



Simbegwire

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 Rukia Nantale

 Benjamin Mitchley

 Patrick Munyurangabo

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 Ikinyarwanda [rw](#) / English [en](#)



Igihe nyina wa Simbegwire yapfaga, yarababaye. Ise we yakoze ibishoboka byose ngo amwiteho. Buhoro buhoro, barishimye nubwo nyina we atarahari. Buri mugitondo bicaraga bakavuga k'umunsi. Buri nimugoroba basangiriraga hamwe. Nyuma yokoza ibyombo, ise wa Simbegwire yamufashaga gukora imikoro y'ishuli.

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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.



Umunsi umwe, ise wa Simbegwire yaje murugo (yatashye) akererewe. Yarahamagaye, “Umwana wange arihe?” Simbegwire yirukatse asanga se. Arahagara akibona ko ise afashe akaboko k’umugore. “ndashaka ko uhura numuntu w’igitangaza mwana wange. Yitwa Anita,” Yavuze amwenyura.

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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.



Anita aravuga, "Bite Simbegwire, papa wawe yabwiye byinshi kuri wowe," Ariko ntiyamwenyuye cyangwa se ngo amufate akaboko. Ise wa Simbegwire yari yishimye. Yavuze kubijyanye na bo bose batatu babana hamwe, n'uko ubuzima bwabo bwaba bwiza. Aravuga, "Mwana wange, nizeyeko wemera Anita nka nyoko (mama) wawe,"

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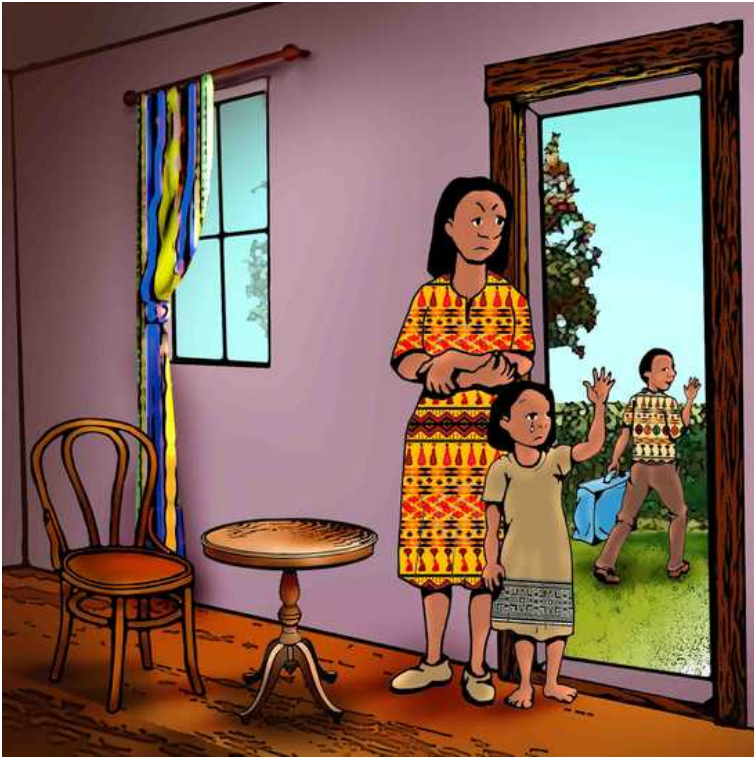
"Hello Simbegwire, your father told me a lot about you," said Anita. But she did not smile or take the girl's hand. Simbegwire's father was happy and excited. He talked about the three of them living together, and how good their life would be. "My child, I hope you will accept Anita as your mother," he said.



Ubuzima bwa Simbegwire bwarahindutse. Ntiyongeye kubona akanya ko kwicarana na se mugitondo. Anita yamuga imirimo yo m'urugo myinshi yogukora bikamunaniza ntakore imikoro y'ishuli. Yahihitaga ajya kuryama nyuma n'ifunguro rya n'ijoro. Ikintu kituze cyari ikirangiti cy'amabara nyina yamuhaye. Ise wa Simbegwire yasaga nutabona ko umukobwa we atari yishimye.

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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.



Nyuma y'amezi make, ise wa Simbegwire yababwiye ko atazaba ari m'urugo mu igihe runaka. Yaravuze, "ngomba gukora urugendo kubw'akazi" "ariko nziko muzitanaho." Isura ya Simbegwire yahise ingwa ariko se ntiyabibonye. Anita ntacyo yavuze. Nawe ntiyari yishimye.

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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.



Ibintu byarushijeho kumera nabi kuri Simbegwire. Iyo atarangizaga imirimo yo m'urugo, cyangwa ngo yinube, umugore yaryaga ibiryo hafi byose, agasigariza Simbegwire duke. Buri joro Simbegwire yarariraga kugeza asinziriye ahobeye ikirangiti cya nyina.

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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.



Igitondo kimwe, Simbegwire yatinze guva mu buriri. “Wowe mukobwa w’umunebwe!” Atina yaravuze. Yakuruye Simbegwire mu uburiri. Ikirangiti cy’agaciro gifatwa mu umusumari, gicikamo kabiri.

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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.



Simbegwire yari arakaye cyane. Yanzuye kwiruka agahunga iwabo. Yatwaye ibice by'igirangiti cya nyina, apakira ibiryo, ava mu inzu. Yakurikiye inzira se yafashe.

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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.



