



Grandma's bananas

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English / Kinyarwanda



Grandma's garden was wonderful. It was 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.

Umurima wa nyogokuru wari utangaje. Warurimo amasaka, uburo, n'imyumbati. Ariko urutoki Nirwo rwari rwiza kurusha ibindi. Nubwo nyogokuru yari afite abuzukuru benshi, narinzi ko aringe mutoni we, mw'ibanga. Yantumiraga kenshi iwe. Kandi yambwiraga ku mabanga ye. Ariko hari ibanga rimwe atigeze ambwir.



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 special 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 special leaves."

Umunsi umwe nabonye igitebo kinini giteretse ku zuba mu gikari. Mubajije icyo aricyo, igisubizo cyimwe yampaye ni iki: "Ni igitebo Kidasanzwe." Ku gitebo hari amakoma menshi nyogokuru yahinduraga kenshi. Nagize amatsiko ndamubaza nti "Aya makoma nayiki, nyogoku?" Igisubizo cyimwe nabonye niki: "N'amakoma adasanzwe."



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.

Byari bitangaje kureba nyogokuru, ibitoki, amakoma n'igitebo kinini. Ariko nyogokuru yahise atuma Kuja gufasha mama, "Nyogoku, mbabarira, undeke ndebe uko ubigenza..." Ambwira akomeje ati: "Ntugashire isoni wa mwana we, jy'ukora ibyo bakubwiye." Nuko ngenda niruka.

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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 special straw basket. It was well hidden by an old blanket. I lifted it and sniffed that glorious smell.

Iminsi ibiri ishize, nyogokuru yantumye gushaka akabando ke mu cyumba cye. Nkimara gufungura umuryango, nakiriwe n'impumuro nziza cyane y'imineke. Muri icyo cyumba cye niho hari igitebo kinini cy'idasanze cya nyogokuru. Cyari gihishwe neza mu kiringiti gishaje. Naragitwikuruye impumuro nziza iransanganira.

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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 special place." It was so disappointing!

Ngarutse, nasanze nyogokuru yicaye hanze ariko nta gitebo nta n'ibitoki. Ndamubaza nti: "Nyogoku, igitebo kiri he, ibitoki biri he, na..." Ariko igisubizo cyonyine nabonye ni, "Biri ahantu hadasanzwe." Naratengushwe cyane!

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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 special place.

Ijwi rya nyogokuru ryarankanze ubwo yampamagaraga, "Urakora iki? Gira vuba unzanire akabando." Narihuse nsohokana akabando ke. Arambaza ati: "Uri gusetswa n'iki? Ikibazo cye cyatumye menya ko nyirigusetswa nuko navumbuye ububiko bwe budasanzwe."

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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 the banana. It was the sweetest banana I had ever tasted.

Bukeye bwaho, ubwo nyogokuru yari yagiye gusura mama, nirukankiye mu nzu ye kureba imineke na none. Hari igitoki gifiteimineke ihiye cyane. Namanyuyeho umwe nkuhisha mw' ikanzu yange. Maze gutwikira neza igitebo nagiye inyuma y'inzu nkurya vuba vuba. Wari umuneke uryoshye cyane ku buryo budasanzwe.

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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.

Umunsi ukurikiyeho wari umunsi w'isoko. Nyogokuru yazindutse kare. Buri gihe yajyanaga imineke n'imyumbati ku isoko. Sinashishikajwe no kumusura uwo munsi. Ariko sinashoboraga kumara igihe kire kire ntagiyeyo.

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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.

Bukeye bwaho, ubwo nyogokuru yari mu murima asoroma imboga, ninjiye mu cyumba ndarunguruka mbona imineke. Hafi yayoseyari yahiye. Sinashoboye kwihangana nuko mfata iseri ririho imineke ine. Ngenda nyonyomba ngana ku muryango, nuko numva nyogokuru ari gukorora hanze. Nahise mpisha ya mineke mu ikanzu yange munyuraho.

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Later that evening I was called by my mother and father, and Grandma. I knew why. I said I was so sorry for taking the bananas. I spent the next days picking bananas to fill up Grandma's basket for market. That night as I lay down to sleep, I knew I would never take something without asking. Not from grandma, not from my parents, and certainly not from anyone else.

Uwo mugoroba mama, papa na nyogokuru barampamagaye. Narinzi impamvu. Nasabye imbabazi zuko nafashe imineke. Namaze iminsi ikurikiye ntoranya imineke yo kuzaza igitebo cya nyongokuru cyo kujyana kw'isoko. Iryo joro ndyamye nafashe umwanzuro wo kutazigera mfata ikintu cya nkogokuru, ababyebi bajye cyangwa undi muntu nta gisabye.

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