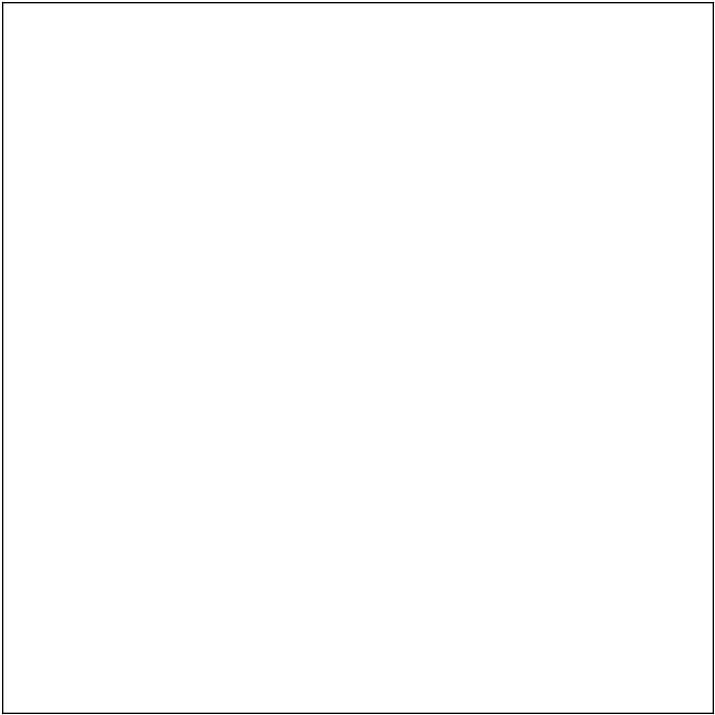




(imageless edition)

Lindiwe Matshikiza | Meghan Judge | Demoze Degefa | Oromo / English || Level 3



Ilimo Harre  
Donkey Child



# Storybooks Canada

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Ilimo Harre / Donkey Child

Written by: Lindiwe Matshikiza

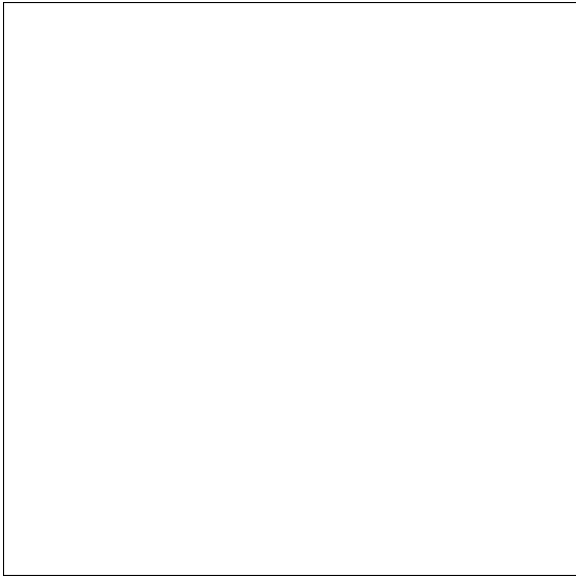
Illustrated by: Meghan Judge

Translated by: (om) Demoze Degefa

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



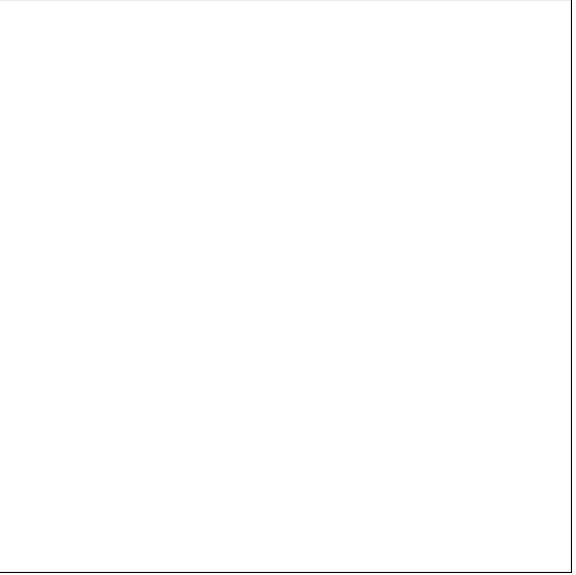
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Bocca dinqisiisa kana kanagarte muccaayyo xinno tokko turte.

...

It was a little girl who first saw the mysterious shape in the distance.



Akka bocni suni itti dhihateen, dubarti! ulfa gudda  
qabdu ta'uu ishee baramme.

...

