بێره	ﻪﮔﻮ	ھب	سب
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Simbegwire

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کتێ سیمبهگوێره دایکی مرد، ئهو زوّر خهمبر بوو.بووکی سیمبهگوێره ههموو ههوڵی خوٚی دا بوٚ ئهوهیهگای له کچهکهی بیّت. ئهوان کهم کهم توانین دووبره شدی بگهریّننهوه بوٚهو هلهکهین بهبی بوونی دایکی سیمبهگویٚره. ههموو بهینیهك ئهوان دادهنیشتن و لعبرهی ئهو روٚژهی له پیٚشین بوو قسمین دهکرد. ههموو ئیٚواران پیٚکهوه چیٚشتین لیّ دهد دوای ئهوهی که قپهکنین دهشوشت، بووکی سیمبهگویٚره فرمهتی کچهکهی دهدا بوٚ ئهوهی وانهکنی بخویٚنیّ.

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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.

رۆژێك ݙوكى سيمبهگوێره درەنگتر له كتى خۆى هتەوە هڵهوه. ݙنگى كچەكەى كرد: "كچم له كوێى؟" سيمبهگوێره بەرەو لاى ݙوكى ڕاى كرد. كتێك سيمبهگوێره بينى ݙوكى دەستى ژنێكى گرتووە، له جێگى خۆى ڕاوەسد. ݙوكى گوتى: "كچم من دەمهەوێ كەسێكى لايبەتت پێ بلاسێنم." بە زەردەخەنەوە گوتى: "ئەمەلانيلايە."

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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.

ឥﻧﯿﺶ ﮔﻮﺗﯽ: "ﺳﯚﻭ ﺳﯿﻤﺒﻪﮔﻮێﺮﻩ،ﻫﻮﮐﺖ ﻟﮭﺮﻩﯼ ﺗﯚﻭﻩ ﺯﯙﺭ ﺷﺘﯽ ﺑﯚﻫﺲ ﮐﺮﺩﻭﻭﻡ"، ﺑﻪﻟﺎﻡ ﺋﻪﻭ ﻫﯿﭻ ﺯﻩﺭﺩﻩﺧﻪﻧﻪﯾﻪﮐﯽ ﻧﯿﺶﻥ ﻧﻪﺩﺍ ﻭ ﺩﻩﺳﺘﯽ ﺳﯿﻤﺒﻪﮔﻮێﺮﻩﯼ ﻧﻪﮔﺮﺕ. ﻫﻮﮐﯽ ﺳﯿﻤﺒﻪﮔﻮێﺮﻩ ﺯﯙﺭ ﺧﯚﺷﺤﻞ ﺑﻮﻭ.ﻫﻮﮐﯽ ﻟﻪﻫﺮﻩﯼ ﺋﻪﻭﻩ ﻗﺴﻪﯼ ﺩﻩﮐﺮﺩ، ﮐﻪ ﭼﻪﻧﺪﻩ ﺧﯚﺷﺒﻪﺧﺖ ﺩﻩﺑﻦ ﺋﻪﮔﻪﺭ ﻫﻪﺭﺳێﮑﻴﻦ ﭘێﮑﻪﻭﻩ ﺑﮋﯾﻦ. ﺋﻪﻭ ﮔﻮﺗﯽ: "ﮐچﻪﮐﻪﻡ، ﻫﯿﻮﺍﺩﺍﺭﻡ ﮐﻪឥﻨﯿﮉ ﻭﻩﮐﻮﺩﺍﯾﮑﺖ ﭘﻪﺳﻨﺪ ﺑﮑﻪﯼ."

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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.

ژینی سیمبهگویّره گۆړانی بهسهرداهت. ئه و چی دیکه کتی نهبوو که بهینین لهگه ڵ ۹وکی پیکهوه دابنیشن.هٔنیهٔ زوّربهی کرهکنی هڵهوهی به سیمبهگویّره ئهنجم دهدا، بوّیه ئه و زوّر هندوو دهبوو و ئیتر نهیدهتوانی شهوان ئهرکهکنی قولاًبخنهی ئهنجم بدات. ئه و دوای خواردنی ئیّواره یهکسهر دهچوو دهخهوت. تهنی شتیّك که دلّی پیّی خوّش بوو، لیّفهیه کی رهنگورهنگ بوو که دایکی پیّی دابوو. هوکی ههستی به وه نه کرد بووکه کچه کهی غهمگینه.

