

Story No. VN550007 – PASHU MULENGE I

BEMBA

Patile akantu, katile kashibuka, kabuka nga efyo.

Mu calo mwa Kasempa mwa ikele umulumendo, ishina lyakwe ni shi Nkole. Uyu *shi Nkole* ali ni fundi wa nama, icakutila umukashi wakwe na Kasonde, taishibe na fisashi iyoo. Abantu mu mushi, ba mutemenwe nganshi. Nga filya fine Icibemba citila, ‘Ukoba pali lunshi, cilonda’.

Pa bekala mushi ba mwa Kasempa mwali nakulu bantu cila Nshikita, uyu nakulu cila Nshikita wena akwete ubufuba kuli na Kasonde muka shi Nkole. Amano yalimo ya kupela shi Nkole, mwane umwanakashi ukutila engopa pakuti wene alekushila ifya mabwenge, lelo taebele shi Nkole amapange yakwe.

Ubushiku bumo, na Kasonde atukilwe nganshi kuli ba nakulu cila Nshikita ukwabulafye no mulandu, ba mufyengelefyeye. Icibemba citila “apo wa ipunwina, epo bambila no kusunta”.

Ubushiku bumo kuti cilya abwelafye ku kulunga, awe alwala impepo. Cila fikafye icungulo, shi Nkole alaongafye, afwa no kufwa. Napa cabapeseshe amano, afulilwe na ukullosha. Abantu bakwa shi Nkole, batusaile pali na Kasonde no kutila ewa ipaya ku mulandu wa myendele yakwe.

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ENGLISH

Once upon a time,

A certain young man lived in Kasempa’s Kingdom. His name was *shi Nkole*. (*Father of Nkole*). Shi Nkole was a renowned hunter of game animals. As such, his wife always cooked game meat for dinner. She never cooked ‘*ifisashi*’ (vegetables prepared in pounded groundnuts soup). People of Kasempa’s kingdom liked him very much because of his hunting skills. Indeed as the Bemba saying goes, ‘to attract a fly, there needs to be a sore’.

Amongst Kasempa villagers, there was an old woman whose name was nakulu Cilanshikita, (*grandmother of ‘it pains me’*). This old woman was very jealous of na Kasonde, (*mother of Kasonde*), shi Nkole’s wife. She had plans of giving shi Nkole her own daughter so that in return, shi Nkole would be bringing the game meat to her home. However, she never told shi Nkole.

One day, nakulu Cilanshikita insulted na Kasonde without any provocation. As the Bemba saying goes, *the source of limping is in the part of the body that was hurt by kicking against the rock*.

One day, shi Nkole came back from his hunting trip, upon arrival, he was gripped with a severe fever. He became so sick that in the evening, he died. This surprised everyone in the village. In fact, they were too shocked to mourn. All of shi Nkole’s relatives blamed his wife for his death, accusing her of bringing about his death due to her ‘promiscuity’.

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Ulucelo, abantu basendele icitumbi no kuya shika. Na Kasonde ni cikangafye aipose mu cilindi mu kulosha, pakutifye enga konka umulume wakwe. Balapwishafye ukushika, awe baikata na Kasonde batiya, batiya icine cine, abanakashi bambi balamwalika abati, “nomba twalingana, iwe waletila nalimo ukabelelela ukusheta ifibondo fya nama. Ale nomba shetako tumone”.

Ubo bushiku na Kasonde taiketele mu mushi, ailefye ne mpanga. Nakulu cila Nshikita naba nakulu Mwansa Chilopoli, ebakoselepo mu kupumya ifya ku pumya. Kuti cilebafye icungulo, na Kasonde aya ku nshinshi yakwa wiba eko aya ikala ico kabili umwendo wa mwikete ku mulandu wa mfifi, aninine ku muti wali mupepi ne manda.

Ca Lesa muno calo mwalilalwa tata Mulungu, kuti umo ekalishe amona impapa ya nkalamo yafuma na mu mulu no kwisa isapika napa luputa lwa muyashi napaaa! Icibemba citila, “ifibi filakonkana”.

Kuti umo atumbwile amenso nga Kabundi, awe amonafye kwati ni ndeke iya ifyushi nafoo, ulusengo ulukalamba nganshi lwaisa ishimpa na mwisamba Iya muti wine aninineko. Na ulubuto ulukalamba nganshi lwabako, elyo na indupe ikumi limo na abantumo babili muli cila lupe sha fika na ukwisa ikala palwelele nga indeke iya elikopita.

