




Bestemors bananar

Grandma's bananas

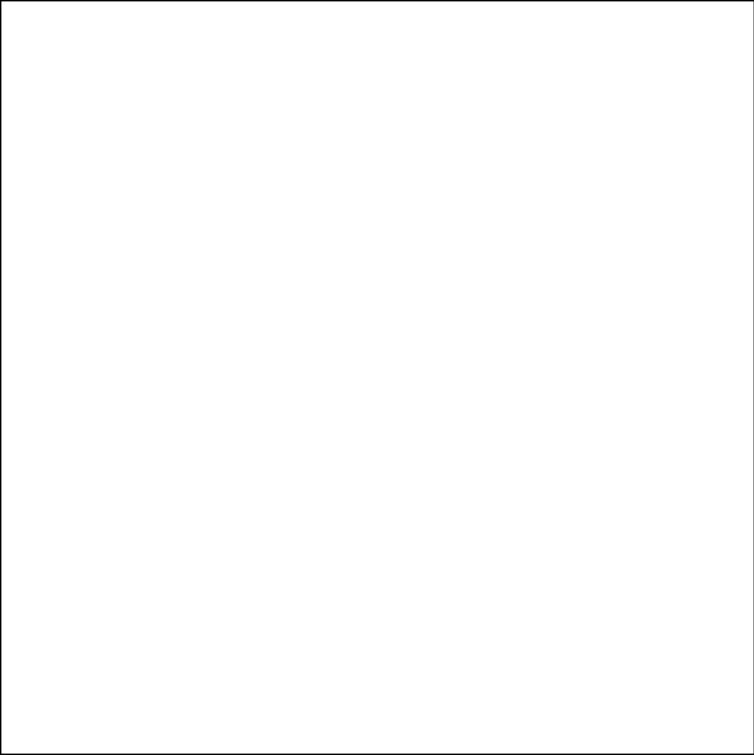
 Ursula Nafula

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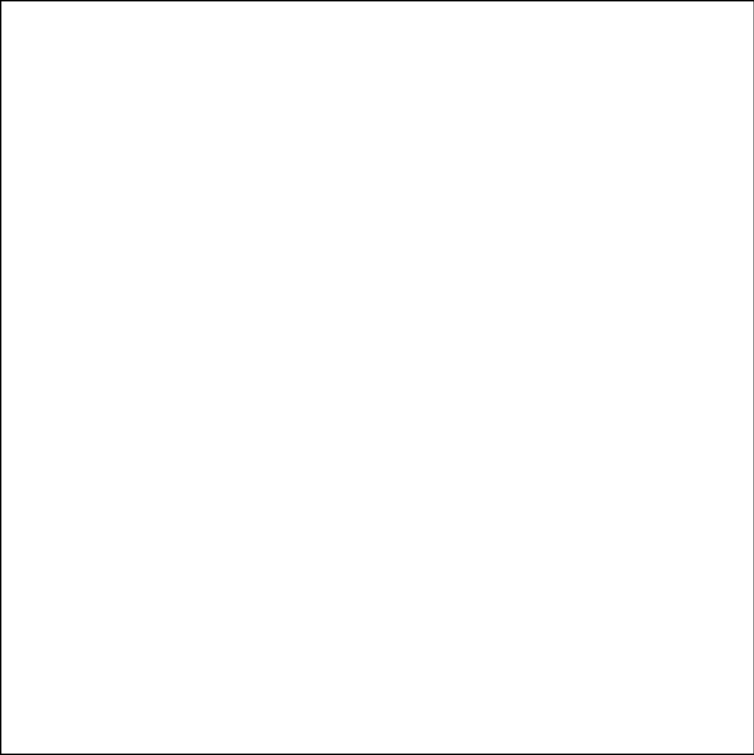
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Kjøkkenhagen til bestemor var full av durra, hirse og maniok. Men best av alt var bananane. Sjølv om bestemor hadde mange barneborn, visste eg i all løyndom at eg var favoritten hennar. Ho inviterte meg ofte heim til seg. Ho fortalde meg òg små løyndomar. Men det var éin løyndom ho ikkje delte med meg: kor ho mogna bananane.

