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Simbegwire / Simbegwire

Rukia Nantale

Benjamin Mitchley

Angelika Tjoutuku & Asnath Mundjindjiri (hz)

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Simbegwire

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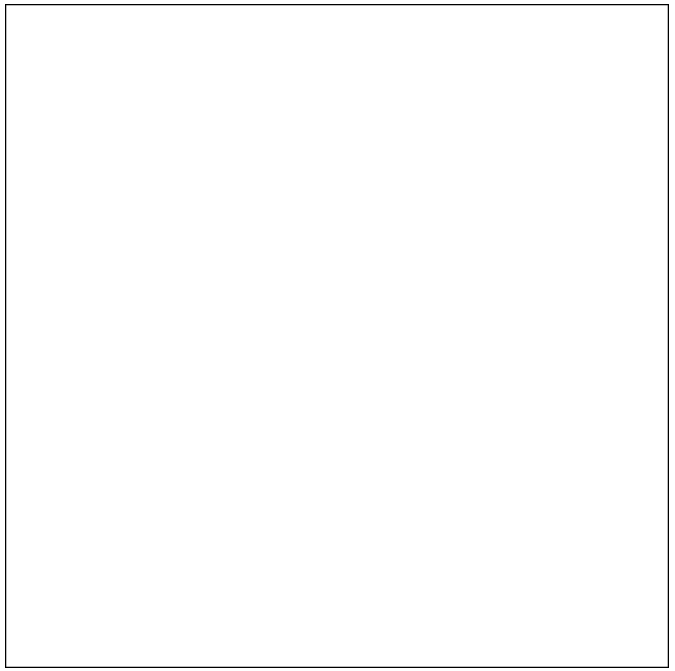

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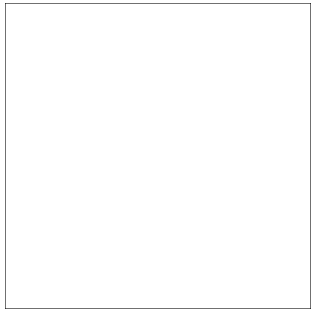
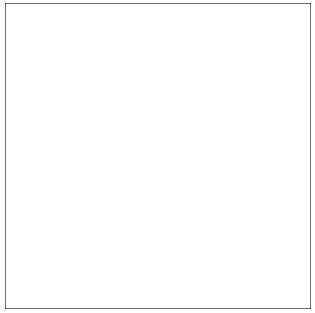


Ina ya Simbegwire tja ṯa̲, eye wa ri noruhoze tjinene. Ihe ya Simbegwire aa kondjo pu pa yenene okutumba okakazona ke. Kouṯi̲ṯi̲ṯi̲ṯi, ovo va uta okukara nohange rukwao nokuhina ina ya Simbegwire. Omuhukomunene auhe aave haama pamwe nokutwapasana kutja mave ungura tjike meyuva ndo. Omapeta ayehe aave tereke pamwe eriro rongurova. Tji va zu nokukoha ovitjuma, ihe ya Simbegwire ee mu vatere noviungura vyosikore.

. . .

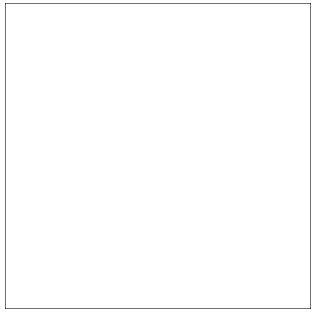
When Simbegwire’s mother died, she was very sad. Simbegwire’s father did his best to take care of his daughter. Slowly, they learned to feel happy again, without Simbegwire’s mother. Every morning they sat and talked about the day ahead. Every evening they made dinner together. After they washed the dishes, Simbegwire’s father helped her with homework.



Eyuva rimwe, ihe ya Simbegwire wa womba okukotoka konganda. “U ri pi muatje wandje?” eye wa ravaere. Eye wa utuka okuyenda ku ihe. Eye wa handa tja munu kutja ihe wa ṭiza omukazendu keke. “Ami me vanga kutja mu hakaene nomundu wapeke ingwi, muatje wandje. Eye oAnita,” wa hungire ama meṭameṭa.

. . .

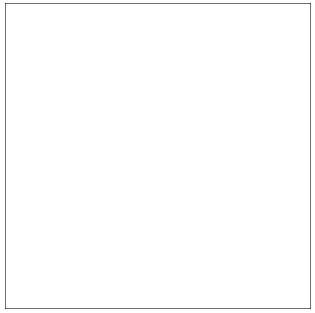
One day, Simbegwire’s father came home later than usual. “Where are you my child?” he called. Simbegwire ran to her father. She stopped still when she saw that he was holding a woman’s hand. “I want you to meet someone special, my child. This is Anita,” he said smiling.



