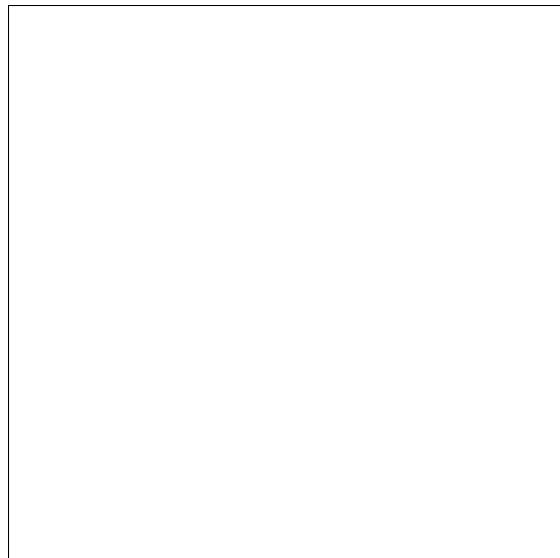


(imageless edition)

- III Level 5
- ◎ Ukrainian / English
- Nataliya Tyschchuk
- Benjamin Mitchell
- Rukia Nantale



Simbergwire
Simbergrippe

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.

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Simbergrippe / Simbergwire

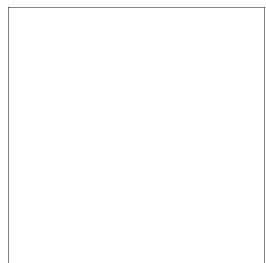
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Коли мама Зімбегвіре померла, дівчинка дуже засмутилась. Тато як міг піклувався про доночку. Згодом вони знову щасливо зажили удвох. Кожного ранку вони говорили про те, як проведуть день, а ввечері вони готували вечерю. Після того, як посуд був вимитий, тато допомагав Зімбегвіре виконувати домашнє завдання.

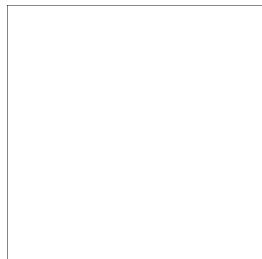
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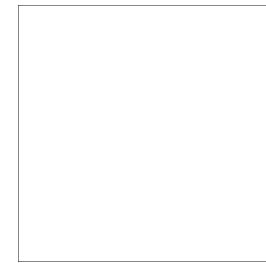
When Simbegwire's mother died, she was very sad.
Simbegwire's father did his best to take care of his daughter.
Slowly, they learned to feel happy again, without
Simbegwire's mother. Every morning they sat and talked
about the day ahead. Every evening they made dinner
together. After they washed the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

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

...

ногамико тоа.
ношанинти тэгээ 3 киномох окоюннм. Йе - Ахита", -
тоа тунраба ээ пыкы ажыб хий. "Ахто, я хой
бүгдийн А тоа. Боди эйнхийнээр, кийн ногайнта, дэл
засанхан. "Йе ти, моя Ахто?", - ляжыб би. Simbegwiré
Охиро Аха тоа Simbegwiré нийнүүсээ Ахтоны нийхиүе, хик





“Привіт, Зімбегвіре. Твій тато розказував багато про тебе”, - сказала Аніта. Проте вона не усміхнулась і не подала дівчинці руку. Тато Зімбегвіре був щасливий і радісний. Він говорив про те, що вони будуть жити втрьох, як справжня родина. “Доню моя, я сподіваюсь, Аніта стане для тебе мамою”, - сказав тато.

...

“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.

Наступного тижня Аніта запросила Зімбегвіре і її тітку з дітьми в гости. Яке ж то було свято! Аніта приготувала улюблену їжу Зімбегвіре, і усі їли доскоchu. Тоді діти гралися, а дорослі говорили. Зімбегвіре почувалася щасливою і впевненою. Вона вирішила, що незабаром таки повернеться до свого тата і мачухи.

...

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.

Tato ſimgerbipe biAbiAybae ii kokhoro Ahra. Rkocp bih nupnoube 3 Ahito. Boha b3ara Albihnky 3a pyky. "Bn6ah Mehi, Albihnko. A nomnuracb, - sanmakara Boha. - Aloborub Mehi nohatn bce 3 nohatky". ſimgerbipe noanbunacb ha ctygobabe juhle tata, nijinura gunkhe Ao Ahtin i ojinhara ii.

