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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)

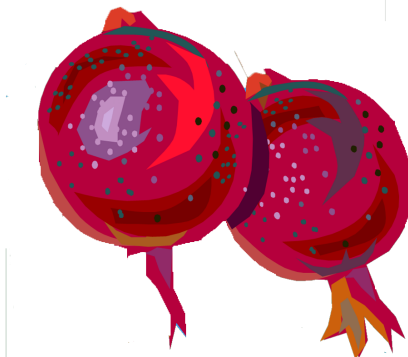
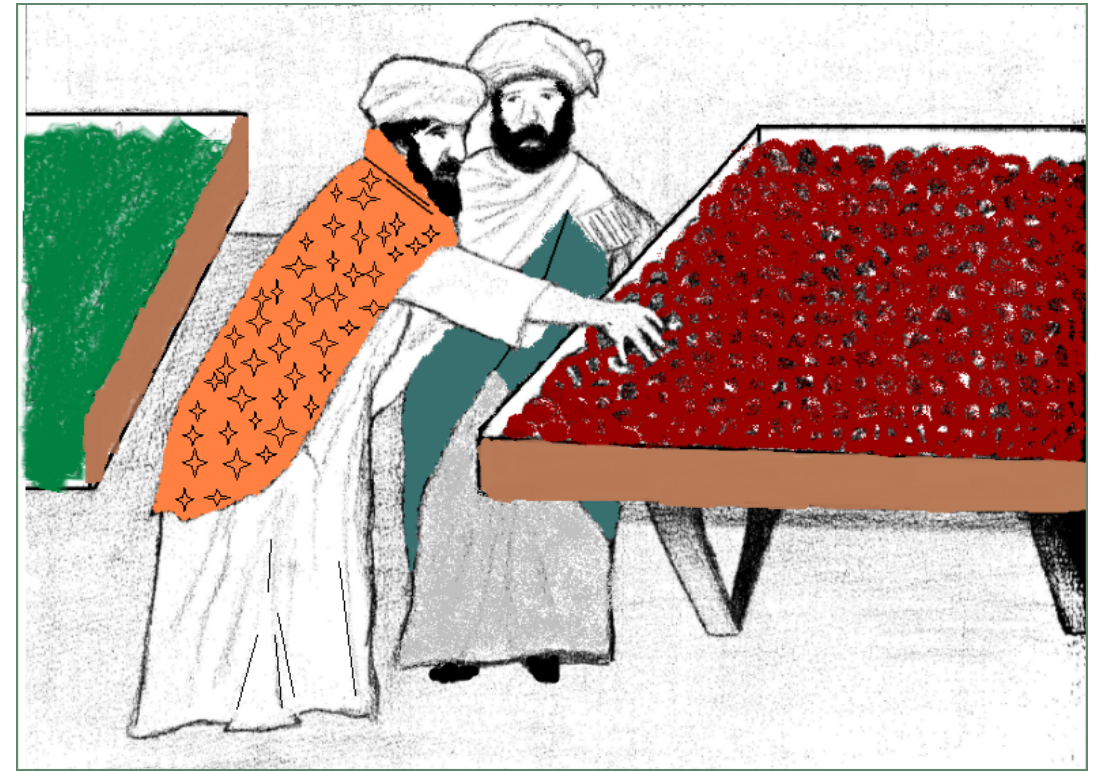
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**The Treasure in the Orchard**  
an Afghani folktale

