

An initiative of

EDMONTON MENNONITE

**centre *for*
newcomers**

World of Story Collection

Enormous Turnip (2005)

Uwungelema (2006)

Bundle of Sticks (2007)

Stranger Who Snored (2008)

Toad is the Uncle of Heaven (2009)

The Treasure in the Orchard (2010)

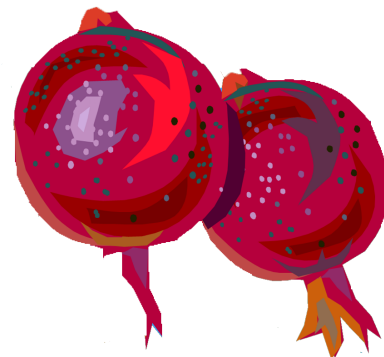
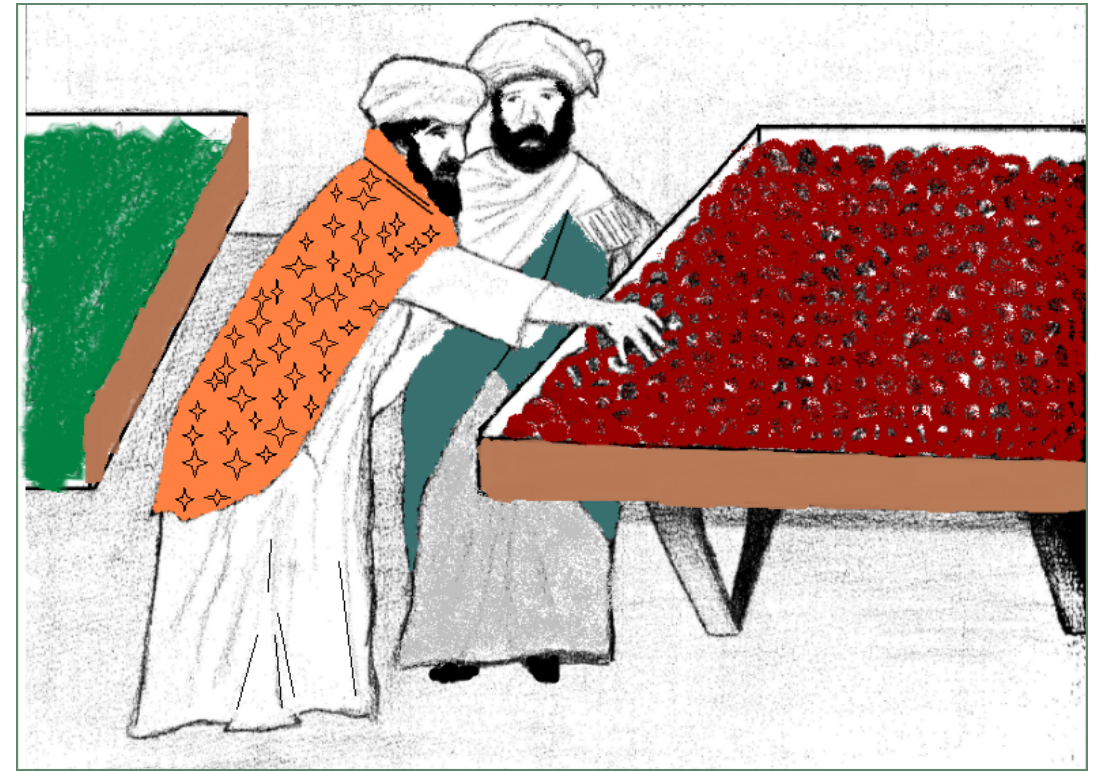
Supported by



The Treasure in the Orchard
an Afghani folktale

World of Story 2010

English - French



Les voisins les aidèrent, les jours redevinrent plus chauds, et enfin le printemps arriva. Ce printemps-là, à la surprise des sept fils, les grenadiers fleurirent comme jamais! Il y eut une abondance de belles grenades – des grenades rouges, mûres, juteuses, et rondes pour vendre au marché. Avec l'argent gagné au marché, ils eurent bien assez d'argent pour vivre confortablement jusqu'à la prochaine récolte. Il's comprirent que leur père leur avait laissé un trésor. Le trésor était le verger. En partageant leurs heures de travail, leur sagesse, et leur sueur avec le verger, le verger leur procurerait un futur prospère. Le verger les soutiendrait, de même que leurs épouses, et leurs enfants. Et leur père en serait fier.

