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The Treasure in the Orchard (2010)

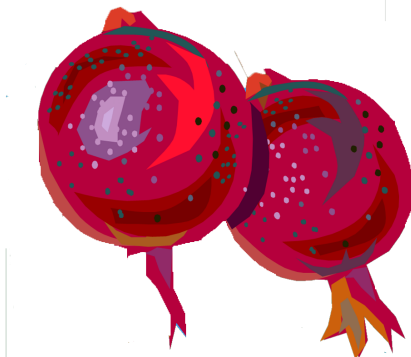
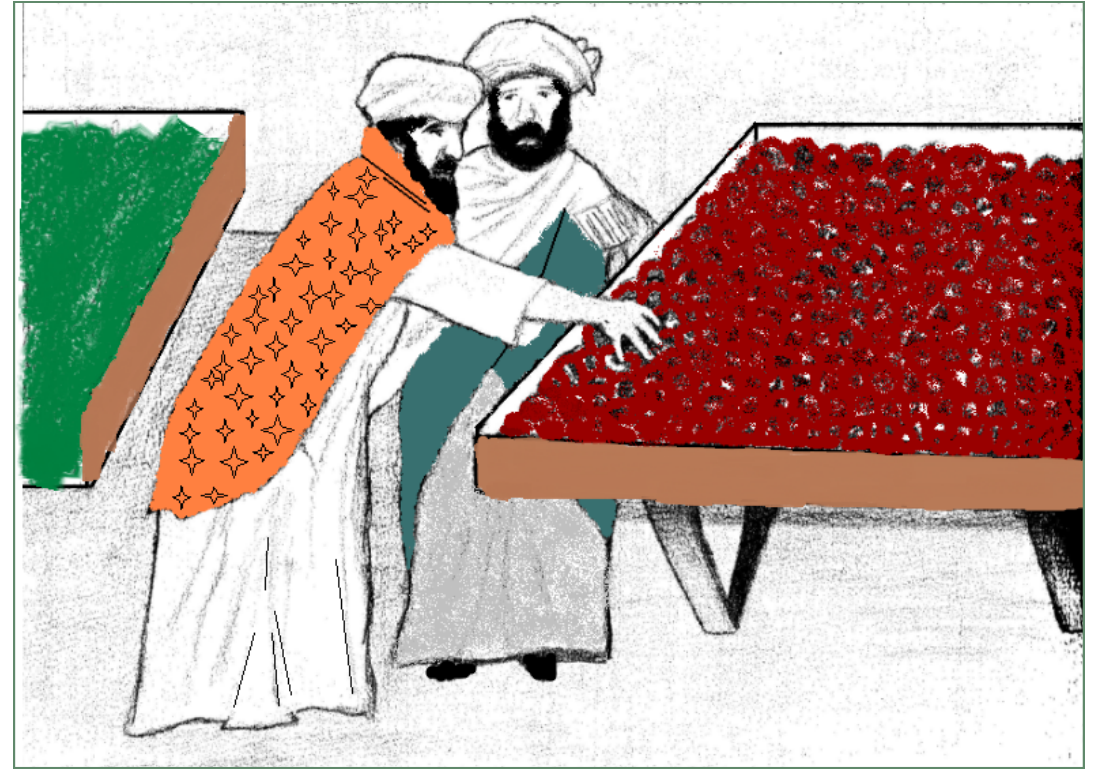
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The Treasure in the Orchard
an Afghani folktale