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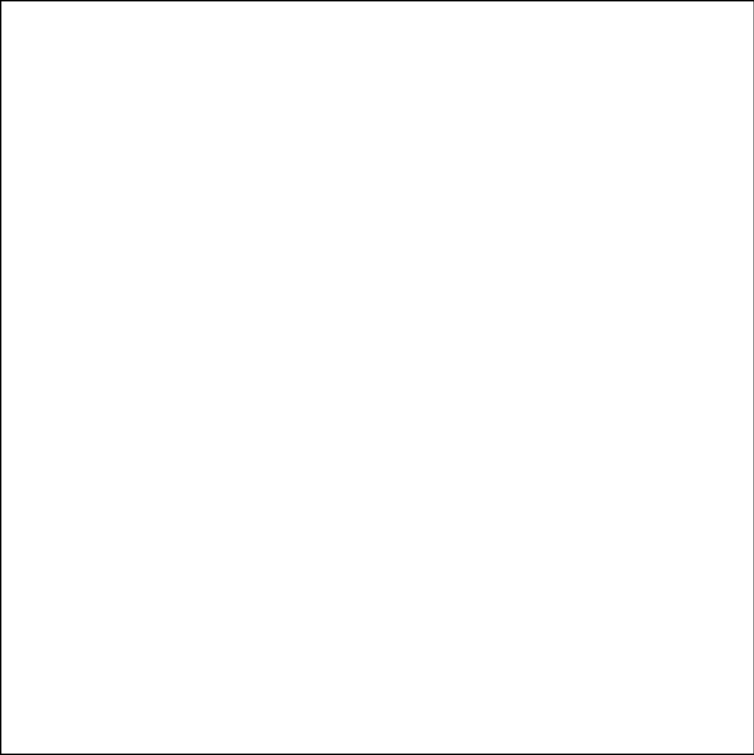
Grandma's garden was wonderful, full of sorghum, millet, and cassava. But best of all were the bananas. Although Grandma had many grandchildren, I secretly knew that I was her favourite. She invited me often to her house. She also told me little secrets. But there was one secret she did not share with me: where she ripened bananas.



Ein dag såg eg ei stor stråkorg som stod plassert utanfor huset til bestemor. Då eg spurde kva ho var meint for, fekk eg svaret: «Det er den magiske korga mi.» Ved sida av korga var det fleire bananblad, som bestemor snudde frå tid til annan. Eg var nysgjerrig: «Kva brukar du blada til, bestemor?» spurde eg. Det einaste svaret eg fekk, var: «Dei er dei magiske blada mine.»

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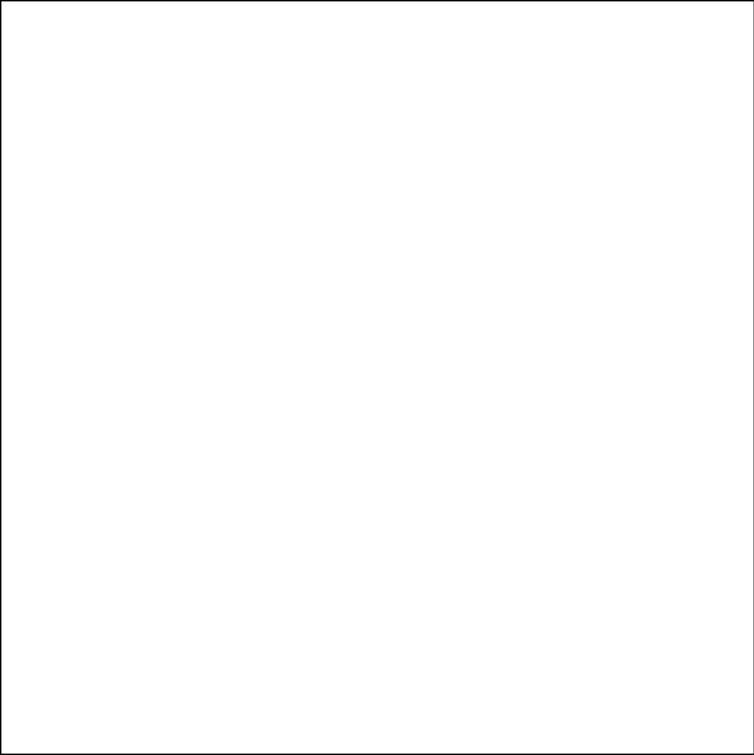
One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the sun outside Grandma's house. When I asked what it was for, the only answer I got was, "It's my magic basket." Next to the basket, there were several banana leaves that Grandma turned from time to time. I was curious. "What are the leaves for, Grandma?" I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



