





Vanjans gid siwo myèl la

The Honeyguide's revenge

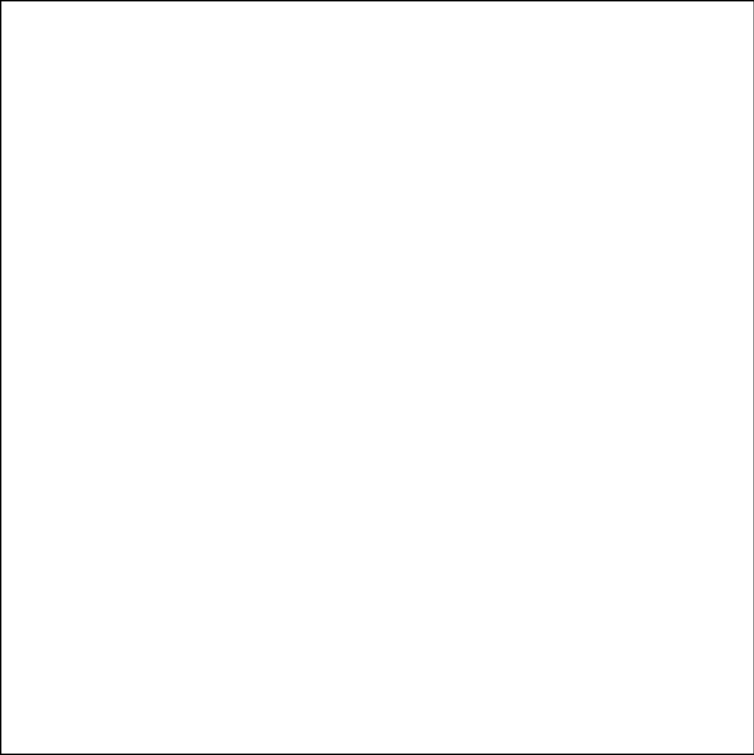
 Zulu folktale

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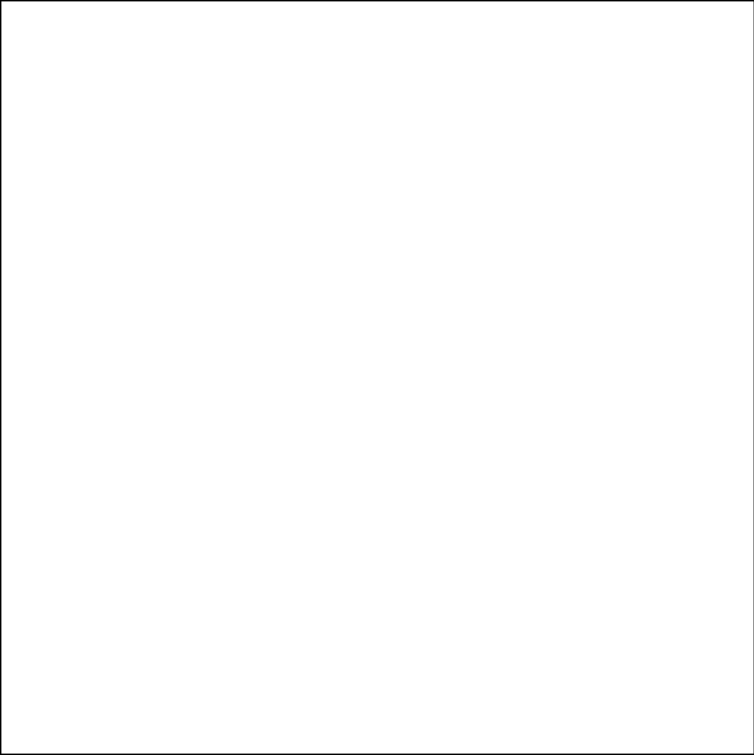
 krèyol ayisyen [ht](#) / English [en](#)



Sa a se istwa Ngede, yon gid siwo myèl, ak yon jenn gason visye ke yo rele Gingile. Yon jou pandan Gingile al lachas li tande yon apèl Ngede. Bouch Gingile kòmanse koule dlo lè li sonje siwo myèl la. Li kanpe pou'l koute pi byen, li cache jis li wè zwazo a sou pyebwa a sou tèt li. "Chitik-chitik-chitik," ti zwazo an tap chante. Li kontinye vole sou lòt pyebwa a "Chitik, chitik, chitik," li kanpe tanzantan pou'l gade si Gingile tap swiv li.

