





Muzaa Akko

Grandma's bananas

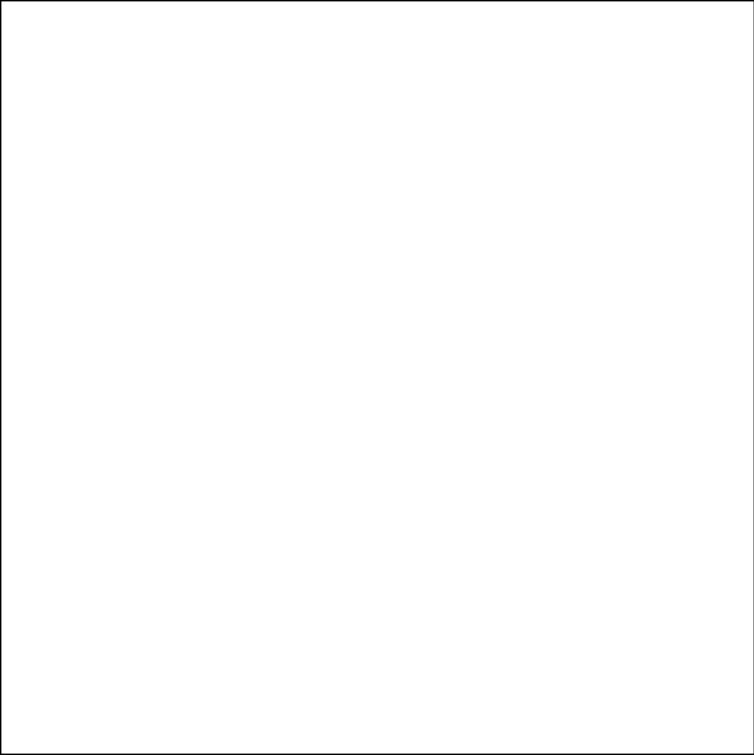
 Ursula Nafula

 Catherine Groenewald

 Demoze Degefa

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 Afan Oromo om / English en



Oddoon akko dansaa dha. Mashiilaa, kaazzava fi boqqollo ofirra qaba. keesaa bayee dansaa kanture muzaa. Akkoo akakile bayee qaabatulle ana akka sirritti najalatu nanbeeka. Ana yeroo bayee gara mana isheeti naaferiti. Icciti xinnos natti himitee jirti. Iciittin tokko garu nijira kan isheen natti hinhimini. innis;" Muzaa akka issa argatudha."

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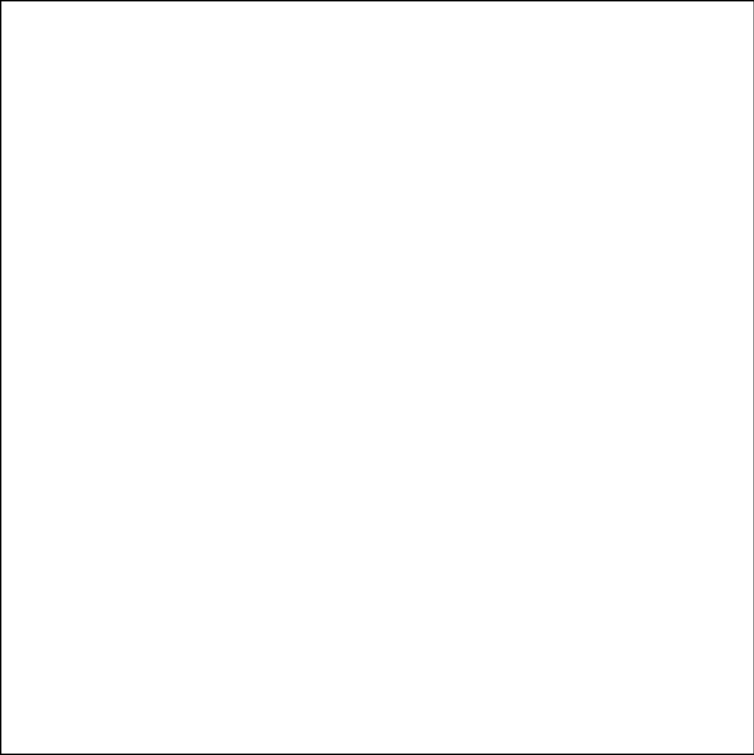
Grandma's garden was wonderful, full of sorghum, millet, and cassava. But best of all were the bananas. Although Grandma had many grandchildren, I secretly knew that I was her favourite. She invited me often to her house. She also told me little secrets. But there was one secret she did not share with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



Gaftokko kircaata gudda tokko mana akko kiyya duratin arge. Yeroon fayidaa isaa gafadhu, deebiin isheedha; “Kircaata falfalati,” nanajette. Kircaata sanati anna balaa muzaa bayee tu ture. Waansa baruun barbadee, “Akko balli kun malsigodhaa?” jedheen gafadhe. Deebin ani argadhe: “Isaan kun balaa falfalati.”