As the shape moved closer, she saw that it was a heavily  
pregnant woman.



Salffattu garu muccatin goota tate tuni gara dubartitti hiqixee akkan jetteen, “Dubarti tana walwajjiin turuu qabna,” namooni ishes kana murtesan.” Dubarti kanafi da’imaa ishees hala gariin tursisina.”

...

Shy but brave, the little girl moved nearer to the woman. “We must keep her with us,” the little girl’s people decided. “We’ll keep her and her child safe.”



Ilmoonni harre tifi harmee isaa wajjiin guddatani walwajjiin nagan jiratan. Suuta suuta maatiin nannoo isani jirus hala tasgabayeen jiraachu calqaban.

...

The donkey child and his mother have grown together and found many ways of living side by side. Slowly, all around them, other families have started to settle.





Yeroo da'ima dhalate argan, namni martu nahee dubbati utale, "Harree?!"

...

But when they saw the baby, everyone jumped back in shock. "A donkey?!"



Harrich boode wangodhu qabu baree.

...

Donkey finally knew what to do.

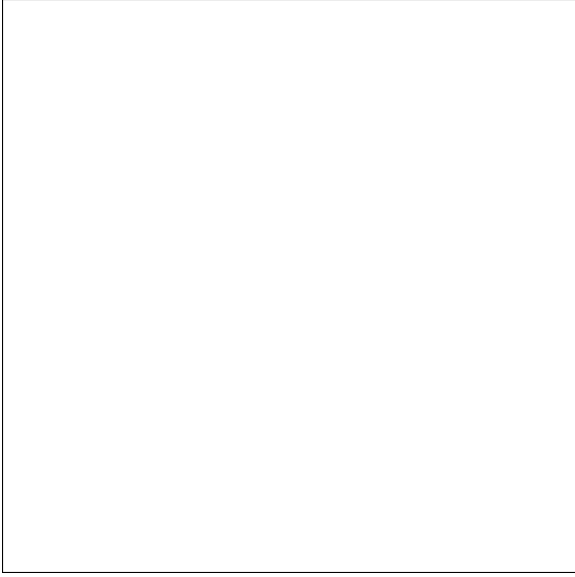


Namooni walmormuu calqaban, "Dubarti kanafii

da'irma ishee akka garitti qabna jenne waliigallee jirra." jedhe namooni tokko tokko. "Garu hiree badaa nutti fidu jedhu kunimo!"

...

Everyone began to argue. "We said we would keep mother and child safe, and that's what we'll do," said some. "But they will bring us bad luck!" said others.



Dummessi suni hiriyaa isaa wajjiiin bade. Jarsaa wajjiiinis

bade.

...

... the clouds had disappeared along with his friend, the

old man.



Dubartittin amma illee qophaa isshe taate. Da'imaa rakkisaa kana waangotuu walaaltee. Esse akka deemitu wallalte.

...

And so the woman found herself alone again. She wondered what to do with this awkward child. She wondered what to do with herself.



Samii gubba yeroo gahan hiribin isaan fudhatee. Harrich abjuudhan harmeen isaa dhukubsachuu ishee arge. Kanaafu damaqee ka'ee...

...

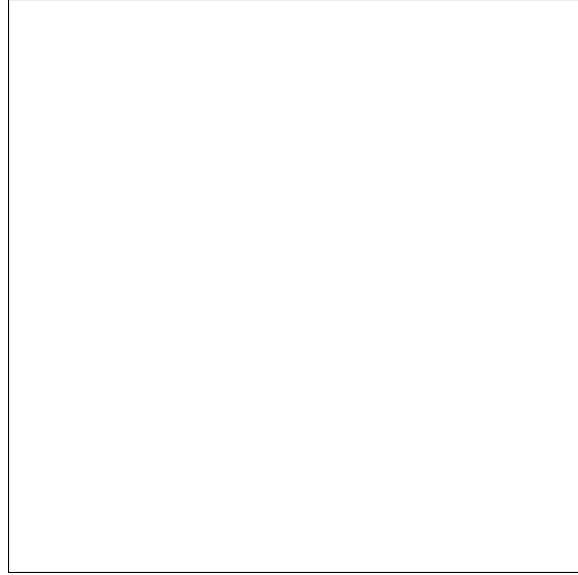
High up amongst the clouds they fell asleep. Donkey dreamed that his mother was sick and calling to him. And when he woke up...



One morning, the old man asked Donkey to carry him to the top of a mountain.

...

