



Storybooks Canada

storybookscanada.ca

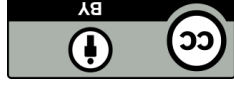
Simbagwayir / Simbegwire

Written by: Rukia Nantale

Illustrated by: Benjamin Mitchley

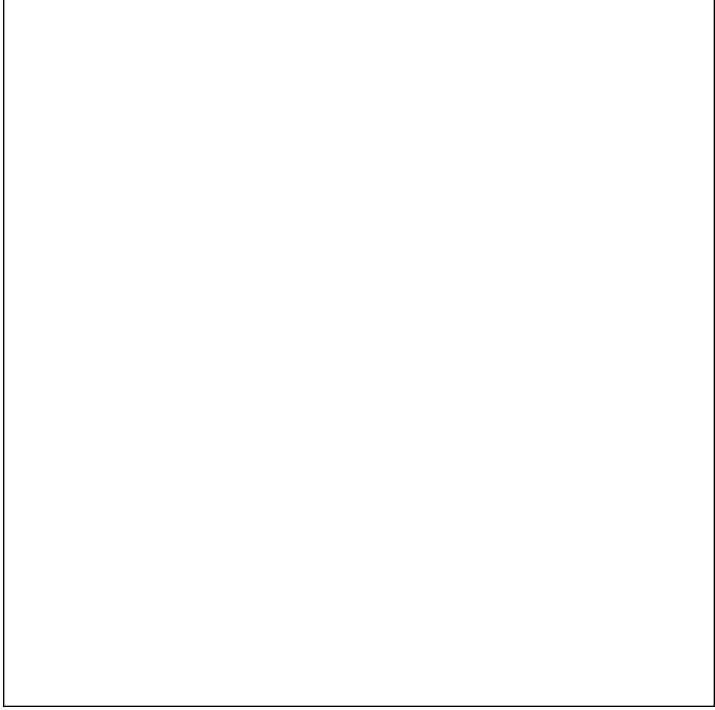
Translated by: (om) Demoze Degefa

This story originates from the African Storybook (africanstorybook.org) and is brought to you by Storybooks Canada in an effort to provide children's stories in Canada'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>

Simbagwayir
Simbegwire



✎ Rukia Nantale
👤 Benjamin Mitchley
📖 Demoze Degefa
🗣️ Oromo / English
📖 Level 5

(imageless edition)

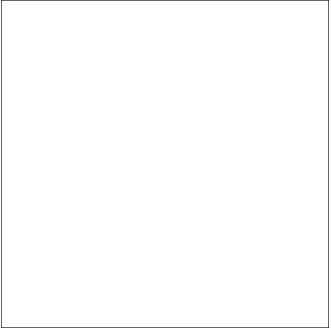




Yeroo harmeen Simbagwayir dutu bayee gadiite turte. Abbaan Simbagawayir akka intalli isaa jajjabatu bayee dhamee. Suuta suutaan harmee Simbagwayir malee jiruu gammachuu jiraachuu calaqaban. Ganama ganama wa'ee taa'a nii wa'ee olmaa isanii haasa'u. Galgal immo irbaata wajjiin qophessu. Irabaata bodaa abban Simbagwayir muccan isaa ni qo'achiisa.

...

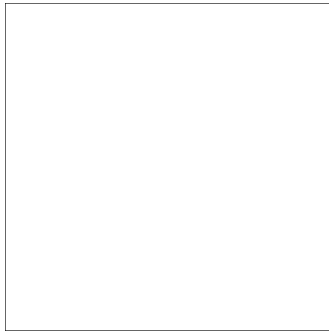
When Simbegwire's mother died, she was very sad. Simbegwire's father did his best to take care of his daughter. Slowly, they learned to feel happy again, without Simbegwire's mother. Every morning they sat and talked about the day ahead. Every evening they made dinner together. After they washed the dishes, Simbegwire's father helped her with homework.



Gaftokko abban Simbagwayir garaa mana ture galee.
Italoo koo essaa jirta jedhee gafate? Simbagwayir gara
abbaa eshe figidde. Yeroo abbaan isshee harka dubarti!
gabatee dhabatu in ilaatee. "Muccaa koo nama addaa
han ta'ee tokko wajjiin akka walqunantuun barbaada.
Ishee kun Anitaa jedhamit jehde," seegataa.

...

