






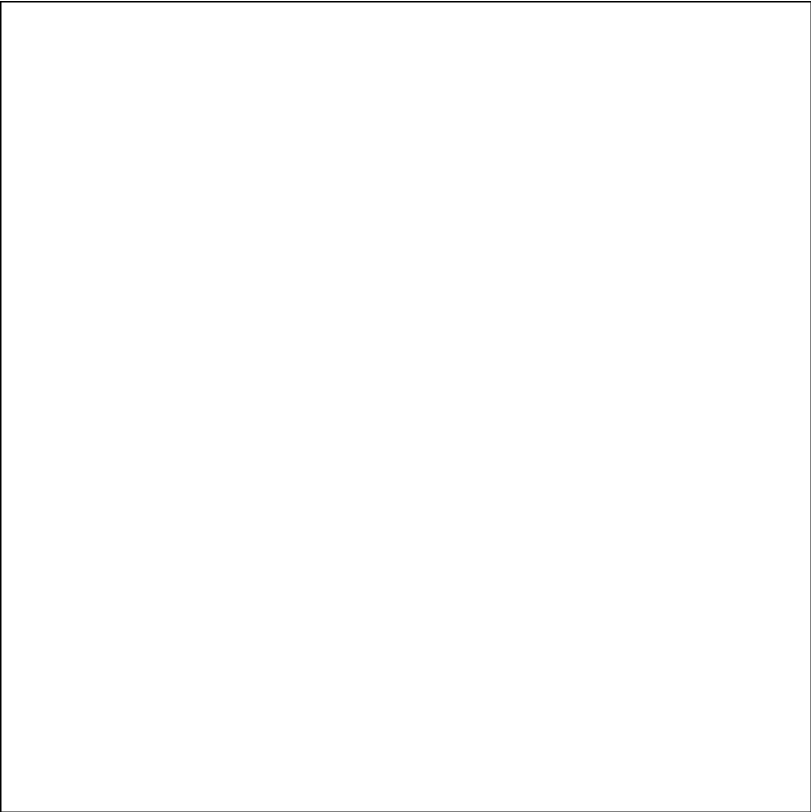
Sirba Sakiimaa

Sakima's song

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

(imageless edition)

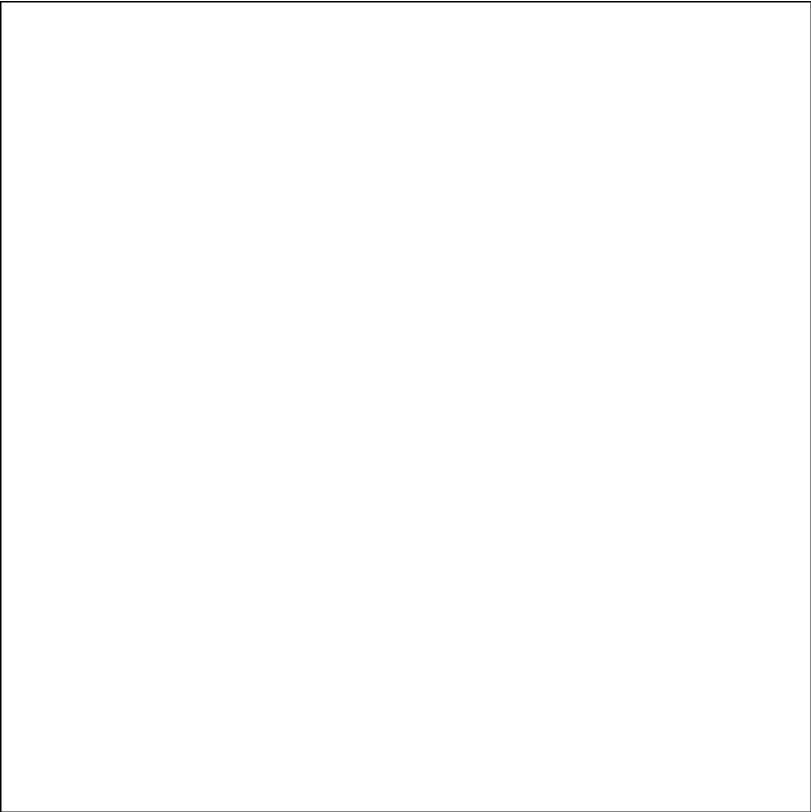




Sakiimaan warra isaatifi obbolette isaa ishee waggan afuri walin jirata. lafa namaa soressa tokko gubbaa jiratan. Manii citaa isaani mukkenin marfamtee jiriti.

