





Lukkuu fi Risaa

Hen and Eagle

 Ann Nduku

 Wiehan de Jager

 Demoze Degefa

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 Afan Oromo om / English en



Yeroo tokko Lukkuu fi Risaan hiriyotaa turan.
Simbroota kaanani waliin nagaan jiraata turan.
Tokkoon isaanitu balali'u hindanda'an.

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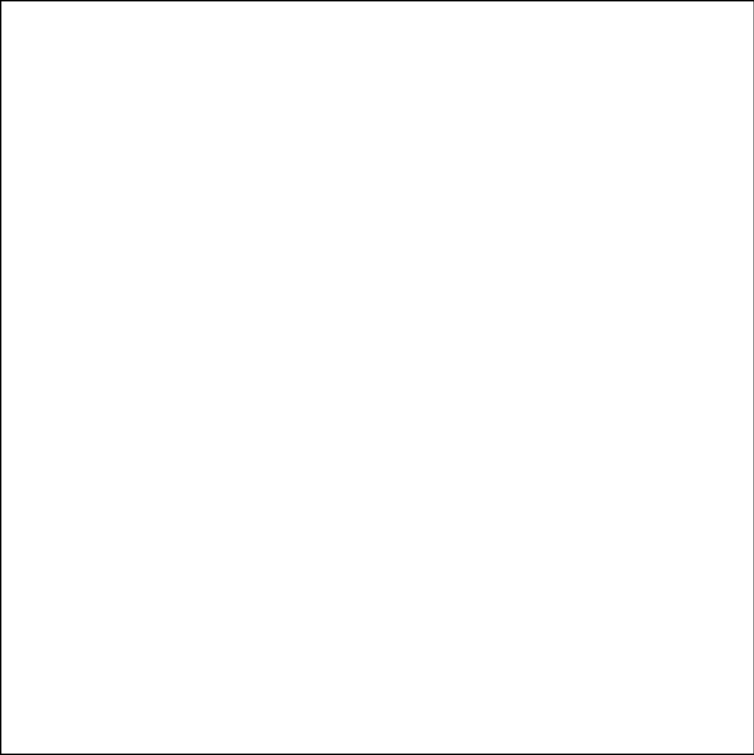
Once upon a time, Hen and Eagle were friends.
They lived in peace with all the other birds. None of
them could fly.



Yeroo tokko lafairratti beelatu ture. Risaan nyataa barbachuuf lafa dheera deemu qabdi. Dadhabdee gara mana deebite, “Kraan salphaan jiraachu maala”, jete Risaan.

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One day, there was famine in the land. Eagle had to walk very far to find food. She came back very tired. “There must be an easier way to travel!” said Eagle.



Halkan garii booda lukkun yaada garii argate.
Lukkuun tuni ballii hiriyoota iraa kufe guruu
calqabdee. “Me balliiwan kan kankeyna gubbatti yaa
hodhinu,” jette lukkuun. “Tari kuni balaali’udhaf
nugargaara ta’a.”