Det var så interessant å sjå på bestemor, bananane, bananblada og den store stråkorga. Men bestemor sende meg av garde til mamma for eit ærend. «Bestemor, ver så snill, la meg få sjå på medan du førebur ...» «Ikkje ver så sta, jenta mi, gjer det du har vorte bede om», insisterte ho. Eg sprang av garde.

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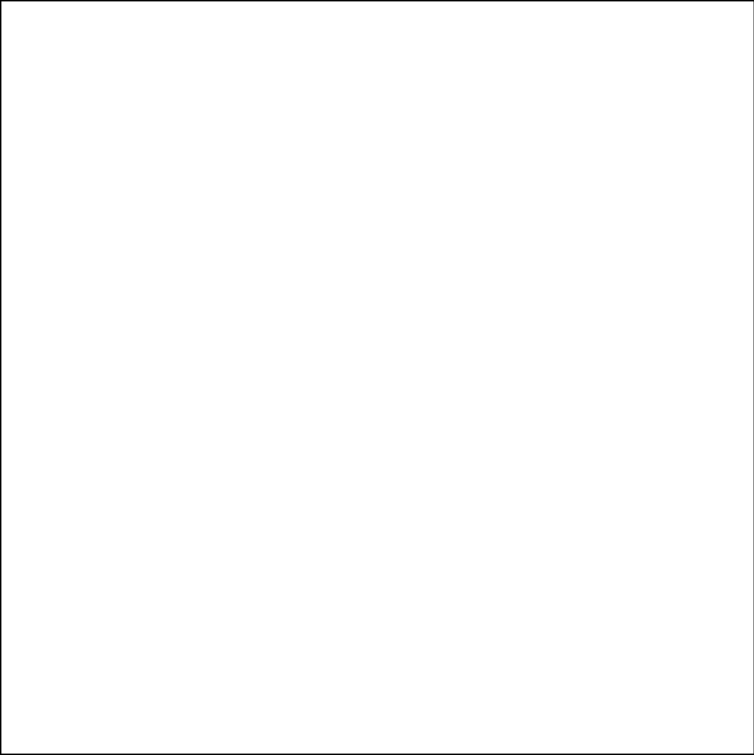
It was so interesting watching Grandma, the bananas, the banana leaves and the big straw basket. But Grandma sent me off to my mother on an errand. "Grandma, please, let me watch as you prepare..." "Don't be stubborn, child, do as you are told," she insisted. I took off running.



Då eg kom tilbake, sat bestemor utanfor, men med verken korga eller bananane. «Bestemor, kor er korga, kor er bananane, og kor ...» Men det einaste svaret eg fekk, var: «Dei er på den magiske staden min.» Det var så skuffande!

