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## Heestii Sakima / Sakima’s song


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Soomaali so / English en

Sakima wuxuu la noolaa waalidkiisa iyo walaashiisa afar jirta ah. Waxay ku noolaayeen dhulka ninka hodanka ah. Mundul kooda cawska ah waxuu ku yaalay meesha ugu dambeysa geedaha safan.

. . .

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.



Ninkii taajirka ahaa waxuu aad ogu farxay in uu mar kale arko wiilkiisa. Waxuu abaalmariyey Sakima qalbiga uu dajiyay awgeed. Wuxuu isbitaalka u qaaday wiilkiisa iyo Sakima si Sakima na uu dib ugu helo aragiisa.

. . .

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.

Waqtigaa xaadirka ahaa, laba nin ayaa yimid iyaga oo qof ku wado naxash. Waxay soo heleen ninkii taajirka ahaa wiilkiisa oo la garaacay loo gana tagay wadada dhinaceeda.

. . .

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.



Marku Sakima ahaa saddex jir, ayuu xanuunsaday oo aragiisii waayay. Sakima wuxuu ahaa wiil yar oo heybad leh.

. . .

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

Sakima waxuu sameeyay waxyaabo badan oo wiilasha da’doodu tahay lix sano jir aysan sameynin. Tusaale ahaan, wuxuu la fadhiisan karay dadka waa yeelka ah ee tuulada waxuuna kala xaajoon jiray arrimaha muhiimka ah.

. . .

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.



Sakima wuu dhameysatay heestiisi uu heesayay waxa uu na u jeestay in uu tago. Laakiin ninkii taajirka ahaa ayaa banaanka si degdeg ah ugos baxay oo wuxuu ku yidhi, Fadlan markale hees.

. . .

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

Shaqaalihii way joojiyeen wixii ay sameynayeen. Waxay dhagaysteen heesta Sakima ee quruxda badan. Laakiin hal nin ayaa yiri, “Qofna ma awoodin in uu dajiyo booska. Wiilkan indhoolaha aha ma waxuu u maleynayaa inuu dajin doono?”

. . .

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?”



Waalidiinta Sakima waxay ka shaqeyn jireen guriga ninka hodanka ah. Waxay ka tagi jireen guriga aroortii, waxayna soo laaban jireen fiidkii. Sakima waxaa looga tagi jiray walaashiisa yar.

. . .

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 wuxuu jeclaa in uu ku heeso heesaha. Maalin maalmaha ka mid ah, waxay hooyadiis weydiisay, “Halkee baad kaso barataa heesahan, Sakima?”

. . .

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



Waxa uu hoos istaagay daaqad weyn wuxuuna bilaabay in uu ku heeso heestiisi uu ugu jeclaa. Si tartiib ah, madaxa ninki hodanka ah ayaa bilaabay in uu kasoo muuqdo daaqadi weynayd.

. . .

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.

Maalintii xigtay, Sakima wuxuu walaashiisii yarayd weydiistay in ay u wado ninkii taajirka ahaa gurigiisa.

. . .

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



Sakima wuxuu ku jawaabay, “Way iska imaadaan, hooyo. Waxaan ka dhex maqlaa madaxayga dabadeedna waan ku heesaa.”

. . .

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

Sakima wuxuu jeclaa in uu u heeso walaashiisa yar, gaar ahaan, haddii ay dareento gaajo. Walaashiis waa ay dhageysan jirtay isaga oo heesayo heestiisa ugu macaan. Waxaa soo jiidan codka cod macaan leh.

. . .

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.



Si kastaba ha ahaatee, Sakima ma niyad jabin. Walaashiisii yarayd ayaa ku taageertay isaga. Waxay tiri, “Sakima heestisa way idajisaa markaan gaajoonayo. Wayna dajin doontaa ninka taajirka ah.”

. . .

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.”

“Waan u heesi karaa isaga. Waxaa laga yaabaa in uu markale farxo,” Sakima ayaa waalikiisa u sheegay. Laakiin waalidiintiisii waa ay eryeen. “Waa nin aad taajir u ah, waxaad tahay wiil indho la. Ma waxaad u maleyneysaa in ay heestaada caawin doonto?”

. . .

“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?”



“Ma heesi kartaa mar kale, Sakima,” walaashiis ayaa ka baryi jirtay. Sakima waa uu ka aqbalaa oo ku celceliyaa heesta marar badan.

. . .

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

Hal fiid markii ay waalidkiis guriga ku soo laabteen, ayay aad u aamusnaayeen. Sakima wuxuu ogaa in ay wax qaldan jiraan.

. . .

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



“Maxaa qaldan hooyo, aabe? “Sakima ayaa waydiiyay. Sakima wuxuu ogaaday in wiilka ninkii hodanka ahaa uu maqan yahay, ninku wuxuu ahaa mid aad u murugooday oo cidloobay.

. . .

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