Ukuziphindiselela kweNgede

The Honeyguide's revenge

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Lena yindaba yeNgede, nomfanyana owayehala uSibusiso. Ngelinye ilanga uSibusiso wayeyozingela wezwa uNgede. Umlomo kaSibusiso waqala waconsa amathe esecabanga uju. Wama wazama ukulalelisisa, wayifuna waze wayibona inyoni ihlezi emagatsheni esihlahla phezulu. “Chitik-chitik-chitik,” Kusho inyoni encane idiniwe, indizela esihlahleni esilandelayo, nesilandelayo. “Chitik, chitik, chitik,” Iqhubeka nomsindo, ihamba ima ukuqinisekisa ukuthi uyayilandela uSibusiso.

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This is the story of Ngede, the Honeyguide, and a greedy young man named Gingile. One day while Gingile was out hunting he heard the call of Ngede. Gingile’s mouth began to water at the thought of honey. He stopped and listened carefully, searching until he saw the bird in the branches above his head. “Chitik-chitik-chitik,” the little bird rattled, as he flew to the next tree, and the next. “Chitik, chitik, chitik,” he called, stopping from time to time to be sure that Gingile followed.

Emva kwesikhathi eside, bafika esihlahleni esikhulu somkhiwane. Ingede yagxumagxuma emagatsheni. Yagcina seyisegatsheni elilodwa yabheka uSibusiso sengathi ithi, “Nakhoke! Ulindeni?” USibusiso wayengaziboni izinyosi esihlahleni kodwa wayeyithemba iNgede.

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After half an hour, they reached a huge wild fig tree. Ngede hopped about madly among the branches. He then settled on one branch and cocked his head at Gingile as if to say, “Here it is! Come now! What is taking you so long?” Gingile couldn’t see any bees from under the tree, but he trusted Ngede.

USibusiso wabeka phansi umcibisholo wakhe wokuzingela ngaphansi kwesihlahla, wacoshela izinkunyana bese wabasa umlilo omncane. Ngesikhathi umlilo usuvutha kahle, wathatha ukhuni olomile walufaka enhliziyweni yomlilo. Lolukhuni lwalaziwa ngokuba nentuthu eningi uma luvutha. Wagibela esihlahleni, ebambe ngamazinyo isidunu esingashisi salolukhuni

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So Gingile put down his hunting spear under the tree, gathered some dry twigs and made a small fire. When the fire was burning well, he put a long dry stick into the heart of the fire. This wood was especially known to make lots of smoke while it burned. He began climbing, holding the cool end of the smoking stick in his teeth.

Ngokushesha wezwa umsindo wezinyosi zibubula. Zazingena ziphuma embobeni yesihlahla, esidlekeni sazo phela. Ngesikhathi uSibusiso efika esidlekeni sezinyosi washutheka ukhuni oluthunyayo embotsheni. Zaphuma ngokushesha, zidiniwe futhi zididekile. Zandiza zabaleka ngoba zingazwani nentuthu, kodwa ngaphambi kokuba zibaleke zaqale zamzwisa ubuhlungu uSibusiso ngokumtinyela!

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Soon he could hear the loud buzzing of the busy bees. They were coming in and out of a hollow in the tree trunk – their hive. When Gingile reached the hive he pushed the smoking end of the stick into the hollow. The bees came rushing out, angry and mean. They flew away because they didn't like the smoke – but not before they had given Gingile some painful stings!

Zathi sezibalekile, uSibusiso washutheka izandla esidlekeni. Wakhipha izandla sesigcwele ikhekheba, eliconsa uju olunamafutha, nenhlava emhlophe. Ngokucophelela wafaka ikhekheba esikhwameni ayesiphethe bese wasigaxa ehlombe, waqala wehla esihlahleni.

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When the bees were out, Gingile pushed his hands into the nest. He took out handfuls of the heavy comb, dripping with rich honey and full of fat, white grubs. He put the comb carefully in the pouch he carried on his shoulder, and started to climb down the tree.

Ngokulangazelela, iNgede yabuka yonke into eyayenziwa uSibusiso. Yayilindele ukuba uSibusiso ayishiyele ikhekheba ukubonga usizo lwayo. Ngokukhulu ukushesha iNgede yasuka yahlala igatsha negatsha, iya ngokusondelela phansi. Ekugcineni uSibusiso wafinyelela phansi. iNgede yahlala phansi etsheni eduze komfana elindele ukuthi ayibonge.

