


## Nthochi za Agogo

### Grandma's bananas

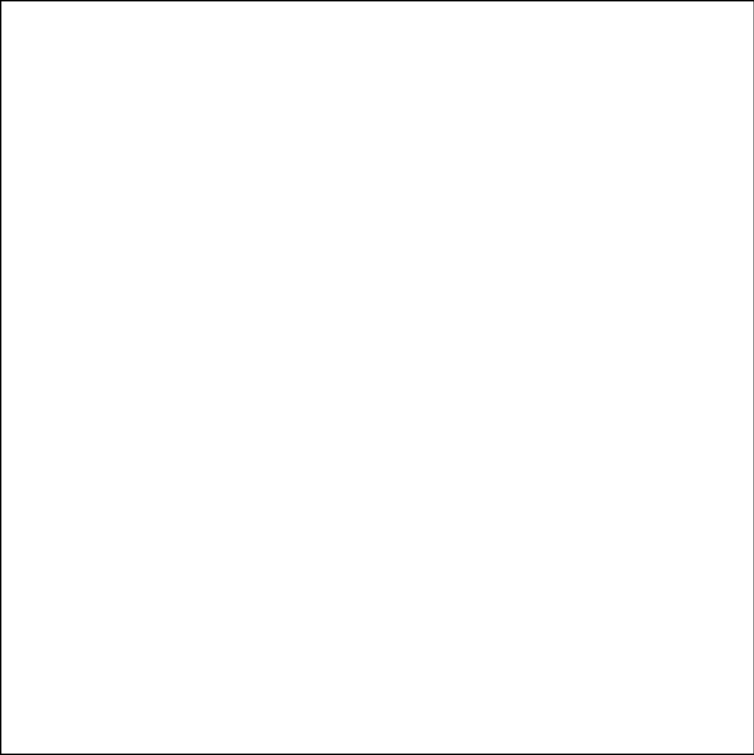
 Ursula Nafula

 Catherine Groenewald

 David Sani Mwanza

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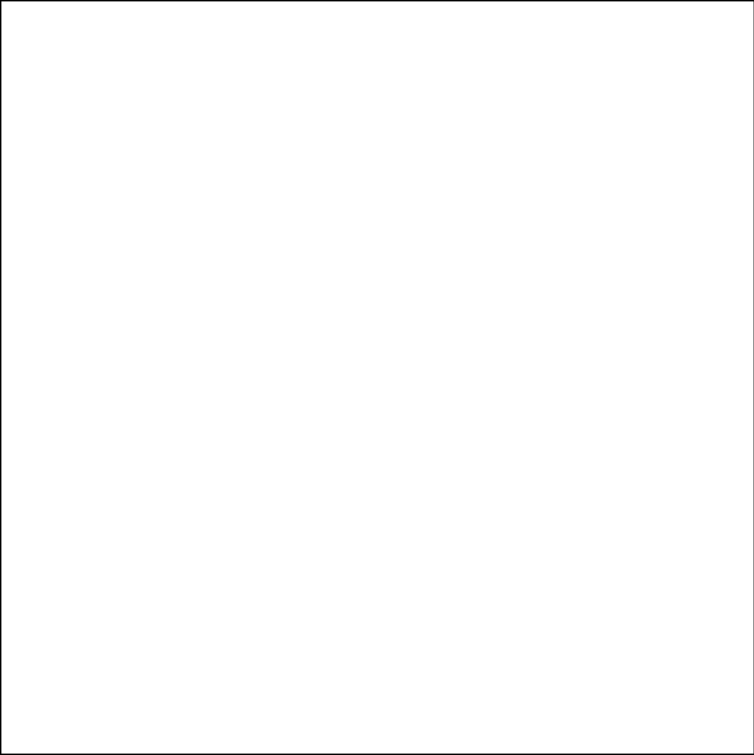
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Dimba ya agogo inali yabwino, ili ndi mapila ndi manyuchi ndi tute. Koma zabwino kuposa zonse zinali nthochi. Angakhale kuti agogo anali ndi ana azukulu ambiri, ndinaziwa kuti ndinali wapa mtima wao. Anali kunditana kawiri kawiri kunyumba yao. Anandiuza zachisinsi. Koma kunali chisinsi chimozi chomwe sanandiuze: kwamene anasungila nthochi kuti zipsye.

