

WINNIE THE POOH AND THE BEES

by A.A. Milne
English : Swahili translation



INTRODUCTION



If you happen to have read another book about Christopher Robin, you may remember that he once had a swan (or the swan had Christopher Robin, I don't know which) and that he used to call this swan Pooh. That was a long time ago, and when we said good-bye, we took the name with us, as we didn't think the swan would want it any more. Well, when Edward Bear said that he would like an exciting name all to himself, Christopher Robin said at once, without stopping to

think, that he was Winnie-the-Pooh. And he was. So, as I have explained the Pooh part, I will now explain the rest of it.

You can't be in London for long without going to the Zoo. There are some people who begin at the zoo at the beginning, called WAYIN, and walk as quickly as they can past every cage until they get to the one called WAYOUT, but the nicest people go straight to the animal they love the most, and stay there. So when Christopher Robin goes to the zoo, he goes to where the polar bears are, and he whispers something to the third keeper from the left, and doors are unlocked, and we wander through dark passages and up steep stairs, until at last we come to the special cage, and the cage is opened, and out trots something brown and furry, and with a happy cry of "Oh, Bear!" Christopher Robin rushes into its arms. Now this bear's name is Winnie, which shows what a good name for bears it is, but the funny thing is that we can't remember whether Winnie is called after Pooh, or Pooh after Winnie. We did know once, but we have forgotten....

I had written as far as this when Piglet looked up and said in his squeaky voice, "What about *Me*?" "My dear Piglet," I said, "the whole book is about you." "So it is about Pooh," he squeaked. You see what it is. He is jealous because he thinks Pooh is having a grand Introduction all to himself. Pooh is the favourite, of course, there's no denying it, but Piglet comes in for a good many things which Pooh misses; because you can't take Pooh to school without everybody knowing it, but Piglet is so small that he slips into a pocket, where it is very comforting to feel him when you are not quite sure whether twice seven is twelve or twenty-two. Sometimes he slips out and has a good look in the ink-pot, and in this way he has got more education than Pooh, but Pooh doesn't mind. Some have brains, and some haven't, he says, and there it is.

And now all the others are saying, "What about *us*?" So perhaps the best thing to do is to stop writing Introductions and get on with the book.

A. A. Milne

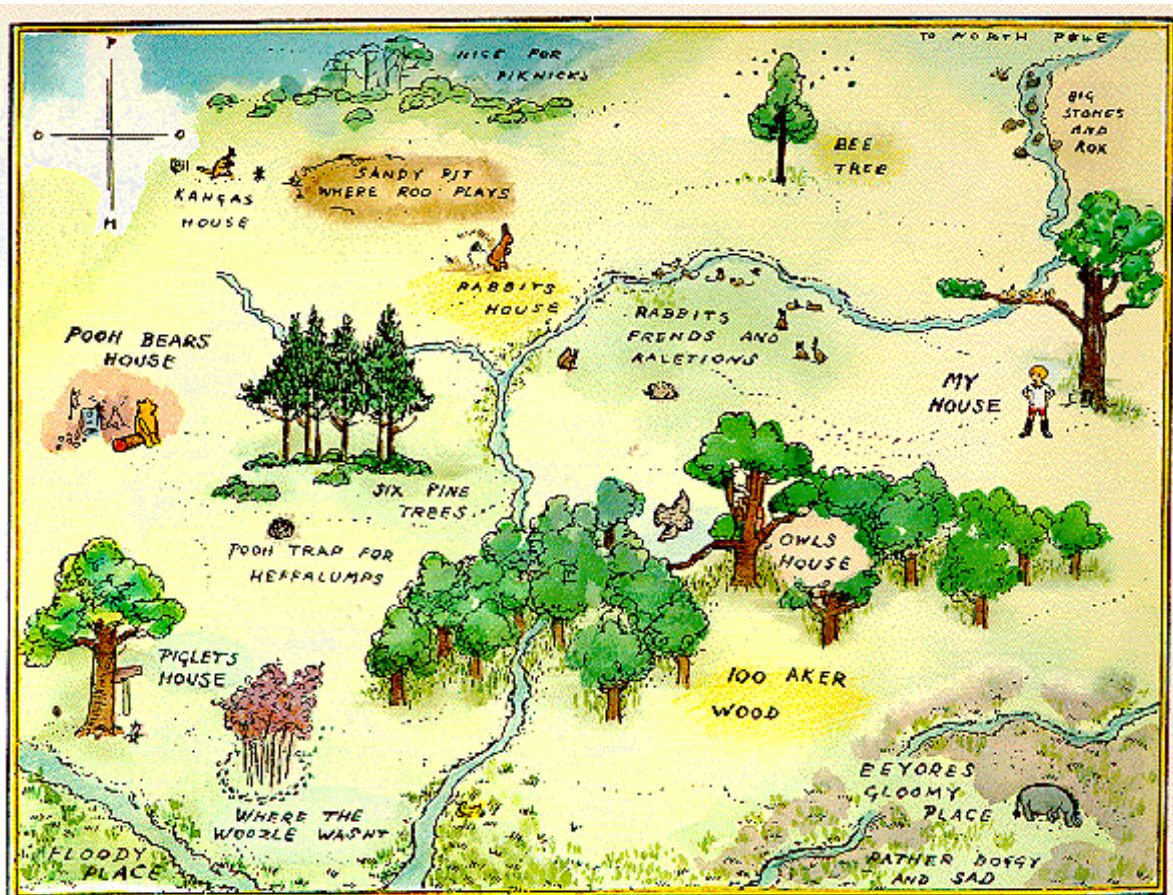
Iwapo umewahi kusoma kitabu kingine cha kumhusu Christopher Robin, unaweza kumbuka kuwa hapo awali aliwahi kuwa na bata-maji (au bata-maji aliwahi kuwa na Christopher Robin, sikumbuki ilikuwa vipi) na alikuwa akimwita bata-maji huyu Pooh. Hiyo ilikuwa zamani sana, na tulipo aga, tulichukua jina hilo pamoja nasi, hatukufikiri kuwa bata-maji angelitaka tena. Vyema, wakati Edward Bear alisema angependelea jina la kuisimua lake peke yake, Christopher Robin alisema kwa mara moja, bila kusita kufikiri, kuwa aitwe Winnie the Pooh. Na ikawa hivyo. Sasa kama nilivyokwisha kueleza kipande cha Pooh, sasa nitaeleza kilichobaki.