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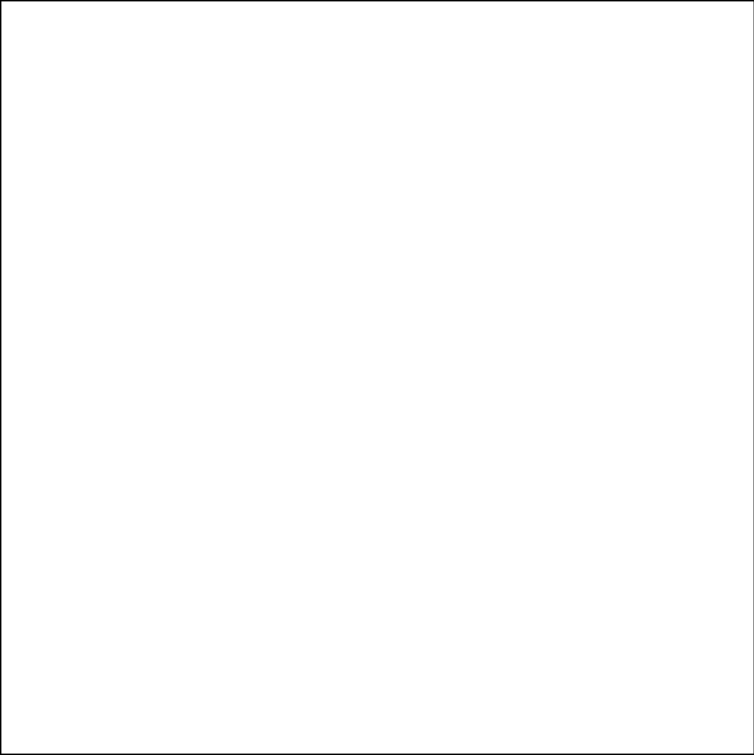
After a good night’s sleep, Hen had a brilliant idea.
She began collecting the fallen feathers from all
their bird friends. “Let’s sew them together on top
of our own feathers,” she said. “Perhaps that will
make it easier to travel.”



Risaan hudhuu calqabde sababin isaas ishee qofatu lilmoo qaba. Ballii lama bareeda isaa tolfatee lukkuu gubbaa balali'uu calqabde. lukkuun lilmoo ergifatulle yeroom san hidhuu ifatte. Lilimee kapbordi gubbaa irratti dhiftee gara mana nytaa bilchessuu deemite.

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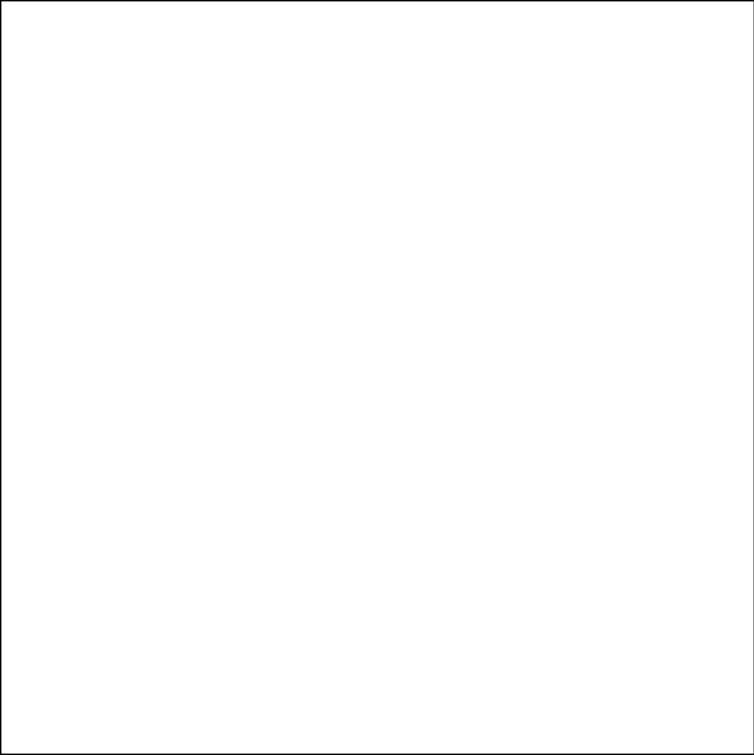
Eagle was the only one in the village with a needle, so she started sewing first. She made herself a pair of beautiful wings and flew high above Hen. Hen borrowed the needle but she soon got tired of sewing. She left the needle on the cupboard and went into the kitchen to prepare food for her children.



Garu sibrowan kun yeroo risaan balali’u argan jiru. Isaanis balli mataa isaani tolfachudhaf lukkuun akka lilimee isaanif ergisan gafatan. Yerooma sana simbirron bayeen samii irra balali’u calqaban.