Ubwo byageraga nimugoroba, yuriye igiti kirekire hafi yiribi, anakora uburiri mumashami. Ari gusinzira, yarariribye: “maama, maama, maama, waransize. Waransize kandi ntuzagaruka. Dada ntakingunda. Mama, uzagaruka ryari? Waransize.”

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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.”



Igitondo gikurikiyeho, Simbegwire yarongeye aririmba yandirimbo. Ubwo abagore bazaga gufura imyenda ku iriba, bunvishe indirimbo ibabaje iva mu ubushori shori bw' igiti. Ariko bagirango ni umuyaga uhuha ibibabi, bakomeza gukora. Ariko umwe yateze amatwi yitonze indirimbo.

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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.



Uwo mugore yarebye hejuru mugiti. Ubwo yabona umukobwa and ibice by'ikirangiti cy'amabara, yararize, "Simbegwire, mukubwa wa musaza wange!" Abandi bagore bahagaritse kumeza, bafasha Simbegwire kumanuka igiti. Nyirasenge aramuhobera anagerageza kumuhumuriza.

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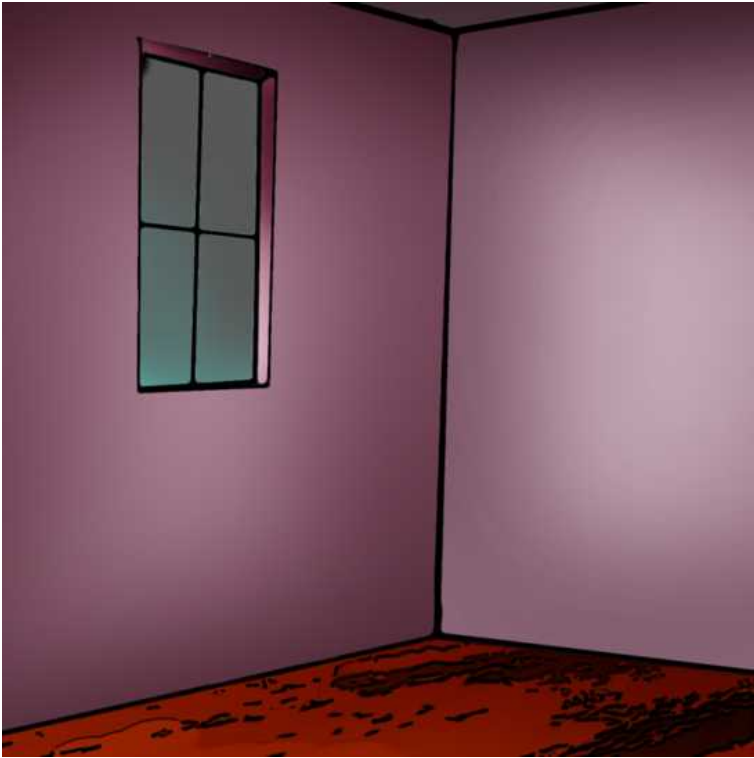
This woman looked up into the tree. When she saw the girl and the pieces of colourful blanket, she cried, "Simbegwire, my brother's child!" The other women stopped washing and helped Simbegwire to climb down from the tree. Her aunt hugged the little girl and tried to comfort her.



Nyirasenge wa Simbegwire yamutwaye iwe murugo. Yahaye Simbegwire ibiryo bishyushye, anamushyira mu uburiri n'ikirangiti cya nyina. Iryo joro, Simbegwire yararize ubwo yasinziraga, ariko amarira y'iruhuko. Yaraziko nyirasenge agiye kumwitaho.

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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.



Ubwo se wa Simbegwire yagarukaga murugo, yasanze icyuma kirimo ubusa. “Ni iki cyabaye, Anita?” Yabasanyije umutima uremereye. Umugore yasobanuye ko Simbegwire yatorotse. “Nashakaga ko anyubaha,” Yaravuze. “Ariko wenda nararengereye.” Se wa Simbegwire yavuye munzu, agenda agana iriba. Yarakomeje kugera mu igiturage cya mushiki we kureba nimba yarabonye 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.



Simbegwire yarari gukina na babyara be ubwo yabona ise mu intera. Yarafite ubwo ko ashobora kuba arakaye, ahita yirukankira munzu kwihisha. Ariko ise we yaramusanze aravuga, “Simbegwire, wibonye mama mwiza. Umwe ugukunda kendi unakunva. Unteye ishema kandi ndagukunda.” Bemeranyije ko Simbegwire aribugumane na nyirasenge igihe kirekire yifuza.

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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.



Ise we yamusuraga buri munsi. Bigeze aho, yazanye na Anita. Yashyikiriye ukuboko kwa Simbegwire. “Umbabarire cyane mwana muto, nari mu amakosa.” Yararize. “Uzareka nongere ngerageze?” Simbegwire Simbegwire yarebye Ise n’isuraye ihangayitse. Arangije atera intabwe imbere ahobera 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.



Icyumweru gikurikira, Anita yatumiye Simbegwire, babyara be, na nyirasenge kuza murugo guusangira. Anita yateguye ibiryo Simbegwire agunda, na buri umwe yarariye kugeza bijuse. Nyua abana barakina ubwo abakuru bavuganaga. Simbegwire yunvise yishimye. Yanzuye ko vuba, vuba cyane, azagaruka murugo kubana na se na mukase.

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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.




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