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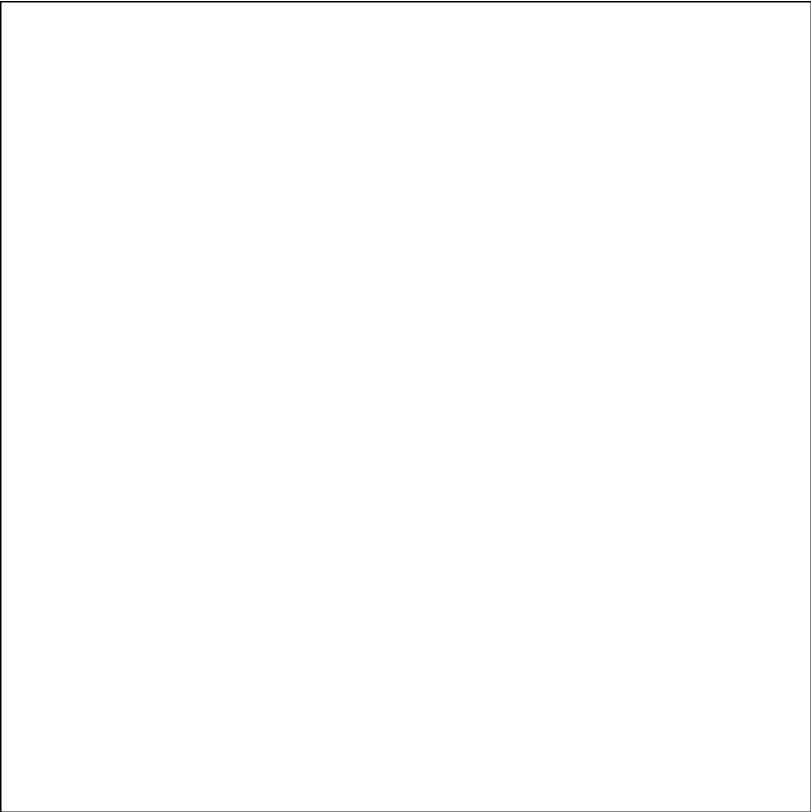
Sakima lived with his parents and his four year old sister. They lived on a rich man's land. Their grass-thatched hut was at the end of a row of trees.



Yeroo umriin Sakiimaa waggaa sidi ta'e kufee iji isaa jaame. Sakiimaan mucaa jimaa ture.

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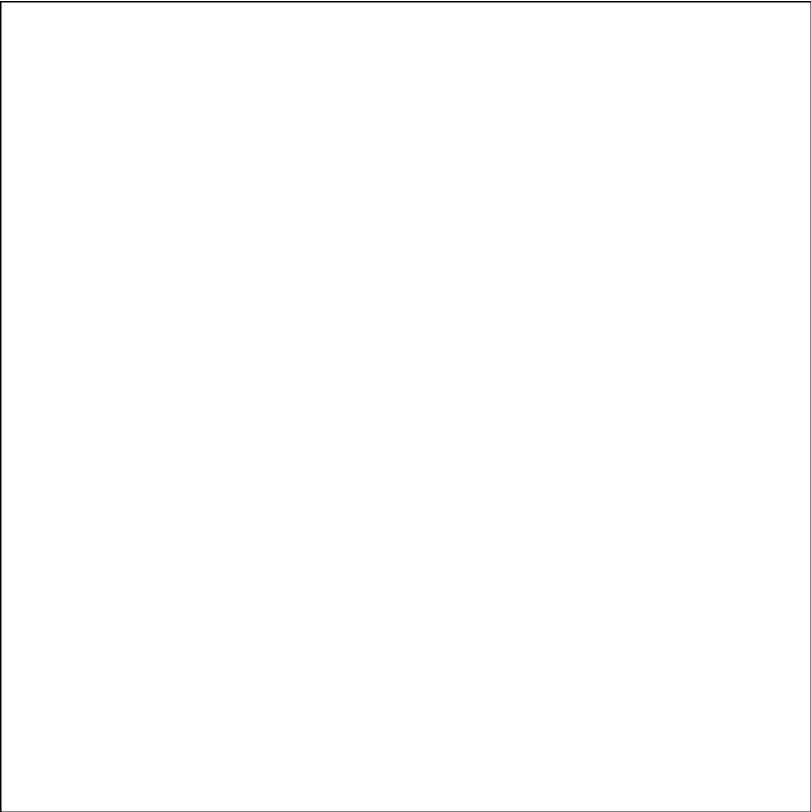
When Sakima was three years old, he fell sick and lost his sight. Sakima was a talented boy.



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

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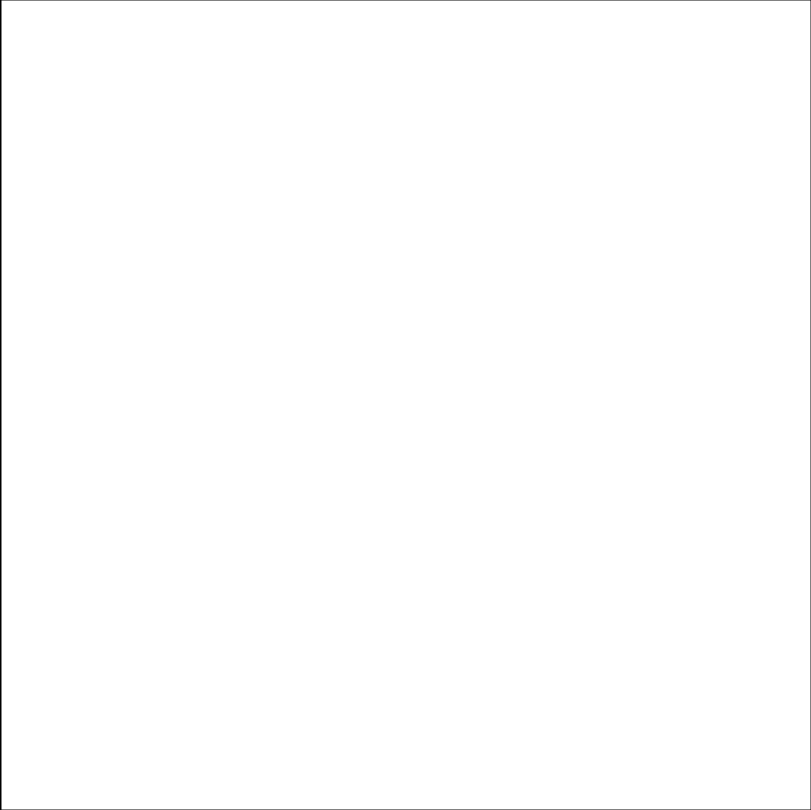
Sakima did many things that other six
year old boys did not do. For example, he
could sit with older members of the village
and discuss important matters.



