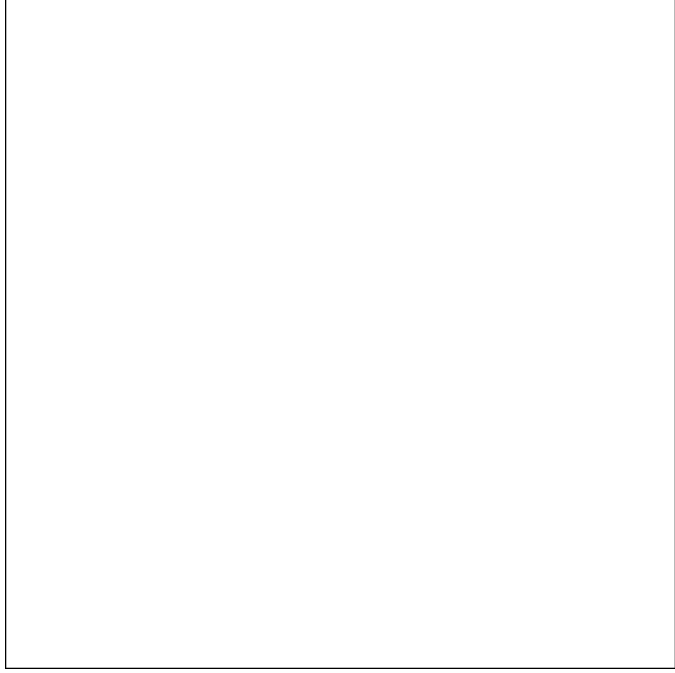




Ndizi za bibi!



✎ Ursula Nafula

🗉 Catherine Groenewald

🗉 Matteo E. Mwita

😊 Kiswahili!

📖 Level 4

(imageless edition)



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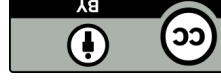
Ndizi za bibi!

Written by: Ursula Nafula

Illustrated by: Catherine Groenewald

Translated by: Matteo E. Mwita

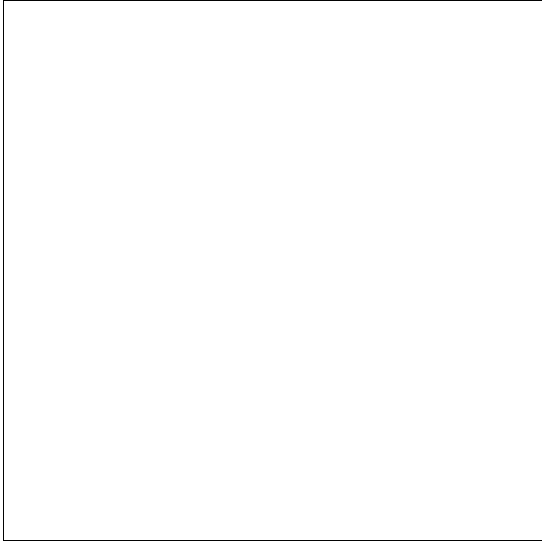
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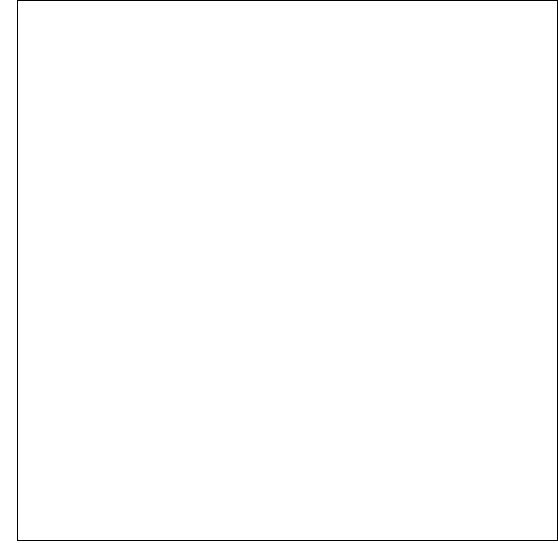
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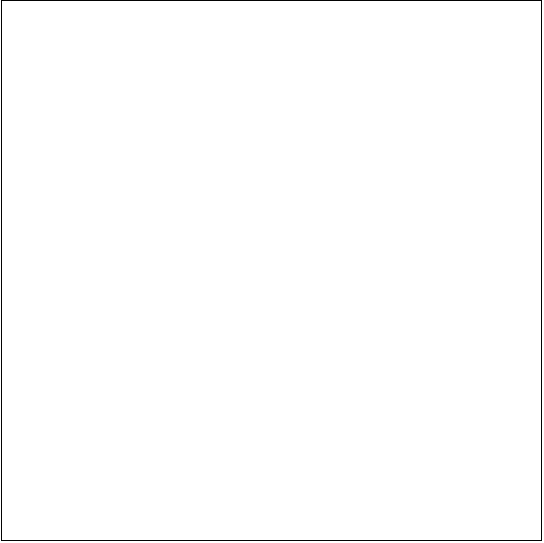
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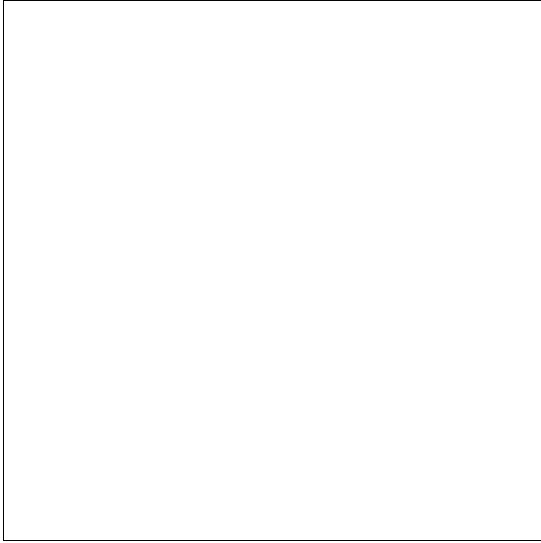
Bibi alikuwa na bustani nzuri iliyojaa mtama, ulezi na mihogo. Lakini kati ya mazao yote, alipenda zaidi ndizi. Japo bibi alikuwa na wajukuu wengi, nilikuja kubaini kuwa alikuwa ananipenda mimi zaidi ya wote. Mara nyingi alikuwa akinialika nyumbani kwake. Pia alikuwa ananiambia siri ndogo ndogo. Lakini kulikuwa na siri moja ambayo hakunishirikisha: alipokuwa anavundika ndizi.



