



Carruur xabkeed

Children of wax

 Southern African Folktale

 Wiehan de Jager

 Anwar Mohamed Dirie

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 Soomaali / English



Waa baa waxaa jiray, qoys farxad ku nool.

...

Once upon a time, there lived a happy family.

Weligood isma ayan dagaalin. Hawsha guriga iyo beertana waa ay ka caawin jireen waalidkood.



...

They never fought with each other. They helped their parents at home and in the fields.



Laakiin looma oggolayn in ay dab u
dhowaadaan.

...

But they were not allowed to go near a fire.



Hawshooda oo dhanna waxa ay qabsan jireen habeenkii. Sababtoo ah waxaa ay ka sameysmaayeen xabaq!

...

They had to do all their work during the night. Because they were made of wax!



Laakiin Mid wiilasha ka mid ah ayaa u xiiso qabay in uu cadceedda u baxo.

...

But one of the boys longed to go out in the sunlight.



Hal maalin ayaa uu rabitaankiisu aad u
xoogeystay. Walaalihiis ayaa uga digay...

...

One day the longing was too strong. His
brothers warned him...

Laakiin waa ay daahday! Qoraxda kulul ayuu ku dhalaalay.

...

But it was too late! He melted in the hot sun.





Carruur xabkeedkii aad bay uga murugoodeen in ay arkaan walaalkood oo dhalaalaya.

...

The wax children were so sad to see their brother melting away.



Laakiin qorshe ayay degeen. Waxa ay u ekeysiiyeen kuus xabagta dhalaashay ah shimbir.

...

But they made a plan. They shaped the lump of melted wax into a bird.



Waxa ay u qaadeen shimbirkii walaalkood
ahaa buur dheer dusheeda.

...

They took their bird brother up to a high
mountain.



Sidaastey qoraxda qorraxda usoo baxday na,
waa uu duulay isaga oo ku dhex heesaya
iftiinka arrooryaad.

...

And as the sun rose, he flew away singing into
the morning light.



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