



Niki mushiki wa Vusi yavuze?

What Vusi's sister said

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 Ikinyarwanda rw / English en



Kare mu Igitondo kimwe nyirakuru wa Vusi yaramuhamagaye, “Vusi, mbabarira ujyane iri gi ku ababyeyi bawe. Barashaka gukora keke nini y’ubukwe bwa mushiki wawe”.

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Early one morning Vusi’s granny called him, “Vusi, please take this egg to your parents. They want to make a large cake for your sister’s wedding.”



Munzira ajya kubabyeyi be, Vusi yahuye n'abahungu babiri batoragura imbuto. Umwe yashikuje igi Vusi aritera ku igiti. Ryagi rirameneka.

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On his way to his parents, Vusi met two boys picking fruit. One boy grabbed the egg from Vusi and shot it at a tree. The egg broke.



“Nibiki mukoze?” Vusi yararize. “Iryo gi ryari iryo gukora keke. Keke yari iy’ubukwe bwa mushiki wange. Niki mushiki wange aribuvuge nimba nta keke y’ubukwe?”

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“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That egg was for a cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. What will my sister say if there is no wedding cake?”



Abahungu basabye imbabazi kubwo gukinisha Vusi. “Ntitwagufasha na keke, ariko aka ni akabando (ko kwifashisha mu kugenda) ko guha mushiki wawe,” Umwe yaravuze. Vusi yakomeje urugendo rwe.

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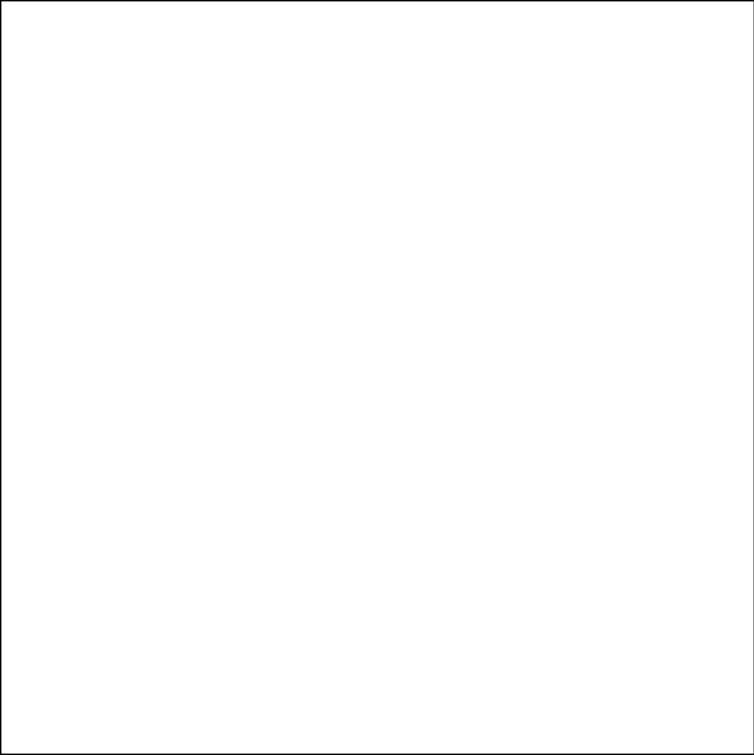
The boys were sorry for teasing Vusi. “We can’t help with the cake, but here is a walking stick for your sister,” said one. Vusi continued on his journey.



Munzira yahuye n'abagabo babiri barimo kubaka inzu. "Twakoresha iyo nkoni ikomeye?" Umwe arabaza. Ariko inkoni ntiyari ikomeye bihagije, yaravunitse.