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

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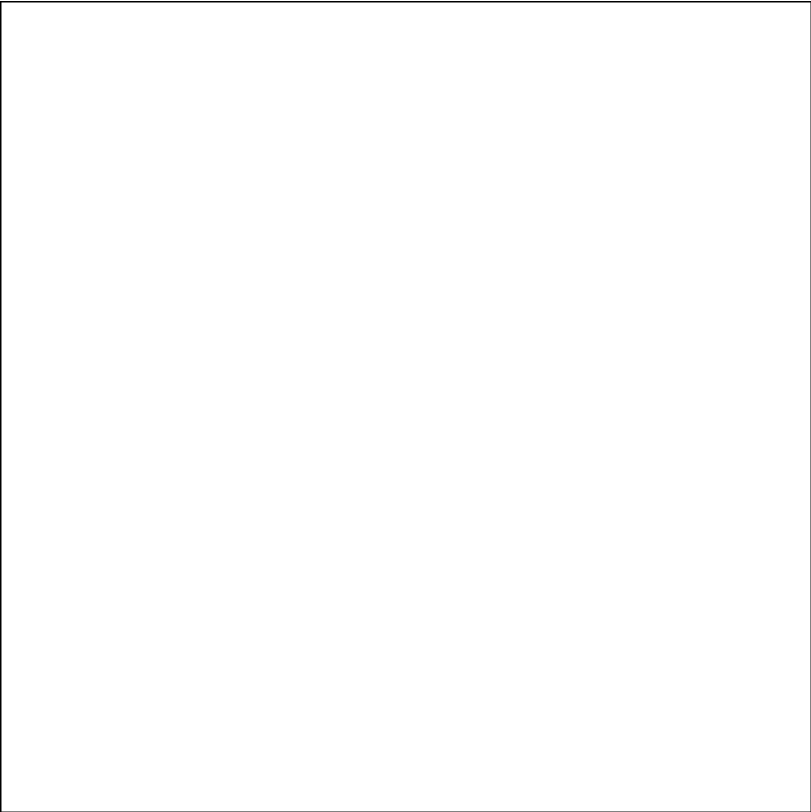
The parents of Sakima worked at the rich man's house. They left home early in the morning and returned late in the evening. Sakima was left with his little sister.



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

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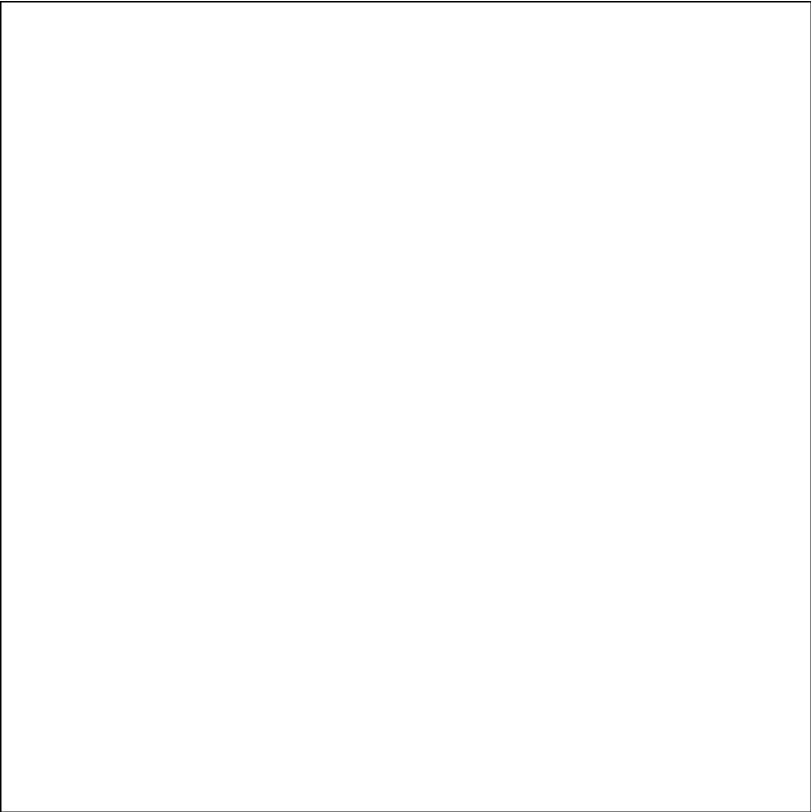
Sakima loved to sing songs. One day his
mother asked him, “Where do you learn
these songs from, Sakima?”