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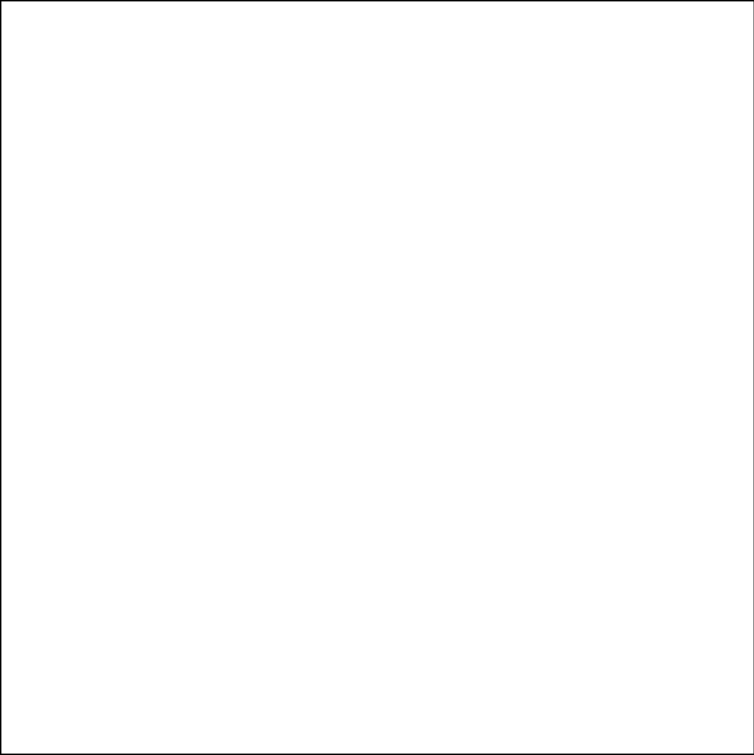
Grandma's garden was wonderful, full of sorghum, millet, and cassava. But best of all were the bananas. Although Grandma had many grandchildren, I secretly knew that I was her favourite. She invited me often to her house. She also told me little secrets. But there was one secret she did not share with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



Tsiku lina, ndinaona nswanda ili pa dzuwa panja pa nyumba ya agogo. Pamene ndinafunsa nchito yake ya nswanda, yankho inali yakuti, “Ndi nswanda yanga yamasenga.” Pafupi ndi nswanda, panali mayani a nthochi yomwe agogo anayikamo nthawi ndi nthawi. Ndinali ndi mafunso ambiri. “Kodi mayani ndi achani?ndinafunsa. Yankho yomwe anandipasa ndiyakuti, “ndi mayani anga a masenga.”

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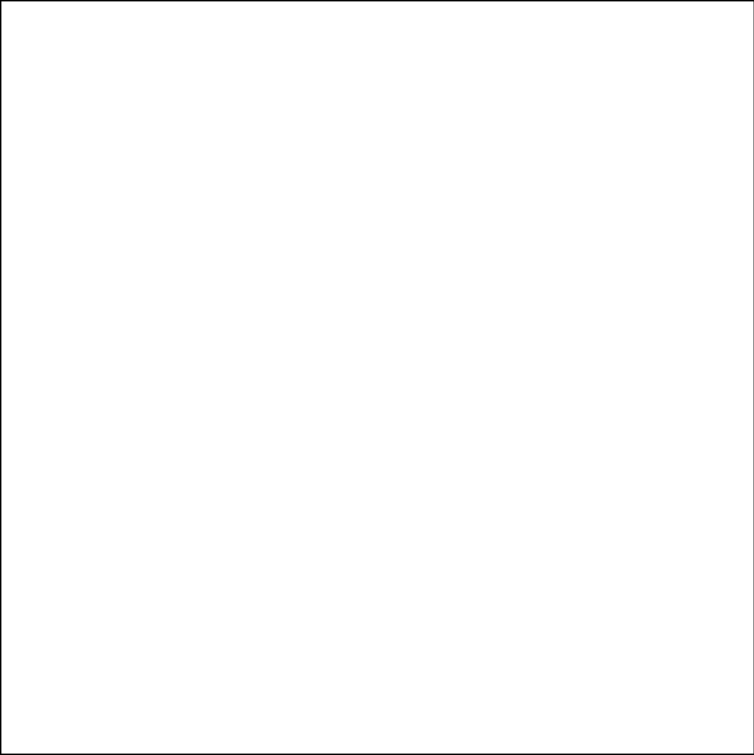
One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the sun outside Grandma’s house. When I asked what it was for, the only answer I got was, “It’s my magic basket.” Next to the basket, there were several banana leaves that Grandma turned from time to time. I was curious. “What are the leaves for, Grandma?” I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