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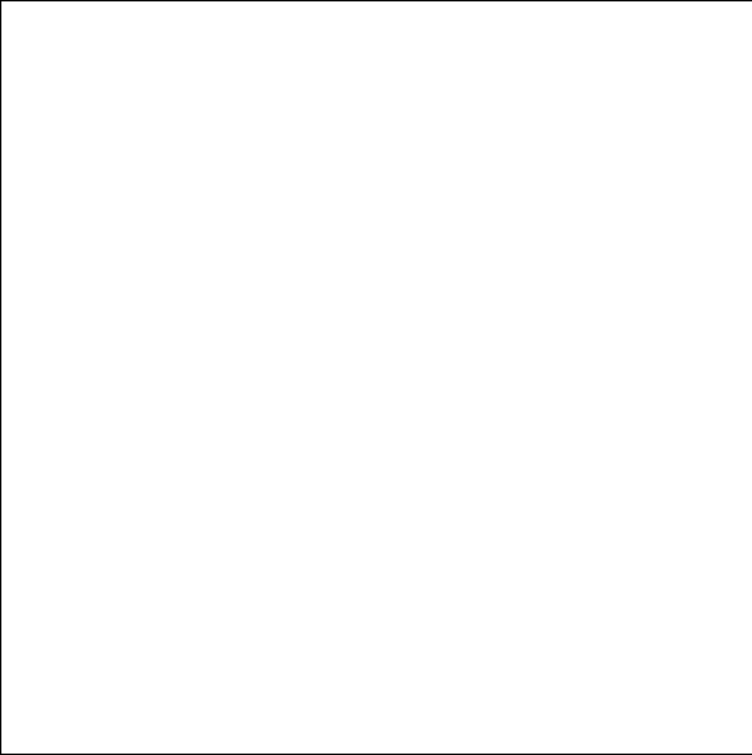
Along the way he met two men building a house. "Can we use that strong stick?" asked one. But the stick was not strong enough for building, and it broke.



“Nibiki mukoze?” Vusi yararize. “Iyo nkoni yari impano ya mushiki wange. Abasoromyi b’imbuto bampaye inkoni kuberako bamennye igi rya keke. Keke yari iy’ubukwe bwa mushiki wange. Ubu nta gi, nta keke, nta n’impano. Ni iki mushiki wange aribuvuge?”

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“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That stick was a gift for my sister. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my sister say?”



Abubatsi byarababaje kuvuna inkoni. “Ntitwagufasha na keke, ariko fatata ibi byatsi byo gusakara byo guha mushiki wawe,” Umwe yaravuzesz. Nuko Vusi akomeza urugendo rwe.

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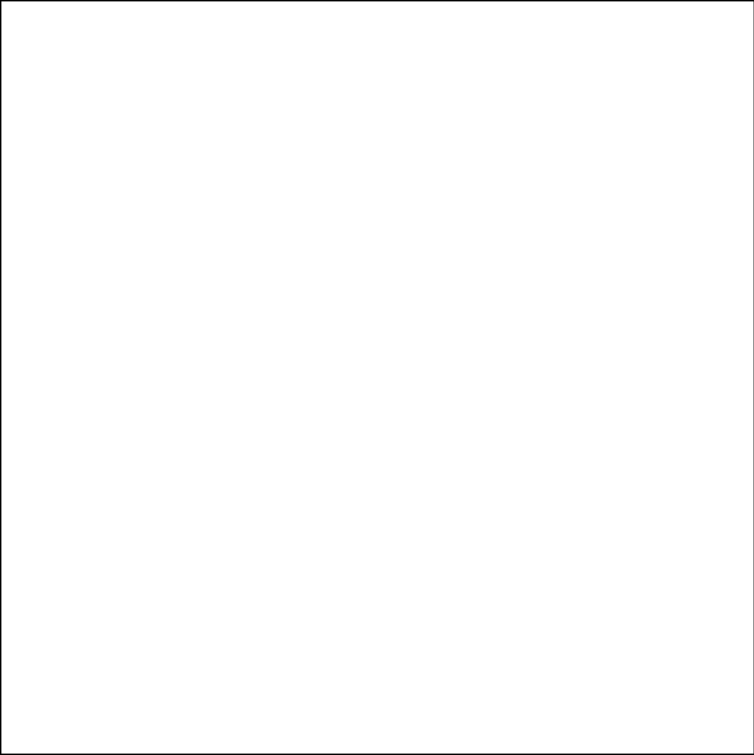
The builders were sorry for breaking the stick. “We can’t help with the cake, but here is some thatch for your sister,” said one. And so Vusi continued on his journey.