Sakiimaanis debise, “Sirbonni akasuman dhufeu, harme. Sammuu kootin dhaggefadhen isaan sirba.”

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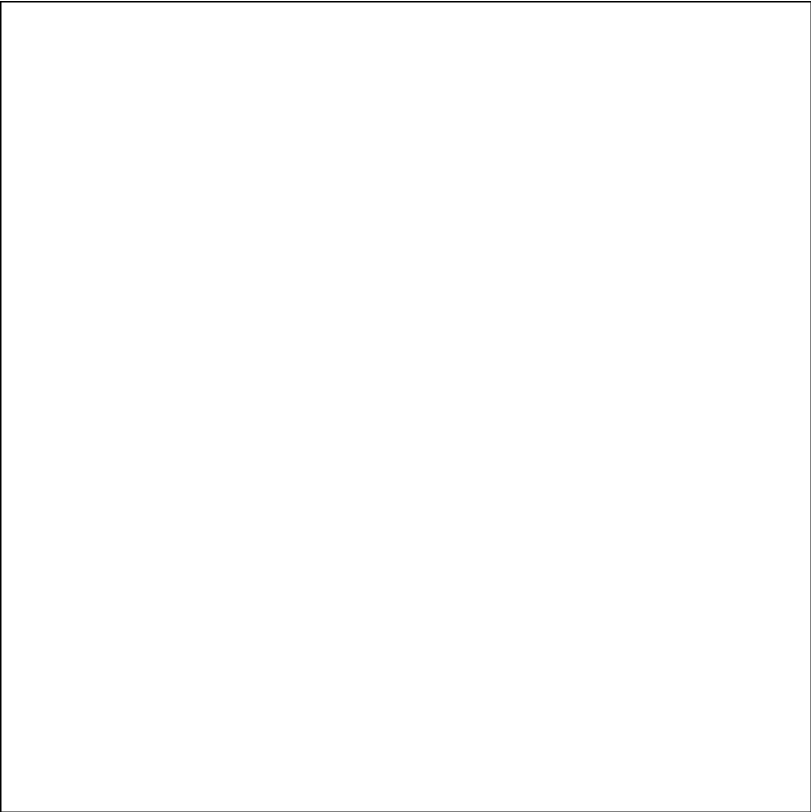
Sakima answered, “They just come, mother. I hear them in my head and then I sing.”



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

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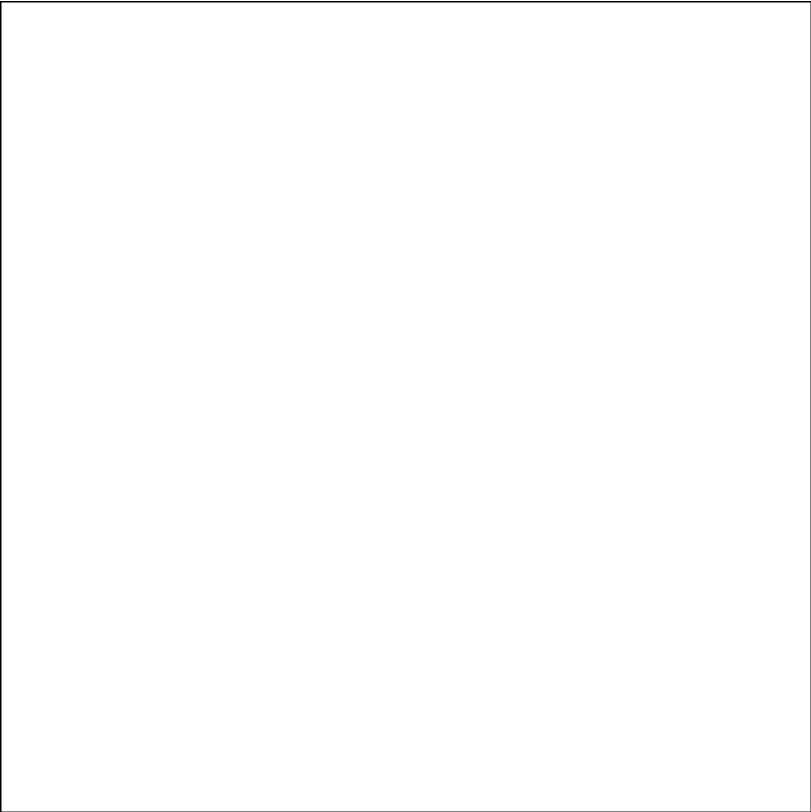
Sakima liked to sing for his little sister,
especially, if she felt hungry. His sister
would listen to him singing his favourite
song. She would sway to the soothing
tune.



“Irra debitee nafsirbuu danadessa
Sakiimaa” jete gafate obbolettin isaa.