Huwezi kuwa jijini London kwa muda mrefu bila kutembelea bustani ya wanyama. Kuna baadhi ya watu huingilia bustani ya wanyama mwanzoni, kwa kutumia mlango wa kuingilia na hutembea kwa haraka zaidi kadri wawezavyo, wakipita kila kizimba hadi wafike kwenye mlango wa kutokea, ila watu weledi zaidi hunyooka moja kwa moja kwa mnyama wanaompenda zaidi na hutulia hapo. Hivyo, wakati Christopher Robin akienda kwenye bustani ya wanyama, anakwenda moja kwa moja walipo dubu weupe, na hunong'ona kitu kwa mlinzi wa geti wa tatu kutoka kushoto, kisha milango hufunguliwa, na tunapita njia za giza na kupanda ngazi kwenda juu, mpaka mwisho tunafika katika kizimba maalum, na kizimba hicho hufunguliwa na ndani huko hutoka kwa kukimbia kitu cha kahawia chenye manyoya, na kwa kulio kwa furaha "Oh, Dubu!" huku Christopher Robin akikimbilia mikononi mwake. Sasa, jina la dubu huyu ni Winnie, likidhihirisha ni jina zuri sana kuitwa dubu, ila cha ajabu ni kwamba, hatuna kumbukumbu rasmi kama Winnie anaitwa hivyo baada ya Pooh, au Pooh baada ya Winnie. Tulifahamu hapo awali, ila tumekwisha sahau.....

Nilikwisha andika kwa upana sana wakati Piglet alipotazama na kusema kwa sauti yake ya mkwaruzo, "vipi ya kunihusu?" "Mpendwa wangu Piglet," nilisema, "kitabu chote ni chakukuhusu ." "kama ilivyo kwa Pooh," alifoka. Umeona sasa namna ilivyo. Anahisi wivu kwa sababu anafikiri Pooh anapata utambulisho mkubwa wa kumzidi peke yake. Pooh ni kipenzi, bila shaka hakuna la kupinga, ila Piglet huwa na mambo mengi mazuri zaidi ya kumzidi Pooh; kwa sababu huwezi mpeleka Pooh shule bila kila mmoja kutambua, lakini Piglet ni mdogo sana kiasi kwamba huweza jificha mfukoni, ambapo ni faraja kubwa kumhisi bila kuwa na uhakika mara mbili ya saba ni kumi na mbili au ishirini na mbili. Kuna muda huchomoza na hutazama vizuri chombo cha wino, na kwa njia hii amepata elimu kubwa ya kumzidi Pooh, ila Pooh hajali. Baadhi wana akili, baadhi hawana, hivyo ndivyo ilivyo.

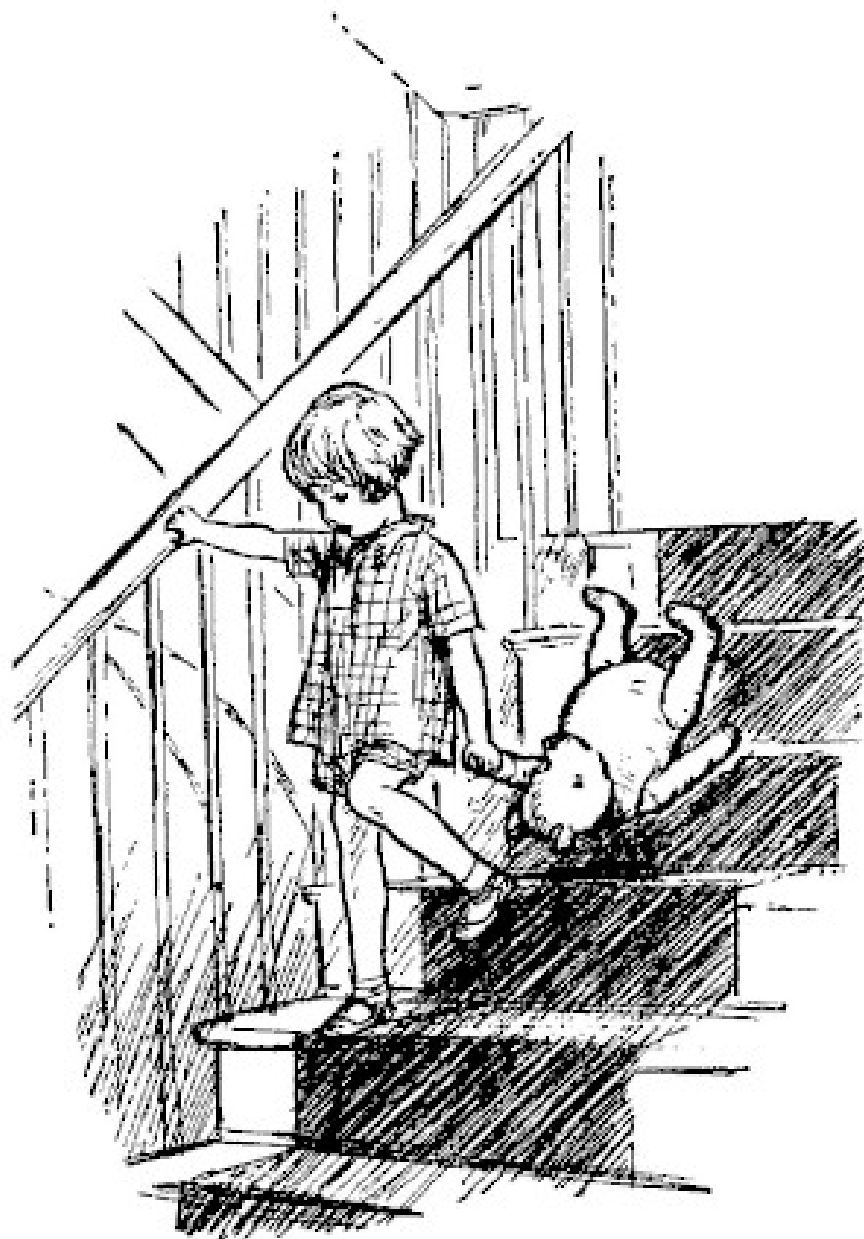
Na sasa wengine wote wanasema, "vipi vya kutuhusu?" hivyo huenda njia nzuri zaidi ni kuacha kuandika utambulisho mwingi na kuendelea kuandika na kitabu.

