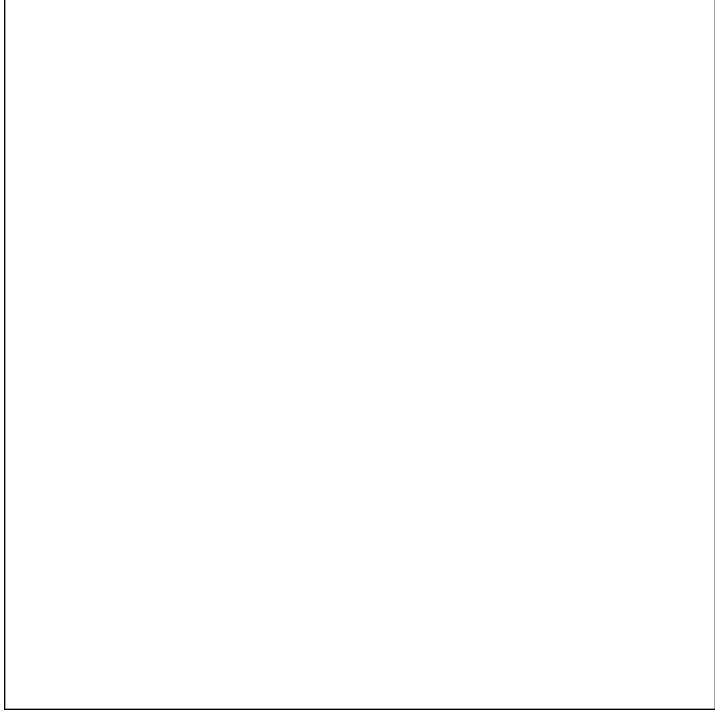




Le banane della nonna  
Grandma's bananas



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🗣️ Italian / English

📖 Level 4

(imageless edition)



# Storybooks Canada

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## Le banane della nonna / Grandma's

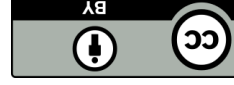
### bananas

Written by: Ursula Natula

Illustrated by: Catherine Groenewald

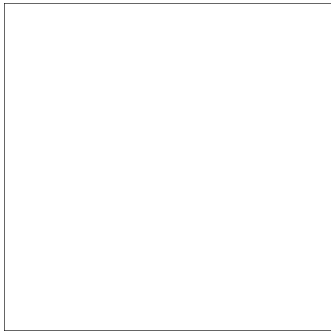
Translated by: (it) Laura Pighini

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



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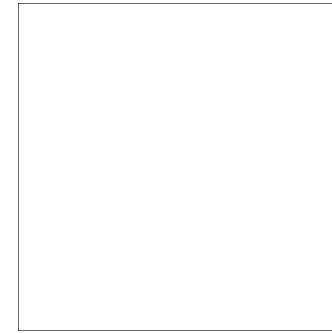
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Il giardino della nonna era magnifico, pieno di saggina, miglio e manioca. Ma il meglio di tutto erano le banane. Anche se la nonna aveva tanti nipotini io in fondo sapevo di essere la sua preferita. Mi invitava spesso a casa sua. Mi diceva anche piccoli segreti. Ma c'era un segreto che non condivideva con me: dove maturava le banane.

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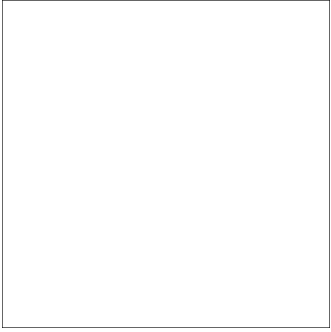
Grandma's garden was wonderful, full of sorghum, millet, and cassava. But best of all were the bananas. Although Grandma had many grandchildren, I secretly knew that I was her favourite. She invited me often to her house. She also told me little secrets. But there was one secret she did not share with me: where she ripened bananas.



Più tardi verso sera fui chiamata da mia mamma, mio padre e mia nonna. Sapevo perché. Quella notte, quando andai a letto per dormire, sapevo che non avrei mai più rubato, né da mia nonna, né dai miei genitori e sicuramente da nessun altro.

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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.

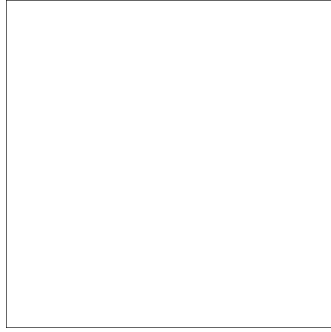


Un giorno vidi un grosso cesto in vimini messo al sole fuori da casa della nonna. Quando gli chiesi per cosa fosse l'unica risposta che ottenni fu "è il mio cesto magico." Di fianco al cesto c'erano diverse foglie di banana che nonna rigirava di tanto in tanto. Ero curiosa.

"A che cosa servono le foglie nonna?" Chiesi. L'unica risposta che ricevetti fu: "sono le mie foglie magiche."

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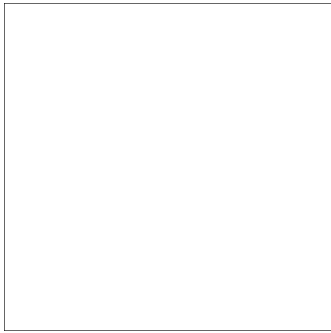
One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the sun outside Grandma's house. When I asked what it was for, the only answer I got was, "It's my magic basket." Next to the basket, there were several banana leaves that Grandma turned from time to time. I was curious. "What are the leaves for, Grandma?" I asked. The only answer I got was, "They are my magic leaves."