World of Story 2010

English - Somali



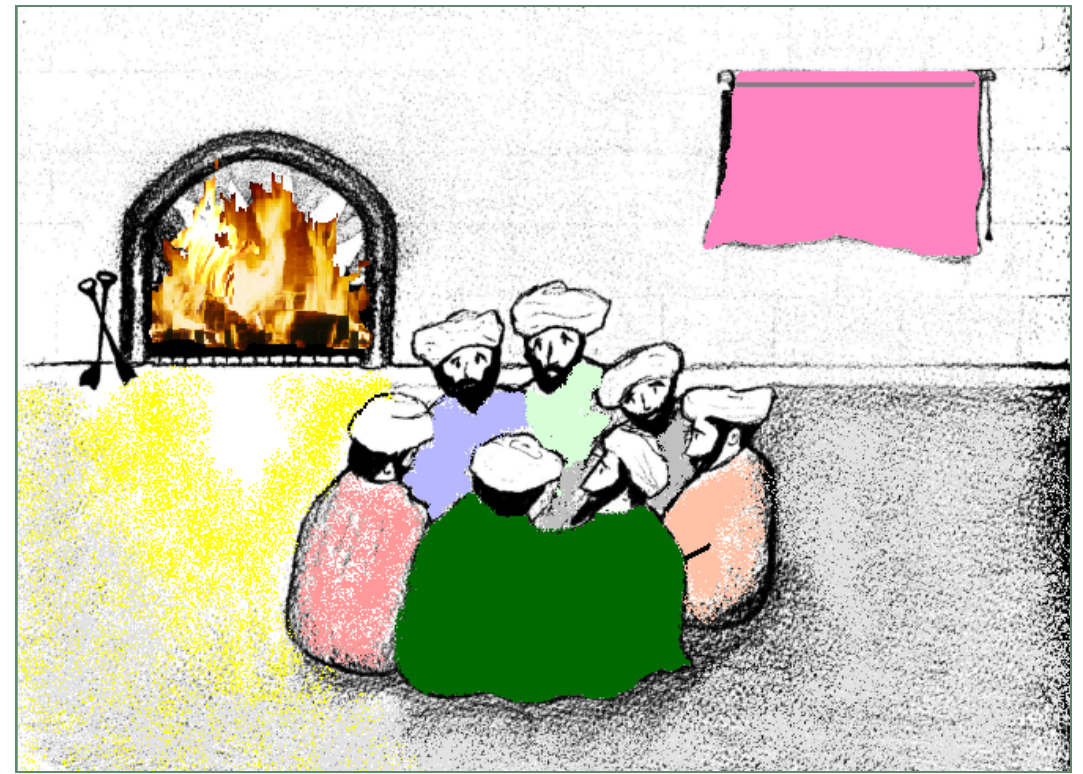
Deriska ayaa kaalmeeyay wiilasha. Marki la gaaray xiliga guga oo beeraha soo go'een ayay wiilasha yaabeen! Waxay arkeen Geedihi Caambaha oo mira aad u badan dhalay. Runti aad bay ugu farxeen! Waxayna suuqa u iib geeyeen oo ay qiima fiican ku gadeen Cambihi bislaaday. Wiilashi lacag badan bay ka heleen cambihi ay gadeen. Noolol wanaagsan bay ku noolaayeen inta laga gaarayo beer gurashada dambe. Hadda way fahmeen Khayraadka wuxuu ahaa. Aabahood khayraadka uu sheegayay wuxuu ahaa beerta geedaha Cambaha. Wiilashi waxay fahmeen inay si fiican u shaqaystaan, oo haddii ay si fiican u shaqaystaan ay mustaqbal wanaagsan helayaan. Shaqada beerta waxay awood u siinaysa inay masaruuftaan xaasaskooda oo ayna si fiican u korsadaan carrurtooda taasoo farxad gelinaysa aabahoodi naxariista badnaa.

World of Story 2010

Edmonton Mennonite Centre for Newcomers

Khayraadka ku jira Beerta geedaha

The neighbours did help them, and the days turned from cold to warm, and finally spring did arrive. And in that spring, much to the seven sons' surprise, the pomegranate trees flowered like never before. They produced plenty of fine fruit. Red, ripe, juicy, plump pomegranates to sell at the market. After the sons returned from the market, they discovered that they had enough money to live comfortably until the next harvest. They realized that their kind father had left them a treasure. The treasure was the orchard! If they spent their hours, their knowledge, and their sweat working, the orchard would give them a prosperous future. It could sustain both themselves, and their wives and sons and daughters, and would make their kind father proud.