A. A. Milne



DRAWN BY ME AND MR SHEPARD HELPD

100 Acre Wood
Ekari 100 za Mbao



Here is Edward Bear, coming downstairs now, bump, bump, bump, on the back of his head, behind Christopher Robin. It is, as far as he knows, the only way of coming downstairs, but sometimes he feels that there really is another way, if only he could stop bumping for a moment and think of it. And then he feels that perhaps there isn't. Anyhow, here he is at the bottom, and ready to be introduced to you. Winnie-the-Pooh.

Kutana na Edward Bear akishuka ghorofani , huku akigonga bump, bump, bump, nyuma ya kichwa cha Christopher Robin. Kama anavyofahamu kuwa hiyo ndiyo njia pekee ya kushuka ngazi, Ila kuna muda anahisi kuwa kuna njia nyingine, kama tu angetulia kidogo na kufikiri kuhusiana na hilo. Na kuna muda huwaza kwamba hakuna. Kivyovyote vile, amefika chini kabisa, na yupo tayari kwa kutambulishwa kwa Winnie the Pooh.

When I first heard his name, I said, just as you are going to say, "But I thought he was a boy?"

"So did I," said Christopher Robin.

"Then you can't call him Winnie?"

"I don't."

"But you said——"

"He's Winnie-ther-Pooh. Don't you know what '*ther*' means?"

"Ah, yes, now I do," I said quickly; and I hope you do too, because it is all the explanation you are going to get. Sometimes Winnie-the-Pooh likes a game of some sort when he comes downstairs, and sometimes he likes to sit quietly in front of the fire and listen to a story. This evening——

Niliposikia jina lake kwa mara ya kwanza, nikasema, kama vile utakavyokwenda kusema, "ila nikajiuliza, je alikuwa wa kiume?"

"Kama ilivyo mimi," alisema Christopher Robin.

"Hivyo huwezi muita Winnie"

"Hapana, siwezi."

"Ila ulisema_____"

"Anaitwa Winnie-ther-Pooh. Kwani hufahamu neno la kiingereza "ther" lina maana gani?

"Ndio, nafahamu," nilisema kwa haraka, na nina tumai nawewe pia, kwasababu ya maelezo yote utakwenda kupata. Kuna muda Winnie the Pooh hupenda michezo fulani anaposhuka toka ghorofani, na kuna muda hupenda kukaa kwa utulivu kando ya moto na kusikiliza hadithi. Jioni hii _____

"What about a story?" said Christopher Robin.

"*What* about a story?" I said.

"Could you very sweetly tell Winnie-the-Pooh one?"

"I suppose I could," I said. "What sort of stories does he like?"

"About himself. Because he's *that* sort of Bear."

"Oh, I see."

"So could you, very sweetly?"

"I'll try," I said.

So I tried.

"Vipi kuhusu na hadithi?" alisema Christopher Robin.

"Vipi kuhusu na hadithi?" nilisema.

"Vipi unaweza kumuhadithia Winnie the Poohmoja kwa utaamu kabisa?"

"Nadhani ninaweza, nilisema. "Hadithi ya aina gani huwa anapendelea?"

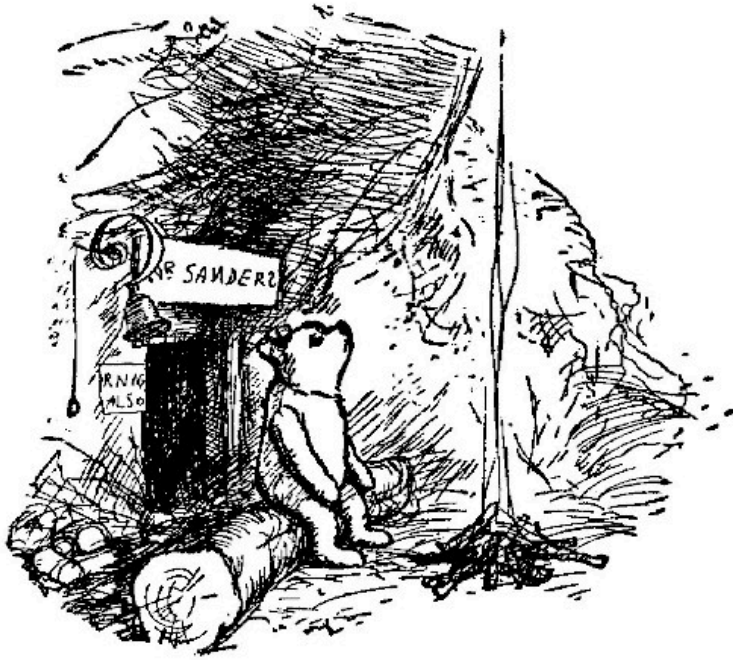
"Cha kumhusu. Kwasababu yeye ni aina fulani ya dubu."