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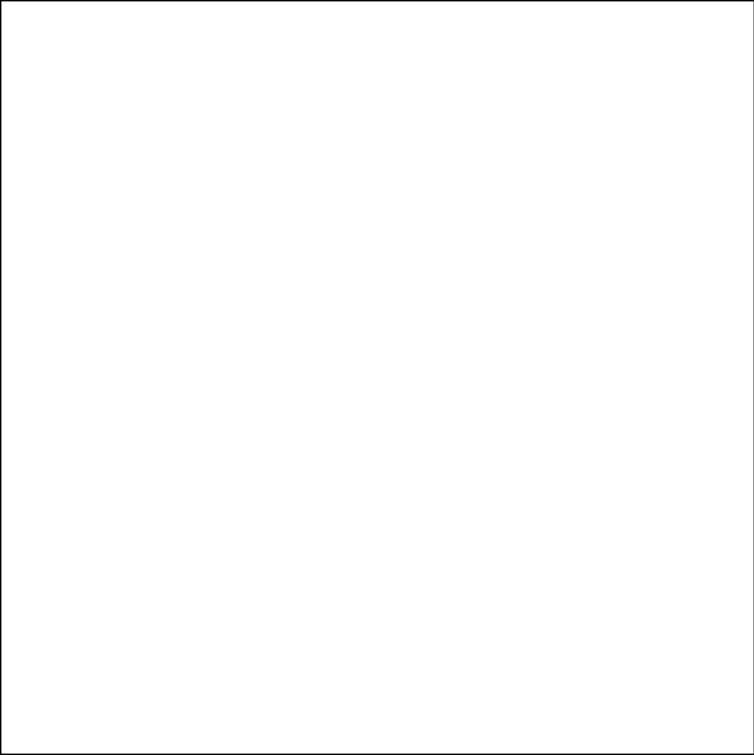
When I returned, Grandma was sitting outside but with neither the basket nor the bananas. “Grandma, where is the basket, where are all the bananas, and where...” But the only answer I got was, “They are in my magic place.” It was so disappointing!



To dagar seinare bad bestemor meg om å henta stokken hennar frå soverommet. Så snart eg opna døra, vart eg møtt av den sterke lukta av modne bananar. I det inste rommet var den store magiske stråkorga til bestemor. Han var godt gøymd av eit gammalt teppe. Eg løfta det og lukta på den vedunderlege angen.

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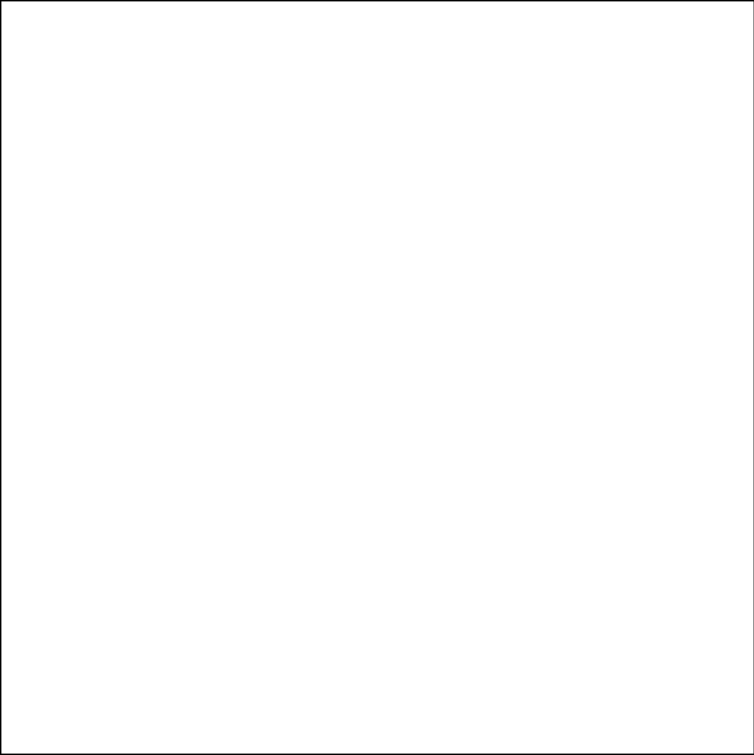
Two days later, Grandma sent me to fetch her walking stick from her bedroom. As soon as I opened the door, I was welcomed by the strong smell of ripening bananas. In the inner room was grandma's big magic straw basket. It was well hidden by an old blanket. I lifted it and sniffed that glorious smell.