Munsira, Vusi yahuye n'umuhinzi n'inka. "Mbega ibyatsi biryoshye, naryaho bike?" Inka yarabajije. Ariko ibyatsi byari biryoshye cyane inka irabirya byose.

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Along the way, Vusi met a farmer and a cow. "What delicious thatch, can I have a nibble?" asked the cow. But the thatch was so tasty that the cow ate it all!



“Nibiki ukoze?” Vusi yararize. “Ibyo byatsi byari impano ya mushiki wange. Abubatsi bampaye ibyatsi kuberako baciye inkoni abasoromyi b’imbuto bari bampaye. Abasoromyi bari bampaye inkoni kuberako bamennye igi rya keke ya mushiki wange. Ubu ntagi, nta keke, ntan’impano. Niki mushiki wange aribuvuge?”

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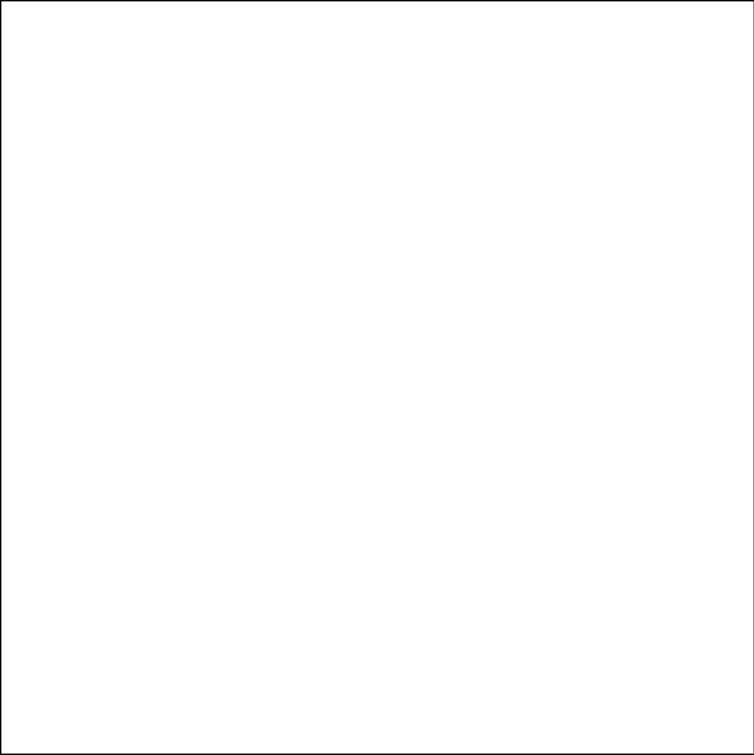
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That thatch was a gift for my sister. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for my sister’s cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my sister say?”



Inka byarayibabaje kubera ubusambo. Umuhinzi yemeye ko inka ijyana na Vusi nk'impano yo guha mushiki we. Nuko Vusi arakomeza.

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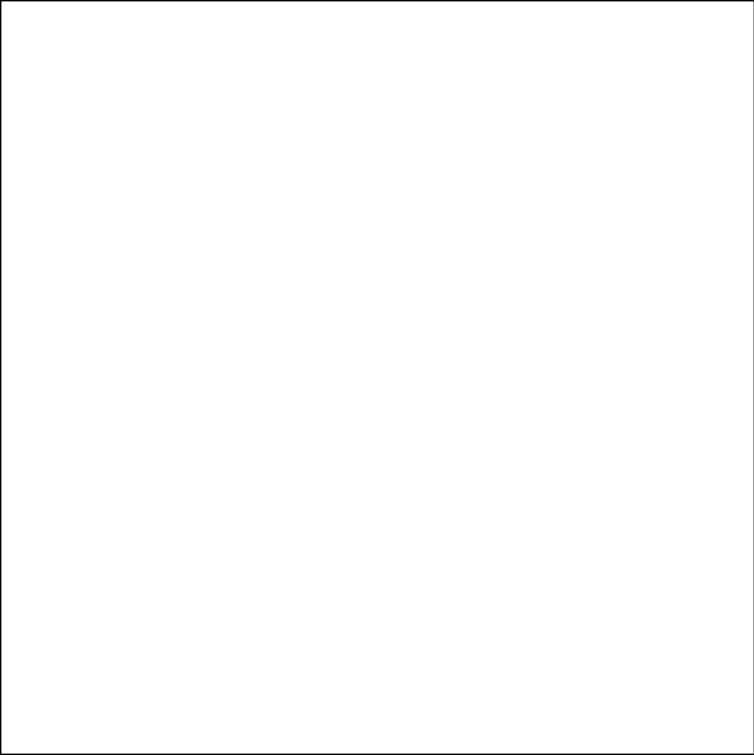
The cow was sorry she was greedy. The farmer agreed that the cow could go with Vusi as a gift for his sister. And so Vusi carried on.