Chinali chosangalasa kuona agogo anga, nthochi, mayani a nthochi ndi nswanda yaikulu. Koma agogo anandituma kutipita kwa amai anga. “Agogo, chonde, lekani ndikhale nainu pamene mukonzeka...” “Osachita nthota, mwana, chita zomwe ndakuuza,” anakakamiza. Ndinanyamuka ndi liwiri.

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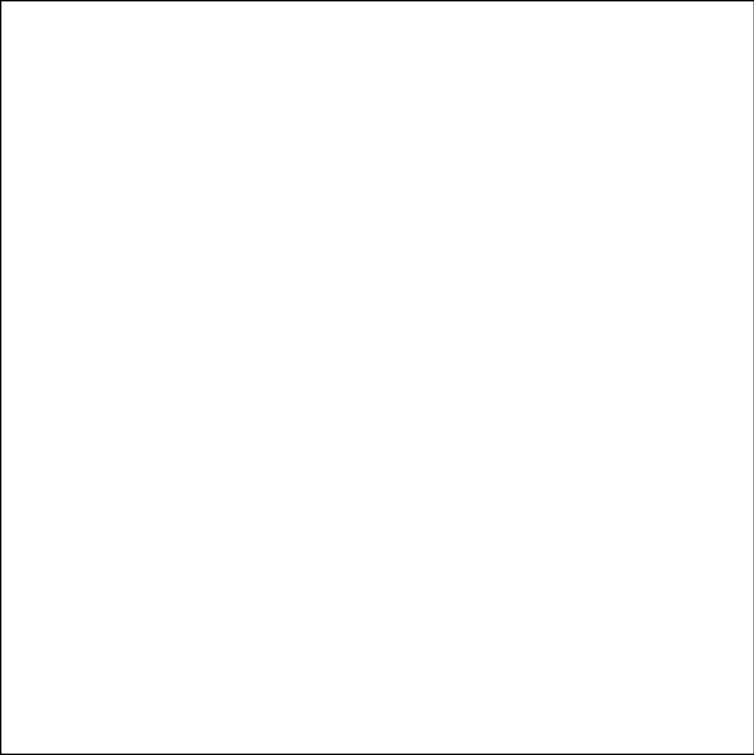
It was so interesting watching Grandma, the bananas, the banana leaves and the big straw basket. But Grandma sent me off to my mother on an errand. “Grandma, please, let me watch as you prepare...” “Don’t be stubborn, child, do as you are told,” she insisted. I took off running.



Pamene ndinabwelera, agogo anali khale panja koma analibe nthochi . “Agogo, kodi nswanda ili kuti, nthozhi zonse zili kuti, ndipo ali kuti...”Koma yankho yomwe anandipatsa ndi yakuti, “zonse zili mu malo anga amasenga.” Zinali zokhumudwitsa.