World of Story 2010

English - Plautdietsch



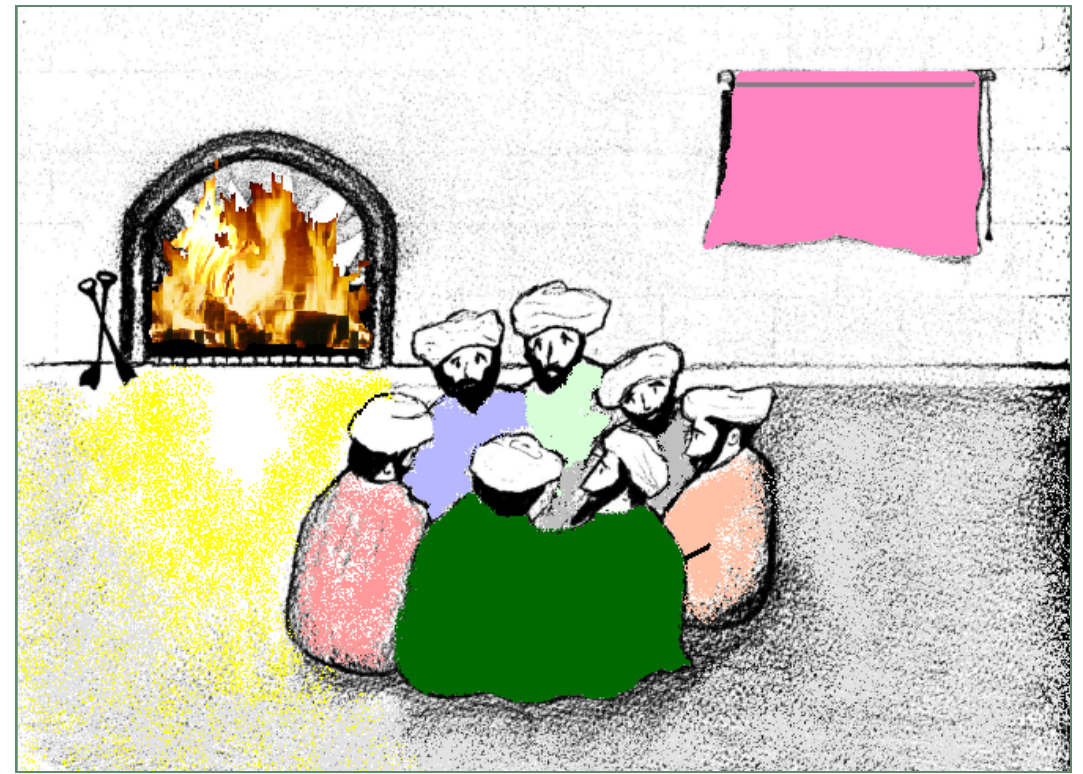
De Nobasch holpen an, onn dee Däag endaden sikj fonn kollt bat woam,  
 onn entlijch kjeem daut Farjoa. Onn daut Farjoa, too dee Junges äare  
 groote Äwarauschung, bleajden dee Granautapel soo'ss nie ferhää.  
 Daut jeef fäl scheenet Oft. Roode, riepe, sauftje, druglijche Granautapel  
 toom oppem Moakj fekjeepen. Met daut Jelt fomm Moakj, worden dee  
 Junges en, daut see jenüach Jelt hauden, jemietlijch battem nächsten  
 Eifst too läwen. Nü wea an daut dietlijch, daut äa Foda an een Schats  
 hinjajeloten haud. Dee Schats wea dee Oftgoaden! Wan se' äare Stunden,  
 äa Weeten, onn äaren Schweet biem schaufen brukten, wud an dee  
 Oftgoaden eene rikje Tookunft jäwen. Daut kun an beid, äade Früess  
 onn Säns onn Dajchta unjastetten, onn wud äaren Foda Freid jäwen.

## World of Story 2010

Edmonton Mennonite Centre for Newcomers

### Dee Schats em Oftgoaden

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.

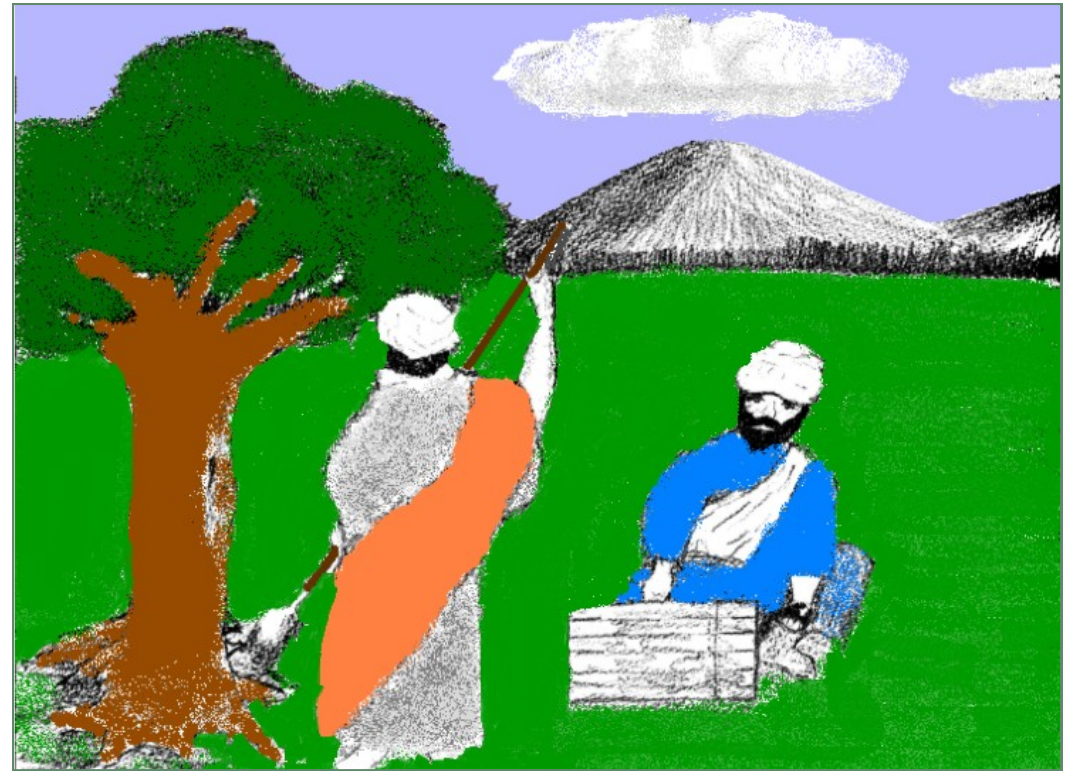
See läwden 'en schwwaren Winta. See keiwden opp bett'ret  
 Broot onn bett're Jedanken. Dee Junges kunnen nuscht aundat  
 auss mett schwwarem Kopp no dee Nobasch no Help fräagen,  
 daut see nijch fehungaden. See schämnden sikj met äare Fülheit.



