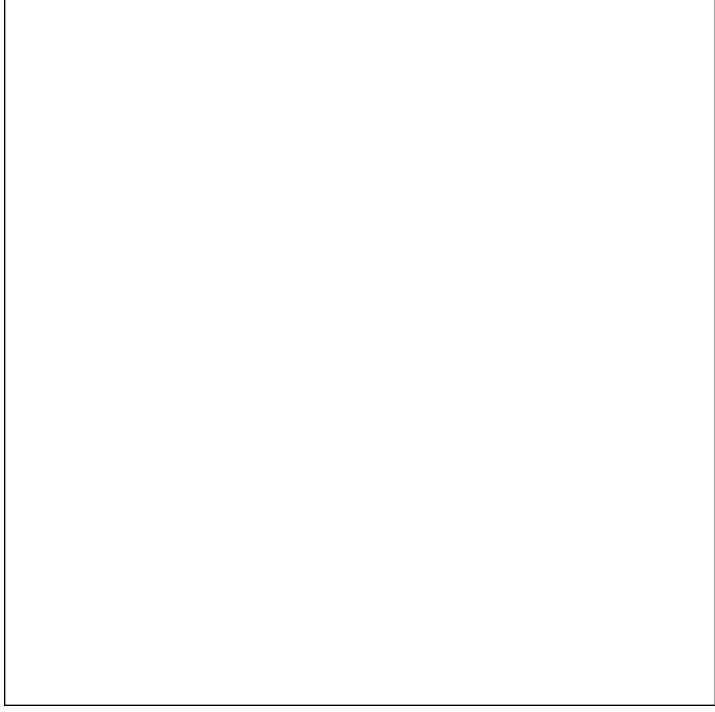


Waan Vusi waa'ee obboleetti ishe jette
What Vusi's sister said



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Level 4 📊

(imageless edition)



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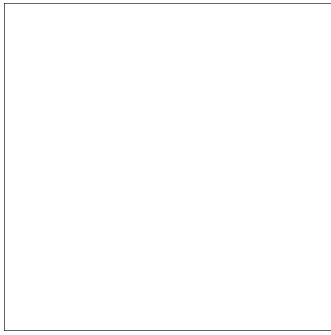
Translated by: (om) Demoze Degefa

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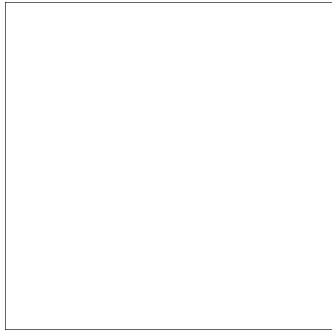
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Guyyaa tokko akkon Vusi waamtee akkan jetene,” Killee kana gara warra keetii gessi. Cidha obboletti keetiif kan ta’ee keekii ittin tolchani.”

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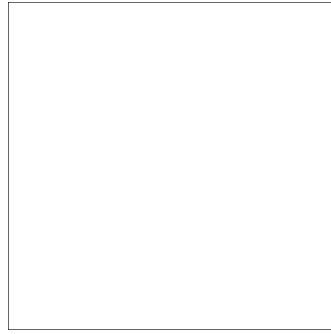
Early one morning Vusi’s granny called him, “Vusi, please take this egg to your parents. They want to make a large cake for your sister’s wedding”.



Gara mana warra isaa yeroo deemuu, Vusiin namoota fuduraa guran qunnamee. Muccan tokko killiee Vusi fudhate mukkat! darbe cabsee.

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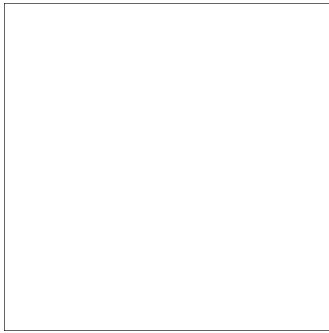
On his way to his parents, Vusi met two boys picking fruit. One boy grabbed the egg from Vusi and shot it at a tree. The egg broke.



