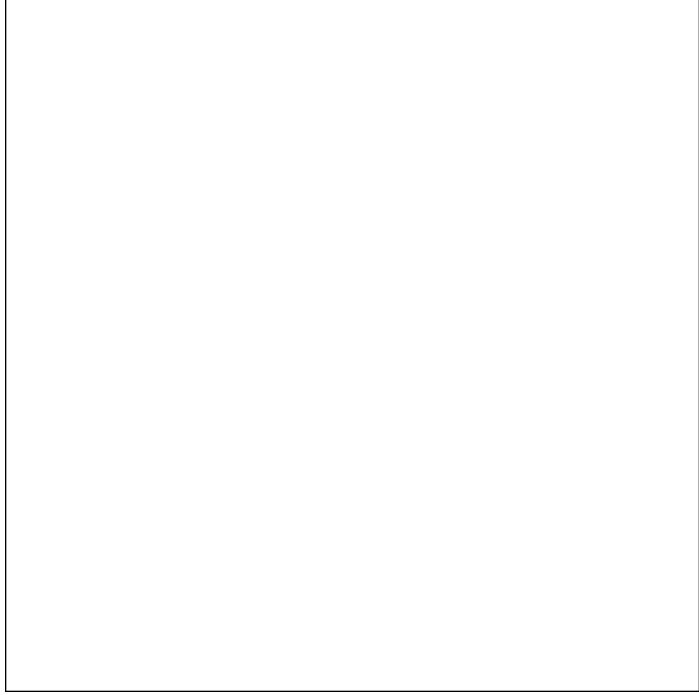


# As bananas da vovó

# Grandma's bananas



✎ Ursula Nafula

🔒 Catherine Groenewald

📄 Priscilla Freitas de Oliveira

🗨️ Portuguese / English

📊 Level 4

(imageless edition)



# Storybooks Jamaica

[global-asp.github.io/storybooks-jamaica](https://global-asp.github.io/storybooks-jamaica)

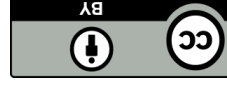
As bananas da vovó / Grandma's bananas

Written by: Ursula Nafula

Illustrated by: Catherine Groenewald

Translated by: Priscilla Freitas de Oliveira (pt)

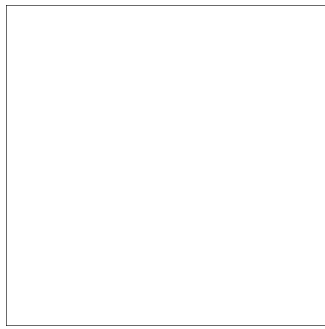
This story originates from the African Storybook ([africanstorybook.org](https://africanstorybook.org)) and is brought to you by Storybooks Jamaica in an effort to provide children's stories in Jamaica's many languages.



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons

[Attribution 3.0 International License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0).

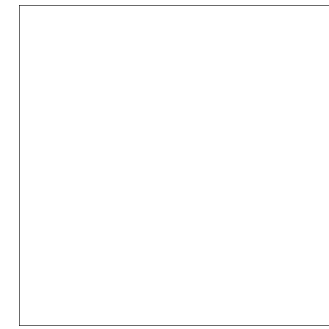
<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0>



O jardim da vovó era maravilhoso, cheio de sorgo, milho miúdo e mandioca. Mas o melhor de tudo era as bananas. Embora minha vovó tivesse muitos netos, eu secretamente sabia que era sua favorita. Sempre me convidava para ir a sua casa. Ela também me contava segredinhos. Porém, havia um único segredo que ela não dividia comigo: onde ela amadurecia as bananas.

...

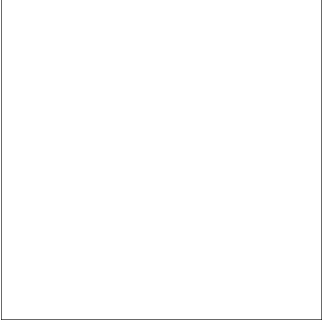
Grandma's garden was wonderful, full of sorghum, millet, and cassava. But best of all were the bananas. Although Grandma had many grandchildren, I secretly knew that I was her favourite. She invited me often to her house. She also told me little secrets. But there was one secret she did not share with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



Mais tarde fui chamada pela minha mãe, pelo meu pai e pela vovó. Sabia o porquê. Aquela noite quando eu deitava para dormir, sabia que nunca mais poderia roubar de novo; nem da minha vovó, nem mesmo dos meus pais e certamente nem de ninguém mais.

...

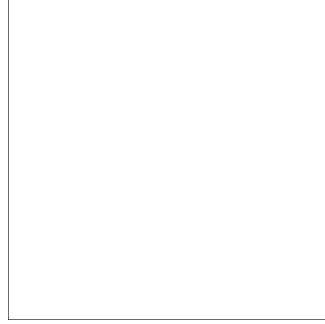
Later that evening I was called by my mother and father, and Grandma. I knew why. That night as I lay down to sleep, I knew I could never steal again, not from grandma, not from my parents, and certainly not from anyone else.



Um dia avistei uma grande cesta de palha do lado de fora da casa da vovó. Quando perguntei para quê servia, a única resposta foi, "É a minha cesta mágica." Ao lado da cesta, havia muitas folhas de bananeira qua a vovó virava de vez em quando. Estava curiosa. "Para que são essas folhas, vovó?" A única resposta que obtive foi, "Elas são as minhas folhas mágicas."

...