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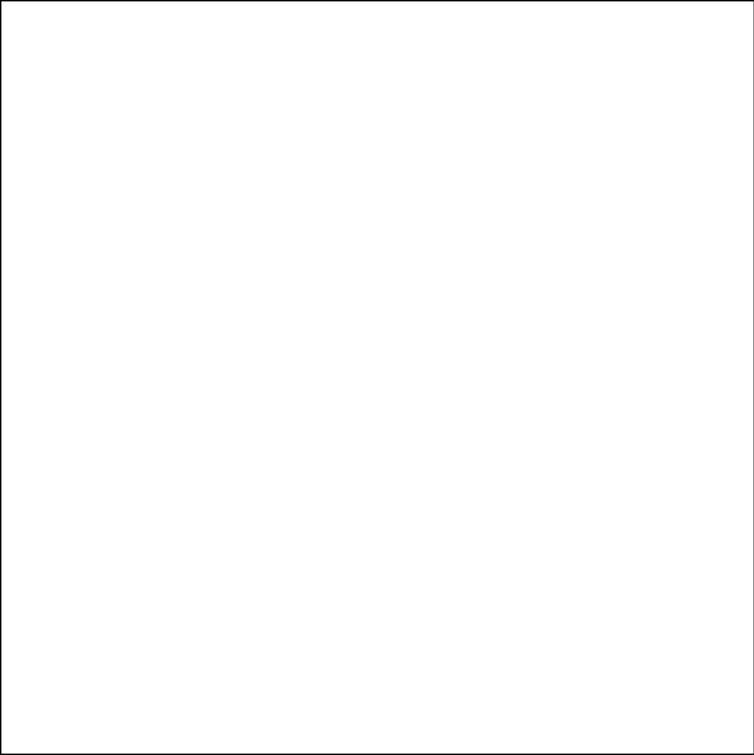
One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the sun outside Grandma’s house. When I asked what it was for, the only answer I got was, “It’s my magic basket.” Next to the basket, there were several banana leaves that Grandma turned from time to time. I was curious. “What are the leaves for, Grandma?” I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



Akko, muzaa, bala muzaa, fi Kircaata magraa ilaalu bayee gemechisaadha. Garu akkon wabalesse jennan gara harmee koti na'ergite." Akko me yeroo ati qophesitu ya ilaalu..." "Dubbi namani sinjedhu dhagahi akkan ani sinjedhe godhi" Jete didde akkon. Anis figeen demee.

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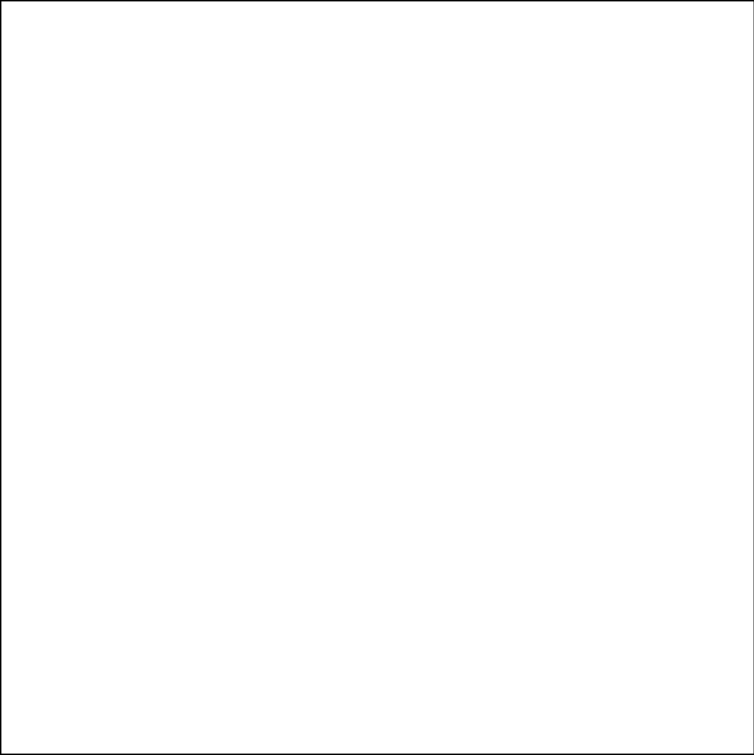
It was so interesting watching Grandma, the bananas, the banana leaves and the big straw basket. But Grandma sent me off to my mother on an errand. "Grandma, please, let me watch as you prepare..." "Don't be stubborn, child, do as you are told," she insisted. I took off running.



