



Sirba Sakiimaa
Sakima's song



- Ursula Natula
- Peris Wachuka
- Demoze Degefa
- Oromo / English
- Level 3

(imageless edition)



Storybooks Canada

storybookscanada.ca

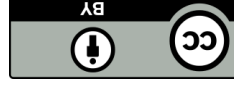
Sirba Sakiimaa / Sakima's song

Written by: Ursula Natula

Illustrated by: Peris Wachuka

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 4.0 International License.](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0)

<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0>



Sakiimaan warra isaatifi obbolette isaa ishee waggan afuri walin jirata. lafa namaa soressa tokko gubbaa jiratan. Manii citaa isaani mukkenin marfamtee jiriti.

...

Sakima lived with his parents and his four year old sister. They lived on a rich man's land. Their grass-thatched hut was at the end of a row of trees.



Namni soressi sun mucaan isaa agrachuu isaatin bayee gammadee. Sakiimman wan isaa sabbarsiseef badhaasa laatef. Sakiimaa fi mucaa issaa gara mana yaalla gessee.

...

The rich man was so happy to see his son again. He rewarded Sakima for consoling him. He took his son and Sakima to hospital so Sakima could regain his sight.



Yeroo umriin Sakiiimaa waggaa sidi ta'e kufee iji! isaa
jaame. Sakiiimaan mucaa jimaatare.

...

When Sakima was three years old, he fell sick and lost his
sight. Sakima was a talented boy.



Yerooduma san namni lama nama wahi sireedhan
bataani dhufan. Mucaan nama soressa sana rukkutame
karaa gubbaa irratti gatamee argan.

...

At that very moment, two men came carrying someone
on a stretcher. They had found the rich man's son
beaten up and left on the side of the road.



Sakiimaan hojii bayee warri wagga jahaa hihojjane hojata. Fakeenyaaf, maanggudootii ganda wajjiin taa'e dhimaa cimaa irrati nimari'ata.

...

Sakima did many things that other six year old boys did not do. For example, he could sit with older members of the village and discuss important matters.



Sakiimaan sirbaa siao xummure jenaan deeme. Namitichi soressi suni gadii bahee, "Mee irraa deebi'i sirbi adaraa."

...

Sakima finished singing his song and turned to leave. But the rich man rushed out and said, "Please sing again."



Matiin Sakiiimaa mana nama sorressaa kessa hojaatan.
Isaanis ganamaan bahanii galgal galu. Sakiiimaa obboleeti
isaa wajjiin manatti dhisanii deeman.

...

The parents of Sakima worked at the rich man's house.
They left home early in the morning and returned late in
the evening. Sakima was left with his little sister.



Hojjatonni hojii isaani nidhaaban. Isaanis sirba bareeda
Sakiiimaa dhageefatan. Namtichi too akkan jedhe,
"Namni tokko iyyu hoggana keynaa sabbarsisu
hindanada'u. Mucaan jamaa kuni waandanda'u
ittifakataa?"

...

The workers stopped what they were doing. They
listened to Sakima's beautiful song. But one man said,
"Nobody has been able to console the boss. Does this
blind boy think he will console him?"



Sakiimaan sirba sirbu jalata. Gaftokko harmeen isaa akkan jete isa gafatte. "Sakiimaa sirboota kana isaa barratee?"

...

Sakima loved to sing songs. One day his mother asked him, "Where do you learn these songs from, Sakima?"



Foddaa guddaa tokko jala dhaabatee sirbuu calqaabe. Suuta jedhe mataan namtichaa soressa gara foddaati muldhatee.

...

He stood below one big window and began to sing his favourite song. Slowly, the head of the rich man began to show through the big window.



Sakiiimaanis debise, "Sirbonni akasuman dhufeu, harme. Sammu kootin dhaggefadhen isaan sirba."

...

Sakima answered, "They just come, mother. I hear them in my head and then I sing."



Guyaa ittianu, Sakiiimaan obbolettin isaa gara mana namtichaa soressa itti agarsiistu gafatee.

...

The following day, Sakima asked his little sister to lead him to the rich man's house.



Sakiimaan obboletti isaatif sirbu jalata, kessaa yeroo isheen aarte. Obbolettin isaas nidhagefati. Isheen suta jette sirbitti.

...

Sakima liked to sing for his little sister, especially, if she felt hungry. His sister would listen to him singing his favourite song. She would sway to the soothing tune.



Hata'uu malee, Sakiimaan shakkali isaa ittumma fufee. Obbolettin quxussun isaas isaa gargaarte. Akkam jette, "siribi Sakiimaa yeroon anigadee bayee nagaragar. Haluma kanan nama soressa kanas nigargaara."

...

However, Sakima did not give up. His little sister supported him. She said, "Sakima's songs soothe me when I am hungry. They will soothe the rich man too."



“Irra debitee natsirbuu danadessa Sakiiimaa” jete gafate
obbolettin isaa.

...

“Can you sing it again and again, Sakima,” his sister
would beg him. Sakima would accept and sing it over
and over again.



Sakiiimaanis “Ani sirbuuf nandanada’a innis nigamada,”
jedhe warra isaati hime. Garuu warri isaa yadaa kana
hinfudhanne, “Inni bayee soressa. Ati mucaa jamaa dha.
Siribi kee waan isan gargaaru sittifakkataa?”

...

“I can sing for him. He might be happy again,” Sakima
told his parents. But his parents dismissed him. “He is
very rich. You are only a blind boy. Do you think your
song will help him?”



Galgala tokko warri isaa gara manaa deebi’anii, cal jedhanii ta’an. Sakiimaan wanti tokko akka ta’ee nibeeka ture.

...

One evening when his parents returned home, they were very quiet. Sakima knew that there was something wrong.



“Maltu badee abba koo, harmee ko?” jedhe gaafate Sakiimaan. Sakiimaan mucaan nama soressa sani badee jira. Namitichis qophaa isaa wanta’ef aare ture.

...

“What is wrong, mother, father?” Sakima asked. Sakima learned that the rich man’s son was missing. The man was very sad and lonely.