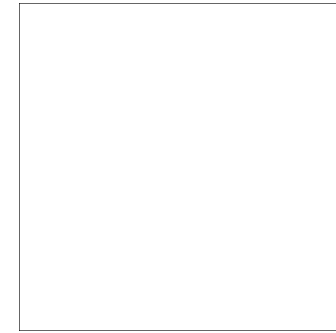
One day, Simbegwire's father came home later than
usual. "Where are you my child?" he called. Simbegwire
ran to her father. She stopped still when she saw that he
was holding a woman's hand. "I want you to meet
someone special, my child. This is Anita," he said smiling.



Akkam Simbagwayir, Abban kee wa'ee kee bayee nathimaa ture. Simbagwayir garuu hinseqqannes; harka ishees hinfunee. Abbaan Simbagwayir gammadde, dhinqiii itti ta'e. Sadeen isaani akka jiruu gammachuu wajjiin jiraacha akka turan hasa'ee. "Mucaa koo Aniitaa akka harmee ketiti akka fudhattu abdiin qaba."

...

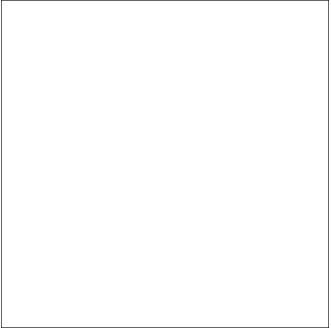
"Hello Simbegwire, your father told me a lot about you," said Anita. But she did not smile or take the girl's hand. Simbegwire's father was happy and excited. He talked about the three of them living together, and how good their life would be. "My child, I hope you will accept Anita as your mother," he said.



Torbaan itti anuu Aniitaan Simbagwayi, durbi fi addaada ishee laaqan afferte. Qophii gaari ture! Aniitaan nyataa Simbagwayi jallatu qophesite. Namni hundiinu hamma quuftu nyaate. Sana boodas ijollen yeroo taphatu warri gurdudon immo hasa'a turan. Simbagwayi bayee gammadee. Hatatamaan gara mana abba isheeti debitee akka jaalalan harmee budeena wajjiin jiratu yerooma san murtesite.

...

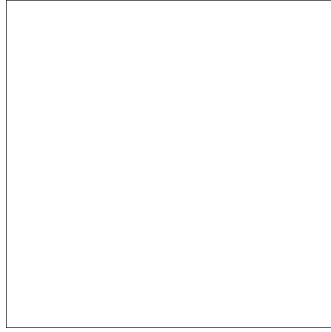
The next week, Anita invited Simbegwire, with her cousins and aunt, to the house for a meal. What a feast! Anita prepared all of Simbegwire's favourite foods, and everyone ate until they were full. Then the children played while the adults talked. Simbegwire felt happy and brave. She decided that soon, very soon, she would return home to live with her father and her stepmother.



Jirun Simbagwayir ni jijjirramée. Yeroo abba ishee wajjiiin haasoftu hinqabdu. Anitaan hojii bayee wan isheef lateef, Simbagwayir yeroo barnoota ishef qophoftu dhabade. Yeroo dhuman gatee rafti. Maddi gammachuu ishee kan ta'ee wayya halkanii harmee ishee laatefi dha. Abban ishee garuu, mucaan sa akka gadda jiraatu hinbarre.

...

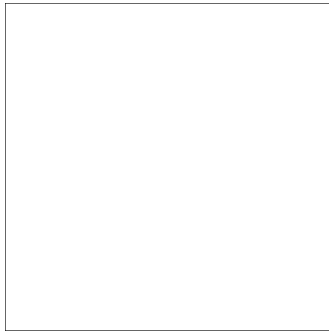
Simbegwire's life changed. She no longer had time to sit with her father in the mornings. Anita gave her so many household chores that she was too tired to do her school work in the evenings. She went straight to bed after dinner. Her only comfort was the colourful blanket her mother gave her. Simbegwire's father did not seem to notice that his daughter was unhappy.



Abban ishee guyyaa dha isshée ilaala ture. Boddeeti Anitaa wajjiiin dhufan. Sana booda harka Simbagwayi ti gatee dhifama ishee gafaatee. Bayeen dogongoree dhifamaa nagodhi mucaa ko. Caarraa biraa nakenitaa? Simbagwayi ojjette fulaa abbaa ishee isa gaddde ilaate. Achumaan gara Anitaa ademittee ishee hammaate.

...

