



Indirimbo ya Sakima

Sakima's song

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 Ikinyarwanda rw / English en



Sakima yabanaga n'ababyeyi be na bashiki be bakuru. Bari batuye kubutaka bw'umugabo w'umukungu. Inzu y'ibyatsi yabo yabaga kumpera y'umurongo w'ibiti.

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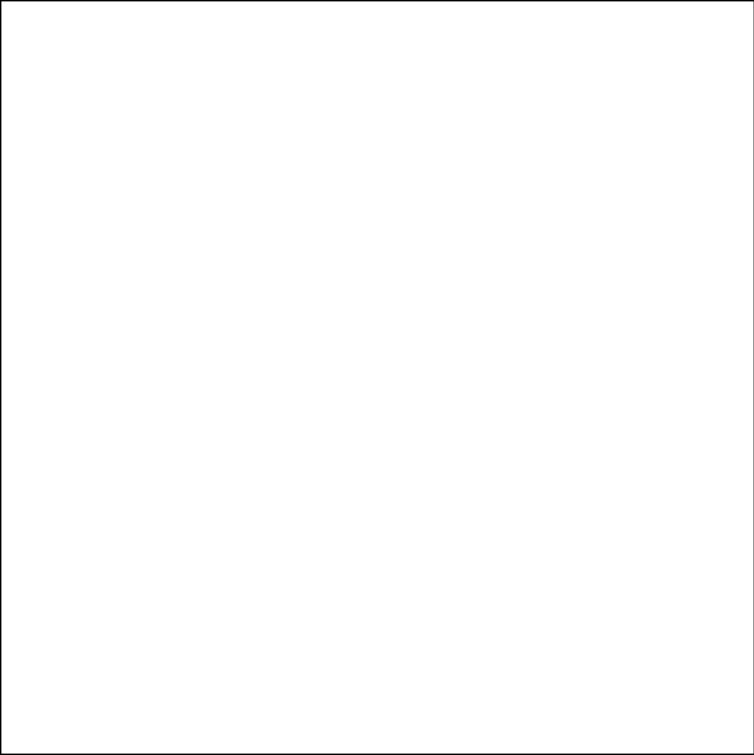
Sakima lived with his parents and his four year old sister. They lived on a rich man's land. Their grass-thatched hut was at the end of a row of trees.



Ubwo Sakima yarafite imyaka itatu, yararwaye anabura ububone (aba impumyi). Sakima yari umuhungu w'impano.

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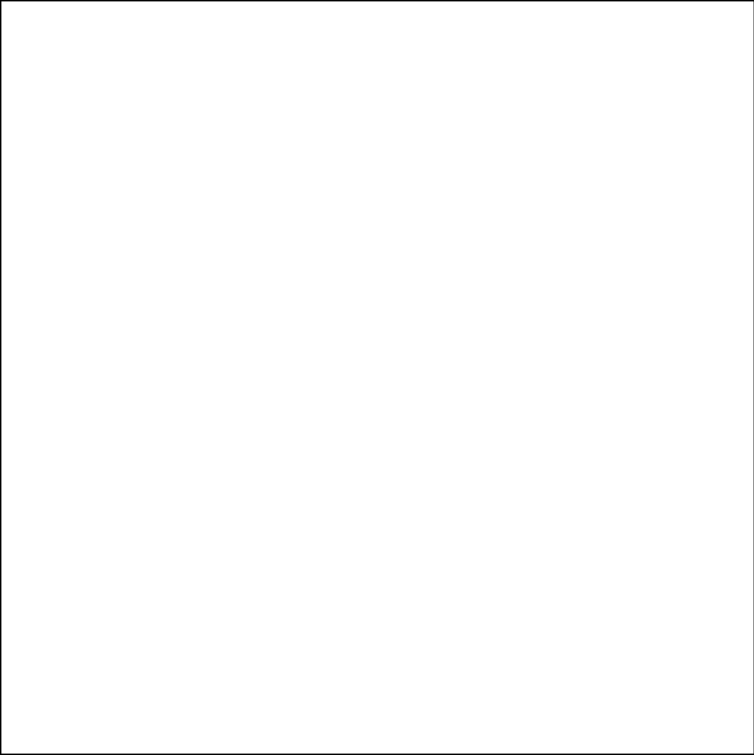
When Sakima was three years old, he fell sick and lost his sight. Sakima was a talented boy.



