኩሳ
 ሒዘ ቀልጢፈ ወጸእኩ። “እንታይ እዩ ዘስሕቐኪኢ ዘሎ?” ኢላ
 ዓባዮይ ሓተተኒ። ነታ ትንግርታዊት ቦታኣ ብምርካብይ ተሓጉሰ ጌፍ
 ደስሕቕ ከምዝነበርኩ ካብ ሕቶኣ ተገንዘብኩ።

...

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.