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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.

دوای چەند لانگێك لاوكى سیمبهگوێره پێی گوتن كە دەبێ بۆ لاوەيەك بەجێێن بهێڵێت. "من دەبێ سەڧەر بكەم لە بەڕ لارەكەم، بەڵام من دەزانم كە ئێوە۩گڵن لە يەكتر دەبێ." سیمبهگوێره خەمبر بوو، بەڵام لاوكى ھەستى پێ نەكرد. ئانىدش ھىچى نەگوت، ھەروەھ ئەويش خۆشدڵ نەبوو.

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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.

شتهگند ده هت بو سیمبهگویّره خراپتر دهبوو. ئهگهر سیمبهگویّره کرهگنی ده های نه نخم نه دلاه فی نیواره هایی کرده، ئه واهٔنید لیّی ده دا. له کتی هنی ئیّواره هٔنید زوّربهی خوارد نه کهی ده خوارد و ته نی که میّکی بو سیمبهگویّره ده هیّشته وه. سیمبهگویّره هه موو شه ویّك ده گره و لیّفه کهی دایکی له هوه شه ده گرت ه خه وی لیّده که وت.

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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.

به نییه کی سیمبه گویّره دره نگ له خه و هه سد. هنید به سه ریدا قیژاند کرد: "نهی ته مبه ڵ!" نه و سیمبه گویّره ی له سه رته ختی نوستنه که فریّدایه خواره و ه. لیّفه خوّشه ویسته که ی له بزهریّك گیری کرد و درا.

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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.

سیمبهگویّره زوّر پهشوٚک بوو. ئه و برچری دا که له هڵ رابک سیمبهگویّره چرچهکنی لیّفهکهی دایکی و ههندیّ خواردنی پیّچیهوه و هڵهکهی بهجیّ هیشت. ئه و به و ریّگیهدا روّیشت که هِوکی پیّیدا روّیشتبوو.

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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. گتی خۆرهٔوا بوو، سیمبهگویٚره بهسهر کهوت بۆ سهر داریٚکی بهرز که له نزیك جۆگەلەیهک بوو. لهسهر لقی دارهکه جیٚگ خهوی خوّی چک کرد. سیمبهگویٚره بهر لهوهی خهوی لی بکهوی، ههر گورانی دهگوت: "دایه، دایه، دایه، توّ به جیّت هیّشتم. توّ به جیّت هیّشتم و ئیتر نهگهرایهوه. هوکم چی دیکه منی خوشهوی دایه توّ کهی دیّیتهوه؟ توّ به جیّتهیّشتم."

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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."

رۆژى داھتوو سیمبهگوێره دووۿره گۆرانییهکهى گوتهوه. کتێك ژنهکن ھتن بۆ ئەوەى لە جۆگەلەكە جلوبەرگ بشۆن، گوێؽن لە گۆرانییهکى خەمدك بوو كە لە بەرزایى دارەكەوە دەنگى دەھت. ئەوان ولان زانى ئەو دەنگە بەھۆى لەرینەوەى گەڵاى دارەكەوەیە كە﴿دەڍنجوڵێنێ، بۆیە بەردەوام بوون له کرەكەى خۆڍن، بەڵام یەكێك لە ژنهکن زۆر بە سەرنجەوە گوێى بۆ گۆرانییەكە راگرت.

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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.

ئهو ژنه سهری بهرز کردهوه و سهیری دارهکهی کرد. کتی چوی به کچه بچکۆلانهکه کهوت که لهتکه لینفهیه کی پی بوو، هواری کرد: "سیمبه گویّره، برازاکهم!" ژنهکنی دیکهش دهستین له جل شوشتن هه ڵگرت و یرمه تی سیمبه گویّرهین دا که له داره که بیهیّننه خواره وه. پووری سیمبه گویّرهی له جوهش گرت و ههوڵی دا ژیری بکته وه.

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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.

