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# Grandma's bananas

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# Imineke ya nyogokuru

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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. Warimo amasaka, uburo, n'imyumbati. Ariko urutoki ni rwo rwari rwiza cyane. Nubwo nyogokuru yari afite abuzukuru benshi, nari nzi mu ibanga ko ari ngewe mutoni we. Yantumiraga kenshi iwe. Kandi yamvunguriraga ku amabanga ye. Ariko hari ibanga rimwe atigeze ambwira: aho yataraga ibitoki.



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."

Umunsi umwe nabonye igitebo kinini giteretse ku zuba mu gikari. Mubajije icyo aricyo, igisubizo cyonyine yampaye ni iki: "Ni igitebo cy'amayobera." Ku gitebo hari amashara menshi nyogokuru yahinduraga kenshi. Nagize amatsikondamubaza nti "Aya mashara ni ay'iki, nyogoku?" Igisubizo cyonyine nabonye ni iki: "Ni amashara y'amayobera."



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 bishimishije kureba nyogokuru, ibitoki, amashara n'igitebo kinini. Ariko nyogokuru yaranyuhuraga ngo nge gufasha mama, "Nyogoku, mbabarira, undeke ndebe uko ubigenza..." Ambwira akomeje ati: "Ntugashire isoni wa mwana we, jya ukora ibyo bakubwiye." Nuko ngenda niruka.



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!

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 h'amayobera." Narumiwe!



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 strawbasket. 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 ni ho hari igitebo kinini cy'amayobera cya nyogokuru. Cyari gihijwe neza mu kiringiti gishaje. Naragitwikuruye impumuro nziza iransanganira.



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.

Ijwi rya nyogokuru ryarankanze ubwo yampamagaraga, "Urakora iki? Gira vuba unzanire akabando." Narihuse nsohokana akabando ke. Arambaza ati: "Uri gusetswa n'iki?" Ikibazo cyeye cyatumye menya ko ngisetswa no kuvumbura ububiko bwe bw'amayobera.



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 gifite imineke ihiye cyane. Namanyuyeho umwe nywuhisha mu ikanzu yange. Maze gutwikira neza igitobo nagiye inyuma y'inzu ndawurya vuba vuba. Wari umuneke uryoshye cyane ku buryo budasanze.





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 yayose yari yahiye. Sinashoboraga kwihangana nuko mfata iseri ririho imineke ine. Ngenda nomboka ngana ku muryango, nuko numva nyogokuru akororera hanze. Nahise mpisha ya mineke mu ikanzu yange munyuraho.



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.



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.

Kuri uwo mugoroba mama, data na nyogokuru barampamagaye. Nari nzi impanvu. Iryo joro niyumvishije kontazongera kwiba ukundi, ari nyogokuru, ababyeyi bange, ndetse n'undi uwo ari we wese.

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