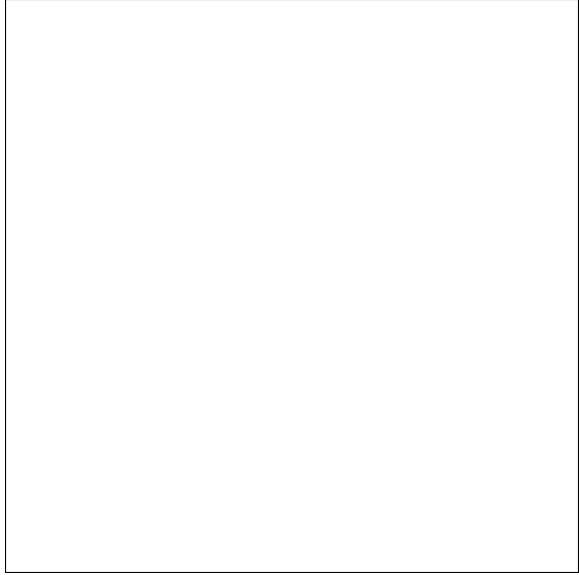
Gyaaa ganama tokko, jarsichi harreen akka gara gara gubbaa baate isaa kahuu gaafate.



But finally she had to accept that he was her child and she was his mother.

...

Dhummarati da'immiichi kana ishee akka ta'eefi isheenis hadha akka ta'et fudhate.





Da'immichi otto akkuma sanatti jiratee garii ture. Garuu da'immni harree kun dafee guddata dugda hadhii ti ol ta'e. Ammalli isaas akka amala namaa ta'u hindandenyee. Harmeen isas yeroo hunda dadhabdde isaa nufatti. Yeroo tokko tokko hojii beellada hojadhu jetiin.

...

Now, if the child had stayed that same, small size, everything might have been different. But the donkey child grew and grew until he could no longer fit on his mother's back. And no matter how hard he tried, he could not behave like a human being. His mother was often tired and frustrated. Sometimes she made him do work meant for animals.



Harriche deeme jarsaa wan bayee isaa barsisee kan wajjiin jirachuf murtesse. Harrichis bayee dhagefate, barates. Walgargarin wajiin kolfaa jiratan.

...

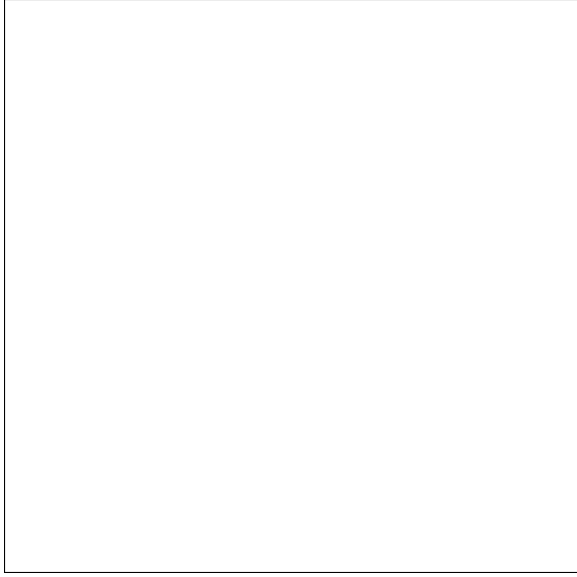
Donkey went to stay with the old man, who taught him many different ways to survive. Donkey listened and learned, and so did the old man. They helped each other, and they laughed together.



Harrichillee aarfi cinqaan sammu isaa haddoche. Hojii  
ittikename tokko iyyu hindandeenyee. Gafokko bayee  
aare harmee isaa dhittee lafatii kuffise.

...

Confusion and anger built up inside Donkey. He couldn't  
do this and he couldn't do that. He couldn't be like this  
and he couldn't be like that. He became so angry that,  
one day, he kicked his mother to the ground.



Harren olka'ee nama dulooma ija itti basu arge. Gara  
jarsa kana ilaale abdi xinnoo argate.

...

Donkey woke up to find a strange old man staring down  
at him. He looked into the old man's eyes and started to  
feel a twinkle of hope.



Harrichi bayee sulfate. Hamma danda'ee tokko figichan faggate deeme.

...

Donkey was filled with shame. He started to run away as far and fast as he could.



Yeroo inni figicha dhabu, halkan wantureef harreen kara bade. "Hii haaw," jedhe dukkanti iyye. "Hii haaw?" jedhe dukkani itti debisee. qophaa isaa ture. Otto figgu bolla kessati kufe.

...

By the time he stopped running, it was night, and Donkey was lost. "Hee haw?" he whispered to the darkness. "Hee Haw?" it echoed back. He was alone. Curling himself into a tight ball, he fell into a deep and troubled sleep.