Stemma til bestemor skremde meg då ho ropte: «Kva held du på med?» «Skund deg og ta med stokken.» Eg skunda meg ut med stokken hennar. «Kva er det du smiler for?» spurde bestemor. Spørsmålet hennar fekk meg til å innsjå at eg enno smilte over oppdaginga av den magiske staden hennar.

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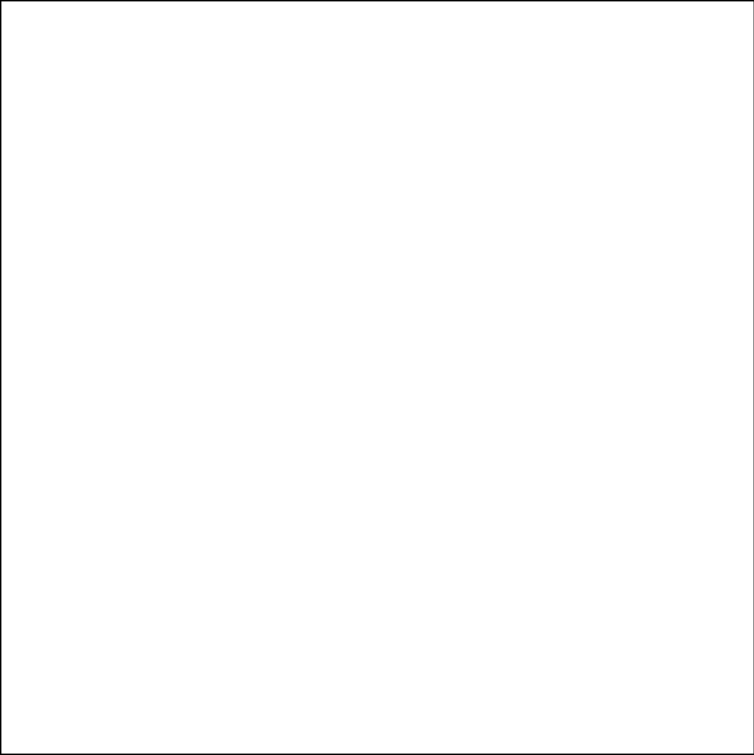
Grandma's voice startled me when she called, "What are you doing? Hurry up and bring me the stick." I hurried out with her walking stick. "What are you smiling about?" Grandma asked. Her question made me realise that I was still smiling at the discovery of her magic place.



Neste dag, då bestemor kom for å vitja mor mi, skunda eg meg av garde til huset hennar for å sjekka bananane ein gong til. Det var ein klase veldig modne bananar der. Eg tok éin og gøymde den i kjolen min. Etter at eg hadde dekt korga, gjekk eg bak huset og åt den fort. Det var den søtaste bananen eg nokosinne hadde smakt.

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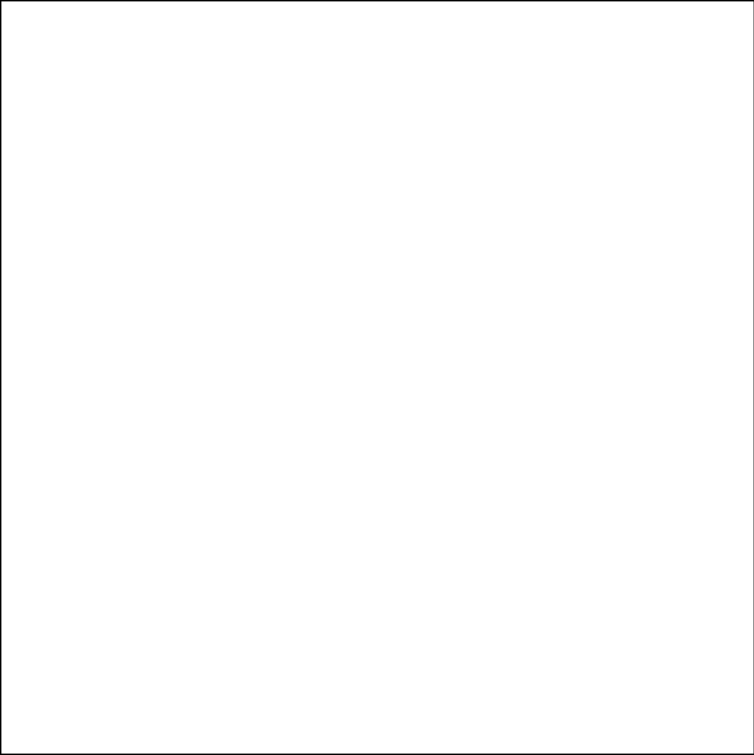
The following day when grandma came to visit my mother, I rushed to her house to check the bananas once more. There was a bunch of very ripe ones. I picked one and hid it in my dress. After covering the basket again, I went behind the house and quickly ate it. It was the sweetest banana I had ever tasted.



