




Ilimo harre

Donkey Child

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 Afan Oromo [om](#) / English [en](#)



Bocca dinqisiisa kana kanagarte muccaayyo xinno tokko turte.

...

It was a little girl who first saw the mysterious shape in the distance.



Akka bocni suni itti dhihateen, dubartii ulfa gudda qabdu ta'uu ishee barame.

...

As the shape moved closer, she saw that it was a heavily pregnant woman.



Salfattu garu muccatin goota tate tuni gara dubartitti hiqixee akkan jetteen, “Dubarti tana walwajjiin turuu qabna,” namooni ishes kana murtesan.” Dubarti kanafi da’imaa ishees hala gariin tursisina.”

...

Shy but brave, the little girl moved nearer to the woman. “We must keep her with us,” the little girl’s people decided. “We’ll keep her and her child safe.”



Yerooma sani dam'immichi dhufe. "Dhibi!" "Uffta
halkani fidaa!" "Bishan!" "Dhhhhiiiiiiiibaa!!!"

...

The child was soon on its way. "Push!" "Bring
blankets!" "Water!" "Puuuuusssshh!!!"



Yeroo da'ima dhalate argan, namni martu nahee dubbati utale, "Harree?!"

...

But when they saw the baby, everyone jumped back in shock. "A donkey?!"



Namooni walmormuu calqaban, “Dubarti kanafii da’imma ishee akka garitti qabna jenne waliigallee jirra.” Jedhe namooni tokko tokko. “Garu hiree badaa nutti fidu jedhu kunimo!”

...

Everyone began to argue. “We said we would keep mother and child safe, and that’s what we’ll do,” said some. “But they will bring us bad luck!” said others.



Dubartittin amma illee qophaa isshe taate. Da'ima rakkisaa kana waangotuu walaaltee. Esse akka deemitu wallalte.

...

And so the woman found herself alone again. She wondered what to do with this awkward child. She wondered what to do with herself.



Dhummarati da'immichi kana ishee akka ta'eefi
isheenis hadha akka ta'et fudhate.

...

But finally she had to accept that he was her child
and she was his mother.



Da'immichi otto akkuma sanatti jiratee garii ture. Garuu da'immni harree kun dafee guddata dugda hadhii ti ol ta'e. Ammalli isaas akka amala namaa ta'u hindandenyee. Harmeen isas yeroo hunda dadhabdde isaa nufatti. Yeroo tokko tokko hojii beellada hojadhu jetiin.

...

Now, if the child had stayed that same, small size, everything might have been different. But the donkey child grew and grew until he could no longer fit on his mother's back. And no matter how hard he tried, he could not behave like a human being. His mother was often tired and frustrated. Sometimes she made him do work meant for animals.



Harrichillee aarifi cinqaan sammu isaa haddoche.
Hojii ittikenname tokko iyyu hindandeenyee.
Gaftokko bayee aare harmee isaa dHITEE lafatti
kuffise.

...

Confusion and anger built up inside Donkey. He couldn't do this and he couldn't do that. He couldn't be like this and he couldn't be like that. He became so angry that, one day, he kicked his mother to the ground.



Harrichi bayee sulfate. Hamma danda'ee tokko
figichan faggate deeme.

...

Donkey was filled with shame. He started to run
away as far and fast as he could.



Yeroo inni figicha dhabu, halkan wantureef harreen kara bade. "Hii haaw," jedhe dukkanti iyye. "Hii haaw?" jedhe dukkani itti debisee. qophaa isaa ture. Otto figgu bolla kessati kufe.

...

By the time he stopped running, it was night, and Donkey was lost. "Hee haw?" he whispered to the darkness. "Hee Haw?" it echoed back. He was alone. Curling himself into a tight ball, he fell into a deep and troubled sleep.



Harren olka'ee nama dulooma ija itti basu arge.
Gara jarsa kana ilaale abdi xinno argate.

...

Donkey woke up to find a strange old man staring
down at him. He looked into the old man's eyes and
started to feel a twinkle of hope.



Harriche deeme jarsaa wan bayee isaa barsisee kan wajjiin jirachuf murtesse. Harrichis bayee dhagefate, barates. Walgargarin wajjiin kolfaa jiratan.

...

Donkey went to stay with the old man, who taught him many different ways to survive. Donkey listened and learned, and so did the old man. They helped each other, and they laughed together.



Guyyaa ganama tokko, jarsichi harreen akka gara gaara gubbaa baate isaa kahuu gaafate.

...

One morning, the old man asked Donkey to carry him to the top of a mountain.



Samii gubba yeroo gahan hiribin isaan fudhatee.
Harrich abjuudhan harmeen isaa dhukubsachuu
ishee arge. Kanaafu damaqee ka'ee...

...

High up amongst the clouds they fell asleep.
Donkey dreamed that his mother was sick and
calling to him. And when he woke up...



Dummessi suni hiriya isaa wajjiin bade. Jarsaa wajjiinis bade.

...

... the clouds had disappeared along with his friend, the old man.



Harrich boode wangodhu qabu baree.

...

Donkey finally knew what to do.



Harren hadha isaa mucaa isheetif bochu argge.
yeroo bayee eega wal illalani booda walhamatan
waldhungatan.

...

Donkey found his mother, alone and mourning her
lost child. They stared at each other for a long time.
And then hugged each other very hard.



Ilmoonni harre tifi harmee isaa wajjiin guddatani walwajjiin nagan jiratan. Suuta suuta maatiin nannoo isani jirus hala tasgabayeen jiraachu calqaban.

...

The donkey child and his mother have grown together and found many ways of living side by side. Slowly, all around them, other families have started to settle.



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