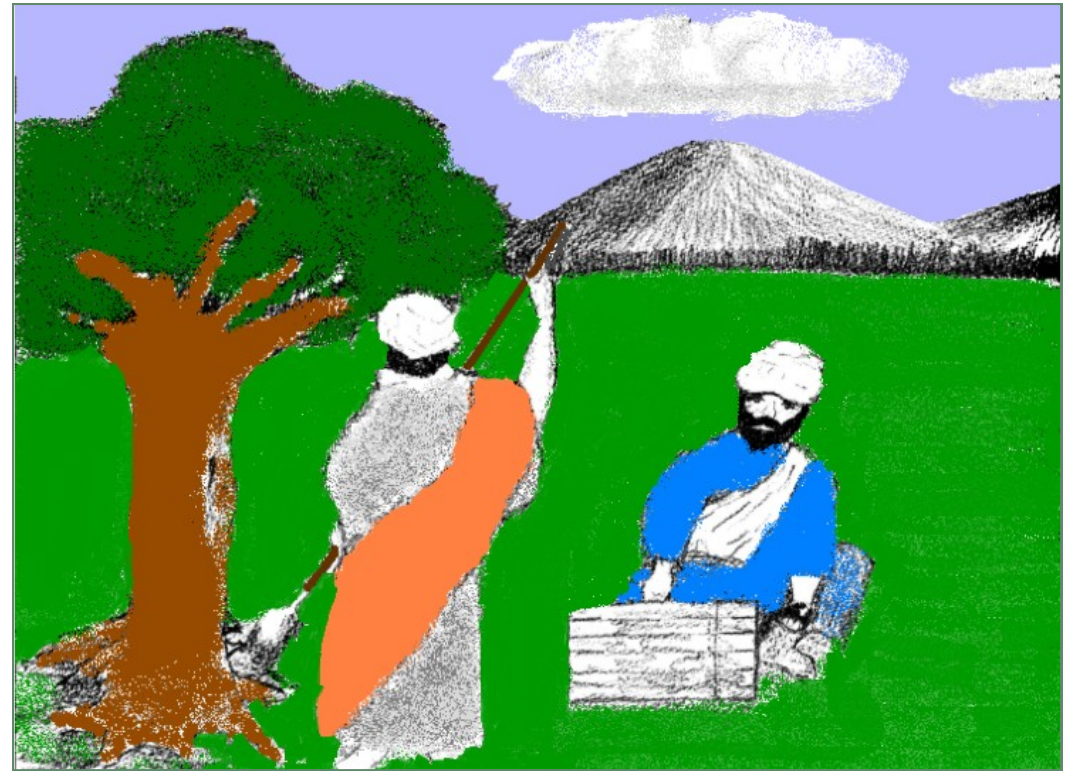
There once was, and there once was not, in days gone by, a kind young man who became a kind old man. In the days between being a young man and becoming an old man, this kind man grew a productive orchard of red, plump pomegranates. They were ripe and juicy and gave him pride. The kind man also had seven sons. In some ways, his sons were very much like the pomegranates. They were plump like the pomegranates, and the pomegranates stayed still, like the sons. The pomegranates were ripe and juicy and gave the kind man pride, but the sons were spoiled and lazy and caused the kind man shame.

Qabow aad xun baa jiray oo wiilasha dhib weyn ku hayay maxaa yeelay baahi daran aya haysay aadna way u xanaaqsanaayeen. Waxay xishoodaanba marki danbe dan waxay ku kaliftay inay deriska kaalmo weyddiistan. Weyddiisashada aad bay uga yaxyaxeen maxaa yeelay waxay ahaayeen caajislooyin.



