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Si Simbegwire / Simbegwire

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Tagalog tl / English en

Nagdalamhati si Simbegwire nang pumanaw ang kanyang Nanay. Ginawa ng Tatay ni Simbegwire ang lahat ng kanyang makakaya para alagaan ang kanyang anak. Unti-unti, natutunan nilang maging masaya, kahit na wala na ang Nanay ni Simbegwire. Tuwing umaga ay naupo sila at pinag-usapan ang darating na araw. Bawat gabi ay magkasama silang naghain ng hapunan. Pagkatapos nilang hugasan ang mga pinggan, tinulungan si Simbegwire ng Tatay niya sa kanyang takdang-aralin.

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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.

Isang araw, ginabi ng uwi ang Tatay ni Simbegwire. “Nasaan ka na, anak?” tawag niya. Tumakbo si Simbegwire sa kanyang Tatay. Tumigil siya nang nakita niyang hawak ng Tatay niya ang kamay ng isang babae. “Gusto kong makilala mo ang isang taong espesyal, anak. Ito si Anita,” nakangiti niyang sinabi.

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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.

“Ikinagagalak kitang makilala, Simbegwire. Lagi kang ikinukwento sa akin ng Tatay mo,” sabi ni Anita. Pero hindi niya kinamayan o nginitian ang bata. Tuwang-tuwa sa galak ang Tatay ni Simbegwire. Lagi niyang binabanggit na sama-sama silang maninirahan, at kung gaano magiging kaganda ang buhay nila. “Anak, sana tanggapin mo tanggapin mo si Anita bilang iyong ina,” sabi niya.

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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.

Sumunod na linggo, inanyayahan ni Anita si Simbegwire, kasama ng kanyang mga pinsan at tiyahin, sa kanilang bahay para sa isang tanghalian. Ang sarap ng handaan! Inihain ni Anita ang lahat ng paboritong pagkain ni Simbegwire, at kumain ang lahat hanggang sila’y nabusog. Naglaro ang mga bata habang nag-usap ang mga matatanda. Nakaramdam si Simbegwire ng kasiyahan at lakas ng loob. Napag-isipan niya na marahil, sa madaling panahon, ay uuwi siya para manirahan kasama ng kanyang Tatay at kanyang madrasta.

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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.

Araw-araw ay dumalaw ang kanyang Tatay. Dumating ang panahon na isinama rin niya si Anita. Hinawakan niya ang kamay ni Simbegwire. “Patawarin mo ako, anak, at nagkamali ako,” iyak niya. “Puwede mo ba akong bigyan ng isa pang pagkakataon?” Tumingin si Simbegwire sa kanyang Tatay at sa nag-aalalang mukha nito. Pagkatapos ay humakbang siya at dahan-dahang niyakap si 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.

Nagbago ang buhay ni Simbegwire. Hindi na siya nakakaupo kasama ng kanyang Tatay tuwing umaga. Masyado nang pagod para gumawa ng takdang-aralin si Simbegwire sa gabi dahil sa dami ng gawaing-bagay na iniuutos ni Anita. Natutulog siya kaagad matapos ang hapunan. Ang makulay na kumot na bigay sa kanya ng kanyang Nanay ang tanging nagbibigay-ginhawa kay Simbegwire. Tila hindi napapansin ng kanyang Tatay na hindi masaya si Simbegwire.

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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.

Makalipas ang ilang buwan, sinabi ng Tatay ni Simbegwire na luluwas muna siya ng matagal. “Kailangan kong bumiyahe para sa aking trabaho,” sabi niya. “Pero alam kong aalagaan ninyo ang isa’t isa.” Nalumbay si Simbegwire, pero hindi ito napansin ng kanyang Tatay. Hindi kumibo si Anita. Hindi rin siya masaya.

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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.

Nakikipaglaro si Simbegwire sa kanyang mga pinsan nang makita niya ang kanyang Tatay mula sa malayo. Natakot siya na baka galit ito, kaya nagtago siya sa loob ng bahay. Pero nilapitan siya ng kanyang Tatay at sinabi, “Simbegwire, nakahanap ka ng perpektong Nanay para sa sarili mo. Isang Nanay na nagmamahal at nakaiintindi sa’yo. Ipinagmamalaki kita at mahal kita.” Napagsang-ayunan nila na maaaring makitira si Simbegwire sa kanyang tiyahin hangga’t kailan niya gusto.

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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.

Nang bumalik ang Tatay ni Simbegwire, nakita niyang walang laman ang silid nito. “Anong nangyari, Anita?” malungkot niyang tanong. Ipinaliwanag ng babae na lumayas si Simbegwire. “Gusto ko lang naman na galangin niya ako,” sabi niya. “Pero marahil ay naging masyado akong mahigpit.” Umalis ang tatay ni Simbegwire at tinahak ang direksiyon ng ilog. Nagpatuloy siya sa nayon ng kanyang kapatid para alamin kung nakita ba niya si 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.

Lumala ang kalagayan ni Simbegwire. Kapag hindi niya natapos ang kanyang gawaing-bahay, o kapag nagreklamo siya, sinaktan siya ni Anita. Halos ubusin ng babae ang hapunan, at kapiranggot na tira lang ang iniwan para kay Simbegwire. Umiyak si Simbegwire gabi-gabi, yakap-yakap ang kumot ng Nanay niya.

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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.

Isang umaga, tinanghali ng gising si Simbegwire. “Tamad!” sigaw ni Anita. Hinila niya si Simbegwire mula sa kanyang kama. Naipit sa isang pako ang kanyang pinakamamahal na kumot, at napunit ito sa dalawang piraso.

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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.

Dinala si Simbegwire ng kanyang tiyahin sa kanilang bahay. Naghain siya ng mainit na pagkain para kay Simbegwire at pinatulog kasama ng kanyang mahal na kumot. Nang gabing iyon, lumuha si Simbegwire sa kanyang pagtulog. Pero ito ay luha ng ginhawa. Alam niyang aalagaan siya ng kanyang tiyahin.

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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.

Tumingin ang babae sa itaas ng puno. Nang makita niya ang bata at ang makukulay na kapiraso ng kumot, umiyak siya, “Simbegwire, anak ng aking kapatid!” Tumigil sa paghuhugas ang ibang babae at tinulungang bumaba si Simbegwire mula sa puno. Niyakap ng kanyang tiyahin si Simbegwire at pinatahan siya.

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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.

Nabalisa si Simbegwire. Napagdesisyunan niyang maglayas sa kanila. Kinuha niya ang mga kapiraso ng kumot ng kanyang Nanay, nagbaon ng kaunting pagkain, at nilisan ang kanilang bahay. Sinundan niya ang daang tinahak ng kanyang Tatay.

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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.

Kinagabihan, umakyat siya sa isang mataas na puno malapit sa ilog at gumawa ng tulugan gamit ang mga sanga. Habang pinatutulog niya ang kanyang sarili, umawit siya: “Maama, maama, maama, iniwan mo ako. Iniwan mo ako at hindi ka na bumalik. Hindi na ako mahal ni Tatay. Nanay, kailan ka babalik? Iniwan mo ako.”

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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.”

Kinaumagahan, inawit itong muli ni Simbegwire. Nang dumating ang mga kababaihan sa ilog para maglaba, narinig nila ang panaghoy galing sa mataas na puno. Akala nila na hangin lamang ito na pumapagaspas sa mga dahon, at nagpatuloy sa kanilang gawain. Pero pinakinggang mabuti ng isa sa mga babae ang awit.

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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.