Ariko inka yarirukatse isanga umuhinzi mugihe cyamafunguro yanimugoroba. Na Vusi yaburiye kurugendo rwe. Yageze mubukwe bwa mushiki we atinze cyane. Abashyitsi barimo barya.

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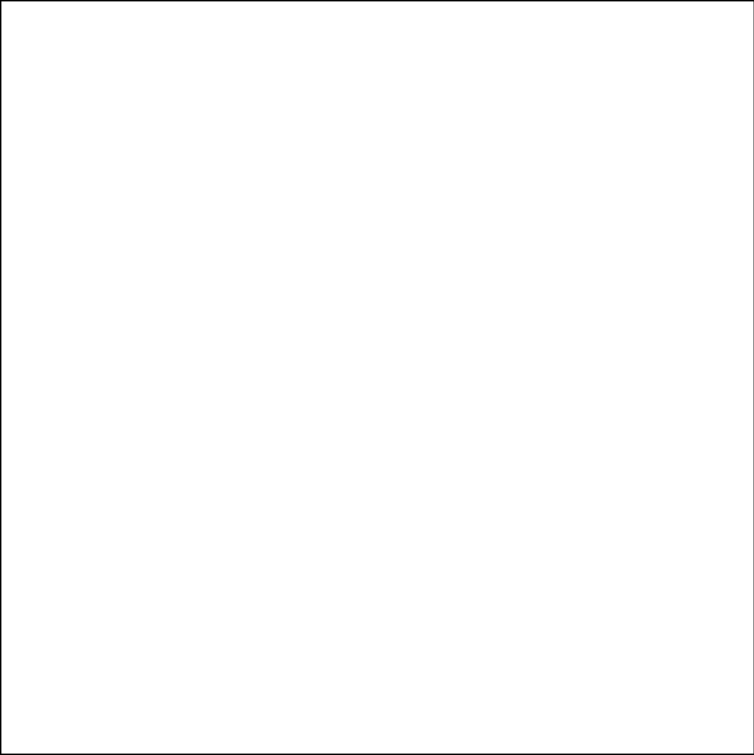
But the cow ran back to the farmer at supper time. And Vusi got lost on his journey. He arrived very late for his sister's wedding. The guests were already eating.



“Niki nakora?” Vusi yararize. “Inka yirukatse yari impano, kubw’ibyatsi abubatsi bari bampaye. Abubatsi bampaye ibyatsi kubera ko baciye inkoni nari nahawe n’abazoromyi. Abazoromyi bampaye inkoni kubera ko bamennye igi. Keke yari iy’ubukwe. Ubu ntagi, nta keke, ntan’impano.”

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“What shall I do?” cried Vusi. “The cow that ran away was a gift, in return for the thatch the builders gave me. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for the wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift.”



Mushiki wa Vusi yatekereje akanya, arangije aravuga, “Vusi musaza wange, ntago nitaye ku mpano. Ntanubwo nitaye kuri keke! Turi hano twese hamwe, ndishimye. Ubu amambara imyenda yawe myiza, twizihize uyu munsi!” Kandi nibyo Vusi yakoze.

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Vusi’s sister thought for a while, then she said, “Vusi my brother, I don’t really care about gifts. I don’t even care about the cake! We are all here together, I am happy. Now put on your smart clothes and let’s celebrate this day!” And so that’s what Vusi did.



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