"Ah, naona."

"hivyo unaweza, kwa utaamu sana?"

"Nitajaribu," nilisema.

Hivyo nilijaribu. .



Once upon a time, a very long time ago now, about last Friday, Winnie-the-Pooh lived in a forest all by himself under the name of Sanders.

("What does 'under the name' mean?" asked Christopher Robin.

"It means he had the name over the door in gold letters, and lived under it."

"Winnie-the-Pooh wasn't quite sure," said Christopher Robin.

"Now I am," said a growly voice.

"Then I will go on," said I.)

Hapo zamani za kale, muda mrefu sana sasa, kama Ijumaa iliyopita hivi. Winnie the Pooh aliishi msituni peke yake kwa jina la Sanders. ("Hivi 'kwa jina la' humaanisha nini?" Aliuliza Christopher Robin.

"Inamaanisha kwamba alikuwa na jina juu ya mlango iliyoandikwa kwa herufi ya dhahabu, na aliishi chini yake."

"Winnie the Pooh hakuwa na uhakika kamili," alisema Christopher Robin.

"Kwa sasa ninayo," alisema kwa sauti ya kujiamini.

"Hivyo nitaendelea," nilisema.)

One day when he was out walking, he came to an open place in the middle of the forest, and in the middle of this place was a large oak-tree, and, from the top of the tree, there came a loud buzzing-noise.

Siku moja akiwa nje kwa matembezi, alikuta sehemu iliyo wazi katikati mwa msitu, na katikati ya mahali hapa palikuwa na mti mkubwa wa mwaloni, na, kutoka juu ya mti, kulikuwa na sauti kubwa kama sauti ya mvumo.

Winnie-the-Pooh sat down at the foot of the tree, put his head between his paws and began to think. First of all he said to himself: "That buzzing-noise means something. You don't get a buzzing-noise like that, just buzzing and buzzing, without its meaning something. If there's a buzzing-noise, somebody's making a buzzing-noise, and the only reason for making a buzzing-noise that I know of is because you're a bee."

Then he thought another long time, and said: "And the only reason for being a bee that I know of is making honey."

And then he got up, and said: "And the only reason for making honey is so as I can eat it." So he began to climb the tree.



Winnie the Pooh alikaa kitako chini ya mti na kuweka kichwa chake juu ya viganja vyake na kuanza kutafakari.

Kwanza kabisa alijisemea mwenyewe:

"Hiyo kelele ya mvumo humaanisha kitu. Huwezi kusikia sauti kali kama ile, mvumo kwa mvumo, bila kuashiria chochote. Kama kuna sauti kali namna hii, kuna mtu anapiga hii kelele, na sababu pekee ya kelele hii ninavyofahamu, kwasababu wewe ni nyuki.

Hivyo akafiki kwa muda mwingine mrefu, na kusema: "Na sababu pekee ya kuwa nyuki ninavyofahamu ni kutengeneza asali."

Na ndipo aliposimama, na kusema: "Na sababu pekee ya kuwa nyuki nivyofahamu ni kutengeneza asali

Hivyo akasimama, huku akisema: "Na sababu pekee ya kutengeneza asali ni ili niweze kuila." Hivyo akaanza kupanda ule mti.

He climbed and he climbed and he climbed, and as he climbed he sang a little song to himself. It went like this:

Isn't it funny

How a bear likes honey?

Buzz! buzz! buzz!

I wonder why he does?

Then he climbed a little further ... and a little further ... and then just a little further. By that time he had thought of another song.

It's a very funny thought that, if bears were bees,

They'd build their nests at the bottom of trees.

And that being so (if the bees were bears),

We shouldn't have to climb up all these stairs.

He was getting rather tired by this time, so that is why he sang a complaining song. He was nearly there now, and if he just stood on that branch ...

Crack!

"Oh, help!" said Pooh, as he dropped ten feet on the branch below him.

Alipada na akapanda na akapabda, na alipokuwa akipanda aliimba wimbo kidogo peke yake. Ulienda hivi:

Kwani haifurahishi

Kwa jinsi dubu anavyopenda asali?

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Nashangaa kwanini anafanya?

Ndipo akapanda juu zaidi... na zaidi na zaidi kidogo. Kwa wakati huo akiwaza wimbo mwingine.

Kisha akapanda juu kidogo... na juu kidogo... na juu kidogo. Kwa wakato huo alifikiria wimbo mwingine.

Inafurahisha kufikiri kwamba. Kama dubu wangukuwa nyuki,

Wangejenga viota vyao chini ya mti.

Na ingekuwa hivyo (kama nyuki wangukuwa dubu),

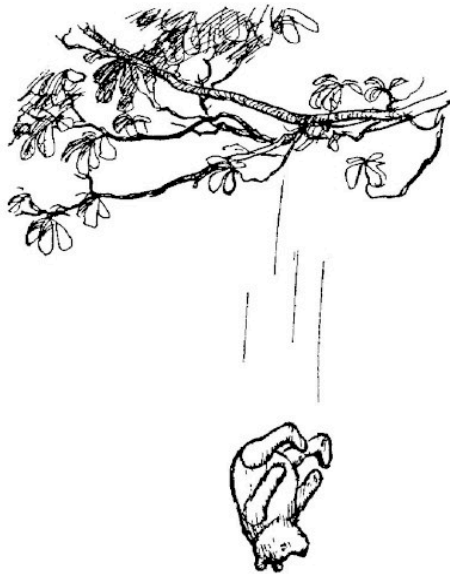
Tusingekuwa na haja ya kupanda ngazi yote hii hadi juu.