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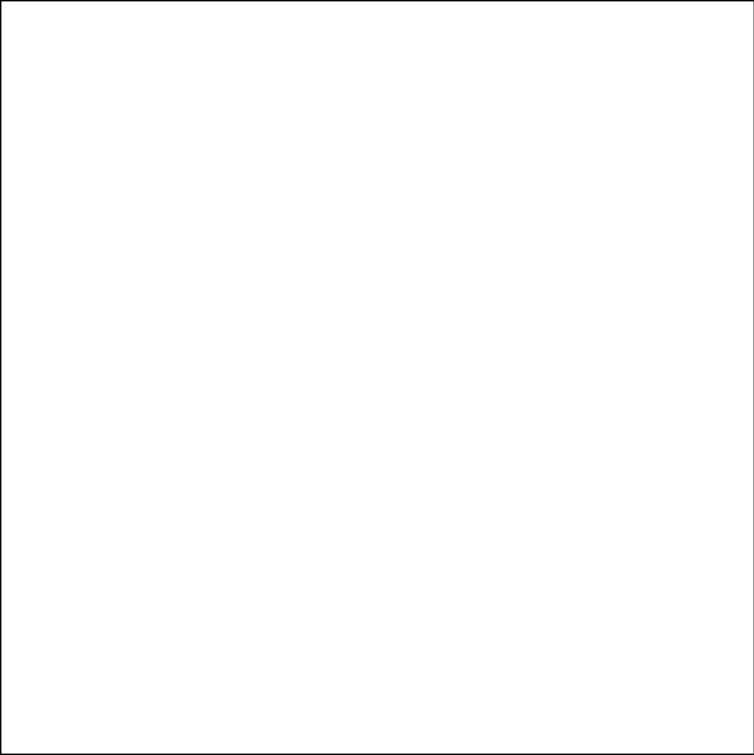
When I returned, Grandma was sitting outside but with neither the basket nor the bananas. “Grandma, where is the basket, where are all the bananas, and where...” But the only answer I got was, “They are in my magic place.” It was so disappointing!



Patapita masiku awiri, agogo anandituma kukatenga ndodo yao kuchoka ku chipindi chao chogonamo. Pamene ndinasegula chiitseko, ndinamva nthochi kununkhira. Mukati mwa chipinda munali nswanda ya masenga ya agogo. Inali yobisika ndi gombeza wakale. Ndinasegula ndipo ndinamva kunkhira kokoma.

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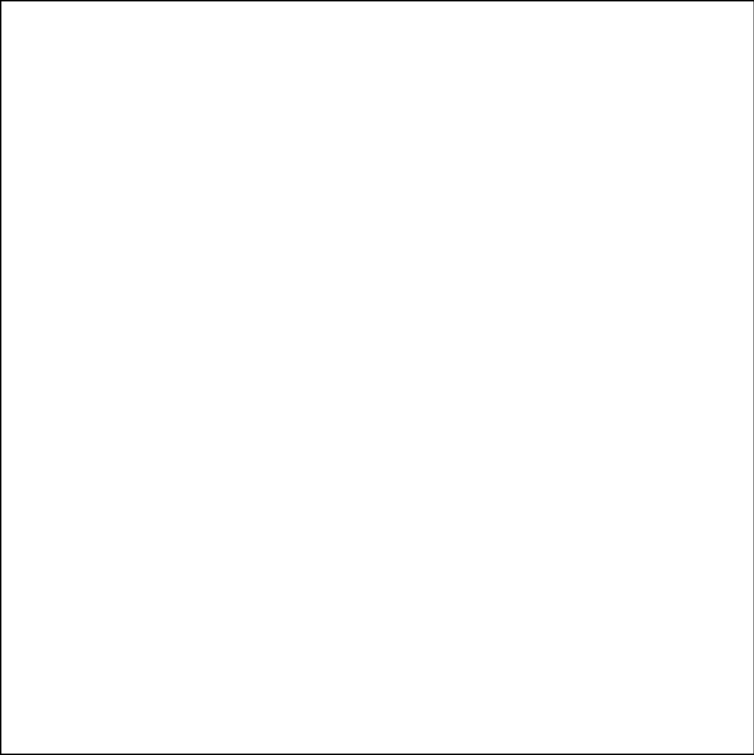
Two days later, Grandma sent me to fetch her walking stick from her bedroom. As soon as I opened the door, I was welcomed by the strong smell of ripening bananas. In the inner room was grandma's big magic straw basket. It was well hidden by an old blanket. I lifted it and sniffed that glorious smell.