Yeroon debi'uu akkon ala qofaa ishee techi. "Akko kircaani
esssa, muzuni ho?" Deebin ishee garu, "Hundi isani lafa
falfala kiyya jiran." Bayee nama aarsa.

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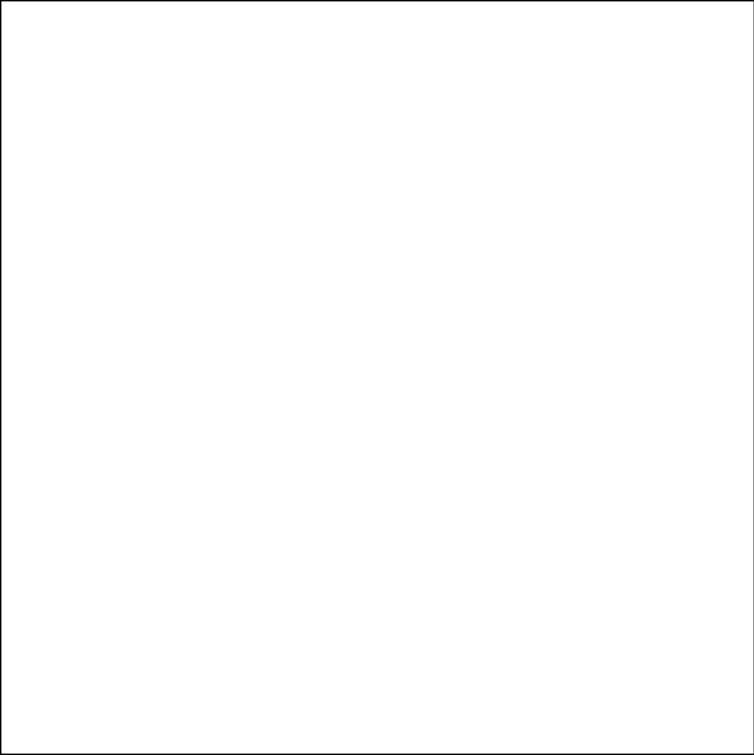
When I returned, Grandma was sitting outside but with
neither the basket nor the bananas. "Grandma, where is
the basket, where are all the bananas, and where..." But the
only answer I got was, "They are in my magic place." It was
so disappointing!



Guyyaa lama booda akkon ulee ishee mana cisiicha isheeti akkan fidhuf nagafate. Akkuman mana seenen foliin muzaa bilchaata na hawwate. Gara boroo kessa immo Kircaani marga akko kootii nimuldhata. Uffata halkani duloomadha maramee jira. Olkaseen folii hawwataa sana dhamdamee.

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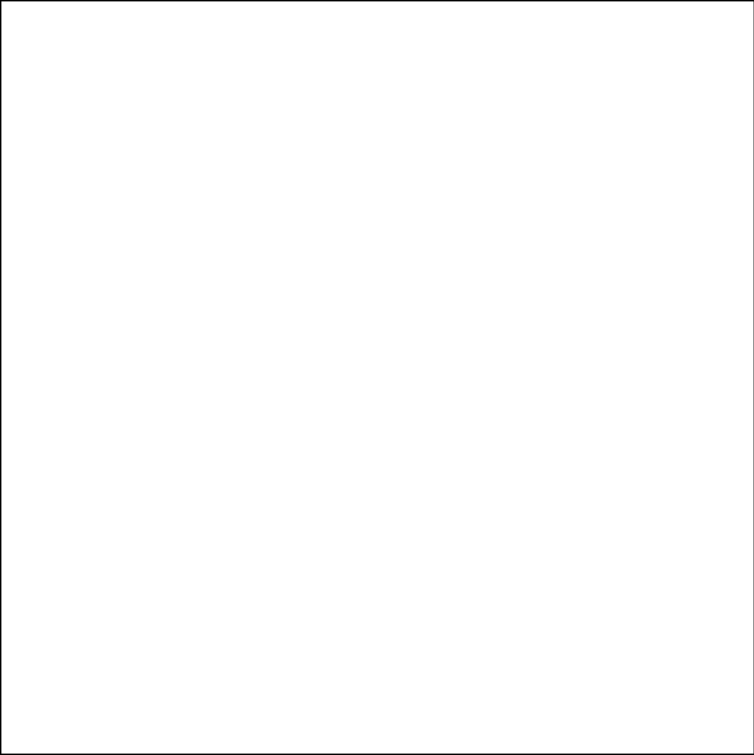
Two days later, Grandma sent me to fetch her walking stick from her bedroom. As soon as I opened the door, I was welcomed by the strong smell of ripening bananas. In the inner room was grandma's big magic straw basket. It was well hidden by an old blanket. I lifted it and sniffed that glorious smell.