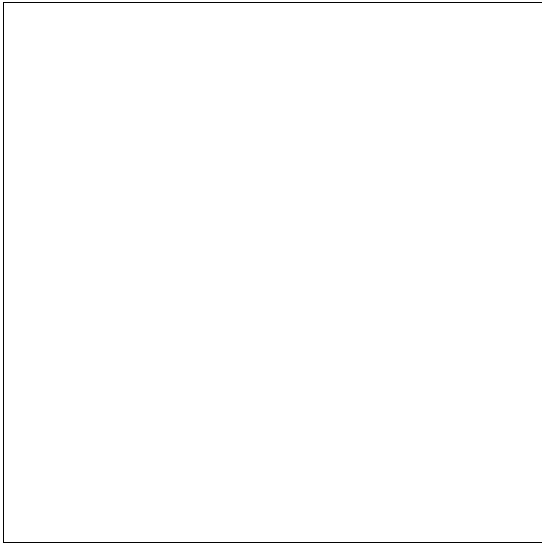
Jioni ile niliitwa na mama, baba na bibi. Nilijua kwanini. Usiku ule nilipokwenda kulala, nilijua siwezi kuiba tena. Siwezi kumwibia bibi, wazazi wangu na mtu yeyote yule.



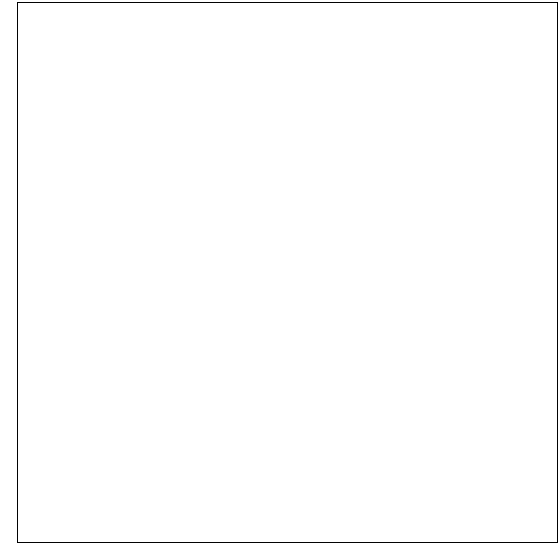
Siku moja niliona tenge kubwa limeanikwa juani
nje ya nyumba ya bibi. Nilipouliza lilikuwa la nini,
jibu pekee nililopata lilikuwa, "Hilo ni tenge langu
la maajabu." Pembeni mwa tenge ile kulikuwa na
majani ya ndizi ambayo bibi alikuwa akiyageza
kila mara. Nilipatwa na shauku. "Bibi, hayo majani!
ni ya nini?" niluiliza. Jibu pekee nililopata lilikuwa,
"Ni majani yangu ya maajabu."