World of Story 2010

Edmonton Mennonite Centre for Newcomers

Le trésor dans le verger

World of Story is an ongoing collection of folk tales developed by the Edmonton Mennonite Centre for Newcomers in collaboration with community partners to support language and literacy development in families. The materials developed encourage families to read together and maintain first language fluency with their children.

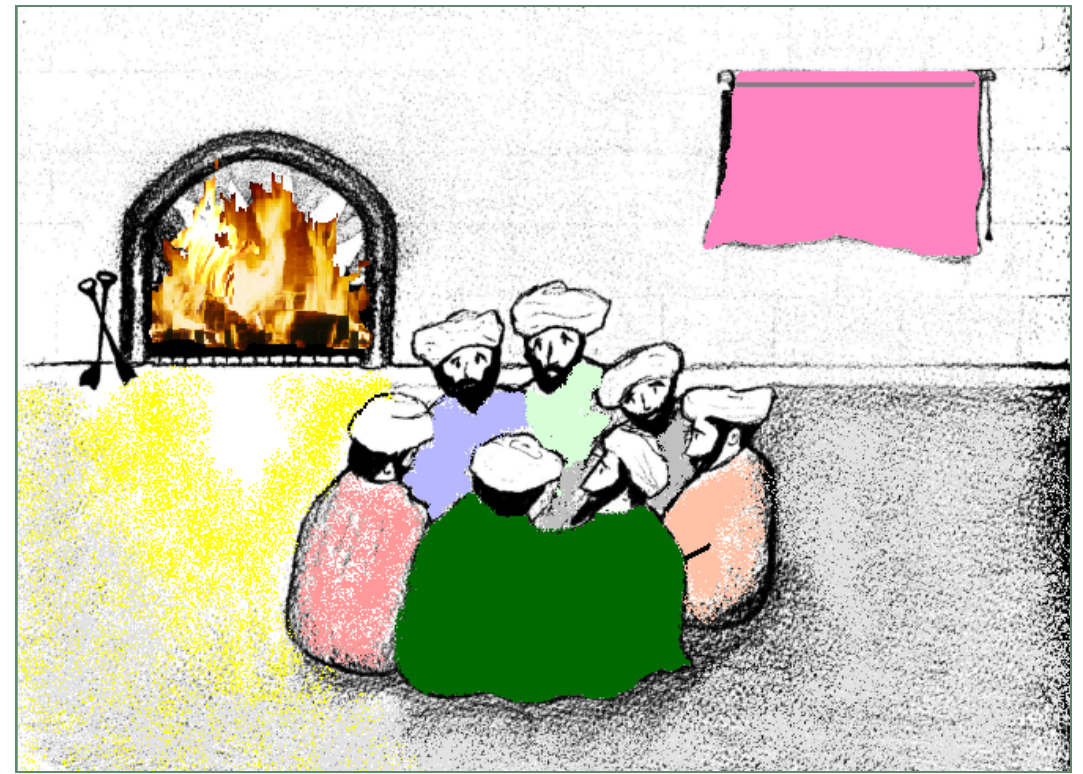
Through storytelling, we validate and celebrate the use of diverse languages in our community.

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EDMONTON MENNONITE
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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.



