








# Olwimbo Iwa Sakima

## Sakima's song

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-  Olukonjo  / English



Sakima aby'ikere nababuthi biwe haima n'amwali wabu oyuwabya inyawithe myaka ini. Babya bikere okwirima ly'omugaga. Akanyumba kabo akobunyatsi kabya okwamuheryo werilima lyemithi.

...

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.



Sakima abere akabya emyaka isathu, mwabya ndimithime. Sakima abyamulhwana w'obwenge bunene.

...

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



Sakima inyakakolha bindu binene ebyabandi bana abemyaka mukagha batebangakolha.

Ekyerileberyako, inyakikalha nabalhume bakulhu omwabulambo nayo inyahanulha okwamyatsi yabalhume bakulhu.

...

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.



Ababuthi ba Sakima babya bakakolera omulhume omugaga. Ibakalhwa eka y'omwangyakya kutsibu. Sakima inyakasighalha eka namwaliwabo.

...

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 inyanzire eryimba esyanyimbo. Kiro kighuma mama wiwe mwamubulya athi, “esyanyimbo esi ukasyighirahayi, Sakima?”

...

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



Sakima mwasubamu, “Sikakwama kyayasira mama. Ngasyowa omwamuthwe neryo inatsuka eryimba”.

...

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



Sakima inyanzire erimbira mwaliwabu, kulhabirirya obuthuku akabya inyakwire enzalha. Mwaliwabu inyakahulikirira esyanyimbo siwe kulhabirirya olhuwene. Neryo inyakahothola kulho.

...

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.





“Wanganasubamu, kyiisi mwanithu Sakima,”  
mwaliwabu inyakamusaba. Sakima neryo  
inyakaligha erisubamu.

...

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



Kiro kighume omwigholhogholho, ababuthi babere bakakulhuka mubayihunira, neryo Sakima mwaminya athi hali ekyabereho.

...

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



“Ibwa kuthi mama, na Thatha, yabereki eyo?”  
Sakima mwabulyabo. Mubamusubirya bathi  
omulhwana womusyakulhu omugaga abulire.  
Omusyakulhu omugaga aly’omwabulighe bunene.

...

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



“Nanganayamwimbira, neryo aniatsanga tsanga.”  
Sakima mwabwire ababuthi biwe. Aliriyoy  
mubathamuhira mwa maha. “Omulhume  
nimugaga, iwe wuli mulhwana ndimethime,  
ukalengekanaya olhwimbo lhwaghu lwanganayira  
ekyalhwangakolha okwa mugaga?”

...

“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 mwathalekeraho, mwaliwabo nayo mwamuwathikya neribugha athi, “esyanyimbo sya Sakima sikanyiwathikaya omughulhu ngabya omwanzalha, neryo sindibya netseme?” Omulhume omugaga nayo sianganatsangatsanga.

...

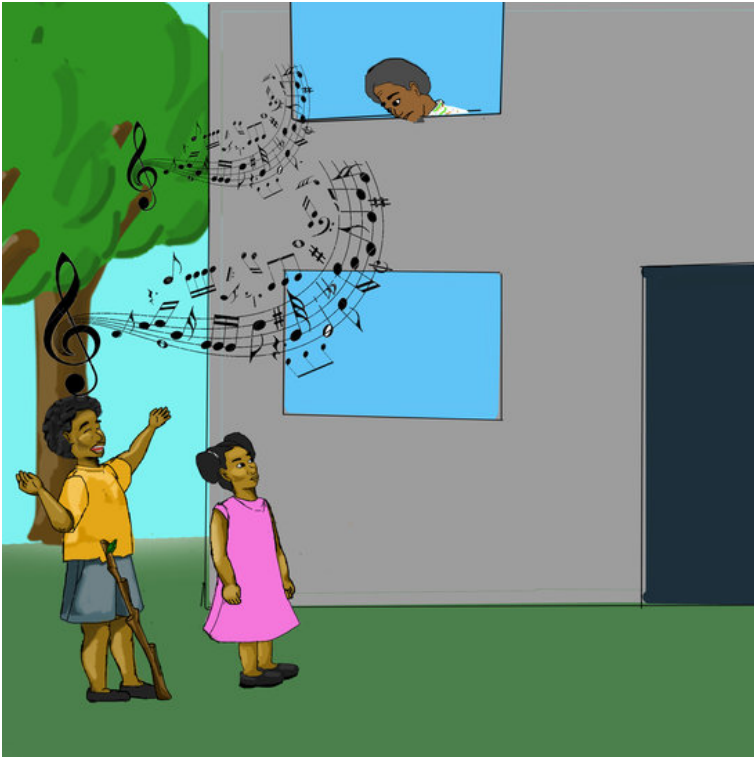
However, Sakima did not give up. His little sister supported him. She said, “Sakima’s songs soothe me when I am hungry. They will soothe the rich man too.”



Ekindi kiro, neryo Sakima mwabwira mwaliwabo athi amwembembethaye erimuhikya okwa w'omugaga.

...

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



Sakima mwimana hakuhi neridirisa erinene, neryo amatsuka eryimba olhwimbo lhwawe olhubuya, neryo omuthwe w'omulhume omugaga amatsuka erihulhukirirya omw'idirisa.

...

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.



Abakoli abosi neryo mubaleka erikolha bakathahulikirira olhwimbo Ihwa Sakima. Neryo omulhume mughuma mwabugha, "Sihali mundu namughuma oyuwamathalembalemba omugaga, nibughaambu omulhwana endimetime eyi yeyikendimulembalemba?"

...

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 mwawunza erylamba neryo amabinduka akanza erisuba ewabu. Neryo omulhume omugaga mwalhwa omwanyumba neritibitha athi, “kyisi kyisi thasyanzubirayamo olhwimbo”.

...

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



Omwakatambi ako neryo abalhume babiri mubakabukalha ibanahekire omwana y'okwamuthi. Omwana w'omugaga abya inyabiriswiribwa, nerimusigha okw'anzira.

...

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.



Omuhume omugaga mwasima kutsibu akalhangira omwanawiwe. Mwasima Sakima erimutsangyatsangya. Neryo eriha Sakima y'ewasingya mwathwalha omwana wiwe haima na Sakima b'omwasipatara. Sakima mwathambirwa ameso neryo mwatsuka erilhangira.

...

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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