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Ngede eagerly watched everything that Gingile was doing. He was waiting for him to leave a fat piece of honeycomb as a thank-you offering to the Honeyguide. Ngede flittered from branch to branch, closer and closer to the ground. Finally Gingile reached the bottom of the tree. Ngede perched on a rock near the boy and waited for his reward.

USibusiso wacisha umlilo,wacosha umcibisholo wakhe wahamba waya ekhaya eziba inyoni. INgede yamumemeza ngokudinwa, “VIC-torr! VIC-torrr!” UGingile wama wagqolozela inyoni encane,wahleka kakhulu. “Uyalufuna uju, uyalufuna mngani wami? Ha! Imina engenze wonke umsebenzi, ngaze ngathola nokutinyeleka. Kungani kumele ngikuphe uju lwami olumnandi kangaka?” Wasuka wahamba. INgede yathukuthela! “Ayikho enye into engingayenza! Kodwa ngizoziphindiselela.”

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But, Gingile put out the fire, picked up his spear and started walking home, ignoring the bird. Ngede called out angrily, “VIC-torr! VIC-torrr!” Gingile stopped, stared at the little bird and laughed aloud. “You want some honey, do you, my friend? Ha! But I did all the work, and got all the stings. Why should I share any of this lovely honey with you?” Then he walked off. Ngede was furious! This was no way to treat him! But he would get his revenge.

Ngelinye ilanga sekuphele amasonto ambalwa, uSibusiso waphinda wezwa umsindo weNgede. Wakhumbula loluya luju olwalumnandi, walangazelela ukuyilandela inyoni futhi. Emva kokuba iNgede imholile uSibusiso kwaze kwaba sekupheleni kwehlathi, iNgede yama yaphumula esihlahleni sameva. “Ahh,” kucabanga uSibusiso. “Kufanele ukuba isidleke sikuso lesi sihlahla.” Ngokushesha wakha umlilo omncane waqala wanwebela, isikhuni esesibambe ngamazinyo. iNgede yama yabukela.

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One day several weeks later Gingile again heard the honey call of Ngede. He remembered the delicious honey, and eagerly followed the bird once again. After leading Gingile along the edge of the forest, Ngede stopped to rest in a great umbrella thorn. “Ahh,” thought Gingile. “The hive must be in this tree.” He quickly made his small fire and began to climb, the smoking branch in his teeth. Ngede sat and watched.

USibusiso wanwebela, ezibuza ukuthi kungani pho engawuzwa lomsindo ojwayelekile wokububula kwezinyosi. “Mhlawumbe isidleke sisekujuleni kwalesisihlahla,” ezicabangela. Wadlulela kwelinye igatsha. Esikhundleni sokuthola isidleke wazithela ebusweni bengwe! Ingwe yathukuthela kabi ukuthi iphazanyiswe ebuthongweni bayo. Yavula amehlo, nomlomo yaveza amazinyo amakhulu acijile.

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Gingile climbed, wondering why he didn’t hear the usual buzzing. “Perhaps the hive is deep in the tree,” he thought to himself. He pulled himself up another branch. But instead of the hive, he was staring into the face of a leopard! Leopard was very angry at having her sleep so rudely interrupted. She narrowed her eyes, opened her mouth to reveal her very large and very sharp teeth.

Ngaphambi kokuba iNgwe imudle uSibusiso, wehlika ngokushesha esihlahleni. Kulokho kushesha kwakhe wageja igatsha lesihlahla, wabhamazeka phansi, wakuquka iqakala. Waxhugeza ngakho konke okusemandleni. Ngenhlanhla yakhe, iNgwe yayisaphethwe ubuthongo ukuthi ingamusukela. Ingede kwabe sokungu kuziphindiselela kwayo. Kanti noSibusiso wafunda isifundo.

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Before Leopard could take a swipe at Gingile, he rushed down the tree. In his hurry he missed a branch, and landed with a heavy thud on the ground twisting his ankle. He hobbled off as fast as he could. Luckily for him, Leopard was still too sleepy to chase him. Ngede, the Honeyguide, had his revenge. And Gingile learned his lesson.

Abantwana nabazukulu bakaSibusiso uma bezwa indaba yeNgede, bayihlonipha kakhulu. Njalo uma beyotapa izinyosi bayaqinisekisa ukuthi bashiya ikhekheba lekhethelo kwiNgede!

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And so, when the children of Gingile hear the story of Ngede they have respect for the little bird. Whenever they harvest honey, they make sure to leave the biggest part of the comb for Honeyguide!

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