“Halo Simbegwire, iho we ndji raere ovingi ohunga na ove,” Anita wa tja.” Posiya eye ke na pa meṯameṯa poo okuhanda eke ra Simbegwire. Ihe ya Simbegwire wa ri nondjoroka tjinene. Eye aa hungire ohunga na indu ovo aveetatu tji mave ya okukara pamwe, nokutja mave hupu vi. “Muatje wandje, ami me zeri kutja ove mo yakura Anita otja nyoko,” eye wa tja.

. . .

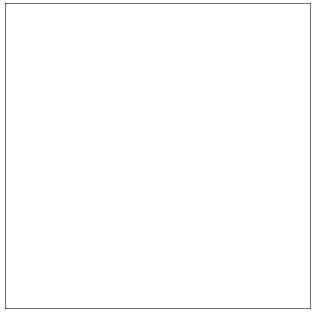
“Hello Simbegwire, your father told me a lot about you,” said Anita. But she did not smile or take the girl’s hand. Simbegwire’s father was happy and excited. He talked about the three of them living together, and how good their life would be. “My child, I hope you will accept Anita as your mother,”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



Otjivike ihi otjarwe, Anita wa ṉanga Simbegwire, pu na novaramwe na hongaze kutja ve yekurya pamwe. Ihi otjimukandi! Anita wa terekere ovikurya avihe imbi Simbegwire mbya suvera, nu avehe va rya nga tji ve kuta. Kuzamba imba ovanatje va kauta okunyanda ngunda imba ovanene amave serekarere. Simbegwire ee rimunu ohange nouvanḏe. Eye we ripura kutja, tjimanga nai, ma kotoka konganda okukakara pamwe na ihe na ina.

. . .

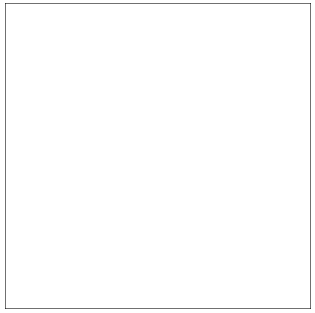
The next week, Anita invited Simbegwire, with her cousins and aunt, to the house for a meal. What a feast! Anita prepared all of Simbegwire’s favourite foods, and everyone ate until they were full. Then the children played while the adults talked. Simbegwire felt happy and brave. She decided that soon, very soon, she would return home to live with her father and her stepmother.



Ihe ee kemuvarura eyuva arihe. Harukuru eye we keya pu na Anita. Eye wa yandja eke ku Simbegwire. “Ndji isira kandu kandje, ami mba zunḍa tjinene,” eye wa tja. “Mo ndji yandjere kutja mbi rore rukwao?” Simbegwire wa tara momurungu wa ihe mbu na ongendo. Eye wa ryama okapaze nokapaze ne rivaranga mu Anita.

. . .

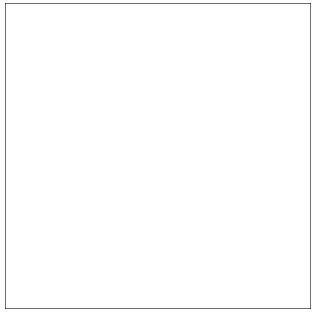
Her father visited her every day. Eventually, he came with Anita. She reached out for Simbegwire’s hand. “I’m so sorry little one, I was wrong,” she cried. “Will you let me try again?” Simbegwire looked at her father and his worried face. Then she stepped forward slowly and put her arms around Anita.



Omuinyo wa Simbegwire wa runduruka. Kapa ri noruveze eye na ihe ndwaave haama pamwe rukwao muhukomunene. Anita ee mu ungurisa tjinene ngandu ndi tjaa urwa tjinene na ha kara noruveze okuungura oviungura vye vyosikore. Kombunda yeriro rongurova eye aa kahita okurara. Otjirare tjovivara pekepeke tja perwe i ina otjaatji mu yorokisa atjiyerike uriri. Ihe ya Simbegwire kaa roro okumuna kutja okakazona ke kake na ohange kaparukaze.

. . .

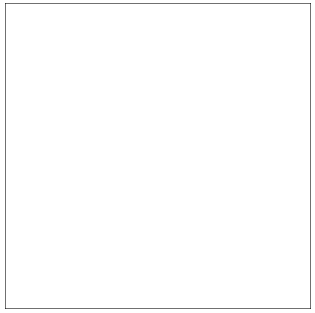
Simbegwire’s life changed. She no longer had time to sit with her father in the mornings. Anita gave her so many household chores that she was too tired to do her school work in the evenings. She went straight to bed after dinner. Her only comfort was the colourful blanket her mother gave her. Simbegwire’s father did not seem to notice that his daughter was unhappy.