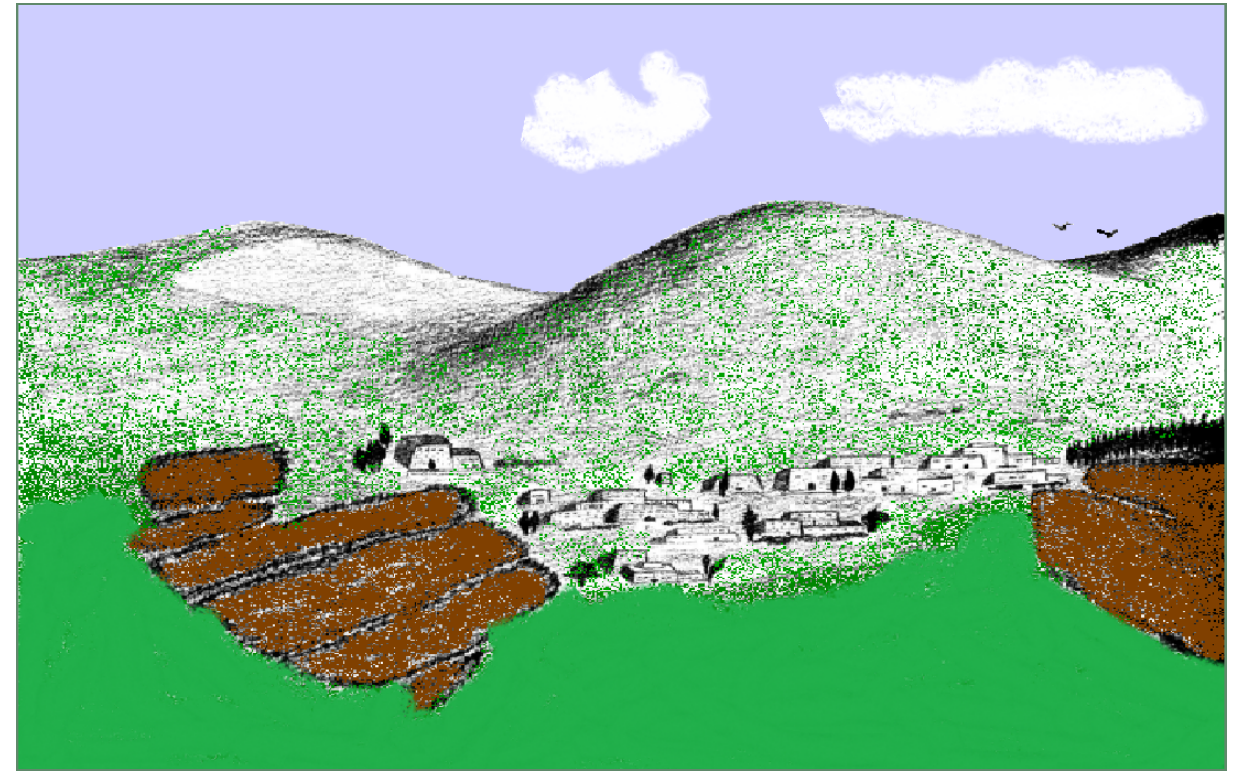
They spent a difficult winter. They chewed on bitter bread and bitter thoughts.
 The sons had no choice but to go to their neighbours, with their heads
 bowed and ask for help so that they wouldn't starve.
 They felt ashamed of their laziness.

Waa baa waxaa jiray nin dhalinyara ah oo naxariis badan. Markuu
 gaboobayna wuxuu noqdaynin waayeel ah oo naxariis badan. Inti uu noolaa
 ninkan naxariista badan wuxuu beeri jiray geedaha qudaarta macaan. Beerta
 waxaa aad uga buuxay geedka Cambaha macaan ee laftii yar tahay. Ninkan
 aad buu ugu faraxsanaa beerashada geedka Cambaha. Ninkan naxariista
 badan wuxuu lahaa 7 will. Wiilasha waxy ahaayeen sida geedka Cambaha oo
 aan dhaqdhaqaaq lahayn. Cambuhu wuu fiicnaa taasna aad bay u raali gelisay
 ninka odayga ah ee naxariista badan. laakin odaygani wiilashiisa waxay
 ahaayeen kuwo Caajisaan ah taasna aad buu odayga uga xumaaday.



The kind man and his sons lived in a small, beautiful village in a valley surrounded by mountains. They had neighbours to the north whose sons worked tirelessly in their walnut grove. There were neighbours to the east whose sons toiled daily in their vineyard. They had neighbours to the south whose sons sweated under the hot sun so that the apples in their orchard grew large and sweet. And there were neighbours to the west whose sons spent hours in their cherry orchard. The neighbours gathered with each other to shake their heads and say: “Our sons give us so much help, but some boys are so lazy! Their poor kind father...” and shake their heads again.

Subaxdi xigtay, geeridi aabahood wiilashi waxay ku jarmaadeen raadinti khayraadki qiimaha lahaa. Usbuucyo badan ayay ka shaqaynayeen geedki qudaarta. Ciidda ayay qodeen. Waxayna shaqayeen subax ilaa iyo habeenk. Wiilasha si xoog leh bay dhulka uga shaqeeyeen waxayna si fiican u barten ka shaqaynta dhulka. Wiilashi aad bay u tiiraanyoodeen maxaayeelay ma ayan helin wax khayraad ah. Lacag ku filana ma haystaan oo ay ku noolaadaan inta laga gaarayo xilliga soo socda ee gurashada miraha beeraha.



