Simbegwire

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✏️ Rukia Nantale
🎨 Benjamin Mitchley
📧 Kim Sandvad West
📶 5
😊 dansk [da] / English [en]

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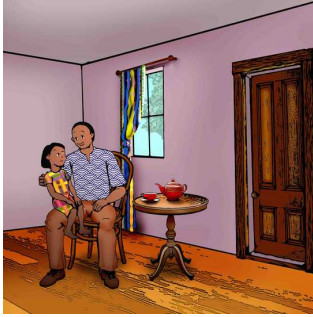
Da Simbegwires mor døde, blev hun meget ked af det. Simbegwires far gjorde sit bedste for at tage sig af sin datter. Langsomt begyndte de at føle sig glade igen uden Simbegwires mor. Hver morgen sad de og snakkede om dagen, der skulle komme. Hver aften lavede de aftensmad sammen. Når de havde vasket op, hjalp Simbegwires far hende med lektierne.

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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.

En dag kom Simbegwires far senere hjem end normalt. "Hvor er du, mit barn?" råbte han. Simbegwire løb hen til sin far. Hun stoppede op, da hun så, at han holdt en kvinde i hånden. "Jeg vil gerne præsentere dig for en speciel person, min barn. Dette er Anita," sagde han og smilede.

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One day, Simbegwire's father came home later than usual. "Where are you my child?" he called. Simbegwire ran to her father. She stopped still when she saw that he was holding a woman's hand. "I want you to meet someone special, my child. This is Anita," he said smiling.
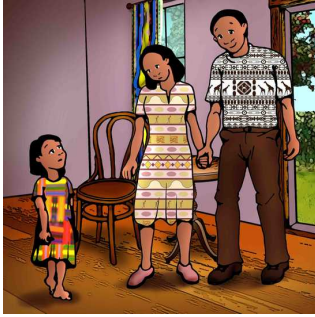
"Hej Simbegwire, din far har fortalt mig meget om dig," sagde Anita. Men hun hverken smilede eller gav pigen hånden. Simbegwires far var glad og ivrig. Han talte om, hvordan de tre skulle bo sammen, og hvor godt deres liv ville blive. "Mit barn, jeg håber, du vil acceptere Anita som din mor," sagde han.
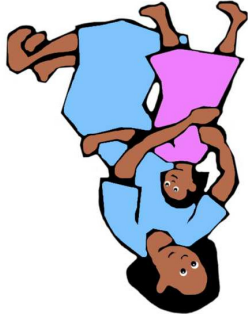
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"Hello Simbegwire, your father told me a lot about you," said Anita. But she did not smile or take the girl's hand. Simbegwire's father was happy and excited. He talked about the three of them living together, and how good their life would be. "My child, I hope you will accept Anita as your mother," he said.
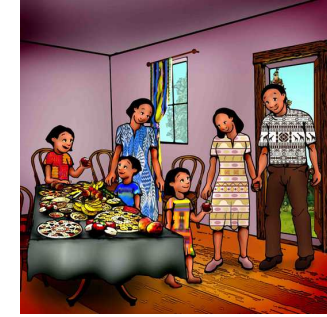
Den næste uge inviterede Anita Simbegwire, hendes fætre og kusiner og hendes faster på middag derhjemme. Hvilken middag! Anita havde lavet alle Simbegwires livretter, og alle spiste, indtil de var mætte. Så legede børnene, mens de voksne snakkede. Simbegwire følte sig glad og modig. Hun besluttede sig for, at snart, meget snart, ville hun vende hjem og bo hos sin far og sin stedmor.
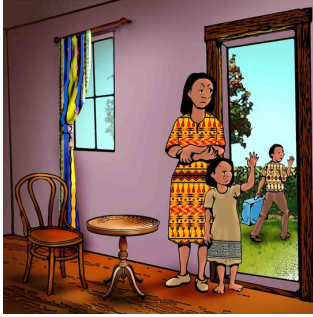
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The next week, Anita invited Simbegwire, with her cousins and aunt, to the house for a meal. What a feast! Anita prepared all of Simbegwire's favourite foods, and everyone ate until they were full. Then the children played while the adults talked. Simbegwire felt happy and brave. She decided that soon, very soon, she would return home to live with her father and her stepmother.

Simbegwires liv forandredes. Hun havde ikke længere tid til at sidde sammen med sin far om morgenen. Anita gav hende så meget husarbejde, at hun var for træt til at lave lektier om aftenen. Hun gik direkte i seng efter aftensmaden. Hendes eneste trøst var det farverige tæppe, hendes mor havde givet hende. Simbegwires far lod ikke til at opdage, at hans datter var ulykkelig.

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Simbegwire's life changed. She no longer had time to sit with her father in the mornings. Anita gave her so many household chores that she was too tired to do her school work in the evenings. She went straight to bed after dinner. Her only comfort was the colourful blanket her mother gave her. Simbegwire's father did not seem to notice that his daughter was unhappy.

Hendes far besøgte hende hver dag. Endelig kom Anita også med. Hun rakte ud efter Simbegwires hånd. "Jeg er så ked af det, min kære, jeg tog fejl," græd hun. "Vil du lade mig forsøge igen?" Simbegwire så på sin far og på hans bekymrede ansigt. Så trådte hun langsomt et skridt frem og lagde sine arme omkring Anita.