Kombunda yomieze katjondumba, ihe ya Simbegwire we ve raera kutja ma i kwarwe oure wokaruve okasupi. “Ami me piti noviungura kwarwe,” eye wa tja. “Nu me tjiwa kutja eṇe mamu ṭizasana nawa.” Omurungu wa Simbegwire wa tivara posiya ingwi ihe ka mwine. Anita wa mwina kumwi. Eye wina kari nohange.

. . .

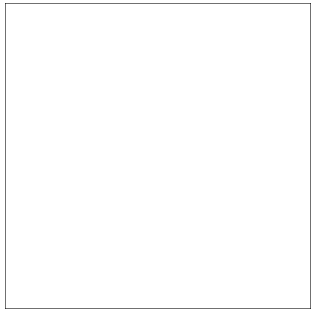
After a few months, Simbegwire’s father told them that he would be away from home for a while. “I have to travel for my job,” he said. “But I know you will look after each other.” Simbegwire’s face fell, but her father did not notice. Anita did not say anything. She was not happy either.



Simbegwire wa ri ama nyanda pamwe novaramwe tja muna ihe ama ende kokure. Eye wa urumine tjinga aa munu kutja ihe ngahino wa pindika, nu arire tja purukutire mondjuwo okukaṭara. Nungwari ihe wa ya ku ye na tja, “Simbegwire, ove we ripahera nyoko omusemba. Nyoko ngwe ku suvera nu ngu ku zuva nawa. Ami mbi nomutongatima na ove nu mbe ku suvera.” Ovo va zuvasana kutja Simbegwire ma kara pu na hongaze orure otja pu ma vanga.

. . .

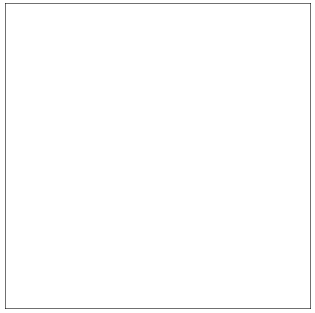
Simbegwire was playing with her cousins when she saw her father from far away. She was scared he might be angry, so she ran inside the house to hide. But her father went to her and said, “Simbegwire, you have found a perfect mother for yourself. One who loves you and understands you. I am proud of you and I love you.” They agreed that Simbegwire would stay with her aunt as long as she wanted to.



Ihe ya Simbegwire tja kotoka ponganda, wa muna kutja Simbegwire ke mo metuwo re. “Pa kaenda tjike, Anita?” eye wa pura nomuhihamwatima. Omukazendu wa kahurura kutja Simbegwire wa hena. “Ami ee vanga kutja a kare nondengero na ami,” eye wa tja. “Nu ngahino mba ri omukukutu tjinene.” Ihe ya Simbegwire wa pita na hungama munda woruramba. Eye wa kapita kotjirongo ku kwa tura omuṱena ma kapure kutja naṇi wa rora okumuna Simbegwire.

. . .

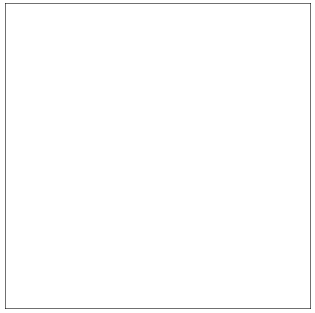
When Simbegwire’s father returned home, he found her room empty. “What happened, Anita?” he asked with a heavy heart. The woman explained that Simbegwire had run away. “I wanted her to respect me,” she said. “But perhaps I was too strict.” Simbegwire’s father left the house and went in the direction of the stream. He continued to his sister’s village to find out if she had seen Simbegwire.



Oviṇa nambano avi rire oviruru ku Simbegwire. Tje ha manene oviungura vye poo tji ma unauna, Anita ee mu tono. Periro rongurova, omukazendu aa ri ovikurya imbi ovingi, Simbegwire a pewa ouṇa mbwa hupisa. Ongurova aihe Simbegwire otjaa riri ngunda e rivaranga motjirare tjaina nga tja rara.

. . .

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.



Omuhukomunene umwe Simbegwire wa womba okupenduka. “Kakazona oove kotjirweyo!” eye wa tjene. Eye wa pukira Simbegwire pehi. Otjirare tje otjihuze tja haka momboha nu atji tauka motumbembera tuvari.