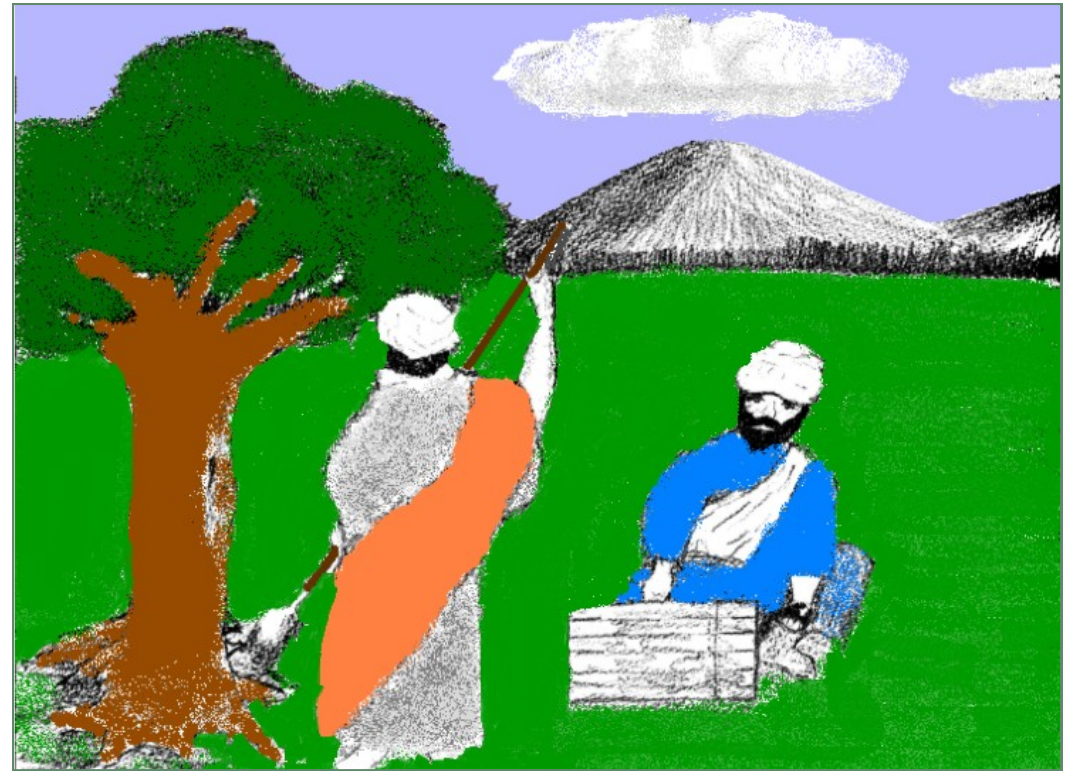
There once was, and there once was not, in days gone by, a kind young man who became a kind old man. In the days between being a young man and becoming an old man, this kind man grew a productive orchard of red, plump pomegranates. They were ripe and juicy and gave him pride. The kind man also had seven 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.

Ils passèrent un hiver difficile. Ils n'avaient que du pain sec et des pensées amers. Les fils n'avaient pas d'autre choix que d'aller chez leurs voisins, avec la tête baissée, pour demander de l'aide afin de ne pas mourir de faim. Ils eurent honte de leur paresse.



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.

Il y avait une fois, il y a longtemps, un jeune homme aimable qui devint vieux et aimable. Au cours des années, cet homme aimable s'occupait d'un verger de grenadiers produisant des grenades rouges and rondes. Elles étaient mûres et juteuses et il en était fier. Cet homme aimable avait aussi sept fils. D'une certaine façon, ses fils ressemblaient aux grenades. Ils étaient ronds come les grenades, et ils étaient sages come les grenades. Les grenades étaient mûres et juteuses et l'homme en était fier, mais ses fils étaient gâtés et paresseux, et le père en avait honte.



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.

Le lendemain matin, ils sortirent pour chercher leur trésor. Pendant les semaines qui suivirent, ils travaillèrent dans le verger du lever jusqu’au coucher du soleil. Ils travaillèrent dur, et vite, afin de trouver le trésor. Ils apprirent à travailler avec efficacité. Ils donnèrent à la terre leur sagesse, leur sueur et leurs heures de travail. A la fin de la troisième semaine, ils virent que la terre entière du verger avait été retournée, mais ils ne trouvèrent pas de trésor. Les fils furent déçus. La petite récolte de grenades ne leur apporta pas assez d’argent pour survivre jusqu’à la prochaine récolte.



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.

L' homme aimable et ses fils habitaient dans un beau petit village entouré de montagnes. Ils avaient des voisins au nord qui cultivaient des noisetiers. Ils avaient des voisins à l'est qui cultivaient des vignobles. Les voisins au sud s'occupaient d'un grand verger de pommiers. Et Les voisins a l'ouest avaient un verger de cerisiers. Les voisins se rencontraient et disaient, "Nos fils nous aident avec notre travail, mais il y a des garçons qui sont très paresseux! Leur pauvre père!" Et ils secouaient la tête.