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

3 toro hacy knitta ſimgerbipe mihnroca. Boha ginpume he nupbognita pahkn 3 atom. Ahita Abarua in tak garato plihoi pogotn, ujo kouin npnodoxanb behip, ſimgerbipe gyra biApay sacnhara. Enhohoi biApato gyra korpobea kobapa, kry noApaybara in mama. Bartko ſimgerbipe, Simbergwire's life changed. She no longer had time to sit work in the evenings. She went straight to bed after dinner. Her only comfort was the colourful blanket her mother gave her. Simbergwire's father did not seem to notice that his daughter was unhappy.

...

heLacunbo.

3aabuoca, he nomiha, ujo noRo Aohka gyra

kobapa, kry noApaybara in mama. Bartko ſimgerbipe,

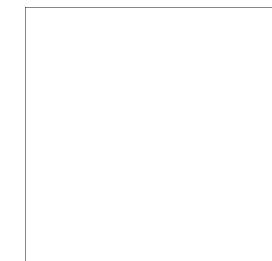
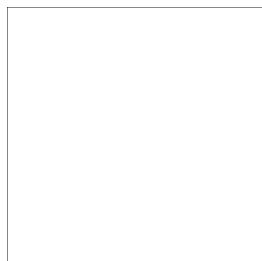
biApay sacnhara. Enhohoi biApato gyra korpobea

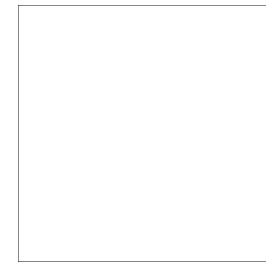
hAto bromuhe, ujo bunti yponk. Llcura Behepi Albihnka

pihoin pogotn, ujo kouin npnodoxanb behip, ſimgerbipe gyra

nupbognita pahkn 3 atom. Ahita Abarua in tak garato

plihoi pogotn, ujo kouin npnodoxanb behip, ſimgerbipe gyra

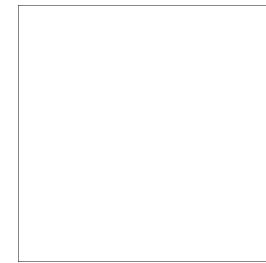




Через кілька місяців він повідомив, що його якийсь час не буде вдома. "Я їду у відрядження, але я впевнений, що ви будете піклуватися одна про одну", - сказав тато. Зімбегвіре похилила голову, але тато цього не помітив. Аніта промовчала. Вона також не дуже зраділа.

...

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.



Коли Зімбегвіре гралася зі своїми кузенами, вона побачила здалеку свого тата. Дівчинка злякалася, що тато буде сердитися на неї, і побігла в будинок, щоб сковатися. Тато підійшов до неї і сказав: "Зімбегвіре, ти знайшла собі чудову маму, яка любить і розуміє тебе. Я пишаюсь тобою і люблю тебе". Вони домовились, що Зімбегвіре залишиться з тіткою так довго, як захоче.

...

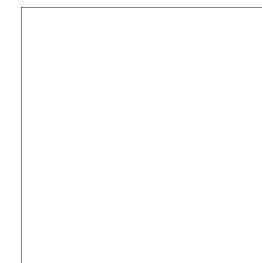
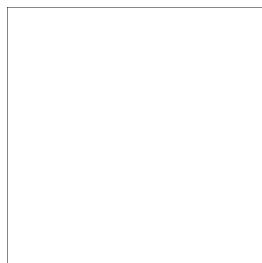
Simbegwire was playing with her cousins when she saw her father from far away. She was scared he might be angry, so she ran inside the house to hide. But her father went to her and said, "Simbegwire, you have found a perfect mother for yourself. One who loves you and understands you. I am proud of you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

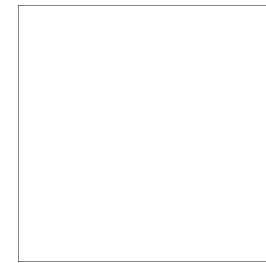
Bce 3mihinoca ha ripule ʃɪmgeripə. ʃkūlo boha he
 bctnraua 3akihintx xatħo pogoty aħo ha lloċi hapikara,
 aħitxa għira ill. Boħa takok 3iħara mankej yko bę́hejha,
 3imgerippe 3aġġura xanxuha heħolja. Bhoxi 3ibnhka
 nukarja, nprorparta hon ʃo cegħe manyi kobbajj.
 ...
 Things got worse for Simbegwire. 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.