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.

Do wea e'mol, onn doa wea e'mol nich, lang trigj, een leeftolja junga Maun, dee  
 een leeftolja oola Maun jeworden wea. Tweschen dise Joahren haud diss  
 leeftolje Oohmtje sikj een fruchtboaren Oftgoaden met roode, drugliche Granaut  
 -apel aunjesat. Dee wiaren riep onn sauftijch onn jeewen am ne Freid.  
 Dee leeftolja Maun haud uk säwen Säns. En eensje Wäaj wearen siene Säns  
 sea sooss de Granautapel. En eensje Wäaj likenden siene Säns de  
 Granautapel. Dee wearen druglijch sooss dee Granautapel, onn dee  
 Granautapel bewäjden sikj nich, sooss the Junges. Dee Granautapel wiaren  
 riep onn sauftich onn jeewen däm leeftoljen Man Freid, oba see Säns wiaren  
 fedorwen onn fül, onn dee Maun musst sikj met ann schämen.





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.

Dän näaksten Morgen jingense 'rüt äären Schats säkjen. Fe dee näakste poa Wäakj groowen see em Oftgoaden fonn Sonnoppgang bat Sonnunjagang. See schauften schwoa onn pienijch, soo freiden see sikj too äah Oawgoot. See leaden dee Ead dolla leistungsfähijch oppgrowen. See jeewen daut Launt äare Bekauntschoft, äaren Schweet onn äare Stunden. Aum Enj fonne dredde Wäakj, sagen see, daut jieda Biet Ead äwajedreit wea, oba see sagen noch emma kjeen Schats. Dee Junges wearen entteischt. Sie kjriajen nich jenüach Jelt fonn dee prosste Arnt, daut et bat dän näajchste Eifst tooreakjt.



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.

Dee leeftolja Maun onn siene Säns wonden enn een kjlienet, schmocket Darp enne Tol met runtom Boaj. See hauden Nobasch em Nuaden, dee em Waulnätgoaden schauften. Doa wearen Nobasch em Oosten, dee een Wiengoaden besorjden. See hauden Nobasch nom Sieden, dee enn aären Aupelgoaden schaufden. Onn doa wearen Nobasch nom Wasten opptoo, dee aären Kloaschengoaden besorjden. Dee Nobasch kjeemen toop, dreiden dän Kopp and säden, onse Jungess halpen onss soo seea, oba eensje Junges sent soo fül! “Dee ooma, leeftolja Foda....” onn dreikoppten wada.



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.