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

Efter nogle måneder fortalte Simbegwires far dem, at han skulle rejse væk i et stykke tid. "Jeg skal på arbejdsrejse," sagde han. "Men jeg ved, at I vil passe på hinanden." Simbegwires ansigt blegnede, men hendes far opdagede det ikke. Anita sagde ikke noget. Hun var heller ikke glad.

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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.

Simbegwire legede med sine fætre og kusiner, da hun så sin far på lang afstand. Hun var bange for, at han måske var vred, så hun løb ind i huset for at gemme sig. Men hendes far fandt hende og sagde: "Simbegwire, du har fundet en perfekt mor. En, der elsker dig og forstår dig. Jeg er stolt af dig, og jeg elsker dig." De blev enige om, at Simbegwire kunne bo hos sin faster så længe, hun havde lyst.

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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.

Det blev værre for Simbegwire. Hvis hun ikke blev færdig med husarbejdet, eller hvis hun klagede, slog Anita hende. Kvinden spiste det meste af aftensmaden, og Simbegwire fik kun en lille smule. Hver aften græd Simbegwire sig i søvn, mens hun krammede moderens tæppe.

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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.

Da Simbegwires far kom hjem, fandt han hendes rum tomt. "Hvad er der sket, Anita?" spurgte han ængsteligt. Kvinden forklarede, at Simbegwire var løbet hjemmefra. "Jeg ville have, at hun skulle respektere mig," sagde hun. "Men måske var jeg for streng." Simbegwires far forlod huset og gik ned imod floden. Han fortsatte til sin søsters landsby for at finde ud af, om hun havde set Simbegwire.
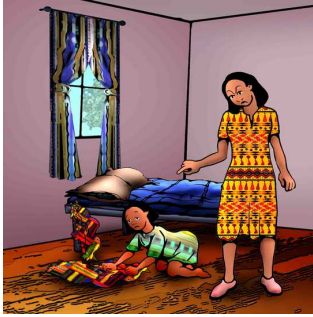
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When Simbegwire's father returned home, he found her room empty. "What happened, Anita?" he asked with a heavy heart. The woman explained that Simbegwire had run away. "I wanted her to respect me," she said. "But perhaps I was too strict." Simbegwire's 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.

En morgen vågnede Simbegwire for sent op. "Din dovne pige!" råbte Anita. Hun hev Simbegwire op af sengen. Det dyrebare tæppe sad fast i et søm og blev revet itu.

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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.
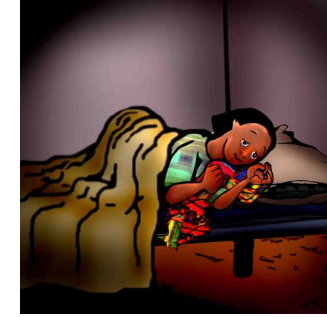

Simbegwires faster tog barnet med hjem til sig selv. Hun gav Simbegwire varm mad og puttede hende i sengen med hendes moders tæppe. Den aften græd Simbegwire sig i søvn. Men det var lettelsens tårer. Hun vidste, at hendes faster ville passe på hende.

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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.
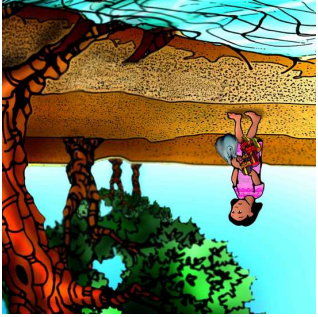
Simbegwire var meget ked af det. Hun besluttede sig for at løbe hjemmefra. Hun tog de to stykker af moderens tæppe, pakkede lidt mad og forlod huset. Hun fulgte vejen, hendes far havde taget.

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Simbegwire 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.

Denne kvinde kiggede op i træets krone. Da hun så pigen og stykkerne af det farverige tæppe, råbte hun: "Simbegwire, min broders barn!" De andre kvinder holdt op med at vaske og hjalp Simbegwire ned fra træet. Hendes faster gav den lille pige et kram og forsøgte at trøste hende.

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This woman looked up into the tree. When she saw the girl and the pieces of colourful blanket, she cried, "Simbegwire, my brother's child!" The other women stopped washing and helped Simbegwire to climb down from the tree. Her aunt hugged the little girl and tried to comfort her.

Da det blev aften, klatrede hun op i et højt træ nær en flod og lavede en seng til sig selv mellem grenene. Da hun gik i seng, sang hun: "Moder, moder, moder, du forlod mig. Du forlod mig og kom aldrig tilbage. Far elsker mig ikke længere. Moder, hvornår kommer du tilbage? Du forlod mig."

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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."

Næste morgen sang Simbegwire sangen igen. Da kvinderne kom for at vaske deres tøj i floden, hørte de den triste sang, der kom fra det høje træ. De troede, det bare var vinden, der hviskede i bladene, og de fortsatte deres arbejde. Men en af kvinderne lyttede nøje til sangen.

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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.