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In the morning, elders prepared his body for burial. From his home, the funeral procession made its way to the graveyard where the body was to be interned. His wife cried uncontrollably and almost threw herself into the grave to follow her husband.

When the burial rites were over, a group of villagers got hold of na Kasonde and started beating her up. As they did so, some women also teased her. “You thought you would continue eating boned meat forever? Let’s see if you will eat as you used to!”

On that day, na Kasonde did not stay in the village. She spent the whole day in the bush. The old women, nakulu Cilanshikita and nakulu Mwansa Chilopoli (grandmother of Mwansa Chilopoli) were the ones who tormented her the most.

In the evening naKasonde went to her husband’s grave. As it became dark and lonesome, she became afraid. Nearby her husband’s grave, there was a tree. For her own safety, she climbed up a tree and stayed there. Certain things cannot be understood in this world, as she peered in the darkness, she saw a lion’s skin coming from the sky and it fell on the grave of her dead husband with a thud! As a Bemba saying goes, ‘ bad things happen one after the other.’

As she kept her eyes open like an animal, she saw something else falling from the sky bellowing smoke like an aeroplane that had been shot. A big horn pierced the ground under the tree where she was. Just then, there was brightness everywhere. She then saw ten winnows with two people in each one. The winnows were suspended in the air like helicopters.

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Kuti cilya baika, awe batendeka na ukulisha ing'oma ishi shale umfwika ku bantu, ku mushi wa bantu kulya baikete, bacinda, bacinda mwe, ninshi na bafwala na masako ya fyuni ku mitwe, engala. Bakakile impapa sha Mbwili esho bafwele mu misana.

Kuti menso tubi, na Kasonde aishibapo umo pali balya ukutula ni nakulu cila Nshikita. Kuti ukuposa amenso pali umbi, awe nao amwishiba ukutula ni nakulu Mwansa Chilopoli.

Na mu mutima ati no kuti bushe kanshi eifi, ni ndoshi ishi! Emu mutima umo, nakulu cila Nshikita abula ulusengo ashimpa pa mulu wa luputa. Awe ulusengo lwa ingila mukati elyo nakulu Mwansa Chilopoli abula ubwembya nokuma pa mulu wa luputa.

Cilya uluputa lwa lepuka, ne loba lya kashika, abula na fimo ifyapala kwati ni imbalala akuba na mukati ka nindi, imbokoshi yafumina na kunse. Shi Nkole afuma aiminina na bwino bwino ngo mushilika uwa pambana.

Elyo nakulu cila Nshikita abula ne nkonto ala mushimpa na mulufumo ninshi ne milandile na icinja, alelanda ululimi ulwa ngulu. Apilibukila ku mwaume uwalipo umutali ati, “bushe iyi inengo tu inenengeze ...”? Ekutula bushe uyu umwana, tumulye ilelo line? “Awe tuma menengezya ivimakonkapo”, ekutula twalamona ifya lakonkapo.

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After they had landed, they started beating the drums which were heard only by them. Oblivious of this ceremony, the village slept quietly. Dressed in feathers on their heads and leopard skins around their waists, they danced and danced until they were contented.

Nakasonde looked on in horror. She peered closely and to her surprise, recognized one of the dancers. It was Nakulu Cila Nshikita! In disbelief, she turned her gaze at the other dancer, She also recognized her as Nakulu Mwansa Chilopoli.

She now realised that these people were witches. Nakulu cila Nshikita got the horn and pierced it on the grave. It went inside. Then Nakulu Mwansa Chilopoli got a stick and struck the grave. After the grave had opened, she got some brown soil and some powder that looked like pounded groundnuts. She sprinkled inside the grave and the coffin came out. Shi Nkole got out of the coffin and stood properly like a well disciplined soldier.

Nakulu cila Nshikita got a rod and started striking his stomach while talking using a demonic language. She turned to a man who was very tall and said, “*bushe iyinengo tuinenengeze ...?*” Meaning, “are we going to eat this child today?” “*Awe tuma menenengeze ivinakonkapo*”, meaning, “we shall eat him tomorrow.” The tall man answered.

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Elyo nakulu cila Nshikita akonkanyapo ukulanda kulishi Nkole ukuti, “uku kufyenga, tatu kufyengele iyoo, ico twakwipaila nico wafulishe akameko no butani ilyo waleipaya inama no kusheta weka na kakashi kobe kana Kasonde, nombamba kwashala aka kashi kobe nako ka kafwe.