Neste dag medan bestemor var i kjøkkenhagen og plukka grønsaker, sneik eg meg inn og titta på bananane. Nesten alle var modne. Eg kunne ikkje la vera å ta ein klase med fire. I det eg lista meg mot døra, hørde eg bestemor hosta utanfor. Eg rekte så vidt å gøyma bananane under kjolen og gjekk forbi henne.

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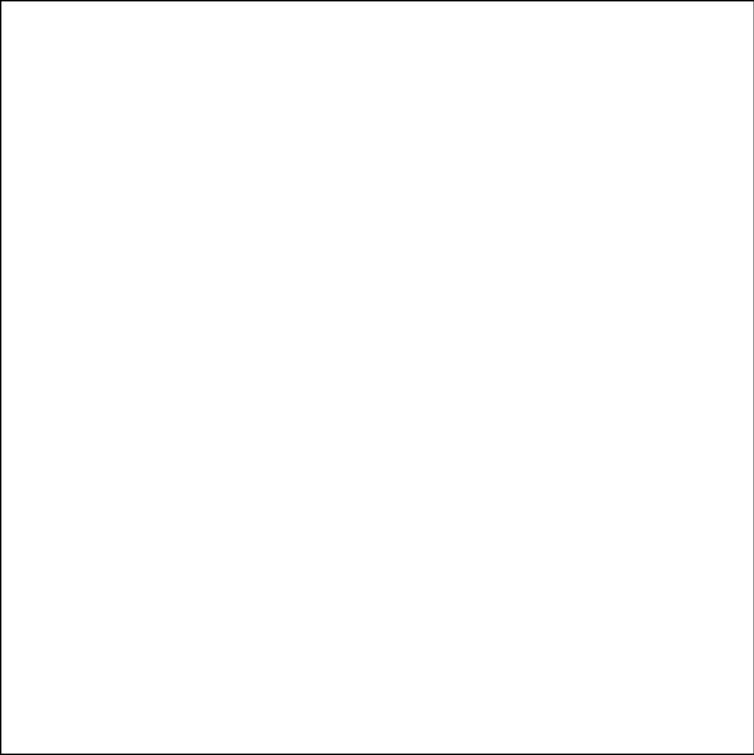
The following day, when grandma was in the garden picking vegetables, I sneaked in and peered at the bananas. Nearly all were ripe. I couldn't help taking a bunch of four. As I tiptoed towards the door, I heard grandma coughing outside. I just managed to hide the bananas under my dress and walked past her.



Neste dag var det marknadsdag. Bestemor stod tidleg opp. Ho tok alltid med modne bananar og maniok for å selja på marknaden. Eg skunda meg ikkje for å vitja henne den dagen. Men eg kunne ikkje vika unna henne veldig lenge.

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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.



Seinare den kvelden sende mor, far og bestemor bod etter meg. Eg visste kvifor. Då eg la meg til å sova den natta, visste eg at eg ikkje kunne stela igjen, ikkje frå bestemor, ikkje frå foreldra mine, og definitivt ikkje frå nokon andre.

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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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