Sagaleen akko kiyya nanaasise yeroo isheen “Mala gootaa,” nanajete. “Dafi ulee sana nafidi,” nanjete. Anis dafeen ulee ishee fidef. “Maf kolfitaa” jette nagafate. Gaffin ishee akkan wa’ee falfal ishee kananti akkan kolfuu nayadachisee.

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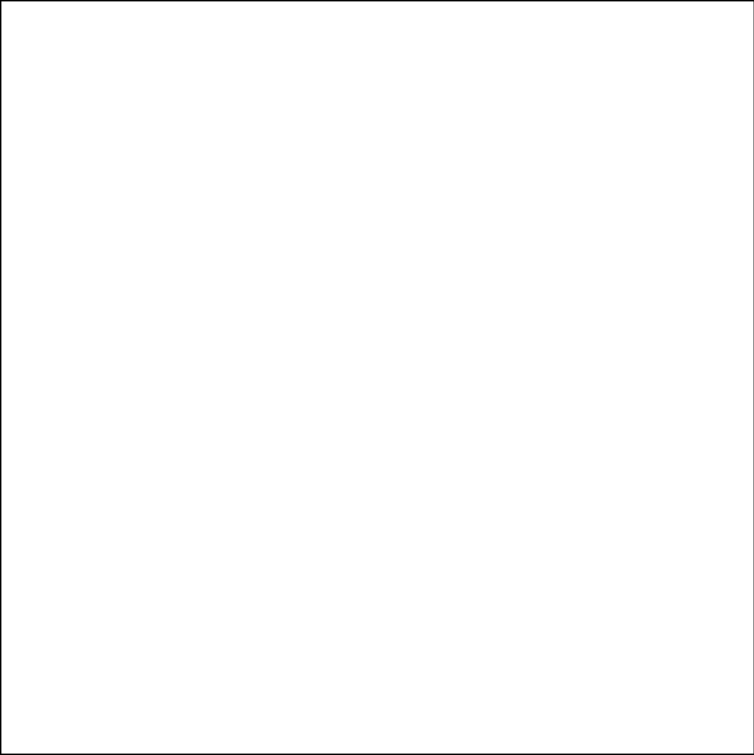
Grandma’s voice startled me when she called, “What are you doing? Hurry up and bring me the stick.” I hurried out with her walking stick. “What are you smiling about?” Grandma asked. Her question made me realise that I was still smiling at the discovery of her magic place.



Guyyaa itti aanu yeroo akko harmee koo ilaalu dhufte, gara mana ishee figeen akka muzaan suni bilchatee ilaale. Muzaan bilchaate bayeen argee. Tokko fundheen wandaboo ko kessa kayyadhe. Eegan Kircaata uffisee gara alaa baheen muzaa nyaadhe. Bayee mi'aawaa ture.