پورهکهی سیمبهگوێرهی بردهوه هڵی خوٚی ئهو خواردنی گهرمی پێدا و ڕێگهی دا که سیمبهگوێره به لێفهکهی دایکییهوه بخهوێ. ئهو شهوه سیمبهگوێره ههر گرێڎ خهوی لێ کهوت. بهڵام ئهم گرێنه له خوٚشێن بوو، له بهر ئهوهی دهیزانی که پوورهکهی ۴٫۸ پی دهبێت.

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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.

گتێڋۅػی هتهوه هڵێ، بینی که ژوورهکهی سیمبهگوێره کهسی لێ نیه، بۆیه به نیگهرانییهوه لههٔنیڎی پرسی: "چی ڕووی داوه؟ "ژنهکهی گوتی که سیمبهگوێره ههڵاتووه. دواتر گوتیشی: "من داوام لێ کردووه که ڕێزم لێ بگرێ، بهڵام لهوانهیه من زوّر سهختگیر بووبم." ﴿وکی هڵهکهی جێ هێشت و بهرهو جوٚگهلهکه بهڕێ کهوت. دواتر بهردهوام بووه گهیشته ئهو گوندهی خوشکهکهی لێ دهژه بوّ ئهوهی بزانێ کههٔ ئهو سیمبهگوێرهی نهدیوه.

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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.

سیمبهگویّره خهریکی ﴿ وریکردن بوو لهگهڵ هڵهگنی پووری که له دوورهوه﴿ وکی بینی. ئهو دهتره لهوهی که ﴿ وَلَی تُووره بیّت، بوّیه ههڵاتهوه ژووهوه خوّی هردهوه، به ڵام ﴿ وکی بهره و لای روّیشت و گوتی: "سیمبهگویّره، توٚ ﴿ شترین دایکت بوٚخوّت دوٚزیوه تهوه. که سیّك که توّی خوّش دهویّت و له توّ تیّدهگت. من شازیت پیّوه ده کهم و خوّشم دهویّی." ئهوان له سهر ئهوه ریّککهوتن که سیمبهگویّره هٔ ئه و کتهی پیّی خوّش بی له لای پووری بمیّنیّتهوه.

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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.

جُوکی ههموو روّژێ سهردانی کچهکهی دهکرد. له کوّلاییدا لهگهڵۀنیلا هتن. ئهو دهستی درێژ کرد بوٚ ئهوهی دهستی سیمبهگوێره بگرێت. دواتر گرلا و گوتی: "بچکوٚلانهکهم من زوٚر داوای لێبووردنت لێ دهکهم، من ههڵهم کرد.ۀلا دهرفهتێکی دیکهم پێ دهدهی؟" سیمبهگوێره سهیرێکیجوکی کرد و بینی که روخدرێکی نیگهرانی ههیه، بوٚیه بهرهو لایۀنیلا روٚیشت و دهستهگانی کردهووه وجوهشی به مؤنددا کرد.

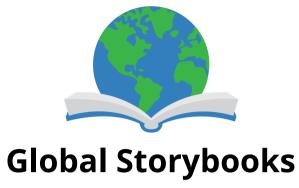
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Her father visited her every day. Eventually, he came with Anita. She reached out for Simbegwire's hand. "I'm so sorry little one, I was wrong," she cried. "Will you let me try again?" Simbegwire looked at her father and his worried face. Then she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

ههفتهی دواترهٔنیهٔ سیمبهگویّره، پووری و هلّهٔکنی پووری بوّهنی ئیّواره ههفتهی دواترهٔنیهٔ سیمبهگویّره پازاوه!هٔنیهٔ ههموو ئه و خوارهٔنهی دروست کردبوو که سیمبهگویّره حهزی لیّبوون،هٔ تیّربوون خوارهٔن. دواتر هلّهکن خهریکی دریکردن بوون و گهورهکن سهرقلّی قسهکردن بوون. سیمبهگویّره ههستی به هدی وهروه به خوّ بوون کرد. ئه و برچری دا، که به زوویی بگهریّته وه بوّه هلّه وه بوّه نهوه ی لهگهلّه وکی و زردایکی پیّکه وه برین.

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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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سیمبهگوێره

Simbegwire