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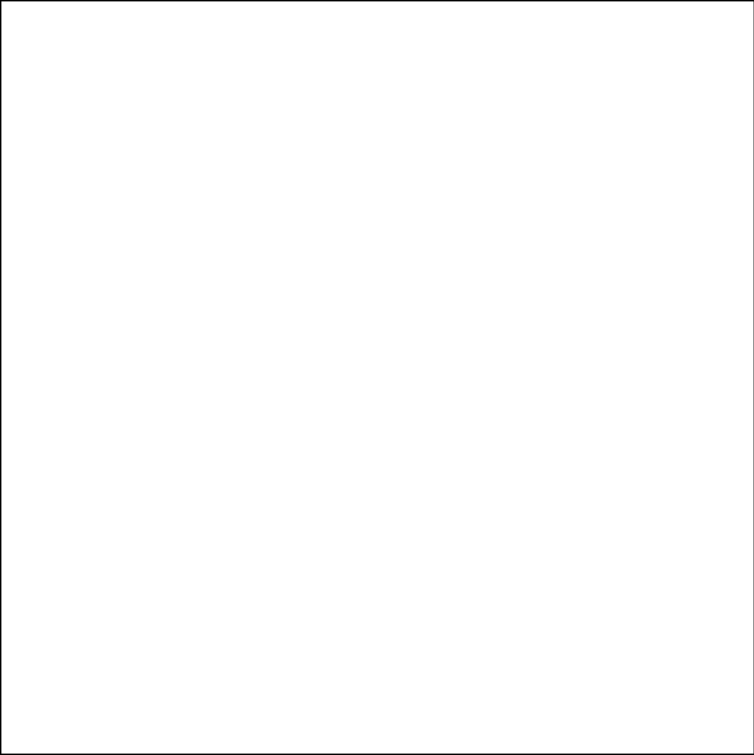
But the other birds had seen Eagle flying away. They asked Hen to lend them the needle to make wings for themselves too. Soon there were birds flying all over the sky.



Yeroo simbirroon dhumaa lilimee ergifate debistu,
lukkuun achi hinjirtu turte. Ijoolen ishee lilme
fudhaate ittin taphatee. Yeroo tapha isaani
xummuran lilimee cirracha kessati gatani deeman.

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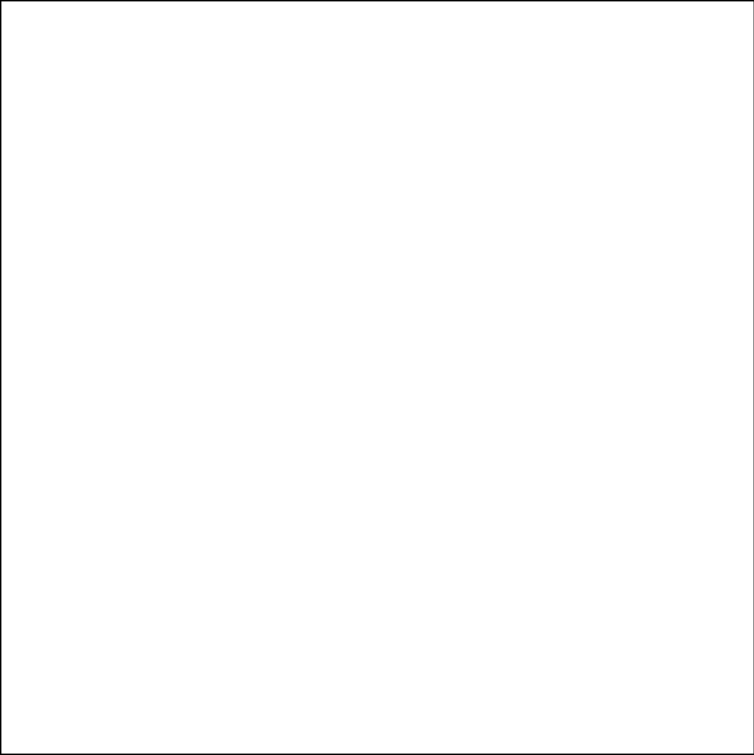
When the last bird returned the borrowed needle,
Hen was not there. So her children took the needle
and started playing with it. When they got tired of
the game, they left the needle in the sand.