Sakima yakoraga ibintu byinshi abandi bana b'imyaka itandatu badakora. Urugero, yashoboraga kwicarana nabakuze bo mu igiturage bakaganira kubintu by'ingirakamaro.

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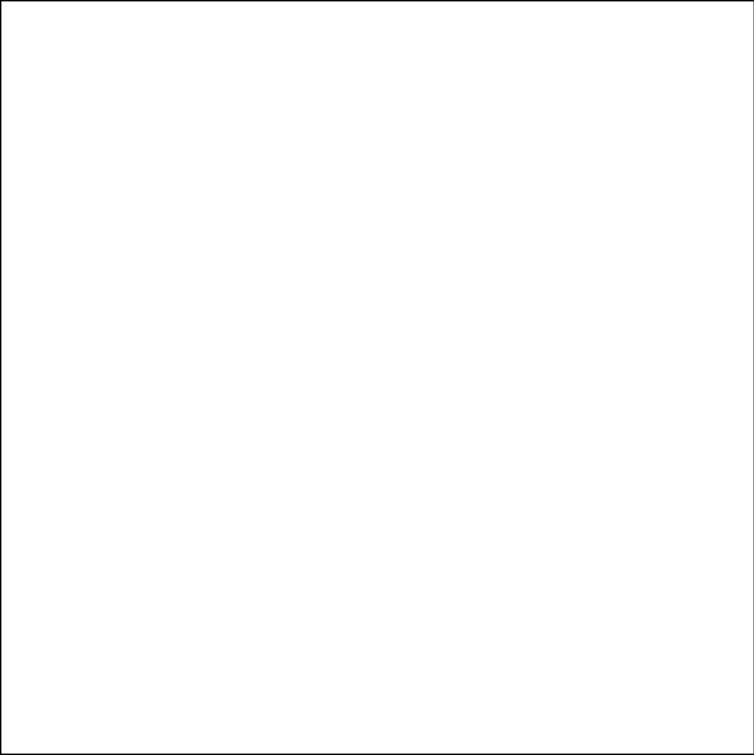
Sakima did many things that other six year old boys did not do. For example, he could sit with older members of the village and discuss important matters.



Ababyeyi ba Sakima bakora mu inzu y'umugabo w'umukire. Bavaga murugo kare mugitondo bakanagaruka nimugoroba bwije. Sakima yasigaranaga na bashiki be.

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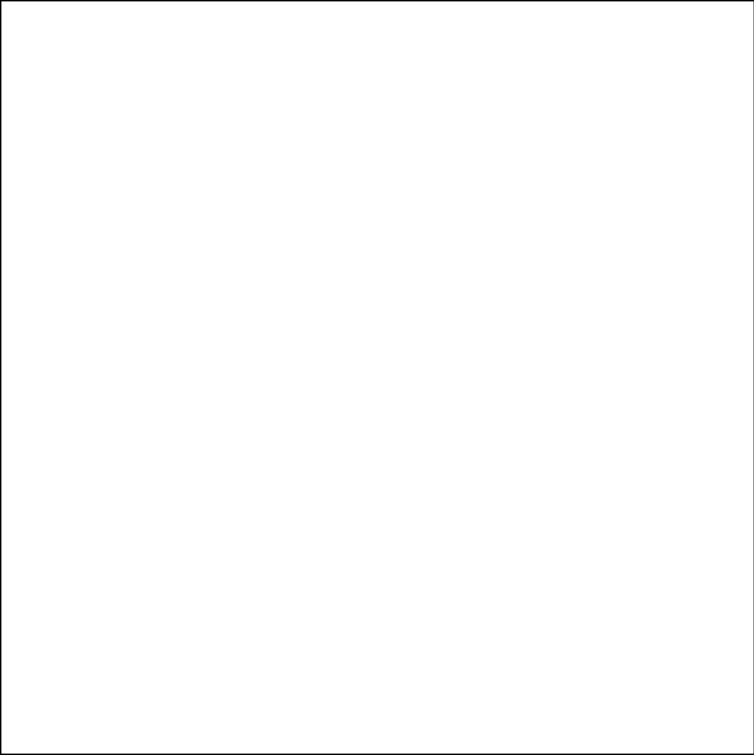
The parents of Sakima worked at the rich man's house. They left home early in the morning and returned late in the evening. Sakima was left with his little sister.



