# Ulwimbo lwakwa Sakima

# Sakima’s song


Ursula Nafula

Peris Wachuka

Felix Mwila


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IciBemba bem / English en

Sakima aaleikala naba fyashi bakwe pamo nankashi yakwe uwa myaka ine. Baleikala pancende ya mukankaala. Ng’anda yabo iya fiilu yaikeele kumpela yamiti.

. . .

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.

Lintu Sakima aali nemyaka itatu, alipofwike kumulandu wabulwele. Sakima aali umulumendo wetalanta.

. . .

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

Sakima aalecita ifintu ifingi efyo abalumendo bamyaka mutanda balefilwa. Mukulangilisha, aleikala paba kulu bamumushi na ukulanshanya pamafya yacindima.

. . .

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.

Abafyashi bakwa Sakima baalebomba pa ng’anda yamukankaala. Baalefumapo kumaca nokubwela inshita yabushiku. Sakima aleshaala na nkashi yakwe

. . .

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.

Sakima aalitemenwe ukwimba inyimbo. Bushiku bumo ba nyina balimwipwishe, “Usambilila kwisa ishi nyimbo Sakima?”

. . .

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

Sakima alyaswike ukutila “Nashishibafye ba mayo, nda shumfwa mumutwe elyo nashimba”.

. . .

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

Sakima alitemenwe ukwimbila nkashi yakwe, maka maka nkashi yakwe ngaumfwa insala. Nkashi yakwe aalekutika Sakima ale imba ulwimbo atemenwe saana, ninshi ayamba ukuyisunsuntila ku ci unda ca lwimbo.

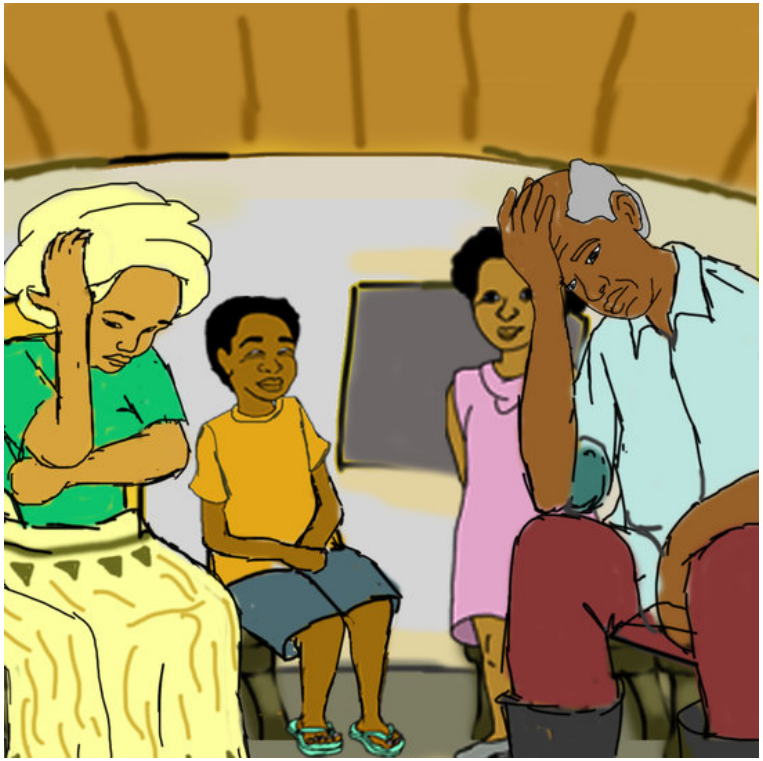
. . .

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.

Nkanshi yakwe aalepapata “bushe kuti waimba nakabili Sakima.” Sakima aalesumina na ukubwekeshapo ukwimba ulwimbo. Imiku iingi

. . .

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



Bushiku bumo lintu aba fyashi bakwe ba bwelele pa ng’anda, bafikile tondolo. Sakima aalishibe ukutiila pali ifilubene.

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

“Nindo ilubene ba mayo na ba tata?” efo ayipwishe. Sakima alisambilile ukutiila umwana wamukankaala aali luba. Umukankaala aali uwa cikonko nowabulanda.

. . .

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

“Kuti na mwimbila. Kuti aikalako uwansansa nakabili,” abafyashi bakwe bamwipwishe ukutiila. Uyu muntu mukankaala saana. Uli mulumendo wapofuka amanso epela. Uletontokanya ukutiila ulwimbo lobe elwinga mwafwilisha?

. . .

“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?”

Sakima taanenwiike. Nkashi yakwe aalimwafwilishe. Atiile, “Inyimbo shakwa Sakima shilantalalika elyo ndi nensala.” Shi katalalika na umukankaala.

. . .

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.”

Ubushiku bwakonkelepo, Sakima ayebele nkashi yakwe ukumutungulula kung’anda yamukankaala.