Guyyaa galgala sanii, risaan nideebi'e. Balliiwan yeroo karaa deemitu bubuqa'aan cimsuuf lilimee gafatte. Lukkuun kapbordi gubba ilaalte. Mana nyaata ittiqophessan kessas ilaalte. Mana duubas ilaalte. Grau lililmee argachuu hindandenyee.

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Later that afternoon, Eagle returned. She asked for the needle to fix some feathers that had loosened on her journey. Hen looked on the cupboard. She looked in the kitchen. She looked in the yard. But the needle was nowhere to be found.



Lukkuun guyyaa tokko nafkenni' jettee risaa gafate. "Sana booda balli kee nitolfata, balalitee nyaata niargatta" jetteen. "Guyyaa tokko qofa," jedhe risaan. "Yoo lilimee kiyyaa nafhinkennene, cicii kee tokkicha akka kafaltitti nakennita."

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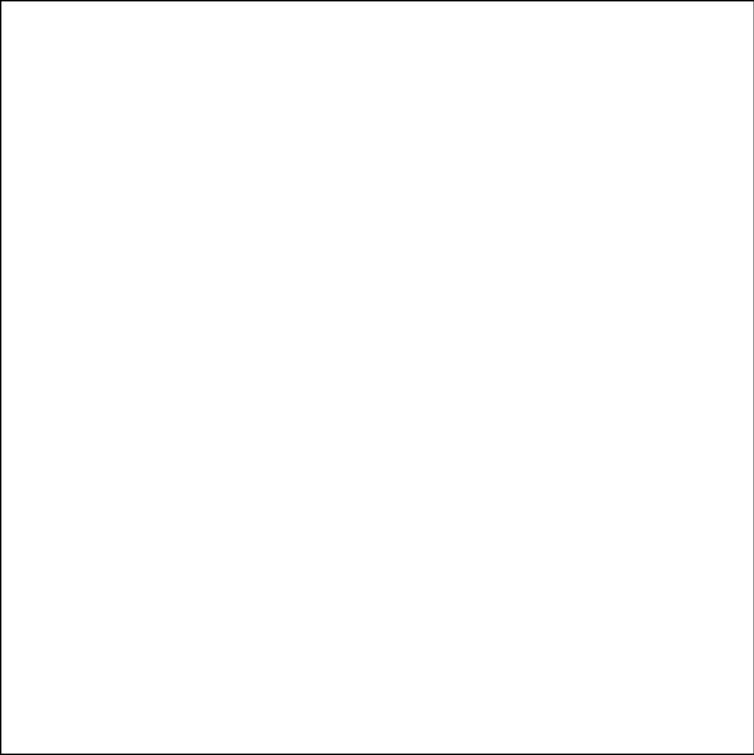
"Just give me a day," Hen begged Eagle. "Then you can fix your wing and fly away to get food again."
"Just one more day," said Eagle. "If you can't find the needle, you'll have to give me one of your chicks as payment."



Yeroo risaan barii sana dhufu, lukkuun yeroo
cirrachaa qoottu argite garuu lilimee hinarganne.
Yerom sani risaan dafee gadi balali'ee cicii tokkicha
fundahte. Fudhatee ittin figide. Guyyaa sanirra
calqabe lukkuun yomillee, essumattu taanan
lukkuun lilmee barbacha lafa qotti.

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When Eagle came the next day, she found Hen
scratching in the sand, but no needle. So Eagle flew
down very fast and caught one of the chicks. She
carried it away. Forever after that, whenever Eagle
appears, she finds Hen scratching in the sand for
the needle.



Akkumaa gaddisini risaa lafa irratti muldhateen, lukkuun ijoolee isheeti himiti. “Dafaati lafa qullaa kessa bahaa,” jettene. Isaanis akkan jedhan, “Nuti guyyaamiti. Nifiginna.”

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As the shadow of Eagle’s wing falls on the ground, Hen warns her chicks. “Get out of the bare and dry land.” And they respond: “We are not fools. We will run.”




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