Obboleetin Vusi yaadde akan jette, Vusin obboleessa kiya, ani waa'ee kennaa bayee hindhphadhu. waa'ee keekiis akkanuma. Hundi kenyaas jirraa ani bayee gammadeera. Uffataa kee bareeda uffadhuti guyyaa kana hakanjnu." Vusiniis akkasuma godhe.

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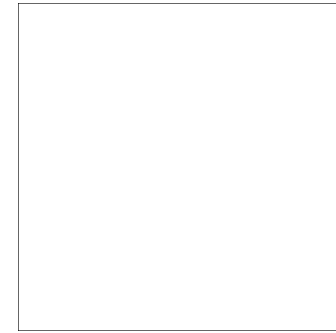
Vusi's sister thought for a while, then she said, "Vusi my brother, I don't really care about gifts. I don't even care about the cake! We are all here together, I am happy. Now put on your smart clothes and let's celebrate this day!" And so that's what Vusi did.



“Male gootee,” jedhe itti iyye Vusin. “Killeewan kuni keekii tolchudhafi. Keekiin kunis immp cidha obboletti kiyyatiif. Yoo keekiin jinjiranne ta’ee obboleettin kiyya mal jetti?”

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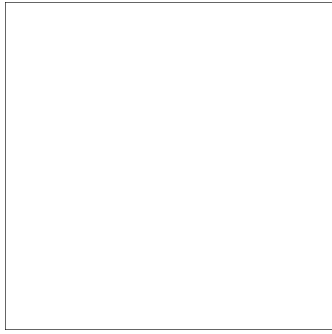
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That egg was for a cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. What will my sister say if there is no wedding cake?”



“Malan godha?” jedhe Vusin. “Sani suni kenna bakka qaca turte nifigide deemte. Warrai mana ijaaru suni qaca nakennan, sababaa sinqee warra fudura sani cabsaniif. Warri fuduraa guru sinqee nankennan sababini isaas kille narra cabsan. keekiin suni cidhaaf ture. Amma garu, killen hinjiruu, keekiin hinjiruu, kennanis hinjoruu.”

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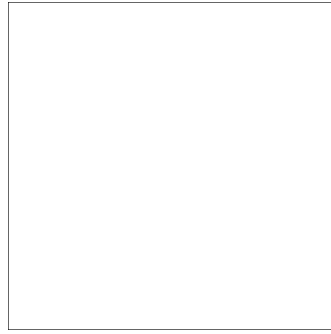
“What shall I do?” cried Vusi. “The cow that ran away was a gift, in return for the thatch the builders gave me. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for the wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift.”



Ojoolen sunis Vusi ashuu isaantin bayee gaddan.
"Waa'ee kille caphee wanti goonu hinjiru garu sinkee
obboletti keetif kuno," jedge mucaan tokko. Vusin
deemuu itti fufee.

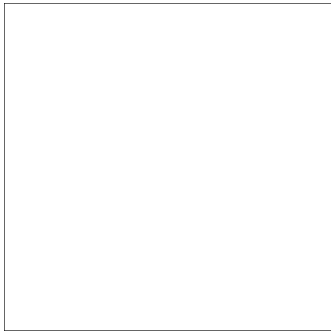
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The boys were sorry for teasing Vusi. "We can't help with
the cake, but here is a walking stick for your sister," said
one. Vusi continued on his journey.



Sa'atin garuu gara yeroodhuma san gara abba issheiti
deebite. Vusini gara wallaale. Cidha obboletti isaatifture.
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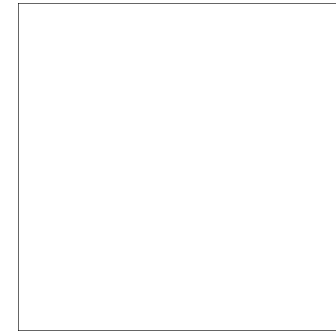
But the cow ran back to the farmer at supper time. And
Vusi got lost on his journey. He arrived very late for his
sister's wedding. The guests were already eating.



Karra gubbati namoota lama kan mana ijaaru arge.
“Mukka cimaa kana ittifayadamu dandegna,” jedhe
gafate tokko. Garuu mukkicha cimaa hinturre ni caphe.