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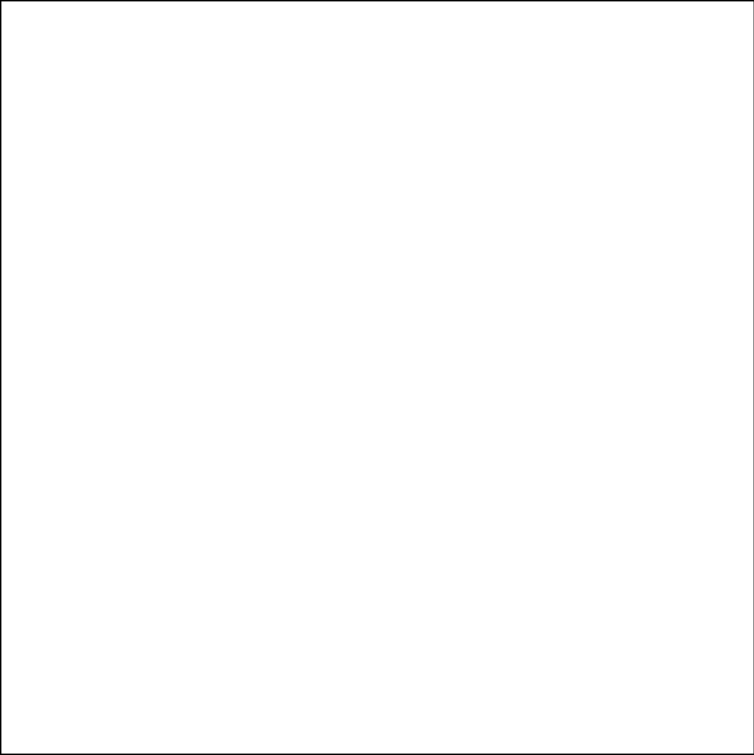
This is the story of Ngede, the Honeyguide, and a greedy young man named Gingile. One day while Gingile was out hunting he heard the call of Ngede. Gingile's mouth began to water at the thought of honey. He stopped and listened carefully, searching until he saw the bird in the branches above his head. "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.



Aprè yon demi èdtan, yo rive pre yon gwo pye fig Frans. Ngède sote san gadè dèyè sou branch yo. Lè fini li rete sou yon grenn branch epi li balanse tèt li tankou si lap di, “Men li! Vini non! Vini kounyè a, kisa kap pran konsa a?” Gingile pat kapab wè anyen anba pyebwa a men li fè Ngède konfyans.

