



Àṣàkẹ àti Ìyá Rẹ Ìyá Àgbà

by Alade Adeola





In a vibrant Yoruba village, where the sun always shone brightly, lived a young boy named Àṣàkẹ́. He loved listening to his grandmother, Ìyá Àgbà's, stories and helping her in the garden. He especially adored his giant, yellow yam that he had been growing with great care.





Àsàkẹ carefully tended his enormous yam, watering it and singing to it every day. The yam grew bigger and rounder, promising a delicious meal with Ìyá Àgbà. He imagined the sweet taste and the warmth of sharing it with her.





One day, as Àṣàkẹ carried his precious yam home, he met his friend, Olú. Olú's face was clouded with sadness. His family's harvest had been poor, and they didn't have much food.





Àṣàkẹ looked at his big yam, then at Olú's sad face. A little voice whispered, 'Keep the yam!' But the voice of Ìyá Àgbà, filled with love, reminded him of the proverb: 'Àjùmòṣe ni àgbàrà.'





Taking a deep breath, Àṣàkẹ offered the yam to Olú. He suggested they cook it together and share it with Olú's family. Olú's face lit up with joy and gratitude.





That evening, the aroma of roasted yam filled the air. Àsàkẹ́, Ìyá Àgbà, Olú, and his family, along with neighbors, shared the meal. Everyone laughed, told stories, and learned that sharing brings even greater joy.