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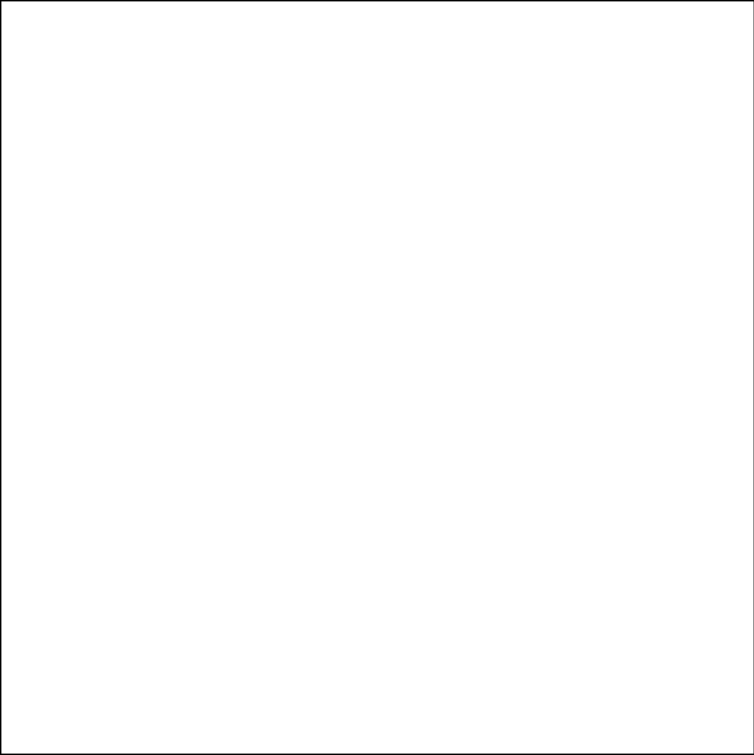
The following day when grandma came to visit my mother, I rushed to her house to check the bananas once more. There was a bunch of very ripe ones. I picked one and hid it in my dress. After covering the basket again, I went behind the house and quickly ate it. It was the sweetest banana I had ever tasted.



Guyyaa itti aanu yeroo akkoon oddo kessa hojjattu, ani suuts jedheen, muzaa fudheen quchisee. Hundi isaanitu bilchataniru. Afaraan isaani fudheen sokkee. Suuta jedhe gara balbalaa deemurree sagalee akko nanadhagah ture. Akkuma ta'eeti muzaa dhoksee gara allati gadi bahee.

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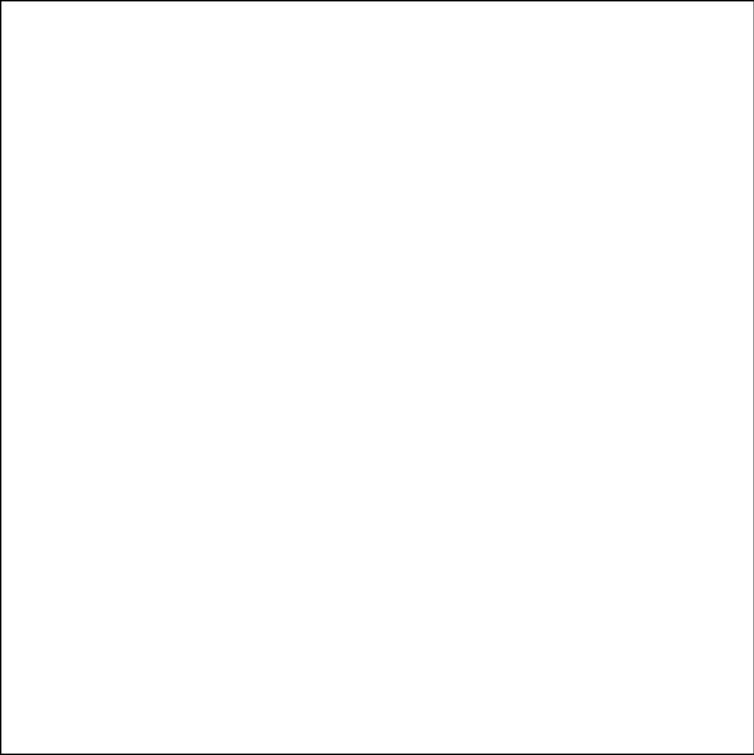
The following day, when grandma was in the garden picking vegetables, I sneaked in and peered at the bananas. Nearly all were ripe. I couldn't help taking a bunch of four. As I tiptoed towards the door, I heard grandma coughing outside. I just managed to hide the bananas under my dress and walked past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



Guyyaan itti aanu guyyaa gaba'a ture. Akkon ganamaan kaate. Yeroo hundaa muzaa nilchaatafi Kazava gara gabbati kessitee gurgurti. Guyyaa sana ishee argudhaf hinmuddamne. Garu ishee malee yeroo bayee jirachu hindanda'u.

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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.



Galgaltu guyyaa sana abbaa, harmee kotifi akko kotinin wamame. Malif akka ta'e bareen ture. Galgala sana yeroon rafu lammata akkan waantokko illee hinhanne bareen nama tokko irrayu.

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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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