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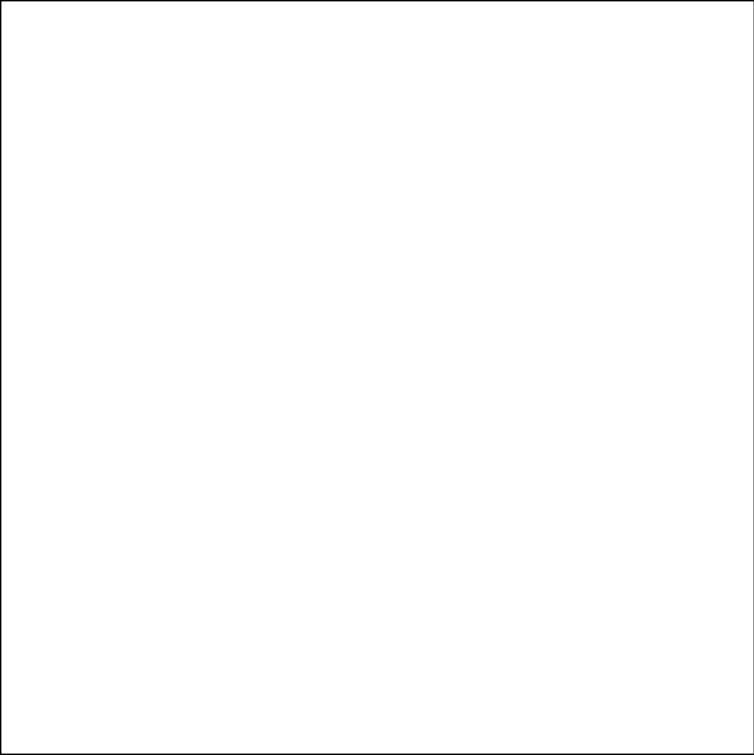
After half an hour, they reached a huge wild fig tree. Ngède hopped about madly among the branches. He then settled on one branch and cocked his head at Gingile as if to say, “Here it is! Come now! What is taking you so long?” Gingile couldn’t see any bees from under the tree, but he trusted Ngède.



Se konsa Gingile depoze fizil lachas li anba pyebwa a, li rasanble kèk ti mòso branch enpi li limen yon ti dife. Lè dife an byen pran, li mete yon frenn byen long nan mitan dife a. Tout moun konnen ke bwa sa a fè anpil lafimen lè lap boule. Nedge kòmanse grenpe pyebwa a ak baton lafimen an nan dan li.

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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.



Nan yon ti moman, li kòmanse tande bwi zèl gèp yo kap travay. Yo rantre soti nan yon trou ki nan kò pyebwa a – nich yo. Lè Gingile rive tou pre li kòmanse balanse baton lafimen nan trou pyebwa a. Gèp yo kouri soti men yo te fache anpil. Yo vole ale paske yo pat renmen lafimen an – men anvan sa a yo pike Gingile byen fò!

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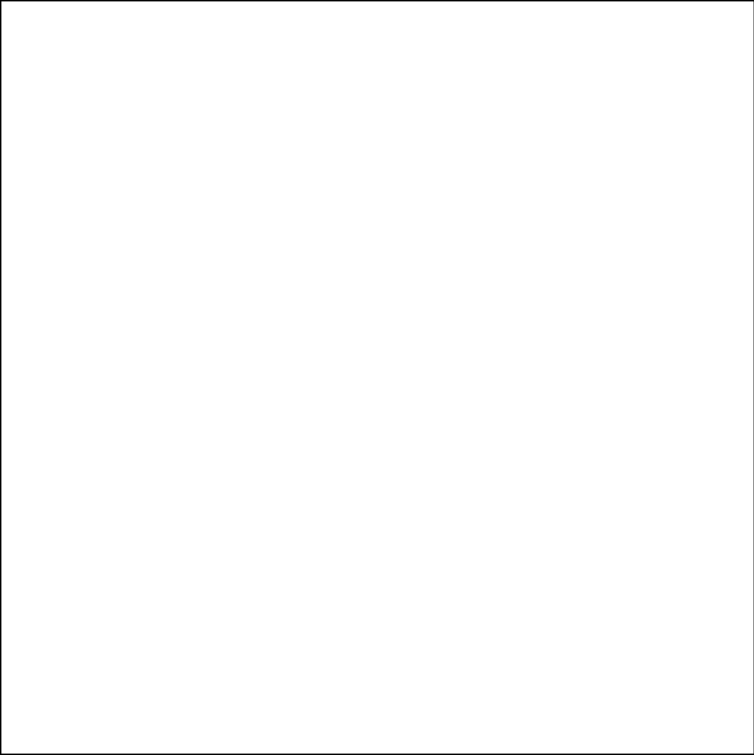
Soon he could hear the loud buzzing of the busy bees. They were coming in and out of a hollow in the tree trunk – their hive. When Gingile reached the hive he pushed the smoking end of the stick into the hollow. The bees came rushing out, angry and mean. They flew away because they didn't like the smoke – but not before they had given Gingile some painful stings!