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.

...

Kon ī-tat 3imgerippe nobeħiyeċċa ʃoq, bihi noqahne,
 llo kimiha taħbi ħor. 3iħabar kien noppokha. "Llo tħażżeq, Ahito?" -
 sanntar bihi npurrihejha. Kikka kcażza, llo 3imgerippe
 brekka 3-ħo. "A xotira, llo tħażżeq ʃoqha. Ahito?" -
 aue, mokkieno, a gyarxa saha ʃiċċo ʃo Hejj, - kkażza
 Ahita. Ta to 3imgerippe bniuob 3-xatt i-norqyabba ʃo
 ctpymka. 3biżżeq bihi niuob ʃo ġera, b-aqomy kunku ħor
 cettpa, llo 6 Ɉiħarnejha, an boha gaħna 3iħarnejha.

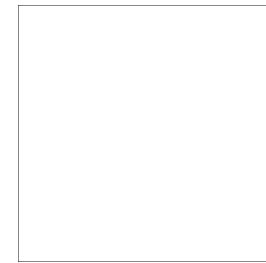




Одного ранку Зімбегвіре проспала. "Ліниве дівчисько!" - закричала Аніта. Вона силою стягнула Зімбегвіре з ліжка. Її дорогоцінна ковдра зачепилася за цвях і розірвалась надвое.

...

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.



Вона забрала дівчинку до себе додому. Тітка нагодувала дитину і поклала у ліжко. Тієї ночі Зімбегвіре знову плакала, але це були слізки полегшення. Вона знала, що її тітка буде піклуватися про неї.

...

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.

Simberipé ogiñhara i sacmokónia ii.
Boha noññunaca broþy i noðahnára ha ñepébi ñibñhy 3
kourpoþobo korbapøo y pykax. „Ta ñe k simberipé, ñóþaka
moro gpatá!“ - ckaða ñákhá. Ihui kíkhñ saññumun
upahha i ñotomorjan ñibñhi ñajistrn 3 ñepéba. Tíká
Thís woman looked up into the tree. When she saw the girl
and the pieces of colourful blanket, she cried, „Simbergwíre,
my brother's child!“ The other women stopped washing and
helped Simbergwíre to climb down from the tree. Her aunt
hugged the little girl and tried to comfort her.

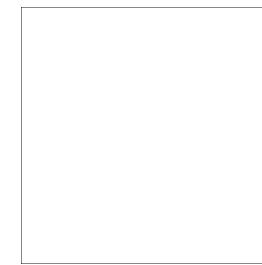
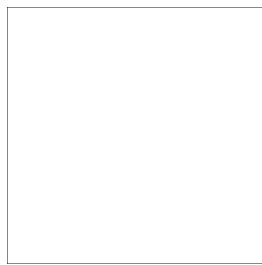
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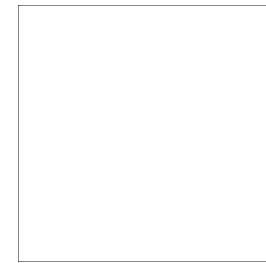
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helped Simbergwíre to climb down from the tree. Her aunt
hugged the little girl and tried to comfort her.

Simbergwíre 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.

...

Aomy. Ñibñháka báða posipbáy korbapøy, tphonx iki i
btekta. Boha niúra trieo ñóþoro, akvo xoñbe ii taro.
Simberipé ñyke ñacmyññacþ. Boha bñpilunra btektn 3
btekta. Boha niúra trieo ñóþoro, akvo xoñbe ii taro.

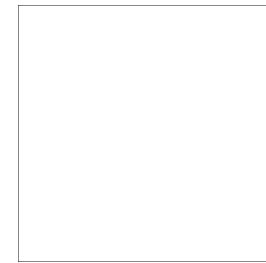




Коли звечоріло, вона вилізла на високе дерево коло струмка і вмостилася на гілках. Перед сном Зімбегвіре заспівала: "Мамо-матусю, ти покинула мене і вже ніколи не повернешся. Тато мене більше не любить. Жаль, що ти не повернешся вже ніколи".

...

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."



Наступного ранку Зімбегвіре знову заспівала. Якісь жінки прийшли прати одяг до струмка і почули сумну пісню, яка долинала з верхів'я дерева. Вони думали, що то листя шелестить від вітру і продовжували прати. Але одна жінка уважно прислухалася до пісні.

...

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.