




ናይ ዓባዩ ሳናና

## Grandma's bananas

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ናይ ዓባዩ ሰፈር ኣታኽልቲ ብመሸላ፡ ብልቱግን ካሳቫን ዝመልእ መስተንክር እዩ ዝነበረ። ካብ ኩሉ ዝበለጸ ግናን እቲ ባናና እዩ። ሸሕ'ኳ ንዓባዩ ብዙሓት ደቀደቁ እንተነበርዎ፡ ዝያዳ ኩሎም ንዓይ ትፈትው ከምዝነበረት ብምስጢር እፈልጥ ነበርኩ። ብዙሕ ግዜ ናብ ቤታ ትዕድመኒ ነበረት። ቊሩብ ምስጢራት ድማ ትነግረኒ ነበረት። ሓንቲ ዘይተካፍሊኒ ምስጢር ግናን ኔራታ - ባናና ኣበይ ተብስሎ ከምዝነበረት።

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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.



ሓደ መዓልቲ ብላኻ ዝተሰርሐት ዓባይ ዘንቢል ኣብ ኣፍደገ ቤት ዓባየይ ኣብ ጸሓይ ተሰጢሓ ርኣኹ። ንምንታይ ምኃና ምስሓተትክዋ፡ ዝረኽብክዋ እንኮ መልሲ፡ “እዚኣ ትንግርታዊት ዘንቢላይ እያ።” ትብል እያ። ጥቓታ ዘንቢል፡ ዓባየይ ነናሻዕ እትገላብጦ ብዙሕ ናይ ባናና ኣቕጽልቲ ኔሩ። ክፈልጥ ተሃንጠኹ። “እዚ ኣቕጽልቲ ንምንታይ እዩ ዓባየይ?” ሓተትኩ። እታ ዝረኽብኩዋ መልሲ ግናን “ትንግርታዊ ኣቕጽልቲይ እዮም።” ትብል ጥራይ እያ።

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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.”



ንዓባዩ፡ ነቲ ባና፡ ነቲ አቑጽልቲ ባናን ነታ ዓባይ ናይ ለኻ ዘንቢልን ምርኣይ  
አዘዩ ሰሓቢ እዩ። ግና ዓባዩ ናብ ኣደይ ለኻኸአትኒ። “ዓባዩ በጃኺ ክርእየኪ  
ከተዳልዊ ከለኺ...” “ኣቲ ቈልዓ፡ ነቐጽ ኣይትኹኒ፡ ዝተባሃልክዮ ግበሪ።” ኢላ  
ግዲ በለትኒ። እናኹየኹ ተመርቀፍኩ።

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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.



ምስተመለስኩ፡ ዘንቢል የለ ባናና የለ ዓባየይ ኣብ ደገ ኮፍ ኢላ ጸንሓትኒ። “ዓባየይ ኣበይ ኣላ እታ ዘንቢል፡ ኣበይ ኣሎ እቲ ኹሉ ባናና፡ ኣበይ ኣሎ እቲ ...” እታ ዝረኽብክዋ እንኮ መልሲ ግን “ኣብታ ትንግርታዊት ስፍራይ ኣለዉ።” ጥራይ እያ። ኣዝዩ ዘሕዝን እዩ!

...

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!



ድሕሪ ክልተ መዓልቲ፡ ምርኩሳ ካብ መደቀሲ ክፍለ ከምጽሓላ ዓባዩ ለኣኸትኒ።  
ነቲ ማዕጾ ክፍት ምስ ኣበልክዎ፡ ብርቱዕ ጨና ናይ ዝበስል ዘሎ ባናና ሓንጎፋይ  
በለኒ። እታ ናይ ዓባዩ ዓባይ ትንግርታዊት ናይ ላኻ ዘንቢል ኣብ ውሽጢ'ቲ ክፍሊ  
ኔራ። ብኣረጊት ኮቦርታ ጽቡቕ ጌራ ተሓቢኣ እያ። ኣልዕል ኣቢላ ነቲ ደስ ዘብል  
ምኡዝ ሸታ ኣሸተትክዎ።

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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.



ዓባዩ “እንታይ ትገብረ ኣለኺ? ቀልጥፊ እታ ምርኩሳይ ኣምጽእለይ።” ኢላ ምስተዳህየትኒ ድምጻ ኣሰንበደኒ። ነታ ምርኩሳ ሒዘ ቀልጢፈ ወጻእኩ። “እንታይ እዩ ዘስሕቐኪኢ ዘሎ?” ኢላ ዓባዩ ሓተተኒ። ነታ ትንግርታዊት ቦታ ኣብምርካበይ ተሓጉሰ ጌና ይስሕቕ ከምዘነበርኩ ካብ ሕቶኣ ተገንዘብኩ።

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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.



ንጽባሒቱ ዓባዩ ሃይይ ክትበጽሐ ምስመጸት፡ ነተን ባናና እንደገና ክርእየን ናብ ገዝእ እናጎየኹ ከድኩ። ኣብኡ ሓደ ጥማር ናይ ኣዘዩ ዝበሰለ ባናና ነበረ። ሓንቲ ወሲደ ብትሕቲ ክዳነይ ሓባእክዋ። ነታ ዘንቢል ክድን ኣቢላ ብድሕሪ፣ ገዛ ከይደ ብቕልጡፍ በላዕክዋ። ከምኣ ዝጥዕም ባናና በሊዐ ኣይፈልጥን።

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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.





ንጽገሒቱ፡ ዓባዩይ ኣሕምልቲ ክትቅንጥብ ኣብ ስፍራ ኣታኽልቲ ከላ ሰላሕ ኢላ  
ኣትዮ ነተን ባናና ርኣኹዎን። ዳርጋ ኩለን በሲላን ነበራ። ኣርባዕተ ፍረ ዝነበራኣ  
ጥማር ክወስድ ኣይተማታእኩን። ብጽፍሪኢ እግረይ ሰላሕ እናበልኩ ናብ ደገ  
ክወጽእ ከለኹ፡ ዓባዩይ ኣብ ደገ ክትሰዕል ሰማዕክዋ። ነተን ባናና ኣብ ትሕቲ  
ክዳነይ ሓቢኣየን ሓሊፊያ ከድኩ።

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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.



ንጽገሒቱ መዓልቲ ዕዳጋ ነበረ። ዓባዩይ ብኣጋኡ ተንስኣት። ኩሉ ግዜ ዝሸየጥ ብሱል ባናና ካሳቫን ሒዛ ናብቲ ዕዳጋ ትኸይድ ነበረት። ኣብታ መዓልቲ ንክበጽሓ ኣይተሃወኸኩን። እንተኾነ ግን ከይርኣኸዎ ነዊሕ ግዜ ክጸንሕ ኣይክእልን እየ።

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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.



ዳኸራይ ንምሸቱ ኣደይ፡ ኣቦይን ዓባየይን ጸውዑኒ። ንምንታይ ከምዘኾነ ተረድኣኒ።  
እታ ምሸት ምስደቀስኩ፡ ዳግም፡ ካብ ዓባየይ፡ ካብ ወለደይ፡ ብርግጽ ድማ ካብ  
ዝኾነ ካልእ ሰብ ክሰርኽ ከምዘይክእል ፈለጥኩ።

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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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