Ico twishile kuno, niku kulya amabu no mutima ne citumbi cobe. Ta umona pali bonse abafwa abo umona abafwa muli uno mushi. Apo pene, “*Kanga amabu ala kulanya*”, imwe uyu umuntu nangu twala mulya, tuleletafye ifyongo no lupato ku banensu. Awe bonse baumfwa amashiwi neci baishibe ukutila awe Chikasha ali umuntu uwa afya nganshi.

Bashimpa no lusengo, balushimpula bashimya na ukushinga, bashika na ulya muntu abwelela na mu nindi, basha ba citapo nabwino bwino. Bwangu bwangu, na Kasonde alila naku mushi, ninshi balya bantu nabaya naku mishi kuntu bafumine ku mishi yabo. Awe alepula no lubilo mumone cali nipa macaca.

Awe umwanakashi wa kantu aleyafye, kuti ukuyafika kwi sano, awe alondolwela imfumu. Imfumu nayo ya mweba ukukana sapula akanwa pakuleka abene mulandu be umfwa kamofye bana milandu ebashele.

Kuti cilefikafye akashita ka bushiku, awe bonse balya abaciba mu mushi, balongana bafyuka na mu mushi ukuya belama mupepi naku manda yakwa shi Nkole.

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Then nakulu cila Nshikita continued talking to shi Nkole saying, “We are not being unfair to you. We killed you because you used to boast whenever you killed animals which you ate with your wife na Kasonde. The next person to die will be your wife.”

She continued, “we have come here to eat your liver, heart and body. Don’t you see the people that die in this village?”

Just then, *Kanga amabu ala ikulanya*, (the person who is in charge of roasting liver) disagreed.

He said, “even if we want to eat this person, we will just invite problems and hatred from our friends.” Every one listened to him because they knew that Chikasha was a very difficult person.

They pierced the horn in the ground, pulled it out and buried shi Kasonde again. They left the grave the way they had found it.

Without wasting time, Nakasonde went to the village after the witches had gone back to their villages. As it was early morning, she ran back to the village. She went straight to the palace and explained everything to the chief, everything that she had seen. The chief cautioned her to keep the secret so that the accused should not know that he was aware of what they had done.

In the evening, people in the village went out secretly and hid near shiNkole’s grave.

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Pa pitilefye inshita iinono ne ndoshi shafika, ninshi nashi senda na ma nongo aya kuya ipikilamo amabu. Awe ukufikafye, bayamba no kuma pa luputa lwakwa shi Nkole. Shi Nkole nao tali mukani, afuma. Elyo kabili bamweba imfwa. Mulya ukutila taba mufyengele iyoo, mulandu uwa kwipaya inama ewa mulya.

Kuti cilya Nandu Mutebeto abula umwele ukutila nomba abaile, awe mukwai, eeehe, alaaa, na bafika kale abantu ba bekata no ku bekatafye bonse ba babika na pakati.

Shi Nkole, talelanda ico ba musangwile icipuba. Elyo imfumu yapela icipope ukutila nga balefwaya ukupusuka, balya bantu, ati babwekeshe shi Nkole ku butuntulu. Elyo nga bakana, awe ninshi bala imwena.

Awe palya pene, indoshi shasumina bwangu bwangu, mwenso mwenso no kutila, kuti sha bomba na futi ukubwekesha shi Nkole ku butuntulu.

Awe babulile umuti no ku musuba shi Nkole. Shi Nkole, asanguka kabili umuntu.

Imfumu ya kampa no munwe, kwena apo mwa cita ica uyu musango, mpakafye bonse ukumoca. Awe ya baputawile imitwe ya boca na mu nkoloso, bafwa no kufwa.

Kali kashimi kapela.

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After a short period of time, the witches and wizards arrived with clay pots where they intended to cook liver. Immediately they arrived, they struck shi Nkole's grave. He came out without any resistance. They again told him about his death saying that he had not been unfairly treated. He had died because he had been a successful hunter.

Just as Nandu Mutebeto got a knife to kill him, all the men came out of hiding, surrounded the witches and wizards and caught all of them. Shi Nkole was not talking because he had been turned into a fool.

The chief then gave the witches and wizards a condition that if they wanted to live, they should bring shi Nkole back to normal life or else they would see what was in store for them.

The witches and wizards agreed promptly that they would bring shi Nkole back to normal life. Acting with fear, they got the charms and smeared them on shi Nkole who became a normal human being again.

The chief angrily wagged his finger at them and told them that for what they had done, they were all condemned to death. He had their heads cut off before they were all burnt in a kiln.

End of the story.