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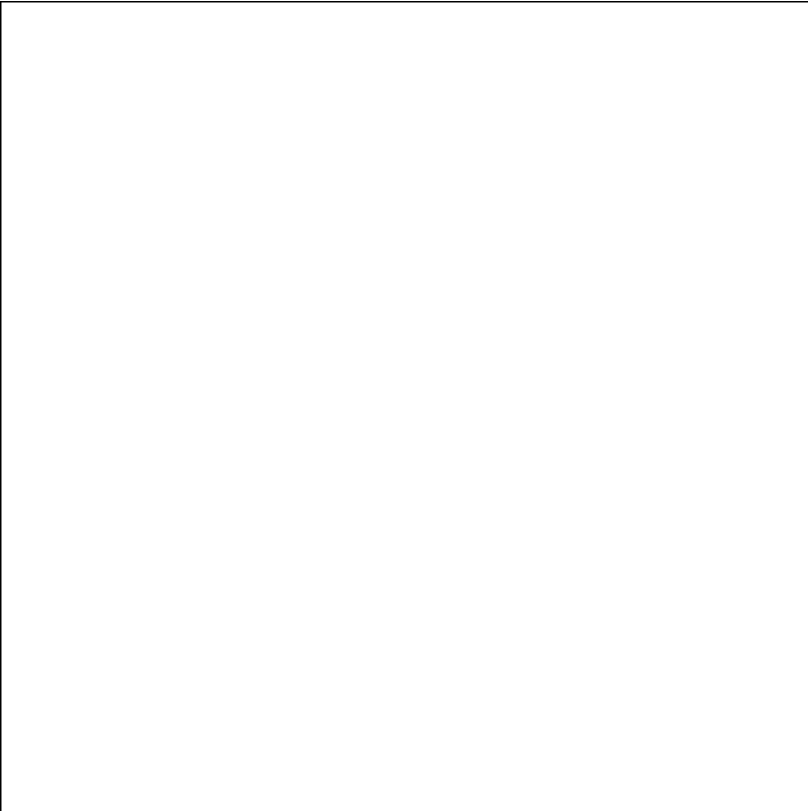
“Can you sing it again and again, Sakima,”
his sister would beg him. Sakima would
accept and sing it over and over again.



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

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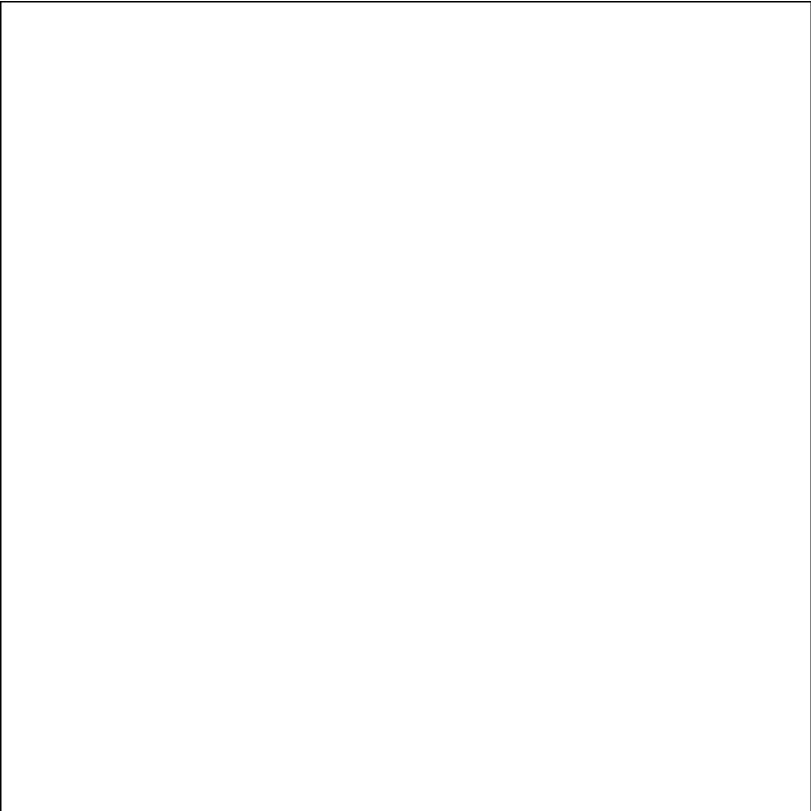
One evening when his parents returned
home, they were very quiet. Sakima knew
that there was something wrong.