Lè gèp yo fin sòti, Gingile mete men'l anndan nich la. Li pran yon pengn pou'l retire gwo ponyen siwo myèl rich ak tout grès blan anndan li. Li mete peny an ak prekosyon nan bèg ka ke li te gen sou zepòl li enpi li kòmanse redesann pyebwa a.

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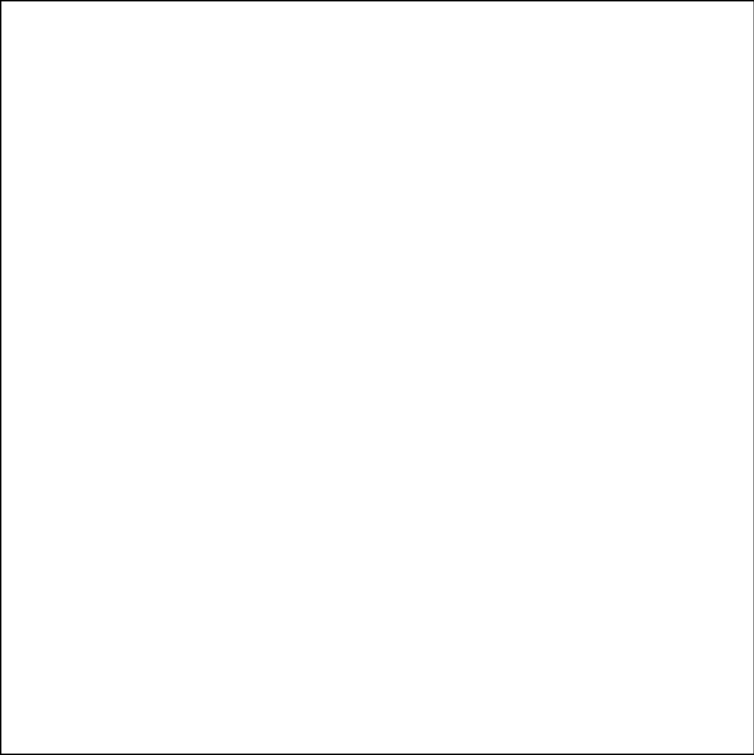
When the bees were out, Gingile pushed his hands into the nest. He took out handfuls of the heavy comb, dripping with rich honey and full of fat, white grubs. He put the comb carefully in the pouch he carried on his shoulder, and started to climb down the tree.



Ngede tap swiv ak anpil atansyon tout sa Gingile tap fè. Li tap tann ke Ngede bay li yon gwo mòso siwo myèl gra a enpi pou'l ta di li mèsi. Ngede desann branch yo rapid rapid jis li rive tou pre atè a. Lè Gingile rive anba nèt, Ngede te kanpe sou yon wòch tou pre lap tann rekonpans li.