Sakima yakundaga kuririmba indirimbo. Umunsi umwe nyine yaramubajije, “Ni hehe wigira izi ndirimbo, Sakima?”

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



Sakima yarasubije, “Ziraza, maa, nzunva mumutwe wange ubundi nkaziririmba.”

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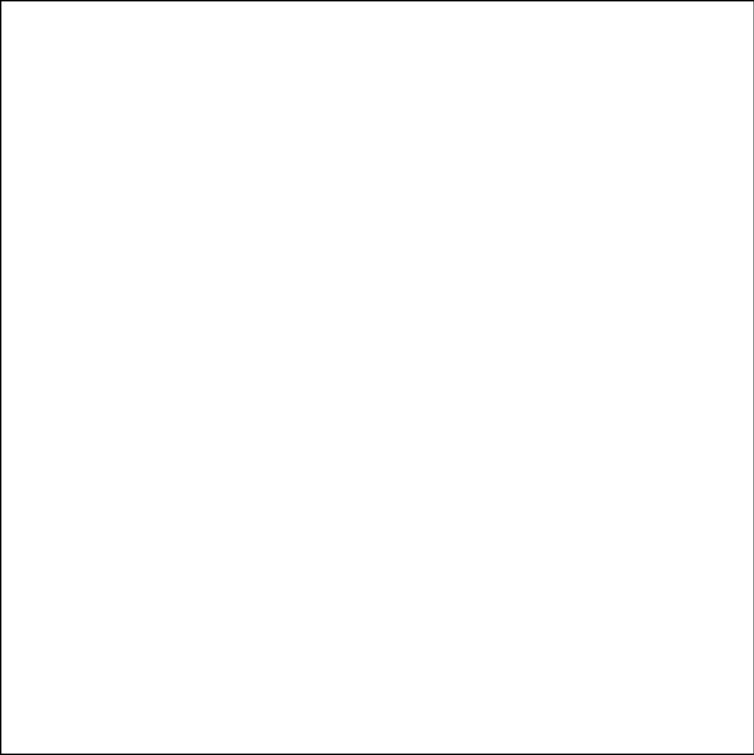
Sakima answered, “They just come, mother. I hear them in my head and then I sing.”



Sakima yakundaga kuririmbira mushiki we muto, cyane cyane, iyo yasonzaga. Mushiki we yuga indirimbo ye yakundaga. Yahitaga aceceka kubera ijyana ituje.