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

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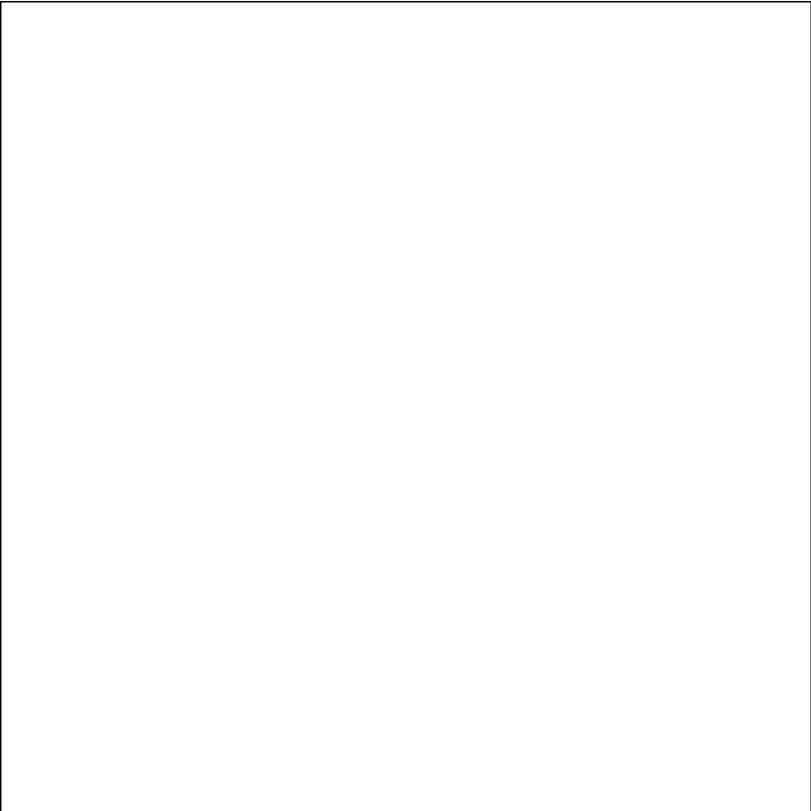
“What is wrong, mother, father?” Sakima
asked. Sakima learned that the rich man’s
son was missing. The man was very sad
and lonely.



Sakiimaanis “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?”

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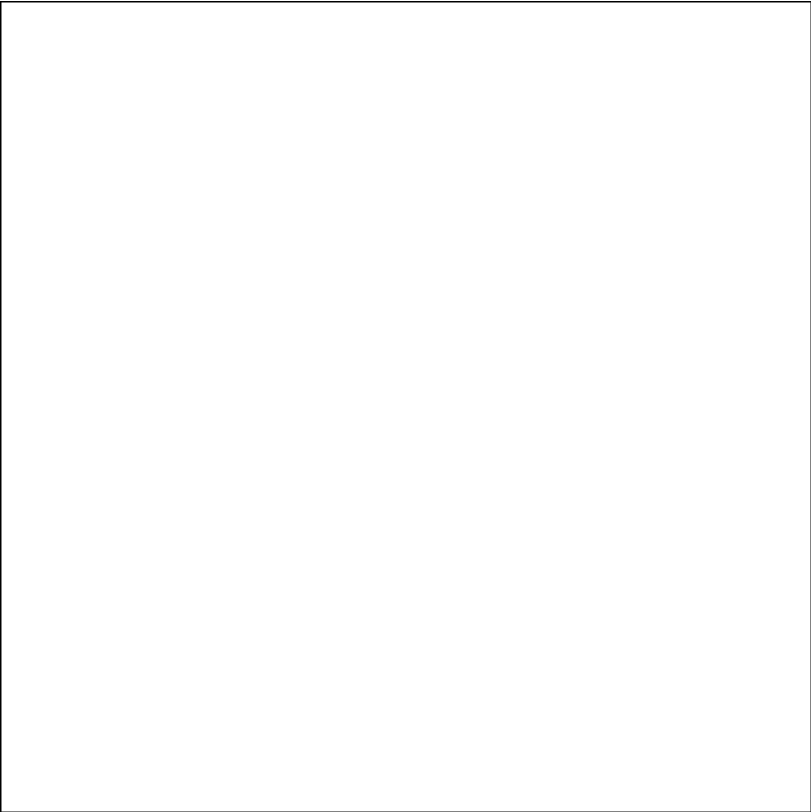
“I can sing for him. He might be happy again,” Sakima told his parents. But his parents dismissed him. “He is very rich. You are only a blind boy. Do you think your song will help him?”



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."

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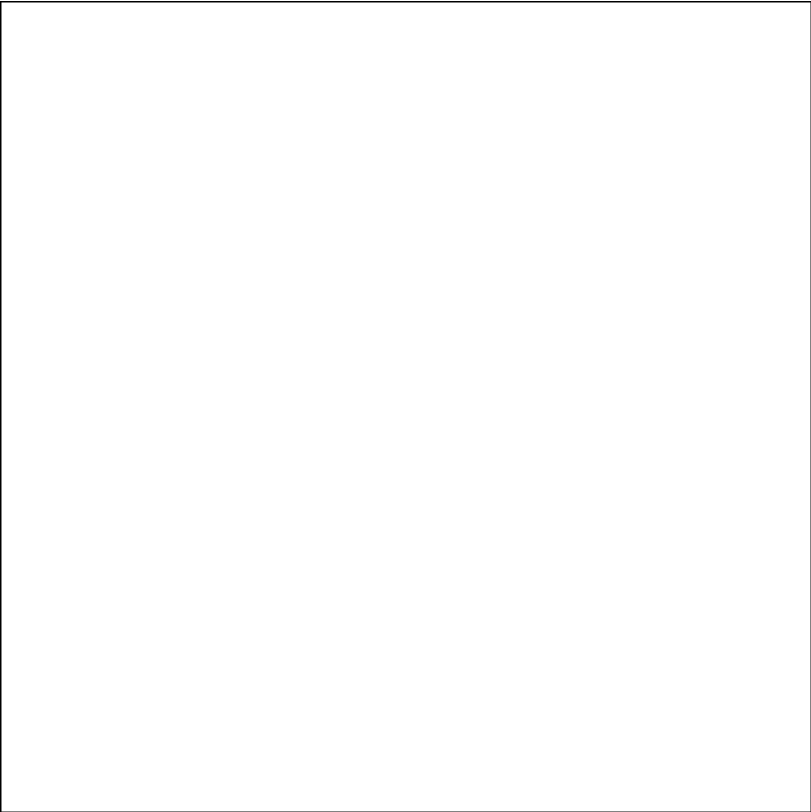
However, Sakima did not give up. His little sister supported him. She said, "Sakima's songs soothe me when I am hungry. They will soothe the rich man too."