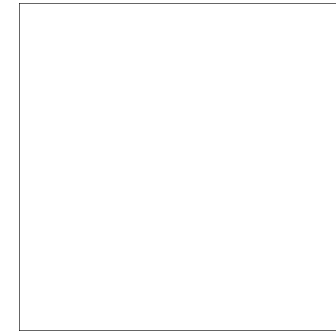
Her father visited her every day. Eventually, he came with Anita. She reached out for Simbegwire's hand. "I'm so sorry little one, I was wrong," she cried. "Will you let me try again?" Simbegwire looked at her father and his worried face. Then she stepped forward slowly and put her arms around Anita.



Ji'oota murasaa booda Abban Simbagwayir gara imaala akkan jedhee deme, "Dhimma hijiitif yeroo gababduf bakka bira demuun qaba." "Hata'u maale akka isin walgargartan nan amana." Simbagwayir fulaa ishee gurtee garu kana abban ishee hinbarre. Aniitaan wan tokkole hindubbane. Aniitaanis dhimma kanairrati gamchuu hinqabadu turte.

...

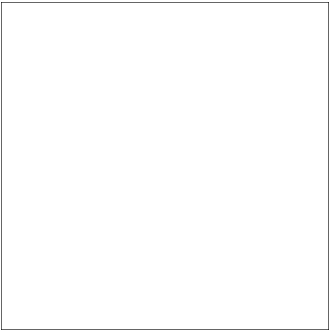
After a few months, Simbegwire's father told them that he would be away from home for a while. "I have to travel for my job," he said. "But I know you will look after each other." Simbegwire's face fell, but her father did not notice. Anita did not say anything. She was not happy either.



Abban Simbagwayi yeroo dhufu isheen durbii ishee wajjiin taphacha turte. Abban ishee it dhihaatee akan, Simbagwayi, Harmee dansaa argatee. Ishee sijaaatu fi si hubbattu. "Bayeen siti bonaa. Bayeen sijaaladha." Simbagwayi akka addaada ishee bira hamma bardaddu akka techu waligalan.

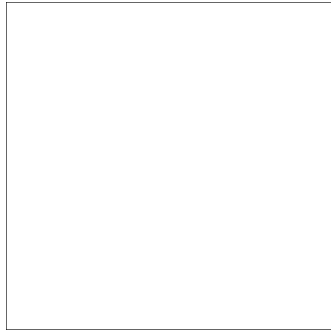
...

Simbegwire was playing with her cousins when she saw her father from far away. She was scared he might be angry, so she ran inside the house to hide. But her father went to her and said, "Simbegwire, you have found a perfect mother for yourself. One who loves you and understands you. I am proud of you and I love you." They agreed that Simbegwire would stay with her aunt as long as she wanted to.



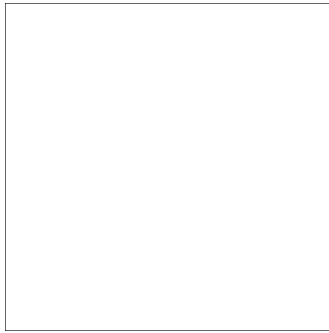
Jirun Simbagwayir bayee gadhee ta'aa damee. Hojii
mana kessa hinfuxxu taanan, Aniitaan itti dhekamiti.
Iribaata gubba irrate, Aniitaan bayee nyaate, isheedhat
immo xinnoo dhiftee. Halkan hundaa Simbagwayir uffataa
halkanii harmee ishee hammate bossi.
...

Things got worse for Simbegwire. If she didn't finish her
chores, or she complained, Anita hit her. And at dinner,
the woman ate most of the food, leaving Simbegwire
with only a few scraps. Each night Simbegwire cried
herself to sleep, hugging her mother's blanket.



Abban Simbagwayi yeroo imala deebi'u, siree isheera
dhabee, akan jedhe, "Maituu dhalate?" jedhe
rifachuudahn gaafate. Durbatitiinis Simbagwayi akka
deemte itti himte. "Akka nakabajduu itti himeen ture.
Anis immo bayeen seera itti jabesse." Abban Simbagwayi
gara lagaa demee. Gara mana obboleetti isaa demee
Simbagwayi barbacha dhama'ee.
...

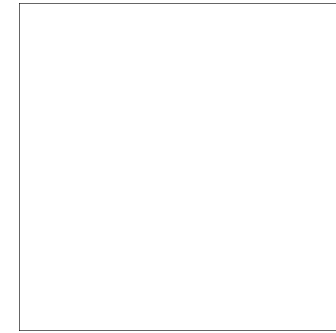
When Simbegwire's father returned home, he found her
room empty. "What happened, Anita?" he asked with a
heavy heart. The woman explained that Simbegwire had
run away. "I wanted her to respect me," she said. "But
perhaps I was too strict." Simbegwire's father left the
house and went in the direction of the stream. He
continued to his sister's village to find out if she had
seen Simbegwire.