Alianza kuchoka kwa mida hii, hivyo ndio sababu aliimba wimbo wa kulalama. Alishakwisha karibia hapo, na kama aliposimama kwenye tawi la mti.....

Crack!

"Ah, msaada!" Alisema Pooh, akiwa anadodoka futi kumi kutoka tawi lililo chini yake.

"If only I hadn't——" he said, as he bounced twenty feet on to the next branch. "You see, what I *meant* to do," he explained, as he turned head-over-heels, and crashed on to another branch thirty feet below, "what I *meant* to do——" "Of course, it *was* rather——" he admitted, as he slithered very quickly through the next six branches.



"It all comes, I suppose," he decided, as he said good-bye to the last branch, spun round three times, and flew gracefully into a gorse-bush, "It all comes of *liking* honey so much. Oh, help!"

He crawled out of the gorse-bush, brushed the prickles from his nose, and began to think again and the first person he thought of was Christopher Robin.

"Laiti nisinge_____" alisema , huku akiwa anadunda futi ishirini toka kwenye tawi lingine.

"Unaona, nilichopaswa kufanya," alieleza, huku akigeuka kurudi, na akagonga tawi lingine futi thelathini chini, "nilichopaswa kufanya_____"

"Sawa kabisa, ilihitajika_____" alikiri, huku akiteleza kwa haraka matawi mengine sita zaidi.

"Huwa yaja yote, nadhani," aliamua, huku akiagana na tawi la mwisho akizungushwa zungushwa mara tatu na kutua kichakani, "yote hii hutokea kwasababu ya kupenda asali sana. Tafadhali, msaada!"

Akatambaa kutoka kwenye kile kichaka, akajifuta mabaki ya uchafu wa majani puani kwake, na kuanza kufikiri tena na mtu wa kwanza kumfikiria alikuwa Christopher Robin.



("Was that me?" said Christopher Robin in an awed voice, hardly daring to believe it.

"That was you."

Christopher Robin said nothing, but his eyes got larger and larger, and his face got pinker and pinker.)

("Huyo alikuwa mimi?" alisema Christopher Robin kwa sauti ya mshangao, ikiwa ni ngumu kuamini.

"Ndio, huyo alikuwa wewe."

Christopher Robin hakusema chochote, ila macho yake yakazidi kuwa makubwa zaidi, na uso wake ukawa mwekundu na mwekundu.)



So Winnie-the-Pooh went round to his friend Christopher Robin, who lived behind a green door in another part of the forest. "Good morning, Christopher Robin," he said.

"Good morning, Winnie-*ther*-Pooh," said you.

Hivyo Winnie the Pooh akaenda kwa rafiki yake Christopher Robin, aliyeishi kwa nyumba wenye mlango wa kijani upande mwingine wa msitu. "Habari za asubuhi, Christopher Robin," alisema.

"Salama, Winnie-the-Pooh," ukajibu.

"I wonder if you've got such a thing as a balloon about you?"

"A balloon?"

"Yes, I just said to myself coming along: 'I wonder if Christopher Robin has such a thing as a balloon about him?' I just said it to myself, thinking of balloons, and wondering."

"What do you want a balloon for?" you said.

"Nilikuwa nashanga unaweza kuwa na kitu kama puto pamoja na wewe?"

"Puto?"

"Ndio, nijiliuliza peke yangu nilipokuwa nakuja: 'Nikawaza kama Christopher Robin akiwa na kitu kama puto pamoja naye?' Nilijisemea tu peke yangu, kufikiria puto, na kushangaa."

"Unataka puto ya nini?" ulisema.

Winnie-the-Pooh looked round to see that nobody was listening, put his paw to his mouth, and said in a deep whisper: "*Honey!*"

"But you don't get honey with balloons!"

"I do," said Pooh.

Well, it just happened that you had been to a party the day before at the house of your friend Piglet, and you had balloons at the party. You had had a big green balloon; and one of Rabbit's relations had had a big blue one, and had left it behind, being really too young to go to a party at all; and so you had brought the green one *and* the blue one home with you.

"Which one would you like?" you asked Pooh.

Winnie the Pooh akaangalia huku na kule na kuona hakuna mtu anaesikiliza , akaweka kiganja chake mdomoni, na kusema kwa sauti ya kunong 'ona: "Asali!"

"Ila huwezi pata asali kwa puto!"

"Ninaweza," alisema Pooh.

Kweli, iliwahi tokea kwamba ulihudhuria sherehe siku moja kabla nyumbani kwa rafiki yako Piglet, na mlikuwa na puto kwenye sherehe. Ulikuwa na puto kubwa la kijani, na mmoja wa ndugu wa Rabbit alikuwa na kubwa la rangi ya buluu, na aliiacha, ukiwa mdogo sana kuhudhuria sherehe yeyote, ulipeleka puto moja ya rangi ya kijani na rangi ya buluu nyumbani.

"Ipi ungependelea?" Ulimuuliza Pooh.

He put his head between his paws and thought very carefully.

"It's like this," he said. "When you go after honey with a balloon, the great thing is not to let the bees know you're coming. Now, if you have a green balloon, they might think you were only part of the tree, and not notice you, and, if you have a blue balloon, they might think you were only part of the sky, and not notice you, and the question is: Which is most likely?"