Guyyaa ittianu, Sakiimaan obbolettin isaa gara mana namtichaa soressa itti agarsiistu gafatee.

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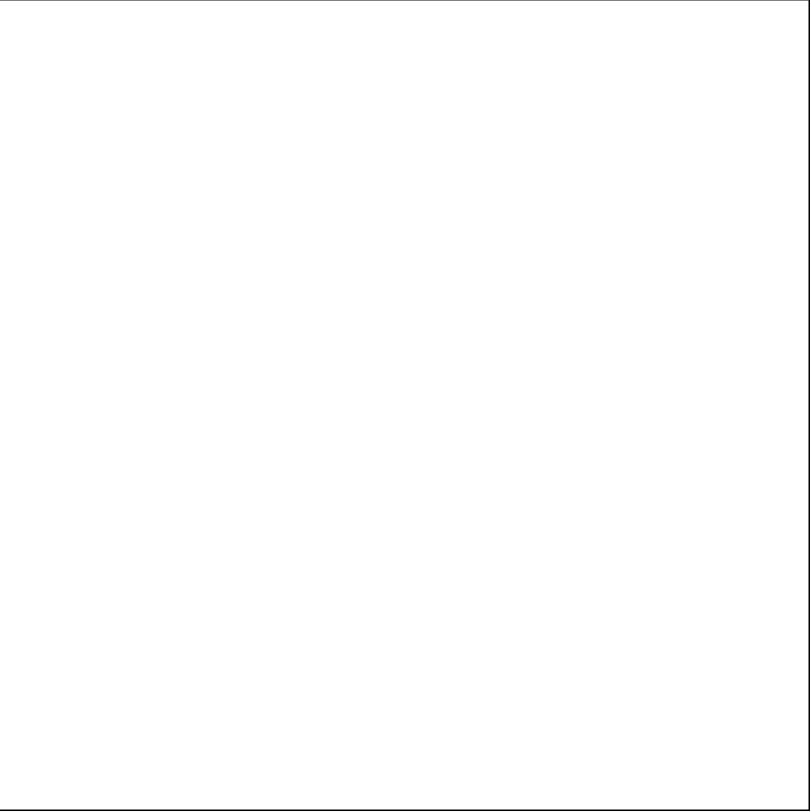
The following day, Sakima asked his little sister to lead him to the rich man's house.



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

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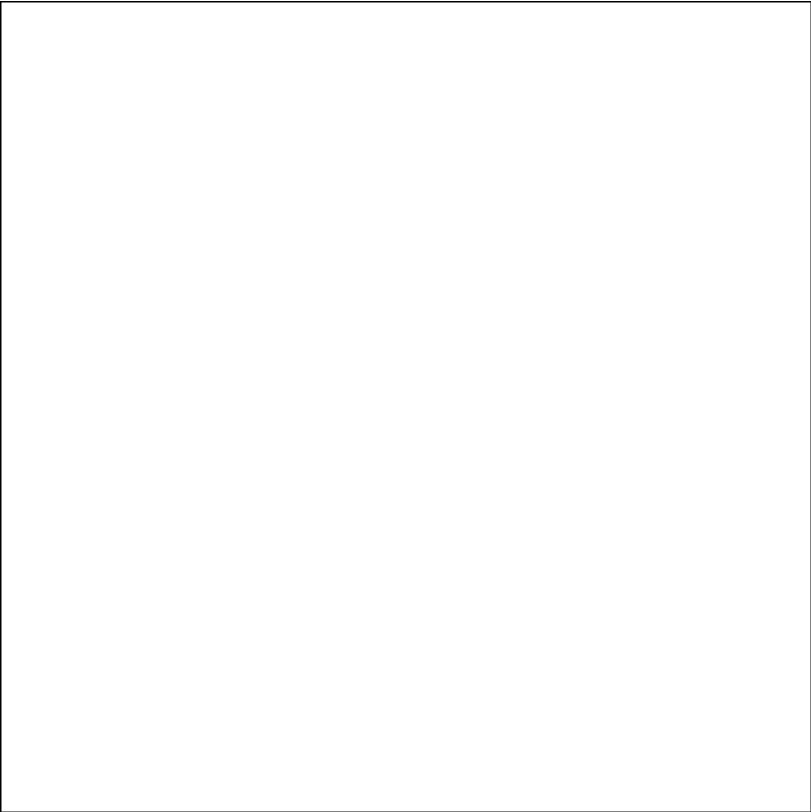
He stood below one big window and
began to sing his favourite song. Slowly,
the head of the rich man began to show
through the big window.



