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Simbegwire / Simbegwire

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Simbegwire

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Rukia Nantale

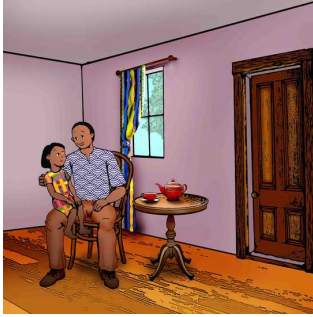
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nynorsk / English



Då Simbegwire si mor døydde, vart ho veldig lei seg. Simbegwire sin far gjorde sitt beste for å ta hand om dotter si. Litt etter litt vart dei lukkelege igjen, utan Simbegwire si mor. Kvar morgon sat dei og snakka om dagen som låg føre dei. Kvar kveld laga dei middag saman. Etter at dei hadde teke oppvasken, hjelpte Simbegwire sin far henne med leksene.

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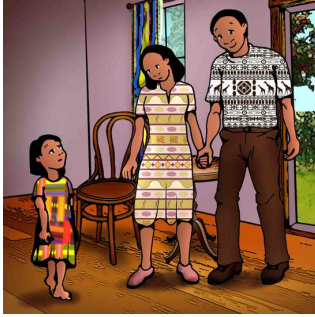
When Simbegwire's mother died, she was very sad. Simbegwire's father did his best to take care of his daughter. Slowly, they learned to feel happy again, without Simbegwire's mother. Every morning they sat and talked about the day ahead. Every evening they made dinner together. After they washed the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

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.

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Ein dag kom Simbegwire sin far heim seinare enn vanleg. «Kor er du, jenta mi?» ropte han. Simbegwire sprang til far sin. Ho stoppa opp då ho såg at han heldt ei dame i handa. «Eg vil at du skal møta ei spesiell kvinne, jenta mi. Dette er Anita», sa han og smilte.





«Hei Simbegwire, far din har fortalt meg mykje om deg», sa Anita. Men ho smilte ikkje og tok ikkje handa til jenta. Simbegwire sin far var glad og begeistra. Han snakka om at dei tre skulle bu saman, og kor godt dei skulle få det. «Jenta mi, eg håpar du vil akseptera Anita som mor di», sa 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.



Neste veke bad Anita Simbegwire, saman med fetrane, kusunene og tanta, heim til seg på eit måltid. For ein fest! Anita laga alle yndlingsrettane til Simbegwire, og alle åt til dei vart gode og mette. Deretter leikte borna medan dei vaksne snakka. Simbegwire følte seg glad og modig. Ho bestemte at snart, veldig snart, skulle ho flytta heim og bu med far sin og stemor si.

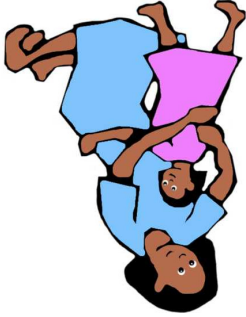
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The next week, Anita invited Simbegwire, with her cousins and aunt, to the house for a meal. What a feast! Anita prepared all of Simbegwire’s favourite foods, and everyone ate until they were full. Then the children played while the adults talked. Simbegwire felt happy and brave. She decided that soon, very soon, she would return home to live with her father and her stepmother.

Far hennar vitja henne kvar dag. Etter kvart kom han med Anita. Ho rakk handa til Simbegwire. «Eg er veldig lei meg, vesla, eg tok feil», gret ho. «Vil du la meg prøva igjen?» Simbegwire sag på far sin og den bekymra mina hans. Då gjekk ho bort til Anita og la langsamt armene rundt henne.

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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.

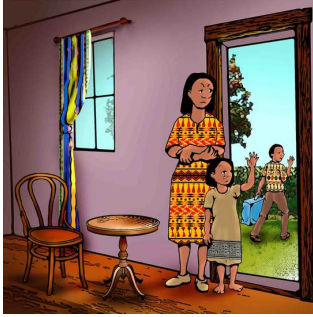


Livet til Simbegwire forandra seg. Ho hadde ikkje lenger tid til å sitja saman med far sin om morgonen. Anita gav henne så mykje husarbeid at ho vart for sliten til å gjera lekseane om kvelden. Ho gjekk rett til sengs etter middag. Den einaste trøysta ho hadde var eit fargerikt teppe mor hennar hadde gjeve henne. Det verka ikkje som Simbegwire sin far merka at dotter hans var ulykkeleg.

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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.