"Wouldn't they notice *you* underneath the balloon?" you asked.

"They might or they might not," said Winnie-the-Pooh. "You never can tell with bees." He thought for a moment and said: "I shall try to look like a small black cloud. That will deceive them."

Aliweka kichwa chake kati ya viganja vyake na kufikiri kwa makini.

"Utakapokuwa unaenda kufuata asali na kwa kutumia puto, kikubwa ni kutoruhusu nyuki wafahamu kwamba unakwenda. Sasa ukiwa na puto la kijani, wanaweza fikiri kwamba ni sehemu ya mti, na wasikutambue, na swali ni: Kipi kina uwezekano zaidi?"

"Hawatoweza kukutambua ukiwa chini ya puto?" uliuliza.

"Wanaweza au wasiweze," alisema Winnie-the-Pooh. "Kamwe huwezi waelewa nyuki." Alifikiri kwa muda kisha alisema: "Nitajaribu kuwa kama wingu dogo jeusi. Hiyo inaweza walaghai."

"Then you had better have the blue balloon," you said; and so it was decided.

"Hivyo ni vyema umekuwa na puto ndogo rangi ya buluu, ulisema; hivyo iliamuliwa.



Well, you both went out with the blue balloon, and you took your gun with you, just in case, as you always did, and Winnie-the-Pooh went to a very muddy place that he knew of, and rolled and rolled until he was black all over; and then, when the balloon was blown up as big as big, and you and Pooh were both holding on to the string, you let go suddenly, and Pooh Bear floated gracefully up into the sky, and stayed there—level with the top of the tree and about twenty feet away from it.

Kwahiyo, mlitondoka na puto la buluu, na mkabeba na bunduki yenu, kama dharura, kama mlivyokuwa mkifanya siku zote, na Winnie the Pooh alikwenda kwenye eneo lenye tope alilolifahamu, na kujigaragaza mpaka akawa mweusi kote, na puto lililopulizwa na kuwa kubwa sana, wewe na Pooh mliokuwa mmeishikilia nyuzi, ukaiachilia ghafla na dubu Pooh akaning'inia mpaka angani, na akabaki huko-sawasawa na usawa wa miti na angalau urefu wa futi ishirini kutoka chini.



"Hooray!" you shouted.

"Isn't that fine?" shouted Winnie-the-Pooh down to you. "What do I look like?"

"You look like a Bear holding onto a balloon," you said.

"Not," said Pooh anxiously, "—not like a small black cloud in a blue sky?"

"Not very much."

"Ah, well, perhaps from up here it looks different. And, as I say, you never can tell with bees."

There was no wind to blow him nearer to the tree, so there he stayed. He could see the honey, he could smell the honey, but he couldn't quite reach the honey. After a little while he called down to you.

"Hooray!" ukapiga yowe.

"Kwani hiyo siyo safi?" alikupigia kelele Winnie-the-Pooh ukiwa chini. "Je, ninaonekanaje?"

"Unaonekana kama dubu akiwa ameshikilia puto," ulisema.

"Hapana," Pooh alisema kwa wasiwasi, "—sio kama wingu dogo jeusi kwenye anga la buluu?"

"Sio kihivyo."

"Oh, huenda huku vitu huonekana tofauti. Na, kama nilivyosema awali, ni ngumu sana kueleza ya nyuki."

Hakukuwa na upepo wa kumpeperusha katika mti wa karibu, hivyo huko akabaki. Aliweza ona asali, aliweza nusa ila hakuweza kufikia.

Baada ya muda mchache aliita huku chini.

"Christopher Robin!" he said in a loud whisper.

"Hello!"

"I think the bees *suspect* something!"

"What sort of thing?"

"I don't know. But something tells me that they're *suspicious*!"

"Christopher Robin!" Alisema kwa mnong'ono mkubwa.

"Ndio!"

"Ninadhani nyuki wameshuku jambo!"

"Jambo gani?"

"Sifahamu. Ila kuna kitu kina niambia kuwa wamepata mashaka!"

"Perhaps they think that you're after their honey."

"It may be that. You never can tell with bees."

There was another little silence, and then he called down to you again.

"Jambo gani?"

"Sifahamu. Ila kuna kitu kina niambia kuwa wamepata mashaka!"

"Huwenda wanadhani unafuatilia asali yao."

"Huenda ikawa hiyo. Huwezi jua fikra za nyuki."

Kukawa na ukimya mfupi mwingine, kasha akakuita tena.



"Christopher Robin!"

"Yes?"

"Have you an umbrella in your house?"

"I think so."

"I wish you would bring it out here, and walk up and down with it, and look up at me every now and then, and say 'Tut-tut, it looks like rain.' I think, if you did that, it would help the deception which we are practising on these bees."

Well, you laughed to yourself, "Silly old bear!" but you didn't say it aloud because you were so fond of him, and you went home for your umbrella.

"Oh, there you are!" called down Winnie-the-Pooh, as soon as you got back to the tree. "I was beginning to get anxious. I have discovered that the bees are now definitely Suspicious."

"Christopher Robin!"

"Ndio?"

"Je, una mwamvuli nyumbani kwako?"

"Nadhani ninayo."

"Ninatamai ungekuja nayo hapa, niweze kupanda na kushuka huko nayo, na unanitazama kila mara na kusema 'Tut-tut, inaonekana kama mvua.' Ninafikiri, kama ungefanya hivyo, ingeweza saidia kwenye uowngo tunaojaribu kwa hawa nyuki."