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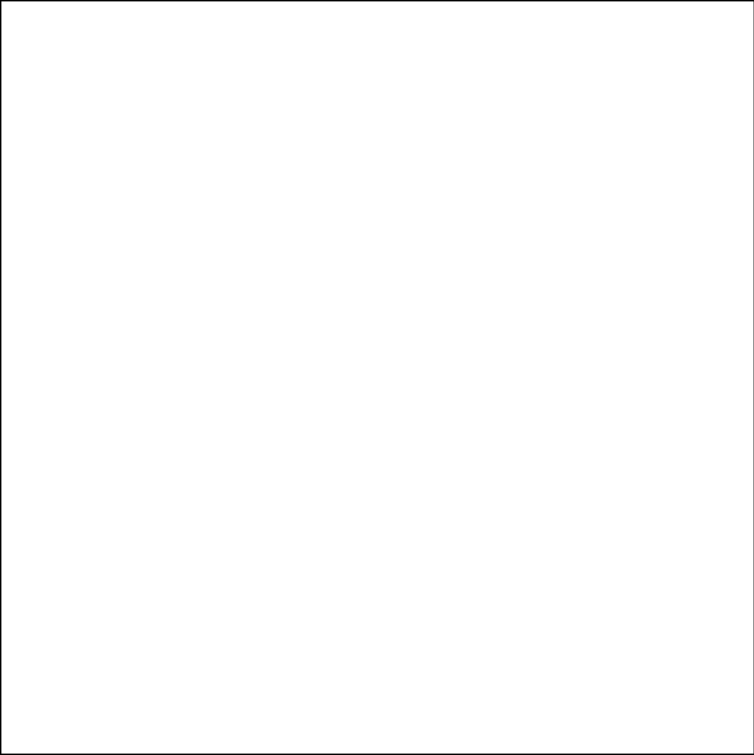
Sakima liked to sing for his little sister, especially, if she felt hungry. His sister would listen to him singing his favourite song. She would sway to the soothing tune.



“wakongeye ukayiririmba nanone, Sakima,” mushiki we yaramusabaga. Sakima yaremeraga akongera akaririmba kenshi.

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



Ikigoroba kimwe ubwo ababyeyi be bagarukaga murugo, bari bacecetse. Sakima yaraziko hari ikintu kitari kiza.

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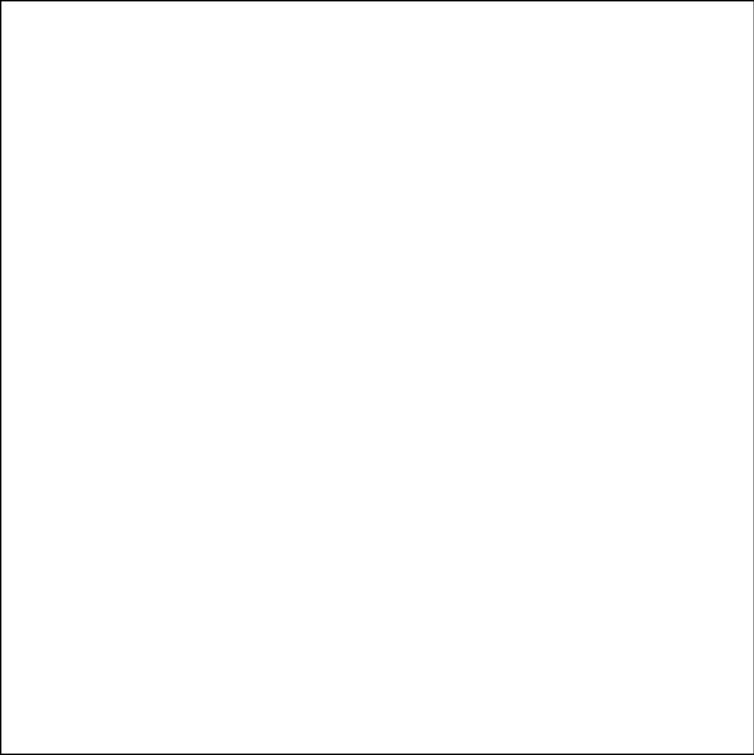
One evening when his parents returned home, they were very quiet. Sakima knew that there was something wrong.



“Ni iki kitari kiza?” Sakima yarabajije. Sakima yamenye ko umuhungu w’umugabo w’umukire yabuze. Umugabo yari ababaye cyane anigunze.