The following morning they went out, searching for their treasure. For the next few weeks, they worked in the orchard, from sun up to sun down. They worked hard, and fast, hungry for their reward. They learned to turn the soil more efficiently. They gave the land their knowledge, their sweat and their hours. By the end of the third week, they saw that every piece of the soil was turned over, but they still saw no treasure. The sons were disappointed. They did not have enough profit from the meager harvest to last until the next harvest.

Ninkan naxariista badan iyo carrurtisa waxay ku noolaayeen tuulo yar oo aad u qurux badan oo buuro ku wareegsan. Deris bay lahaayeen oo dhan kasta uga wareegsanaa. Deriskooda qaar waxay ka shaqaynayeen geedaha looska, qaarna waxay ka shaqaynayeen beeraha Canabka, qaar kalena waxay ka shaqaynayeen beeraha tufaaxa. Deriskoo dhan waxay yiraahdeen wiilashooda way na caawiyaan laakin ninka naxariista badan wiilashiisa waa caajislooyin ma shaqaysta yaal ah.



Even though they were lazy, the kind man loved all of his sons. He wanted to give them a comfortable life, and a prosperous future. So every day the kind man worked the land from sun up to sun down. He gave many gifts to the land. He gave his knowledge of how often to water, and when to pick the fruit. He gave his sweat that dripped down his back as he turned up the soil. And he gave the hours of his day. As he grew older, his work became more difficult, and the pomegranates became fewer. He asked for help from his sons, but they refused. They said that they had other things to do, but the kind man knew the problem. Working hard doesn't grow on trees like pomegranates. The kind old man knew that he would have to think of a way to teach them to work. And in his last hour he thought of a solution. He called his sons to his side.

Wiilasha aad bay uga xumaadeen geerida aabahood laakin way faraxsanaayeen maxaa yeelay wuxuu uga tegay khayraad qiima badan oo qaali ah. Wiilasha waxay u malaynayeen in Dahab, maar ama dhagaxda qiimaha badan laga tegay. Waxayna ku fekerayeen in hadda wixi ka dambeeya ay maalqabeen noqonayaan oo ay weligood faraxsanaan doonaan!



The sons gathered to mourn their kind father's passing. They rejoiced in their good fortune that they had a father who would leave them with a treasure buried in the orchard. They each wondered what it could be. Some thought perhaps silver; some guessed jewels; some imagined gold coins; and some dreamed of precious stones. All imagined themselves rich, and happy, and lazy for the rest of their days.

Ninkani aad buu u jeclaa wiilahiisa. Wuxuuna wiilashiisa la rabay noolal raaxa leh iyo mustaqbal wanaagsan. Maalin kasta, ninkani aad buu u shaqayn jiray oo wuxuu shaqayn jiray subaxdi ilaa habeenki mugdiga. Waqti badan iyo xoog badan buu ninkani geliyay dhulka geedka Khudaarta. Ninkan wuu waraabiyay dhulka. Ciidda wuu rogay. Marki uu gaboobay, shaqada way ku adkaatay. Wiilashiisa ayuu wayddiistay laakin way ka diideen inay kaalmeeyaan. Markuu arkay inayan shaqo usoo jeedin ayuu ku fekeray siduu wiilashiisa u bari lahaa inay shaqaystaan. Inti uusan dhiman ayuu la hadlay wiilashiisa. Hadaladi xikmadda lahaa ee ku yiray wiilasha waxaa ka mid ahaa, "Wiilashaydiyoo anigu waqti badan ii ma harin, laakin waxaan idiin shegayaa. Marki aan dhinto dhulka idinkaa iska leh. Waxaad dhulka ka helayaan khayraad qaali ah ee ku duugan geedaha hoostooda. Nabadgelyo"ayuu ku dhahay, ka dibna wuu dhintay.



“My sons,” he said, “I do not have much time, but I have something to tell you.
When I am gone you will each share the orchard with your brothers.
A treasure is buried in the soil. The value of the treasure buried there is
immeasurable. Be well.”

And with that, he breathed his last.

“Wiilashaydiyoo anigu waqti badan ii ma harin, laakin waxaan idiin shegayaa.
Marki aan dhinto dhulka idinkaa iska leh. Waxaad dhulka ka helayaan khayraad
qaali ah ee ku duugan geedaha hoostooda. Nabadgelyo” ayuu
ku dhahay, ka dibna wuu dhintay.