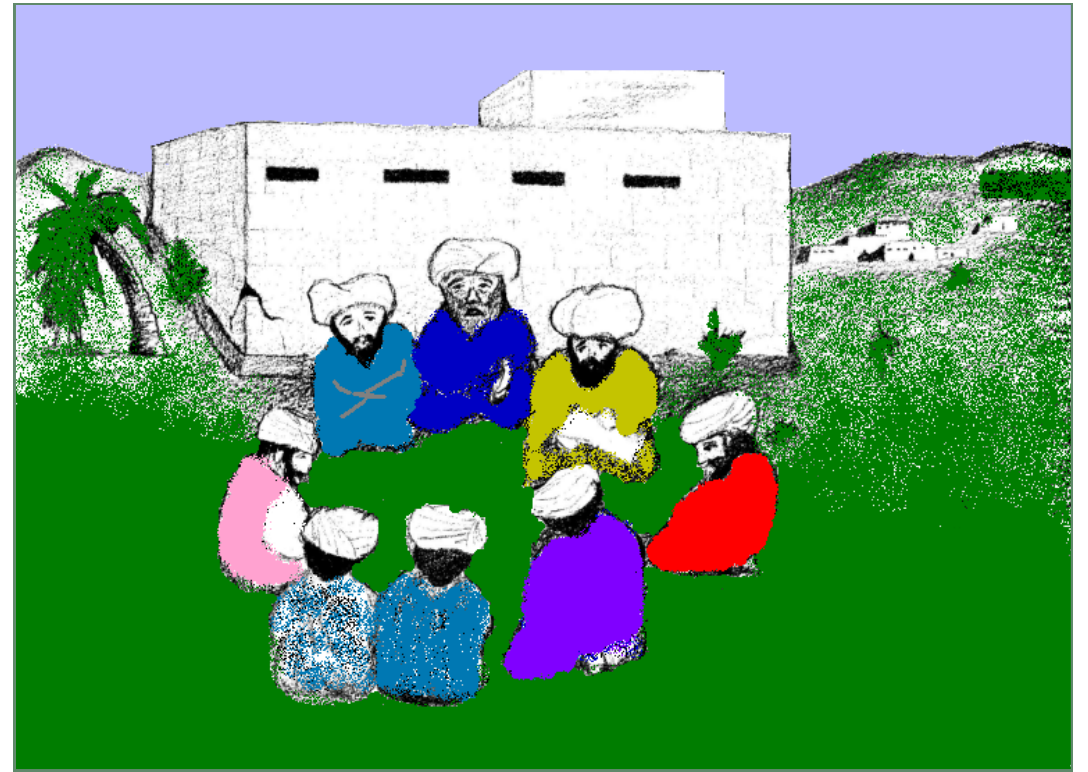
De Junges kjeemen toop, aären leeftoljen Foda sien Doot too betrüaren.  
 See freiden sikj daut see soo jleklich wearen, daut see een Foda jehaut  
 hauden, dee an een Schatz enne Ead begrowt jeloten haud.  
 Een Jieada wundad, waut daut kun sennen. Eensje dochen Selwa,  
 eensje rooden Schmocksachen, ennsje bilden sikj Goltjelt enn,  
 onn eensje dreemden fonn kjestlijche Steena. Aula stalden  
 sikj daut (fäh) Lāwenlang rikj, froo onn fül too sennen.





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.

Wan see uck fül wearen, wia dee leeftolja Maun siene Säns doch aula goot. Hee wull an een jemieteljet Lāwen jāwen, onn 'ne rikje tookunft. Doawāajen beoabeid dee leeftolja Maun daut Laund jieda Dach fonn Sonnoppgang bat Sonnunjagang. He beschonk daut Launt met fāl Gowen. He jeef sien Weeten äwa woo fäaken eena jeeten musst, onn wanea daut Frucht musst jeplocken. Hee jeef sien Schweet, dee am felenjd dām Rigjen dreppeld, wiel hee daut Laund ackad. Onn he jeef aul dee Stunden em Dach. Auss he ella wort, foll am de Obeit schwanda, onn dee Granautapel worden weinja. He frūag siene Junges no Help, oba dee wullen doa Nuscht fonn weeten. See säden, see hauden aundret too donen, oba dee leeftolja Maun wisst waut doa loss wea. Schwoare Oabeit waust nich soos dee Granautapel aune Beem. Dee oola leeftolja Maun wisst hee musst sikj besennen, woo hee siene Jungess wud schaufen learen. Onn en siene latste Lāwestund wissta dee Auntwuat. He roopt siene Junges no sikj.



“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.

“Jungess,” säda, “ekj ha’ nich fäl Tiet, oba ekj hab junt noch waut too sajen.”  
 Wan ekj wajch sie, woat jieda eena fonn jünt dän Olftoaden met jüne  
 Breeda toop metdeelen. Doa ess een Schats enne Ead begrowt.  
 Dee Schats ess mea weat auss dee jratste Mot wautet jeft. Bliewt jesunt.

Onn doamet püsta üt.