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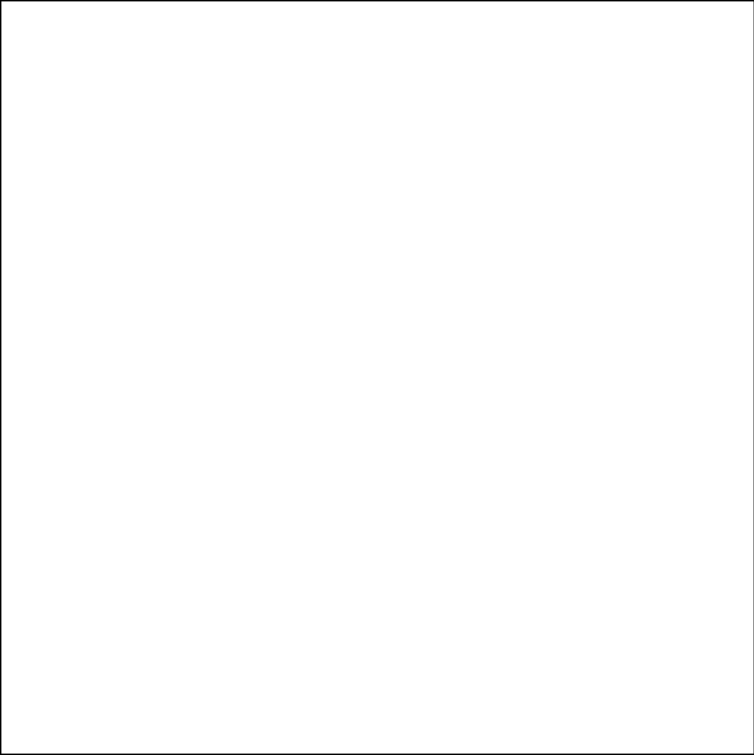
“What is wrong, mother, father?” Sakima asked. Sakima learned that the rich man’s son was missing. The man was very sad and lonely.



“Nshobora kumurimbira. Ashobora kongera akishima.” Sakima yabwiye ababyeyi be. Ariko ababyeyi be baramwangiye. “Ni umukire cyane. Uri umwana w’impumbi gusa. Uratekereza ko indirimbo yawe iribumufashe?”

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“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?”



Ariko, Sakima ntiyahaze. Mushiki we mutwo yaramushigikiye. Yaravuze, “Indirimbo za Sakima ziranturisha iyo nshonje. Zizatuzisha umugabo w’umukire nawe.”

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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.”



Umunsi ukurikiye ho, Sakima yasabye mushiki we muto kumuyobora ku insu y'umugabo w'umukire.

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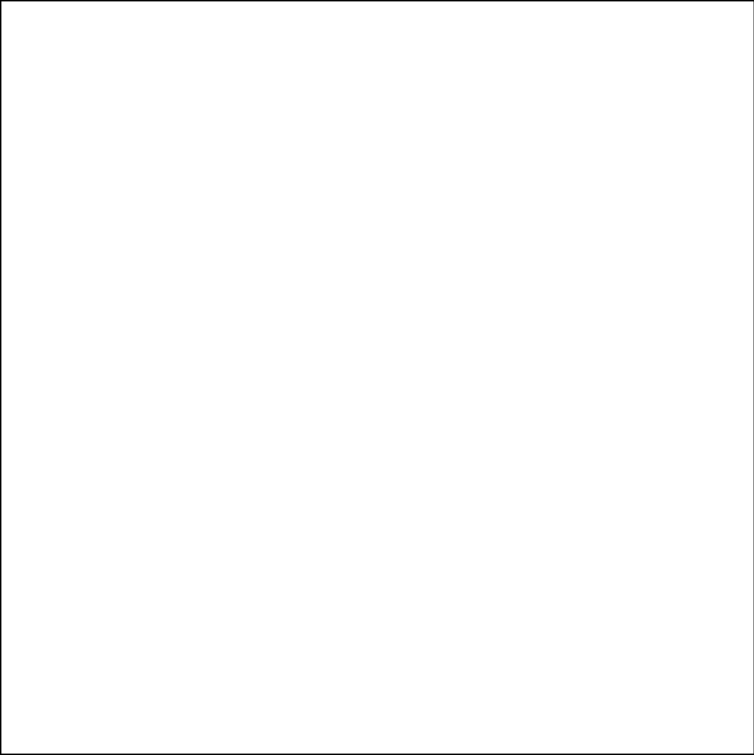
The following day, Sakima asked his little sister to lead him to the rich man's house.