Il giorno seguente era il giorno del mercato. Nonna si alzò presto. Lei prendeva sempre le banane mature e la manioca per venderle al mercato. Io non mi sbrigai per visitarla quel giorno. Ma non avrei potuto evitarla a lungo.

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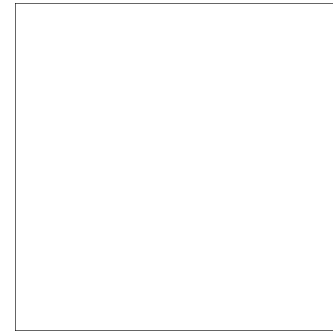
The following day was market day. Grandma woke up early. She always took ripe bananas and cassava to sell at the market. I did not hurry to visit her that day. But I could not avoid her for long.



Era così interessante guardare nonna, le banane, le foglie di banano e il grande cesto in vimini. Ma nonna mi mandò da mia madre per una commissione. “Nonna, per favore, lasciami guardare mentre prepari.” “Non essere testarda, bambina, fai come ti viene detto,” insistette lei. E io corsi via.

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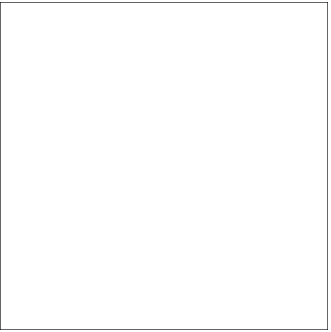
It was so interesting watching Grandma, the bananas, the banana leaves and the big straw basket. But Grandma sent me off to my mother on an errand. “Grandma, please, let me watch as you prepare...” “Don’t be stubborn, child, do as you are told,” she insisted. I took off running.



Il giorno seguente, mentre nonna era in giardino a raccogliere le verdure, io sgattaiolai e sbirciai le banane. Erano quasi tutte mature. Non potei fare a meno che prenderne un paio di caschi. Appena sgattaiolai verso la porta, udii nonna tossire fuori. Riuscii a nascondere le banane sotto il mio vestito e camminare di fianco a lei.

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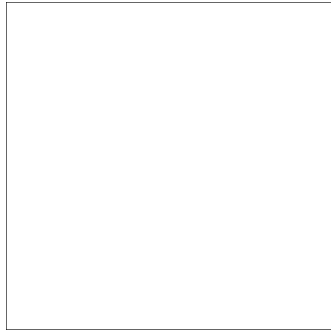
The following day, when grandma was in the garden picking vegetables, I sneaked in and peered at the bananas. Nearly all were ripe. I couldn’t help taking a bunch of four. As I tiptoed towards the door, I heard grandma coughing outside. I just managed to hide the bananas under my dress and walked past her.



Quando tornai, nonna era seduta fuori ma senza il cesto o le banane. "Nonna, dov'è il cesto, dove sono le banane e dove.:" Ma l'unica risposta che ricevetti fu: "Sono nel mio posto magico". Era così deludente!

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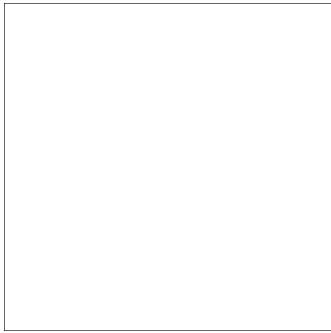
When I returned, Grandma was sitting outside but with neither the basket nor the bananas. "Grandma, where is the basket, where are all the bananas, and where..." But the only answer I got was, "They are in my magic place." It was so disappointing!



Il giorno seguente, quando nonna venne a visitare mia madre, io corsi dentro casa per controllare le banane ancora una volta. Ce n'erano tante ben mature. Ne presi una e la nascosi sotto il mio vestito. Dopo aver coperto il cesto di nuovo, andai dietro la casa e la mangiai in fretta. Era la banana più dolce che avessi mai assaggiato.

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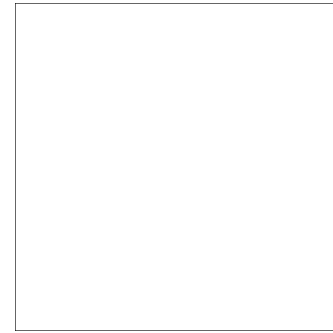
The following day when grandma came to visit my mother, I rushed to her house to check the bananas once more. There was a bunch of very ripe ones. I picked one and hid it in my dress. After covering the basket again, I went behind the house and quickly ate it. It was the sweetest banana I had ever tasted.



Due giorni dopo, nonna mi mandò a prendere il suo bastone da passeggio in camera sua. Appena aprii la porta fui benvenuta da un forte odore di banane in maturazione. Nella stanza interna c'era il grande cesto in vimini della nonna. Era ben nascosto da una vecchia coperta. Io la sollevai e odorai quel fantastico profumo.

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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.



La voce di nonna mi fece sobbalzare quando mi chiamò. "Che cosa stai facendo? sbrigati e portami il bastone!" Io mi sbriga col bastone. "Perché sorridi?" Chiese nonna. La sua domanda mi fece realizzare che stavo ancora sorridendo per la scoperta del suo posto magico.

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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.