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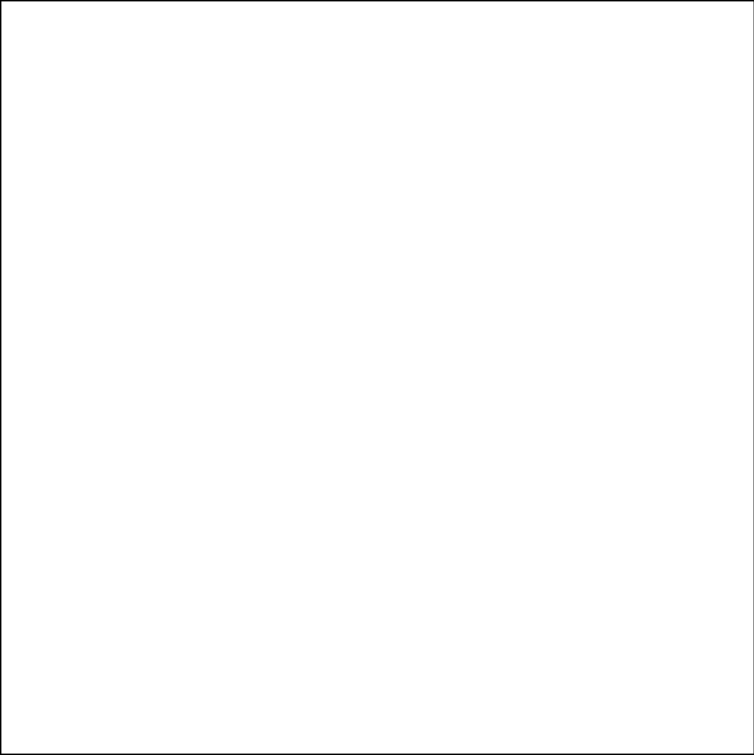
Ngede eagerly watched everything that Gingile was doing. He was waiting for him to leave a fat piece of honeycomb as a thank-you offering to the Honeyguide. Ngede flittered from branch to branch, closer and closer to the ground. Finally Gingile reached the bottom of the tree. Ngede perched on a rock near the boy and waited for his reward.



Men, Gingile etenn dife a, li ranmase frenn li epi li kòmanse mache pou'l ale lakay li san'l pa okipe zwazo a. Ngede byen fache tonbe rele "VIK-torr! VIK-torrr!" Gingile kanpe, li gade ti zwazo a enpi li pete ri "Ou vle yon ti siwo myèl zanmi mwen? Ha! Men se mwen ki fè tout travay la enpi ki pran tout piki yo. Poukisa pou'm ta ba ou menm yon ti kras nan bèl siwo myèl sa a?" Enpi, li kontinye mache. Ngede te fache serye! Se pa konsa pou yo boule avèk li! Li deside pran vanjans li sou Gingile.

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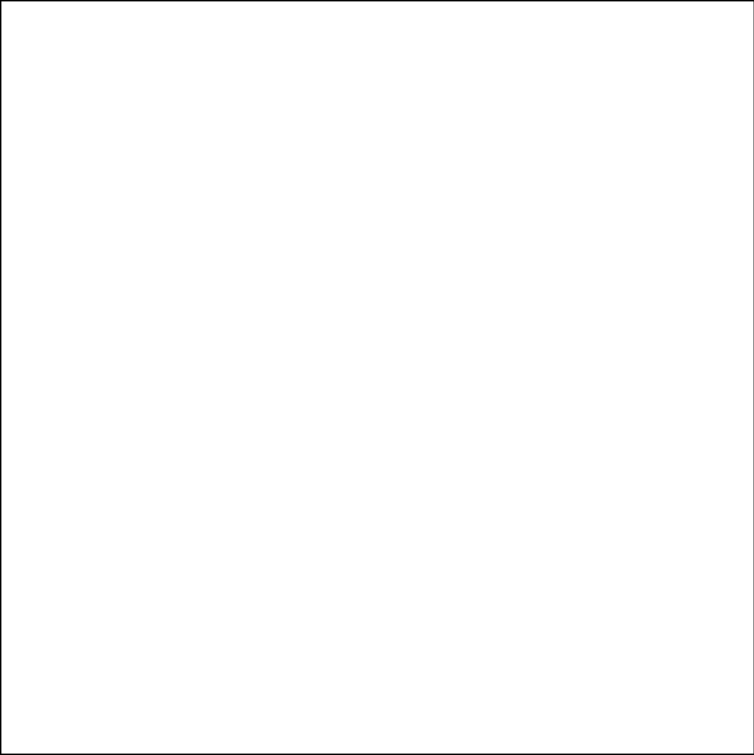
But, Gingile put out the fire, picked up his spear and started walking home, ignoring the bird. Ngede called out angrily, "VIC-torr! VIC-torrr!" Gingile stopped, stared at the little bird and laughed aloud. "You want some honey, do you, my friend? Ha! But I did all the work, and got all the stings. Why should I share any of this lovely honey with you?" Then he walked off. Ngede was furious! This was no way to treat him! But he would get his revenge.