Hojjattonni hojii isaani nidhaaban. Isaanis sirba bareeda Sakiimaa dhageefatan. Namtichi too akkan jedhe, “Namni tokko iyyu hoggana keynaa sabbarsisu hindanada’u. Mucaan jamaa kuni waandanda’u ittifakkataa?”

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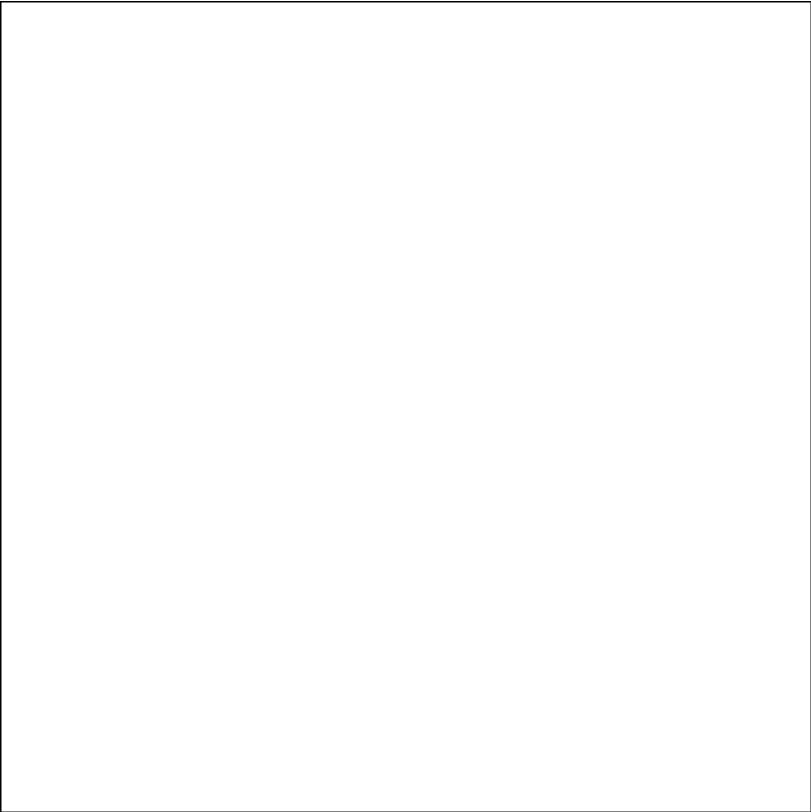
The workers stopped what they were doing. They listened to Sakima’s beautiful song. But one man said, “Nobody has been able to console the boss. Does this blind boy think he will console him?”



Sakiimaan sirbaa siaa xummure jenaan deeme. Namitichi sooressi suni gadii bahee, “Mee irraa deebi’i sirbi adaraa.”

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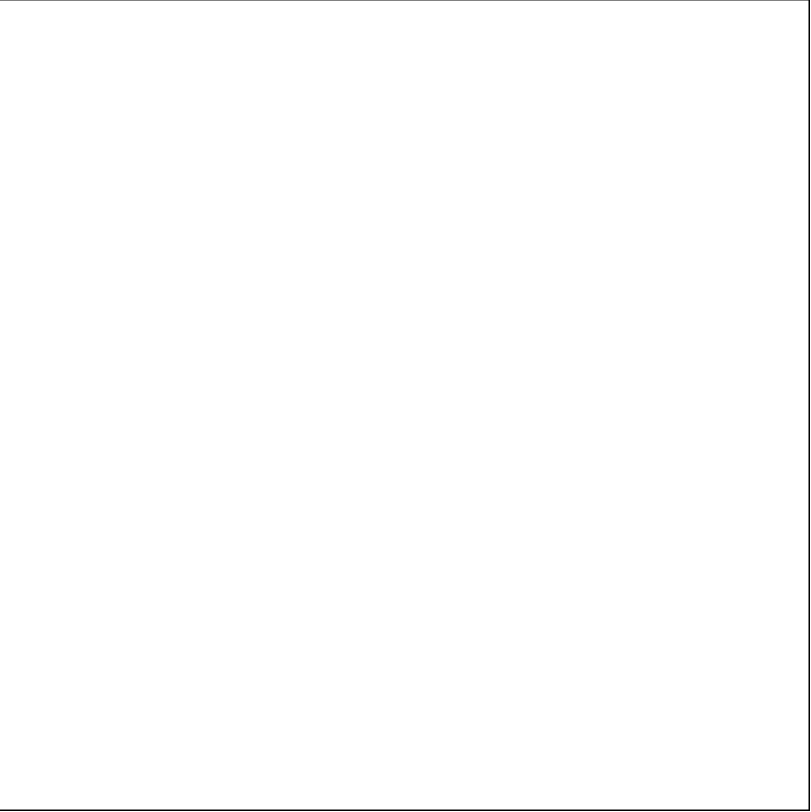
Sakima finished singing his song and turned to leave. But the rich man rushed out and said, “Please sing again.”



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.



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.



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Sirba Sakiimaa

Sakima's song

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Illustrated by: Peris Wachuka

Translated by: (om) Demoze Degefa

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