Ganama tokko Simbagwayir hirribarra dafte hinka'iin turte. Aniitaanis, "Mucaayo dhiibooftuu" jettee itti iyyite. Aniitaanis Simbagwayir siree irra harkiftee kaste. Wayyan halkanii bayee midhaagan sun nibixamee bakka lamati citee.

...

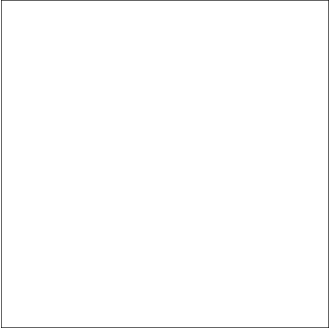
One morning, Simbegwire was late getting out of bed. "You lazy girl!" Anita shouted. She pulled Simbegwire out of bed. The precious blanket caught on a nail, and tore in two.



Addaadan Simbagwayi mana isheeti fudhatee. Simbagwayifis nyaata o'aa keennitefi ciree gubba ishee rafiste. Halkan san Simbagwayi boyichaan gara chisichaa dhaqxee. Ha ta'u male boyyicha kessi gammachudah. Addaada ishee akkan ishee kunistu nibekiti turte.

...

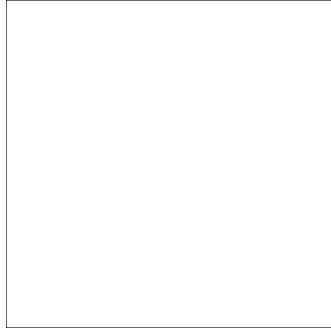
Simbegwire's aunt took the child to her own house. She gave Simbegwire warm food, and tucked her in bed with her mother's blanket. That night, Simbegwire cried as she went to sleep. But they were tears of relief. She knew her aunt would look after her.



Simbagwayirn bayee aarte. Mana sana gadidhiiftee demuuf murteesite. Ufata halkani harmee isheetif nyaataa qabatee mana batee. Kara abban ishe demee dukka dhaqxee.

...

Simbagwire was very upset. She decided to run away from home. She took the pieces of her mother's blanket, packed some food, and left the house. She followed the road her father had taken.



Dubaritin ol jete mukka ilaate. Yeroo muccayofi uffata halkanii bareeda agartu akan jete, "Simbagwayi, muccaa obbolessa kooti." Dubartiin biraa immo uffata miccuu dhifitee Simbagwayi akka mukka irraa buutu gargarate. Addaadan ishee muka irra bufitee, jajabesite.

...

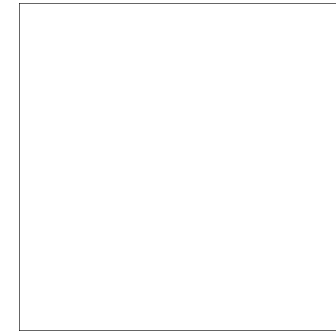
This woman looked up into the tree. When she saw the girl and the pieces of colourful blanket, she cried, "Simbagwire, my brother's child!" The other women stopped washing and helped Simbagwire to climb down from the tree. Her aunt hugged the little girl and tried to comfort her.



Yeroo ittihakana’u mukka dheeraa gubba korte damee isaatrati siree tolfate. Yeroo gara chiisichaa deemtu akaan jete wadeste;” ayyo, ayyo, ayyo na dhiftee dametee. Na dhiftee demetee, achuuman hafte. Abban koo nanajallatu kana booda. Harmee, yoom dhufta? Na dhifitee demetee?

...

When it came to evening, she climbed a tall tree near a stream and made a bed for herself in the branches. As she went to sleep, she sang: “Maama, maama, maama, you left me. You left me and never came back. Father doesn’t love me anymore. Mother, when are you coming back? You left me.”



Gyyyaa itti aanu Simbagwayirn sirbaa sana irra debitee sirbtee. Dubartoonni laga sana bishaan waraaban sagalee ishee dhagahan. Sagaleen sunis sagalee mukaa itti fakkate chal jedhan. Ha ta’u malee dubartiin tokko sirrite dhaggeffatee turte.

...

The next morning, Simbegwire sang the song again. When the women came to wash their clothes at the stream, they heard the sad song coming from the tall tree. They thought it was only the wind rustling the leaves, and carried on with their work. But one of the women listened very carefully to the song.