Mau a agogo anandiopsyia pamene anati, “Uchita chani? Fulumira bweletsa ndodo.” Ndinapita panja mofulumira kupeleka ndodo. “Umwetulira chani?” Agogo anafunsa. Funsa yao inandidizwisa kuti ndinali kumwetulira nthochi zomwe ndinaona mumalo a masenga.

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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.

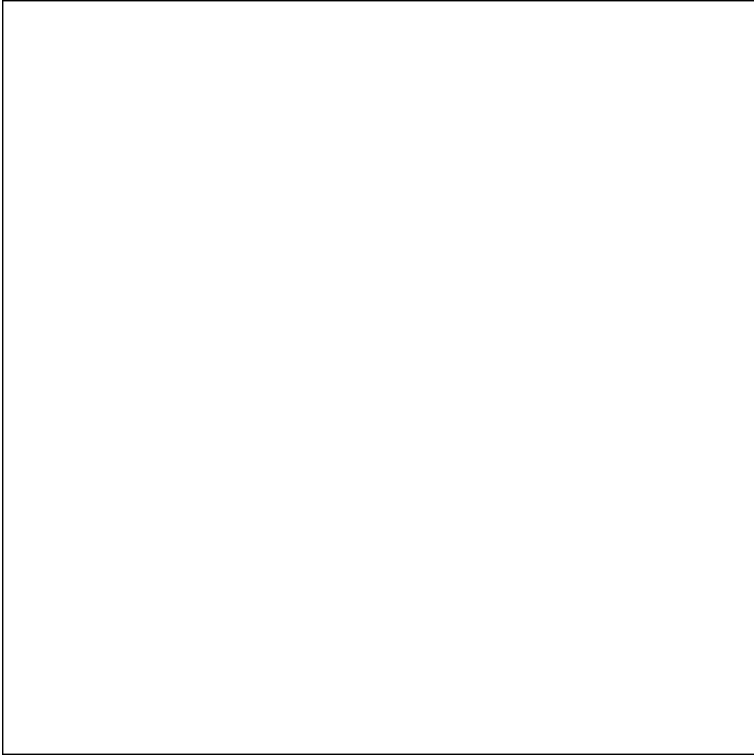


Tsika losatirapo pamene agogo anabwela kutandalira amai, ndinathamgira ku nyumba yao kukaonanso nthochi. Panali zina zomwe zinapsya kwambiri. Ndinatengapo imozi ndi kuibisa mu delesi yanga. Pambuyo pakutseka nswanda, ndinapita kuseli kwa nyumba ndipo ndinadya nthochi mofulumira. Inali nthochi yonzuna kuposa nthochi zonse zomwe ndinalawapo.

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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.

