



Mooskii ayeeyo

Grandma's bananas

- ✎ Ursula Nafula
- ✍ Catherine Groenewald
- 💬 Abdi Muse
- 💬 Somali / English
- 📶 Level 4





Beerta ayeeyo waa mid cajiib ah, oo uu ka buuxo hadhuudh, masago, iyo xajmiga. Laakiin midka ugu wanaagsan dhamaan waa mooska. Inkasta oo ayeeyo ay leedahay ilmo faro badan, waxaan si qarsoodi ah u ogaaday in aan ahaa kan ay ugu jeceshahay. Waxay igu martiqaaday marar badan gurigeeda. Waxay kaloo ii sheegtay qarsoodi yar. Laakiin waxaa jiray hal qarsoodi oo aayna ila wadaagin: halka ay ku huuriso mooska.

...

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.



Maalin maalmaha ka mid ah waxaan arkay dambiil weyn oo caws kasamaaysan oo la dhigay qorraxda banaanka guriga ayeeyo. Markii aan weydiiyay waxa ay ahayd, jawaabta kaliya ee aan helay waxay ahayd, “Waa danbiishaydii mucjisada.” Danbiisha waxaa ku xigay, caleemo badan oo moos kuwaas oo ayeeyo isku badbadalaysay waqti ka waqti. Waan xiiseynayey. “Waa maxay caleemaha, ayeeyo?” ayaan weydiiyay. Jawaabta kaliya ee aan helay waxay ahayd, “Waxay yihiin caleemihii mucjisadayda.”

...

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.”



Waxaay ahayd mid aad u xiiso leh daawashada ayeeyo, mooska, caleemaha mooska iyo dambiisha cawska ka samaysan. Laakiin ayeeyo waxay ii dirtay hooyaday si aan shaqo yar ugu qabto. “Hooyo, fadlan, aan daawado saad u diyaarinayso ...” “Ha noqonin mid madax adag, ilmo, samee sidii lagu sheegay,” ayay ku adkaysatay. Orod baan ooga tagay.

...

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.



Markii aan ku soo laabtay, ayeeyo waxay fadhiday banaanka, laakiin dambiil ama moos toona ma oolin. "Ayeeyo, aaway dambiishii, aaway mooskii oo dhan, iyo aaway ..." Laakiin jawaabta kaliya ee aan helay ayaa ahayd, "Waxay ku jiraan goobtaydii mucjisada." Waxay ahayd niyadjab!

...

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!



Labo maalmood ka dib, ayeeyo ayaa ii dirtay si aan oogu soo qaado bakooraadeedii qolkeeda jiifka. Isla markii aan furay albaabka, waxaa i soo dhaweeyay carafta xooggan ee mooska. Qolka gudahiisa waxaa ku jiray dambiishii weynayd ee mucjisada. Waxaa si fiican u qariyey buste duug ah. Kor ayaan uga qaaday waana uriyay caraftii wanaagsaneyd.

...

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.



Codkii ayeeyo ayaa i cabsigaliyay markii ay ii dhawaaqday, “Maxaad samaynaysaa? Soo dhakhso iina keen usha.” Waxaan ula soo orday iyada bakoordii. “Maxaad urinaysaa?” Ayeeyo ayaa ii waydiisay. Su’aasheeda waxay iga dhigtay inaan ogaado inaan wali carfisanaayo goobteedii mucjisada.

...

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.



Maalintii xigtay markii ayeeyo ay soo booqatay hooyo, waxaan u orday gurigeeda si aan u eego mooska mar kale. Waxaa jiray kuwo farabadan oo aad u bislaaday. Waxaan soo qaatay hal xabo waxaana ku qariyay dharkayga. Kadib markii aan dib u daday, waxaan guriga gadaashiisa, si degdeg ahne waan u cunay. Waxay ahayd mooskii ugu macaanaa ee aan abid dhadhamiyey.

...

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.



Maalintii xigtey, markii ay ayeyyo beerta qudaar kasoo guraysay, waxaan u dhuuntay oo aan eegay mooska. Ku dhowaad dhammaantood way bislaadeen. Anigu ma awoodi karin in aan qaado afar xidhmood/gacan. Markaan albaabka xagiisa usoo tagtaagsan hayay, waxaan maqlay ayeyyo qufacayso. Waxaa ii suurto gashay in aan ku qariyo mooska dharkayga hoostiisa waana garab maray.

...

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.



Maalintii xigtay waxaay ahaayd maalintii suuqa. Ayeeyo ayaa hore u toostay. Marwalba waxay qaadi jirtay moos bislaaday iyo xajmi caanaha si ay ugu iibiso suuqa. Anigu ma aanan degdegin inaan booqdo maalintaas. Laakin ma aanan ka ahaan karin muddo dheer.

...

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.



Xilli danbe fiidkaas, waxaa ii yeedhey hooyaday iyo aabahay, iyo ayeeyo. Waan ogaa sababta. Habeenkaas saan sariirta udul jiifay saan u hurdo, waxaan ogaa inaan marnaba mar dambe wax xadaynin, ma ahan ayeeyo, waalidiintayda, iyo hubaashii ma aha qof kale.

...

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.



Storybooks Canada

storybookscanada.ca

Mooskii ayeeyo

Grandma's bananas

Written by: Ursula Nafula

Illustrated by: Catherine Groenewald

Translated by: (so) Abdi Muse

This story originates from the African Storybook (africanstorybook.org) and is brought to you by Storybooks Canada in an effort to provide children's stories in Canada's many languages.



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons
[Attribution 3.0 International License](http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/).