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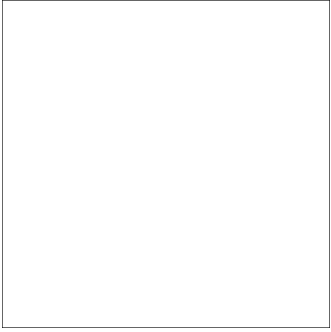
Along the way he met two men building a house. “Can
we use that strong stick?” asked one. But the stick was
not strong enough for building, and it broke.



Sani sun sasattun turte. Sa’aati Vusi wajjiin deemte
kenna ta’u dansetti. kanafu Vusin sa’ati fundhatee
deeme.

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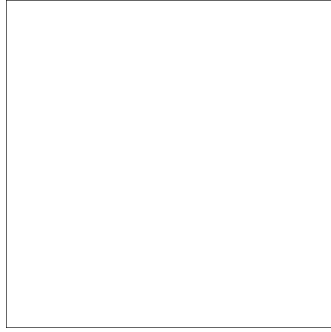
The cow was sorry she was greedy. The farmer agreed
that the cow could go with Vusi as a gift for his sister.
And so Vusi carried on.



“Mal gotee?” jedge Vusiin. “Siinqeen suni obboletti kootif kennaa ture. Qaca kana namoota mana ijaarutu nakennee sababini isaas siinqee warri fuduraa guri nakenne narra cabsaan. Jarrif fuduraa guraan killaa narra cabsaanif siinqee kana nakennani. Keekiin cidhaa obboletti kiyaf ture. Amma garu, killen keekiin cidhaa obboletti kiyaf ture. Amma garu, killen hinjiruu, keekiin hinjiruu, kennanis hinjoruu. Obbolettiin ko mal nanjet?”

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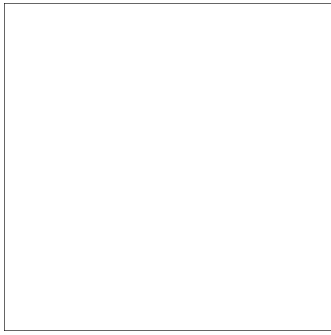
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That stick was a gift for my sister. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my sister say?”



“Malgoote?” jedhe gaafate Vusiin. “Qacan suni obboletti kootif kennaa ture. Qaca kana namoota mana ijaarutu nakennee sababini isaas siinqee warri fuduraa guri nakenne narra cabsaan. Jarrif fuduraa guraan killaa narra cabsaanif siinqee kana nakennani. Keekiin cidhaa obboletti kiyaf ture. Amma garu, killen hinjiruu, keekiin hinjiruu, kennanis hinjoruu. Obbolettiin ko mal nanjet?”

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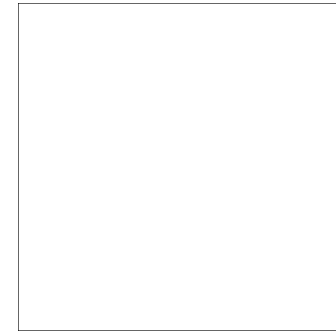
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That thatch was a gift for my sister. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for my sister’s cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my sister say?”



Jarii mana ijartu killee jabsu isaantin dhifama gafatan.
“Waa’ee keekii homaa gochuu hindandenyuu garu nama
mana ajeru sinif kennina,” jedhe tokkon isaani. Kanafuu
Vusi imala isaa ittifufee.

...

The builders were sorry for breaking the stick. “We can’t
help with the cake, but here is some thatch for your
sister,” said one. And so Vusi continued on his journey.



Otama deemaa jiru Vusin qotee bulaa tokkofi sa’a tokko
qunname. Sanis akkan jedhe gafatee, “Malii qacan akkan
bareedu kuni, xiqqoxiqqo nyadhoo? Garu qacan bayee
mi’aawa waantef sani hunduma isaa nyatee fixxee.”

...

Along the way, Vusi met a farmer and a cow. “What
delicious thatch, can I have a nibble?” asked the cow. But
the thatch was so tasty that the cow ate it all!