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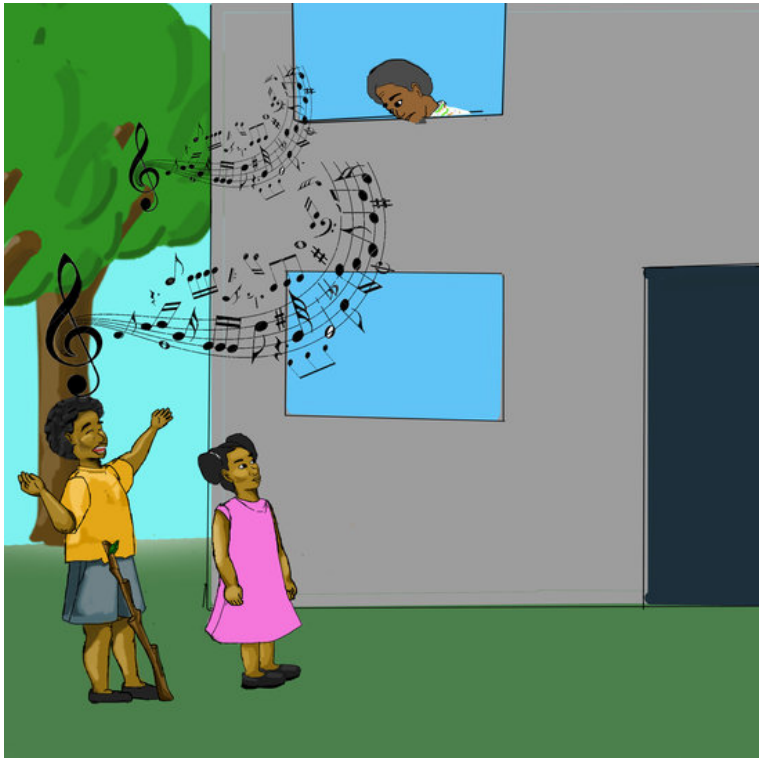
The following day, Sakima asked his little sister to lead him to the rich man’s house.



Aiminine mwisamba lya nsolokoto nokwamba ukwimba ulwimbo lwakwe. Panono panono, umutwe wamukankaala wayambile ukulanga pansolokoto.

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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.

Aba bomfi baalekele imilimo yabo. Baalekutika ku lwimbo lwakwa Sakima ulwawama nganshi. Abaume bamo basosele ukutiila “tapaaba nangu umo uwakwanisha ukutalalika ba bwana. Bushe uyu mulumendo wapofuka alemona kwati kuti abatalalika?”

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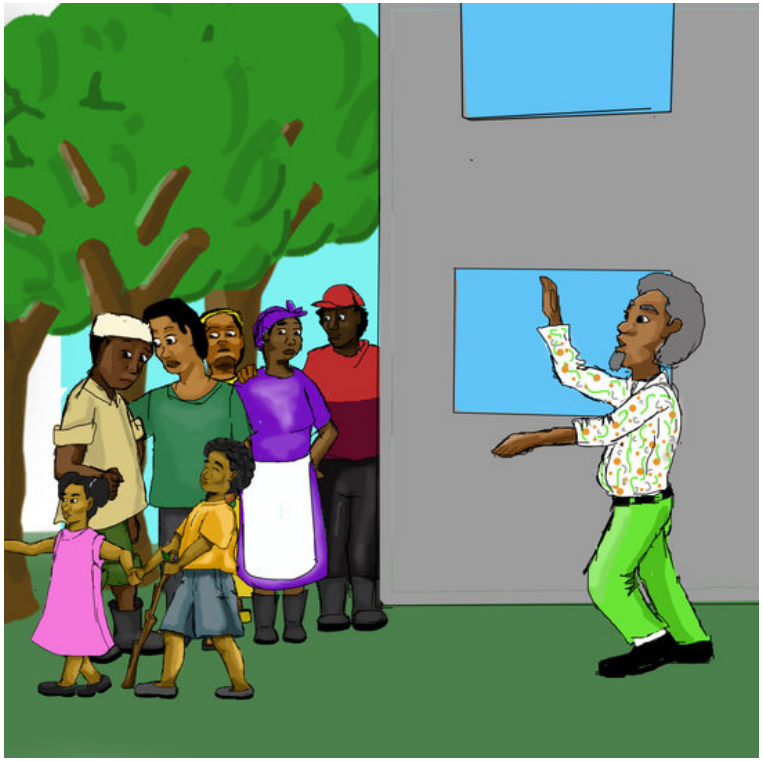
The workers stopped what they were doing. They listened to Sakima’s beautiful song. But one man said, “Nobody has been able to console the boss. Does this blind boy think he will console him?”



Sakima alipwishishe ukwimba ulwimbo lwakwe nokupilibuka ati ambeko kumwabo. Nomba umukankaala alifumine panse nokutila “Napapata, imba nakabili.”

. . .

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

Ukutula Ubushiku bulya, abaume babili bafikile nabasenda umuntu pamacila. Ba sangile umwana wamukankaala napumwa nokushiiwa kumbali ya musebo.

. . .

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.

Umukankaala aali uwa nsansa pakumona umwana wakwe nakabili. Aali lambwile Sakima pa kumutalalika kumutima. Asendele umwana wakwe na Sakima ku cipataala mukumona nga kuti Sakima amona nakabili.

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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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Felix Mwila (bem)


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