Yahagaze munsi y'idirishya rinini anatangira kuririmba indirimbo ye akunda. Buke buke, umutwe w'umugabo w'umukire watangiye kugenda ugaragara mw'idirishya rinini.

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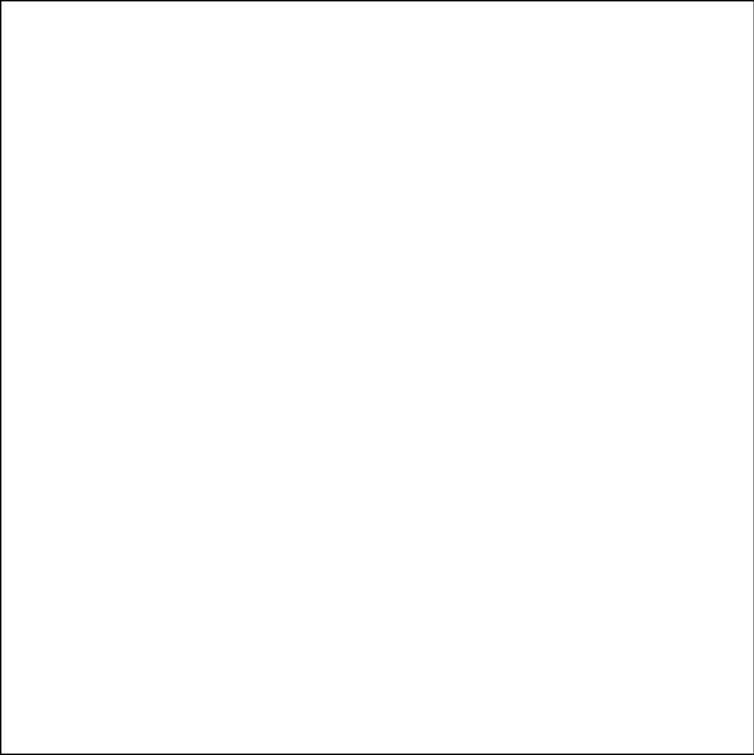
He stood below one big window and began to sing his favourite song. Slowly, the head of the rich man began to show through the big window.



Abakozi bahakaritse ibyo bari gukora. Bateze amatwi indirimbo ziza ya Sakima. Ariko umugabo umwe yaravuze. “Ntamuntu numwe wari wakabashije guhoza bosi. Uyu mwana w’impumyi aratekereza ko aribumuhoze?”