Etter nokre månader fortalde Simbegwire sin far dei at han skulle vera borte eit bel. «Eg må reisa på grunn av jobben min», sa han. «Men eg veit at de kjem til ta vare på kvarandre.» Simbegwire såg trist ut, men faren la ikkje merke til det. Anita sa ikkje noko. Ho var ikkje glad ho heller.

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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 leikte med fetrane og kusinene sine då ho såg far sin på lang avstand. Ho var redd han skulle verta sint, så ho sprang inn i huset og gøymde seg. Men far hennar gjekk til henne og sa: «Simbegwire, du har funne den beste mora i verda. Ei som er glad i deg og forstår deg. Eg er stolt av deg og glad i deg.» Dei vart samde om at Simbegwire skulle verta buande hos tanta si så lenge ho ville.

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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.



Da Simbegwire sin far kom heim, sag han at rommet hennar var tomt. «Kva har skjedd, Anita?» spurde han bekymra. Kvinna svara at Simbegwire hadde stukke av. «Eg ville at ho skulle respektera meg», sa ho. «Men kanskje eg var for streng.» Simbegwire sin far forlet huset og gjekk i retning av bekken. Han heldt fram til landsbyen til syster si for å finna ut om ho hadde sett Simbegwire.

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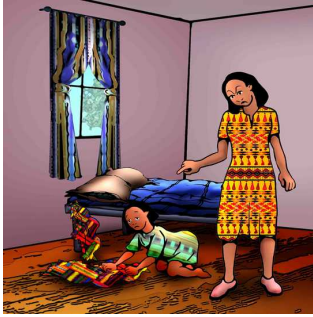
When Simbegwire's father returned home, he found her room empty. "What happened, Anita?" he asked with a heavy heart. The woman explained that Simbegwire had run away. "I wanted her to respect me," she said. "But perhaps I was too strict." Simbegwire's father left the house and went in the direction of the stream. He continued to his sister's village to find out if she had seen Simbegwire.



Ting vart berre vondare for Simbegwire. Viss ho ikkje gjorde ferdig husarbeidet, eller klag, slo Anita henne. Og under middagen at Anita det meste av maten, slik at Simbegwire berre fekk nokre få restar. Kvar natt gret Simbegwire til ho fall i søvn medan ho klemde rundt teppet frå mor si.

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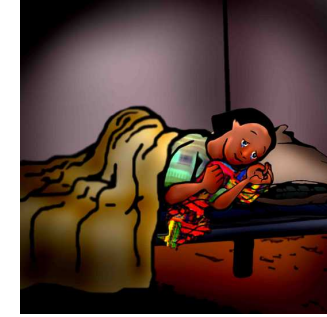
Things got worse for Simbegwire. If she didn't finish her chores, or she complained, Anita hit her. And at dinner, the woman ate most of the food, leaving Simbegwire with only a few scraps. Each night Simbegwire cried herself to sleep, hugging her mother's blanket.



Ein morgon brukte Simbegwire lang tid på å stå opp. «Din lathans!» ropte Anita. Ho drog Simbegwire ut av senga. Teppet ho var så glad i sat fast på ein spikar og rakna.

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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.



Tanta til Simbegwire tok med seg barnet til sitt eige hus. Ho gav Simbegwire varm mat, og la henne til å sova med teppet til mor si. Den natta gret Simbegwire idet ho sovna. Men det var fordi ho var så letta. Ho visste at tanta hennar ville ta seg av henne.

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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 veldig opprørt. Ho bestemte seg for å rømme. Ho tok bitane frå teppet til mora, pakka litt mat og drog av garde. Ho følgde den same vegen som far hennar hadde teke.

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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 kvinna såg opp i treet. Då ho såg jenta og bitane av det fargerike teppet, ropte ho: «Simbegwire, dottera til bror mini!» Dei andre kvinnene stoppa å vaska og hjalp te Simbegwire med å klatra ned frå treet. Tanta hennar gav den vesle jenta ein klem og prøvde å trøysta henne.

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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.





Då kvelden kom, klatra ho opp i eit høgt tre ved ein bekk og reidde seg ei seng i greinene. Då ho gjekk og la seg, song ho: «Mamma, mamma, mamma, du forlét meg. Du forlét meg og kom aldri tilbake. Pappa er ikkje glad i meg lenger. Mamma, når kjem du tilbake? Du forlét meg.»

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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."



Neste morgon song Simbegwire songen igjen. Då kvinnene kom for å vaska kleda sine i bekken, hørde dei den triste songen frå høgt oppe i treet. Dei trudde det berre var vinden som rasla med blada og heldt fram med arbeidet sitt. Men éi av kvinnene hørde veldig nøye på songen.

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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.