Siku iliyofuata ilikuwa siku ya gulio. Bibi aliamka
asubuhi sana. Huwa anapelika ndizi mbivu na
mihogo kuza gulioni. Siku hiyo sikuwa na haraka
kwenda kumsalimia. Ila sikuweza kumkwepa kwa
muda mrefu.



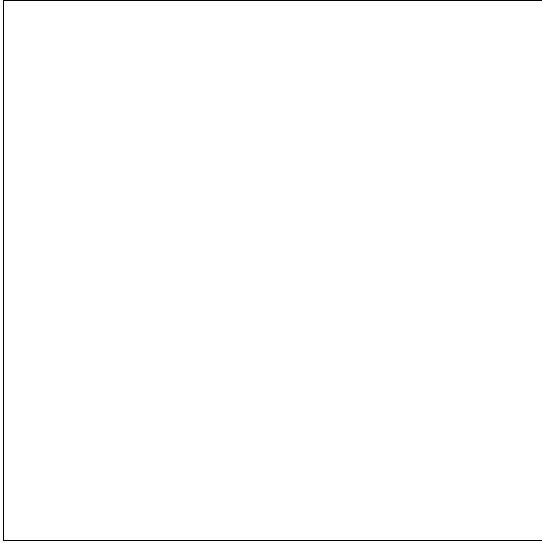
Nilikuwa na shauku kubwa kumwalia bibi, ndizi, majani ya ndizi na tenga kubwa. Lakini bibi alinituma kwenda kwa mama. “Bibi, tafadhali naomba nitazame unavyoandaa ...” “Usiwe msumbufu, fanya ulichoambiwa,” alisisitiza. Nikaondoka nikikimbia.



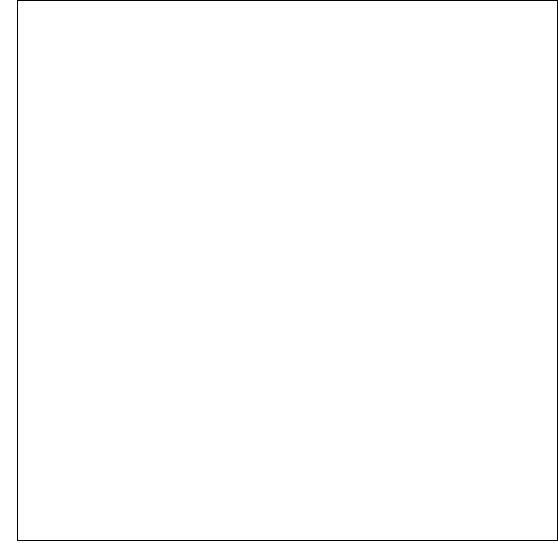
Siku iliyofuata, bibi alipokuwa bustanini akichuma mboga, nikanyemelea ndani kuchungulia ndizi. Karibu zote zilikuwa zimeiva. Nikashindwa kujizuia nikachukua kichana cha ndizi nne. Nilipokuwa nanyata kuelekea mlangoni, nikamsikia bibi akikohoa nje. Nilifanikiwa kuzificha ndizi ndani ya nguo yangu na tukapishana bila ya kugundua.

Niliporudi, bibi alikuwa amekaa nje, ila hakukuwa na tenga wala ndizi. "Bibi, tenga liko wapi, zile ndizi ziko wapi, na .." jibu pekee nililopata lilikuwa, "Zipo kwenye eneo la maajabu." Ilikuwa inasikitisha.

Siku iliyofuata bibi alipokuja kumtembelea mama yangu, nikakimbilia nyumbani kwake kuangalia ndizi tena. Kulikuwa na vichana vya ndizi zilizoiva. Nikachukua ndizi moja na kuificha kwenye nguo yangu. Bada ya kufunika tenga tena, nikaenda nyuma ya nyumba na harakaharaka nikaila. Ilikuwa ni ndizi tamu ambayo sijawahi kula kamwe.



Siku mbili baadaye, bibi alinituma kwenda chumbani kwake kumletea mkongojo. Mara tu baada ya kufungua mlango, nilikaribishwa na harufu kali ya ndizi mbivu. Pembeni mwa chumba kulikuwa na tenga kubwa la maajabu la bibi. Lilikuwa limefichwa na blanketi la zamani. Nikaliinua na kunusa ile harufi nzuri.



Sauti ya bibi ilinishtua alipoita, “Unafanya nini? Fanya haraka niletee mkongojo.” Nikaharakisha kwenda nje na mkongojo wake. “Unatabasamu nini?” bibi aliuliza. Swali lake likanifanya nigundue kuwa kumbe bado nilikuwa ninatabasamu baada ya kugundua eneo lake la maajabu.