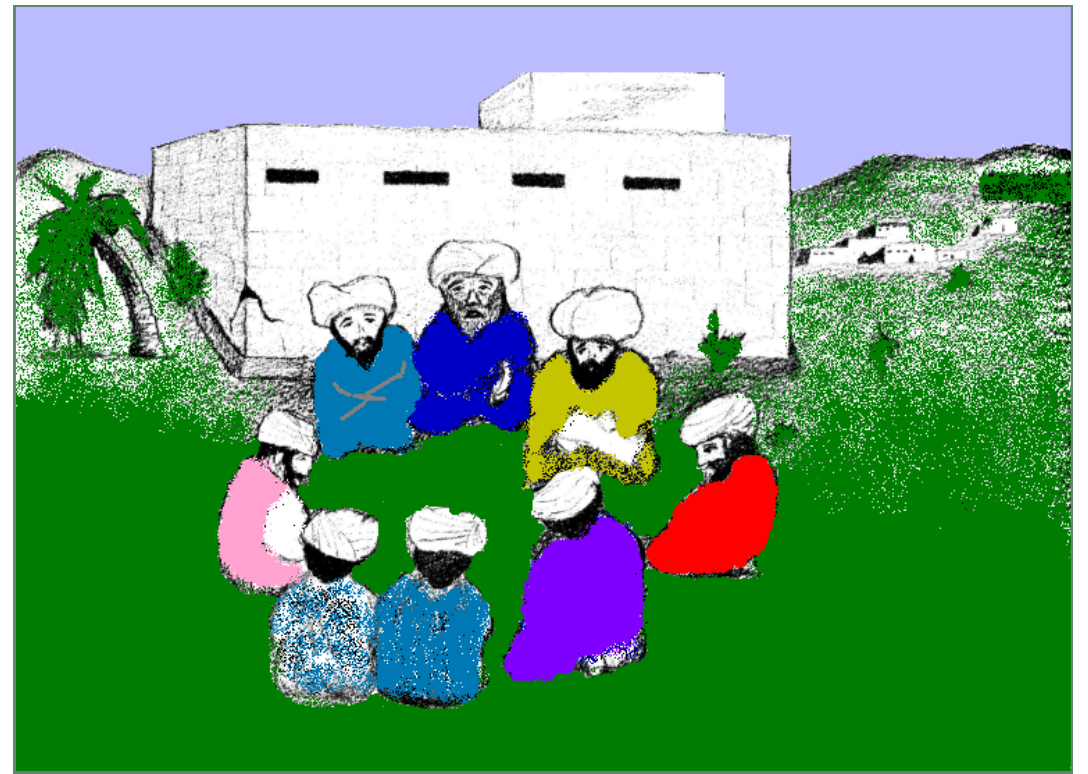
Even though they were lazy, the kind man loved all of his sons. He wanted to give them a comfortable life, and a prosperous future. So every day the kind man worked the land from sun up to sun down. He gave many gifts to the land. He gave his knowledge of how often to water, and when to pick the fruit. 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.

Les fils portèrent le deuil après la mort de leur père. Mais ils étaient à la fois heureux que leur aimable père leur ait laissé une belle fortune – un trésor enterré dans leur verger. Ils se demandaient ce que pouvait être ce trésor. Certains pensaient peut-être que ce serait de l'argent, d'autres devinaient des bijoux, d'autres des pièces d'or, et d'autres encore rêvaient de pierres précieuses. Tous s'imaginaient riches, heureux et paresseux pour le restant de leur vie.



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.

Même si ils étaient paresseux, l'homme aimable aimait beaucoup ses fils. Il voulait leur offrir une vie confortable avec un futur prospère. Alors chaque jour, l'homme aimable travaillait la terre du lever jusqu'au coucher du soleil. Il prenait bien soin de la terre. Il savait quand arroser avec de l'eau fraîche, et quand cueillir les fruits. Il lui offrait sa sueur qui coulait en bas son dos quand il retournait la terre. Et il lui offrait beaucoup d'heures de travail. En vieillissant, le travail devint de plus en plus difficile, et le nombre de grenades commencèrent à diminuer. Il demanda l'aide à ses fils, mais ils refusèrent. Ils disaient qu'ils avaient d'autres choses à faire, mais le vieil homme aimable décida d'apprendre à ses fils la valeur du travail. A la fin de ses jours, il trouva la solution. Il appela ses fils.



“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.

“Mes fils,” dit-il, “Je n’ai plus beaucoup de temps, mail j’ai quelque chose
à vous dire. Quand je quitterai cette vie, vous partagerez le verger entre
vous. Il y a un trésor enterré dans la terre du verger. La valeur de ce
trésor est considérable (incommensurable). Soyez prudents!”

Et avec ces derniers mots, il rendit le dernier soupir.