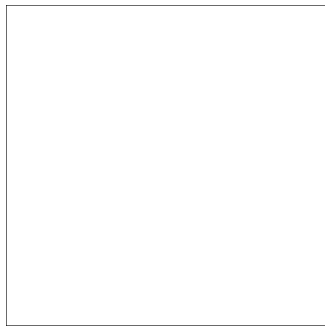
One day I saw a big straw basket placed in the sun outside Grandma's house. When I asked what it was for, the only answer I got was, "It's my magic basket." Next to the basket, there were several banana leaves that Grandma turned from time to time. I was curious. "What are the leaves for, Grandma?" I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



O dia seguinte era de ir ao mercado. Vovó acordou-se cedoinho. Ela sempre levava as bananas maduras e a mandioca para vender no mercado. Não me apressei em visitá-la naquele dia. Mas não podia evitá-la por muito tempo.

...

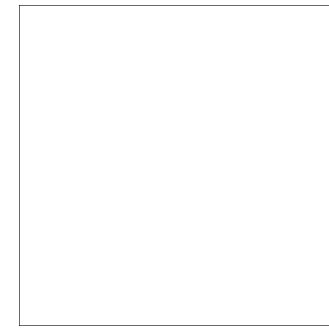
The following day was market day. Grandma woke up early. She always took ripe bananas and cassava to sell at the market. I did not hurry to visit her that day. But I could not avoid her for long.



Era tão interessante observar a vovó, as bananas, as folhas de bananeira e a grande cesta de palha. Mas a vovó me mandou ir para minha mãe levar um recado. “Vovó, por favor, deixe-me olhar você preparar...” “Não seja teimosa, criança, faça o que mandei,” ela insistiu. Saí correndo.

...

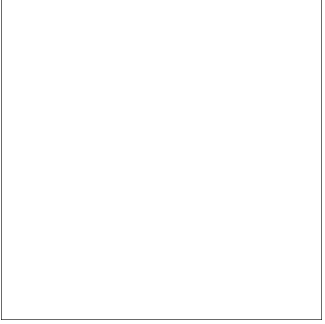
It was so interesting watching Grandma, the bananas, the banana leaves and the big straw basket. But Grandma sent me off to my mother on an errand. “Grandma, please, let me watch as you prepare...” “Don’t be stubborn, child, do as you are told,” she insisted. I took off running.



No outro dia, quando a vovó estava no jardim colhendo legumes, entrei de fininho e dei uma espiada nas bananas. Quase todas estavam maduras. Não me segurei e peguei quatro. Quando eu caminhava na ponta dos pés em direção a porta, ouvi a vovó tossir lá fora. Consegui esconder as bananas no meu vestido e passei por ela.

...

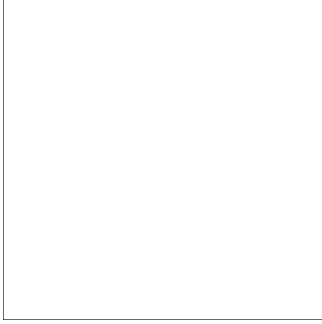
The following day, when grandma was in the garden picking vegetables, I sneaked in and peered at the bananas. Nearly all were ripe. I couldn’t help taking a bunch of four. As I tiptoed towards the door, I heard grandma coughing outside. I just managed to hide the bananas under my dress and walked past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



Quando retornei, vovô estava sentada do lado de fora sem a cesta e sem as bananas. "Vovô, onde está a cesta, onde estão todas as bananas, e onde..." Mas a única resposta que obtive, "Estão no meu lugar mágico." Foi tão decepcionante!

...

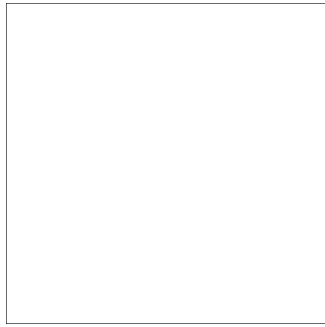
When I returned, Grandma was sitting outside but with neither the basket nor the bananas. "Grandma, where is the basket, where are all the bananas, and where..." But the only answer I got was, "They are in my magic place." It was so disappointing!



No dia seguinte, quando a vovó veio visitar minha mãe, corri para sua casa para verificar as bananas mais uma vez. Tinha um cacho bem maduro. Peguei uma e escondi no meu vestido. Depois de cobrir a cesta novamente, fui para trás da casa e comi rapidamente. Foi a banana mais doce que já comi.

...

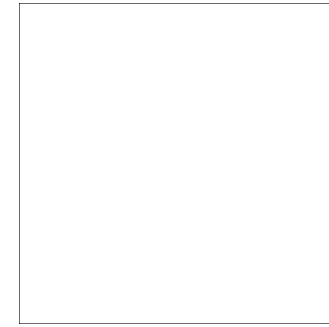
The following day when grandma came to visit my mother, I rushed to her house to check the bananas once more. There was a bunch of very ripe ones. I picked one and hid it in my dress. After covering the basket again, I went behind the house and quickly ate it. It was the sweetest banana I had ever tasted.



Dois dias depois, vovó me mandou buscar sua bengala no seu quarto. Assim que abri a porta, fui recebida com um forte cheiro de bananas maduras. Dentro do quarto estava a grande cesta mágica da vovó. Estava bem escondida embaixo de um cobertor velho. Levantei o cobertor e dei uma cheirada naquele cheiro maravilhoso.

...

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.



A voz da vovó me assustou quando ela me chamou, "O que você está fazendo? Vá ligeiro e me traga a bengala." Corri com a bengala dela. "Por que você está sorrindo?" vovó perguntou. Sua pergunta fez eu perceber que ainda estava sorrindo sobre a descoberta do seu lugar mágico.

...

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.