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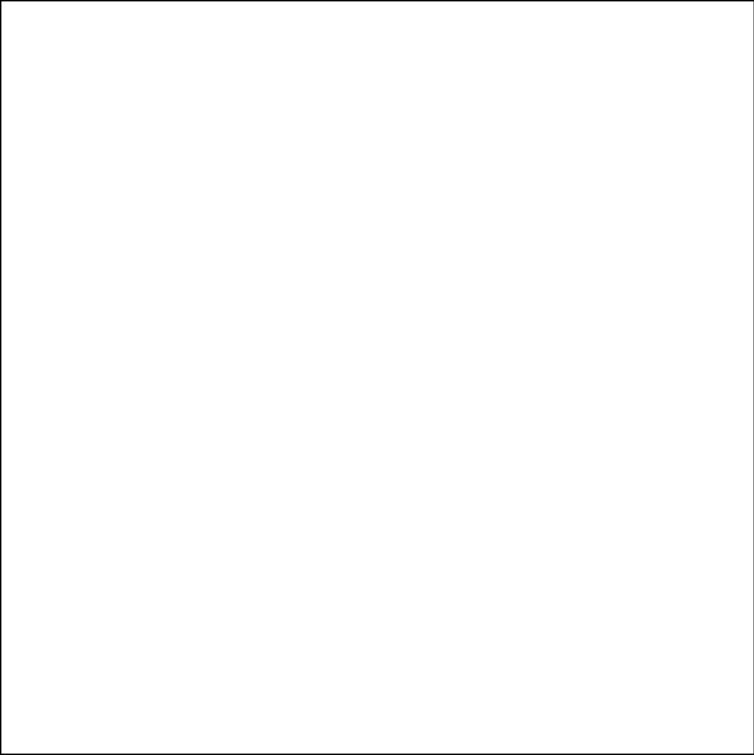
The workers stopped what they were doing. They listened to Sakima’s beautiful song. But one man said, “Nobody has been able to console the boss. Does this blind boy think he will console him?”



Sakima yarangije kuririmba indirimbo ye ahindukira ngo agende. Ariko umugabo w'umukire yasohotse yiruka aravuga, "Mbabarira wongere uririmbe."

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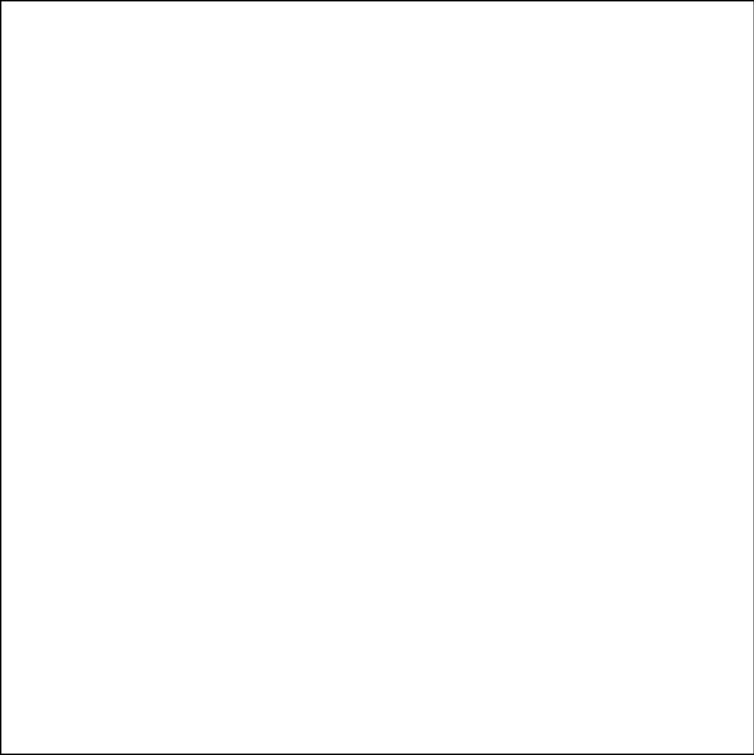
Sakima finished singing his song and turned to leave. But the rich man rushed out and said, "Please sing again."



Muri ako kanya, abagabo babiri baje bikoreye umuntu mu ingobyi. Bari babonye umuhungu w'umugabo w'umukire yakubiswe yanasizwe k'uruhande rw'umuhanda.

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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.



Umugabo w'umukire yari yishimye cyane kongera kubona umuhungu we. Yajyanye umuhungu we na Sakima kwa muganga (ibitaro) kugirango Sakima yongere abone.

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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.




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