Sawa, ulijicheka mwenyewe, "Dubu zee jinga!" ila hukusema kwa nguvu kwasababu ulimwogopa, na ulikwenda nyumbani kwa kuleta mwamvuli wako

."Oh, hapo safi!" alisema Winnie-the-Pooh, mara tu uliporudi. "Nilianza kupata wasiwasi. Nimekuja gundua kuwa sasa nyuki wameanza kugundua."



"Shall I put my umbrella up?" you said.

"Yes, but wait a moment. We must be practical. The important bee to deceive is the queen bee. Can you see which is the queen bee from down there?"

"No."

"A pity. Well, now, if you walk up and down with your umbrella, saying, 'Tut-tut, it looks like rain,' I shall do what I can by singing a little cloud song, such as a cloud might sing.... Go!"

So, while you walked up and down and wondered if it would rain, Winnie-the-Pooh sang this song:

“Je, naweza weka mwamvuli wangu juu?” ulisema.

“Ndio, ila ngoja kidogo. Lazima tufanye kwa vitendo. Nyuki muhumi wa kumuongopea ni nyuki Malkia.

Unaweza kugundua yupi ndiye malkia ukiwa huko chini?”

“Hapana.”

“Inatia huruma. Sawa, sasa, kama ukitembea na mwamvuli wako juu na chini juu na chini, ukisema, 'Tut-tut, itaonekana kama mvua, 'Nitafanya kile ninachoweza kwa kuimba kidogo wimbo wa mawingu, kama vile mawingu huweza imba....Nenda!”

Hivyo, wakati ukitembea juu na chini ukiwa na mashaka kama ingenyesha, Winnie the Pooh aliimba wimbo huu:

*How sweet to be a Cloud
Floating in the Blue!
Every little cloud
Always sings aloud.
"How sweet to be a Cloud
Floating in the Blue!"
It makes him very proud
To be a little cloud.*

*Namna gani nzuri kuwa wingu
Kuelea kwenye Buluu!
Kila wingu dogo
Huimba kwa sauti daima
“Namna gani nzuri kuwa wingu
Kuelea kwenye Buluu!”
Humfanya ajivunie
Kuwa wingu dogo.*

The bees were still buzzing as suspiciously as ever. Some of them, indeed, left their nests and flew all round the cloud as it began the second verse of this song, and one bee sat down on the nose of the cloud for a moment, and then got up again.

Nyuki waliendelea kupiga kelele kwa masahaka bila kuchoka. wachache wao, hata hivyo waliacha viota vyao na kuruka ruka ilivyoanza beti la pili wa wimbo huu, na nyuki mmoja aliketi kwenye mchongoko wa wingu kwa muda, kasha akainuka tena.

"Christopher—ow!—Robin," called out the cloud.

"Yes?"

"I have just been thinking, and I have come to a very important decision. *These are the wrong sort of bees.*"

"Are they?"

"Quite the wrong sort. So I should think they would make the wrong sort of honey, shouldn't you?"

"Would they?"

"Yes. So I think I shall come down."

"How?" asked you.

"Christopher—ow!—Robin," ilisikika kutoka kwenye wingu.

"Naam?"

"Nilikuwa nawaza kwa muda hapa, na nimekuja fikia uamuzi muhimu sana. Hawa ni aina tofauti ya nyuki."

"Ni kweli?"

"Ndio, ni aina tofauti. Hivyo unataka nifikiri kwamba wanatengeneza aina tofauti ya asali, si ndio?"

"Wanaweza?"

"Ndio, hivyo nafikiri sasa naweza shuka."

"Kivipi?" uliuliza.

Winnie-the-Pooh hadn't thought about this. If he let go of the string, he would fall—*bump*—and he didn't like the idea of that. So he thought for a long time, and then he said: "Christopher Robin, you must shoot the balloon with your gun. Have you got your gun?"

"Of course I have," you said. "But if I do that, it will spoil the balloon," you said.

"But if you *don't*," said Pooh, "I shall have to let go, and that would spoil *me*."

Winnie the Pooh hakufikiri kuhusu hili. Kwani akiachilia nyuzi aliyoishikilia atadondoka —bump— na hakupendelea hilo wazo kabisa. Hivyo aliwaza kwa muda mrefu, kisha akasema: "Christopher Robin, lazima ulenge puto hii kwa kutumia binduki yako. Vipi umebeba bunduki yako?"

"Bila shaka ninayo," ulisema. "Ila nikifanya hivyo itaharibu puto," ulisema.

"Ila usipo," alisema Pooh, "Nitaiachiliaa iondoke, hivyo linaweza niharibu mimi."

]



When he put it like this, you saw how it was, and you aimed very carefully at the balloon, and fired.

"Ow!" said Pooh.

"Did I miss?" you asked.

"You didn't exactly *miss*," said Pooh, "but you missed the *balloon*."

"Je, nimekosa shabaha?" uliuliza.

"Hukukosea kabisa," alisema Pooh, "ila ulikosa puto."

Alipoifanya iwe hivi, uliona namna ilivyokuwa, na uliipima puto kwa makini, na kupiga risasi.

"Ow!" alisema Pooh.

"I'm so sorry," you said, and you fired again, and this time you hit the balloon, and the air came slowly out, and Winnie-the-Pooh floated down to the ground. But his arms were so stiff from holding on to the string of the balloon all that time that they stayed up straight in the air for more than a week, and whenever a fly came and settled on his nose he had to blow it off. And I think—but I am not sure—that *that* is why he was always called Pooh.

“Samahani sana,” ulisema, na ukapiga tena, na kwa muda huu ulipatia, na hewa ikatoka taratibu, na Winnie the Pooh akaelea kushuka chini ardhini.