Yon jou, plizyè semèn pita, Gingile tande yon lòt apèl Ngede pou siwo myèl. Li sonje bon gou siwo myèl la enpi li swiv ti zwazo a yon lòt fwa ankò. Lè ti zwazo a fin mennen Gingile nan rebò rakbwa a, Ngede kanpe pou'l pran yon ti repo anba yon pye pikan. "Ah, gen lè se la nich la ye" Gingil byen vit fè ti dife epi li kòmanse grenpe pyebwa a ak branch lafimen an nan dan li. Ngede chita lap gade.

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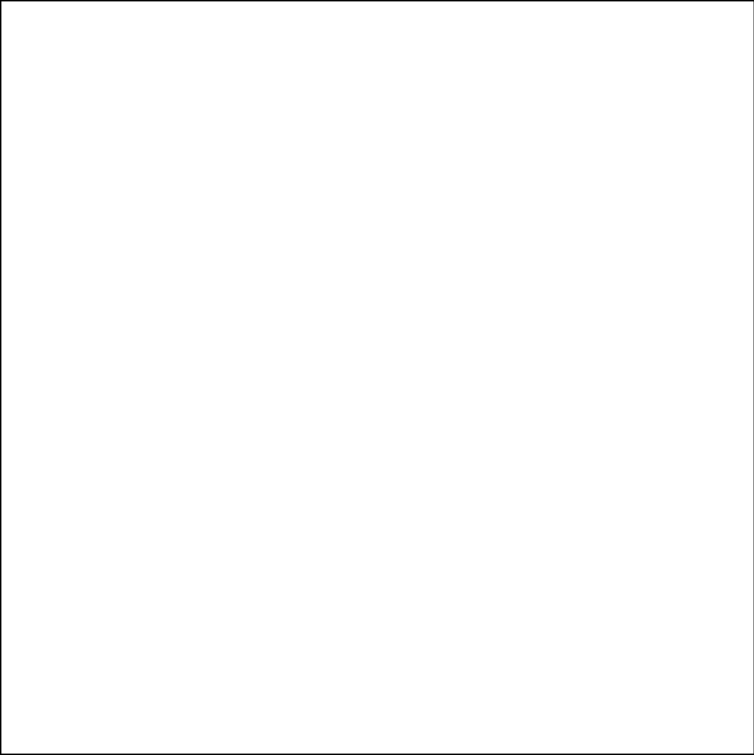
One day several weeks later Gingile again heard the honey call of Ngede. He remembered the delicious honey, and eagerly followed the bird once again. After leading Gingile along the edge of the forest, Ngede stopped to rest in a great umbrella thorn. "Ahh," thought Gingile. "The hive must be in this tree." He quickly made his small fire and began to climb, the smoking branch in his teeth. Ngede sat and watched.



Pandan Gingile ap grenpe lap mande tèt li poukisa li pa tande bwi zèl gèp yo kap travay. “Petèt nich la nan fon pyebwa a,” li vin reflechi. Li monte sou yon lòt branch men olye nich la li jwenn bappoubap ak yon leyopa! Leyopa a pat kontan paske li tap dòmi lè yo vin deranje li. Li plise je'l enpi li louvri bouch li byen gran pou'l montre gwosè ak lajè dan li.

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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.



Gingile kouri desann pyebwa anvan Leyopa a bay li yon kout pat. Nan prese li te manke yon branch, li ateri ak yon gwo bwi enpi li foule pye li. Li pati kouri sou vye pye an. Chans pou li leyopa a te gen dòmi nan je'l. Se konsa gid siwo myèl la pran vanjans li. Gingile aprann leson li.

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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.



Kidonk, lè pitit Gingile tande istwa Ngede a yo respete ti zwazo a. Lè yal rekòlte myèl yo toujou kite pigwo mòso a pour Gid siwo myèl la.

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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!



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