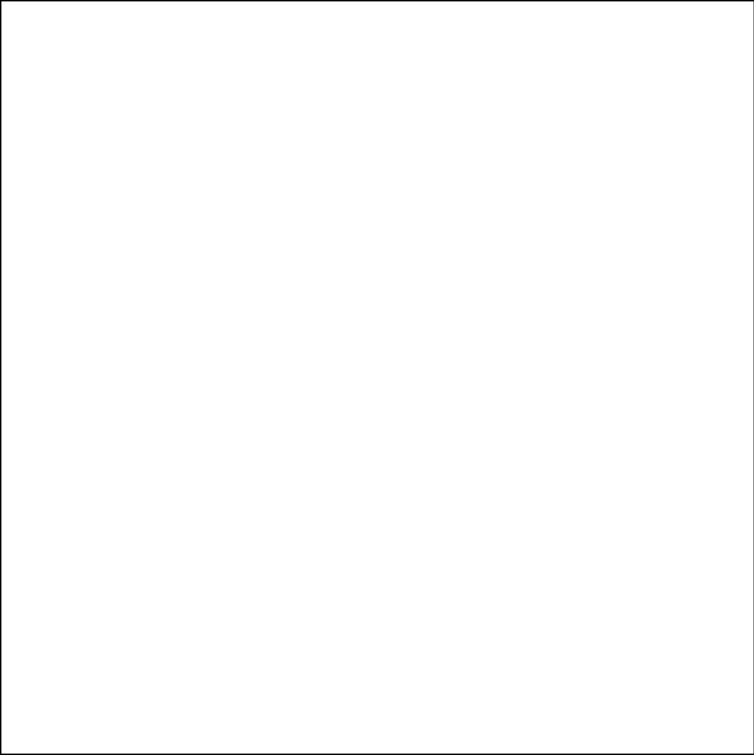




Tsiku lotsatirapo, pamane agogo anali mu dimba kutenga ndiwo zamasamba, ndinalowa munyumba mwakabisila ndikuona nthochi. Pafupi fupi zonse zinali zakupsya. Ndinatengapo zinai. Pamene ndinali kupita ku chotseko mwakachetechete, ndinamva agogo akhosomola panja. Ndinabisa nthochi mu delesi langa ndipo ndinawapitilira.

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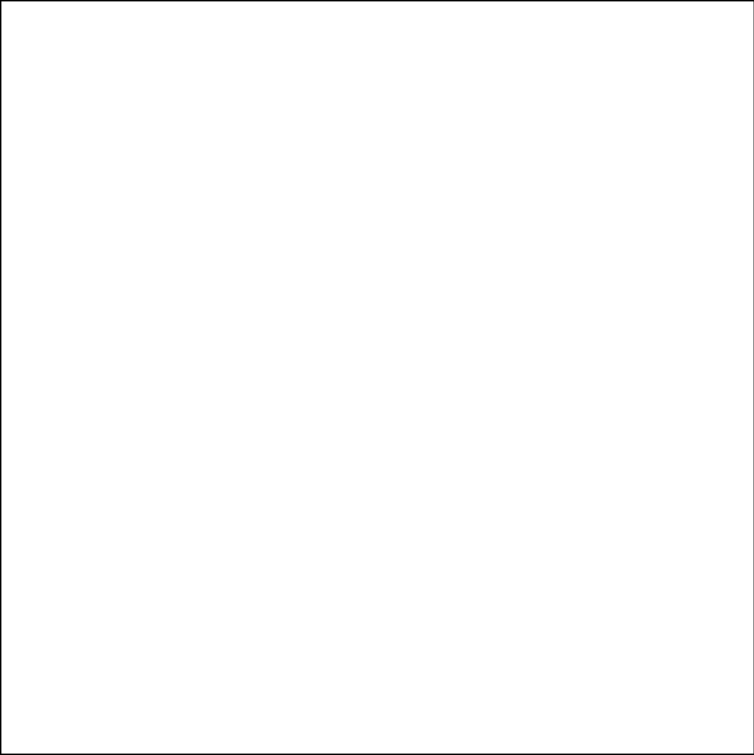
The following day, when grandma was in the garden picking vegetables, I sneaked in and peered at the bananas. Nearly all were ripe. I couldn't help taking a bunch of four. As I tiptoed towards the door, I heard grandma coughing outside. I just managed to hide the bananas under my dress and walked past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



Tsiku lotsatirapo inali tsiku lopita ku msika. Agogo anauka msanga. Anali kutenga nthochi zakupsya ndi tute kukagulisa pa mtsika. Sindinafulumire kuwatsatira tsika lija. Koma sindinakwanise kukhala kopanda iwo.

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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.



M'madzulo tsiku lija, amai ndi atate ndi agogo anandiitana. Ndinadziwa chomwe anali kundiitanira. Utsiku uja pamene ndinagona pansi, ndinadziwa kuti sinzakabwelezapo kubela agogo, makolo anga kapena munthu wina ali yense.

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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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