Ila mikono yake yalikakamaa sana kutokana na kushika nyuzi ya puto kwa muda wote alipokuwa akining’inia hewani zaidi ya wiki moja, na endapo inzi alipokuja kutua puani mwake, alihitaji kupuliza ili aondoke. Na nadhani — sina uhakika sana — na ndio asili ya jina la Pooh.

"Is that the end of the story?" asked Christopher Robin.

"That's the end of that one. There are others."

"About Pooh and Me?"

"

"And Piglet and Rabbit and all of you. Don't you remember?"

"I do remember, and then when I try to remember, I forget."

"That day when Pooh and Piglet tried to catch the Heffalump——"

"They didn't catch it, did they?"

"No."

“Je, hapo ndio mwisho wa hadithi?” aliuliza Christopher Robin.

“Hapo ndio mwisho wa hiyo moja, ila kuna zingine.” (Checked)

“Kuhusu mimi na Pooh?”

“Na Piglet na Rabbit na nunyi nyote. Kwani hukumbuki?”

“Ninakumbuka, ila pale ninapojaribu kumbuka, nasahau.”

“Ile siku ambayo Pooh na Piglet alijaribu kushika Heffalump——”

“Hawakufanikiwa kumshika, si ndio?”

“Hapana.”

"Pooh couldn't, because he hasn't any brain. Did I catch it?"

"Well, that comes into the story."

Christopher Robin nodded.

"I do remember," he said, "only Pooh doesn't very well, so that's why he likes having it told to him again. Because then it's a real story and not just a remembering."

"That's just how I feel," I said.

Christopher Robin gave a deep sigh, picked his Bear up by the leg, and walked off to the door, trailing Pooh behind him. At the door he turned and said, "Coming to see me have my bath?"

"I might," I said

"I didn't hurt him when I shot him, did I?"

"Not a bit." He nodded and went out, and in a moment I heard Winnie-the-Pooh—*bump, bump, bump*—going up the stairs behind him.

"Pooh hakuweza, kwasababu hana akili hata kidogo. Je, nilifanikiwa mshika?"

"Sawa, ndio hapo sasa huja hadithi."

Christopher Robin aliitikia kwa kutingisha kichwa.

"Ninakumbuka," alisema, "Pooh pekee ndio hana kumbukumbuku vizuri, ndio maana anapenda urudie kumweleza. Kwasababu sasa, ni hadithi ya ukweli na si ya kukumbuka tu.

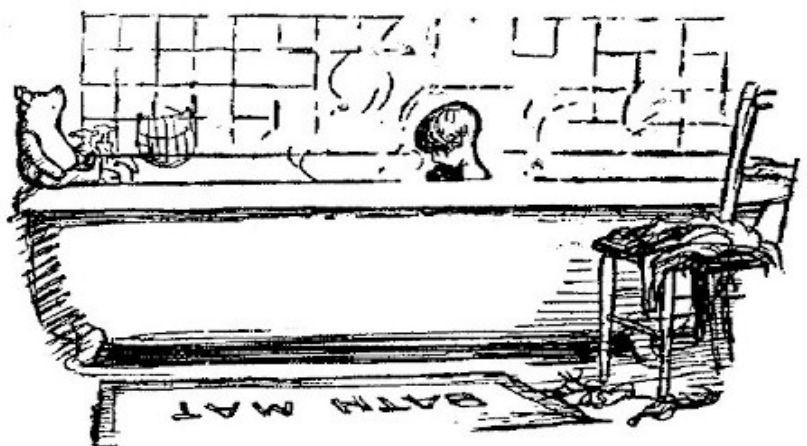
"Hivyo ndivyo ninavyohisi," nilisema.

Christopher Robin akavuta pumzi kwa nguvu, na kumnyanyua dubu wake kwa miguu, kwa kutokea mlangoni, huku akimkokota. Alipofika mlangoni aligeuka na kusema, "je, mtakuja kuniangalia nikiwa naoga?"

"Ninaweza," nilisema.

"Sikumuumiza wakati nilipopiga risasi, Si ndio?"
(Checked)

"Hata kidogo. Alitingisha kichwa na kutoka nje, na kwa muda nilimsikia Winnie the Pooh—*bump, bump, bump*— akipanda ngazi zilizokuwa nyuma yake.



Translated into Swahili by Asante Skuli Africa



Questions

On my own:

1. What do you already know about bees?
2. What do bears like to eat?

Right there:

3. What type of character is Winnie the Pooh?
4. Where does Winnie the Pooh live?
5. Who is Winnie-the-Pooh's friend?
6. Why does Winnie-the-Pooh want a balloon?
7. What happens when Winnie-the-Pooh tries to get honey from the bees?

Think and Search:

8. Do you think Winnie-the-Pooh is a good problem solver?
9. How does Winnie the Pooh feel about honey?

Author and me:

10. What do you think we can learn from the story about persevering when something is difficult?

Maswali

Kuhusu Nyuki:

1. Unajua nini kuhusu nyuki tayari?
2. Nini wanyama aina ya dubu hupenda kula?

Hapo:

3. Winnie the Pooh ni aina gani ya tabia?
4. Winnie the Pooh anaishi wapi?
5. Nani ni rafiki wa Winnie the Pooh?
6. Kwa nini Winnie the Pooh anataka baluni?
7. Nini hutokea wakati Winnie the Pooh anajaribu kupata asali kutoka kwa nyuki?

Fikiri na Tafuta:

8. Je, unafikiri Winnie the Pooh ni mtatuzi mzuri wa matatizo?
9. Winnie the Pooh anahisije kuhusu asali?

Mwandishi na Mimi:

10. Unaamini tunaweza kujifunza nini kutoka hadithi kuhusu kuendelea kusimama imara wakati kitu kinakuwa kigumu?