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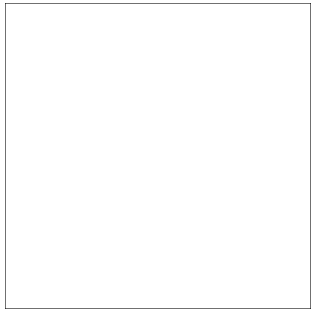
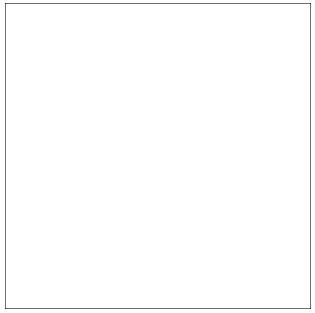
One morning, Simbegwire was late getting out of bed. “You lazy girl!” Anita shouted. She pulled Simbegwire out of bed. The precious blanket caught on a nail, and tore in two.



Hongaze ya Simbegwire we mu twara konganda ye. Eye wa pa Simbegwire ovikurya ovipyu nawa, e mu hitisa mombete ne mu kutjire nokarare kaina. Ouṱuku mbwo Simbegwire wa rara ama riri. Nungwari owo ya ri omahoze wondjoroka. Eye aa tjiwa kutja hongaze me mu ṱiza nawa.

. . .

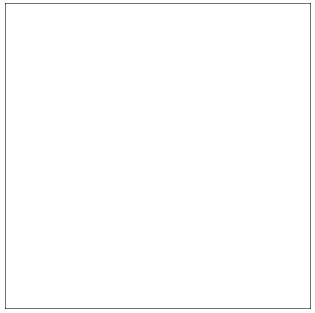
Simbegwire’s aunt took the child to her own house. She gave Simbegwire warm food, and tucked her in bed with her mother’s blanket. That night, Simbegwire cried as she went to sleep. But they were tears of relief. She knew her aunt would look after her.



Omukazendu ngwi wa tara kombanda yomuti. Eye tja muna okakazona notjirare tjako, tjovivara, wa ravaera, “Simbegwire, kanatje komuṱena kwandje!” Ovakazendu imba ovarwe va isire okukoha nu ave vatere okuherura Simbegwire komuti. Hongaze we rivaranga mu ye nu a roro okumuhuhumiṋa.

. . .

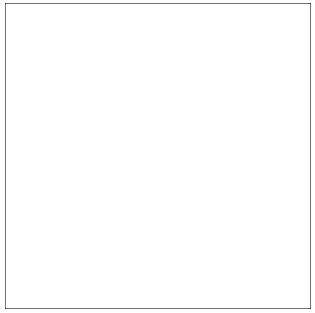
This woman looked up into the tree. When she saw the girl and the pieces of colourful blanket, she cried, “Simbegwire, my brother’s child!” The other women stopped washing and helped Simbegwire to climb down from the tree. Her aunt hugged the little girl and tried to comfort her.



Simbegwire wa hihamwa omutima tjinene. Eye wa tya okuhena okuzapo ponganda. Eye wa toora imbwi oumbembera wokarare ke, a toora oukurya nu arire tja kaenda okuzapo ponganda. Eye wa kaenda mondjira indji ihe ndja twara.

. . .

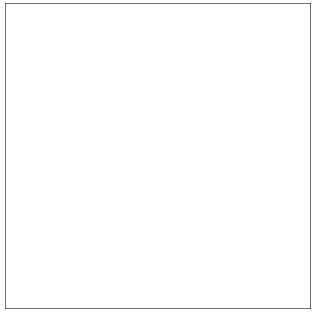
Simbegwire was very upset. She decided to run away from home. She took the pieces of her mother’s blanket, packed some food, and left the house. She followed the road her father had taken.



Ongurova tji ye ya, eye wa ronda komuti omure meṇ̂e yoruramba nu e ri ungurire okambete motutavi twomuti. Tji ma utu okurara, wa imbura: “Mamaa, mamaa, mamaa, ove we ndji esa. Ove we ndji esa nu ko kotoka rukwao. Tate ke ndji suverere rukwao. Mama, ove mo kotoka ruṇ̂e? Ove we ndji esa.”

. . .

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.”



Eyuva ependukirwa, Simbegwire wa imbura eimburiro ndo rukwao. Ovakazendu tji ve ya okukoha ozombanda zavo moruramba, va zuva eimburiro roruhoze okuza komuti omure. Ovo va nangarisi ombepo ndji mai nyinganyingisa oviyao uriri, nu ave kaenda komurungu noviungura vyavo. Posiya umwe wovakazendu wa puratena nawa keimburiro ndo.

. . .

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.