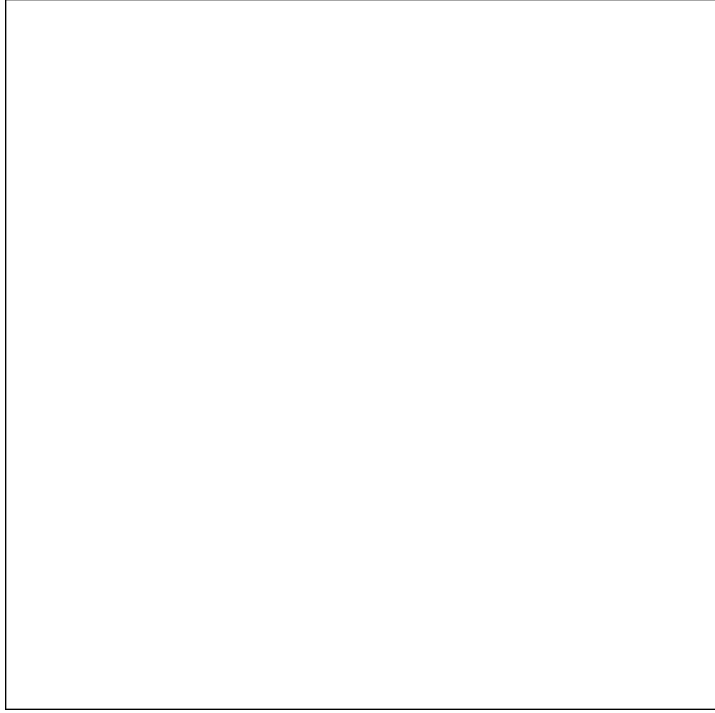




Simbegwire
Simbegwire



✎ Rukia Nantale
🔒 Benjamin Mitchley
🗨️ engelsk / bokmål
|| nivå 5

(uten bilder)

Barnebøker for Norge

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Simbegwire / Simbegwire

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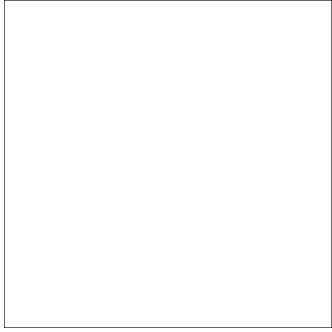
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When Simbegwire's mother died, she was very sad. Simbegwire's father did his best to take care of his daughter. Slowly, they learned to feel happy again, without Simbegwire's mother. Every morning they sat and talked about the day ahead. Every evening they made dinner together. After they washed the dishes, Simbegwire's father helped her with homework.

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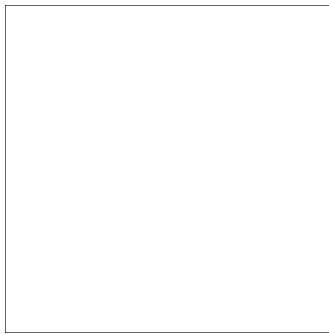
Da Simbegwires mor døde, ble hun veldig lei seg. Simbegwires far gjorde sitt beste for å ta hånd om datteren sin. Litt etter litt ble de lykkelige igjen, uten Simbegwires mor. Hver morgen satt de og snakket om dagen som lå foran dem. Hver kveld lagde de middag sammen. Etter at de hadde tatt oppvasken, hjalp Simbegwires far henne med leksene.



One day, Simbegwire's father came home later than usual. "Where are you my child?" he called. Simbegwire ran to her father. She stopped still when she saw that he was holding a woman's hand. "I want you to meet someone special, my child. This is Anita," he said smiling.

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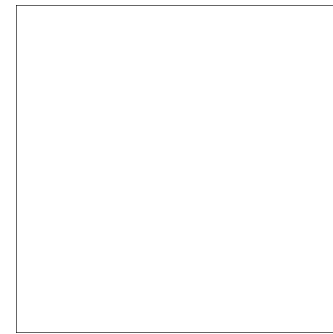
En dag kom Simbegwires far hjem senere enn vanlig. "Hvor er du, jenta mi?" ropte han. Simbegwire løp til faren sin. Hun stoppet opp da hun så at han holdt en dame i hånden. "Jeg vil at du skal møte en spesiell kvinne, jenta mi. Dette er Anita", sa han og smilte.



“Hello Simbegwire, your father told me a lot about you,” said Anita. But she did not smile or take the girl’s hand. Simbegwire’s father was happy and excited. He talked about the three of them living together, and how good their life would be. “My child, I hope you will accept Anita as your mother,” he said.

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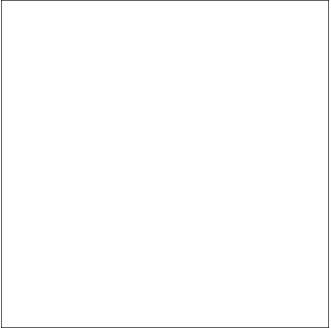
“Hei Simbegwire, faren din har fortalt meg mye om deg”, sa Anita. Men hun smilte ikke og tok ikke hånden til jenta. Simbegwires far var glad og begeistret. Han snakket om at de tre skulle bo sammen, og hvor godt de skulle få det. “Jenta mi, jeg håper du vil akseptere Anita som moren din”, sa han.



The next week, Anita invited Simbegwire, with her cousins and aunt, to the house for a meal. What a feast! Anita prepared all of Simbegwire’s favourite foods, and everyone ate until they were full. Then the children played while the adults talked. Simbegwire felt happy and brave. She decided that soon, very soon, she would return home to live with her father and her stepmother.

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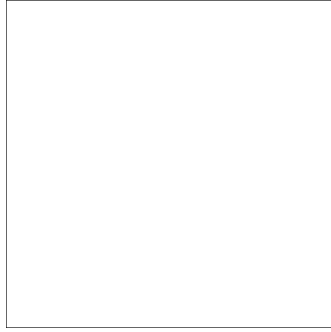
Neste uke ba Anita Simbegwire, sammen med fetterne, kusunene og tanta, hjem til seg på et måltid. For en fest! Anita lagde alle yndlingsrettene til Simbegwire, og alle spiste til de var gode og mette. Deretter lekte barna mens de voksne snakket. Simbegwire følte seg glad og modig. Hun bestemte seg for at snart, veldig snart, skulle hun flytte hjem og bo med faren og stemoren sin.



Simbegwire's life changed. She no longer had time to sit with her father in the mornings. Anita gave her so many household chores that she was too tired to do her school work in the evenings. She went straight to bed after dinner. Her only comfort was the colourful blanket her mother gave her. Simbegwire's father did not seem to notice that his daughter was unhappy.

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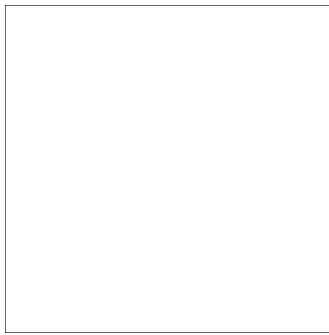
Livet til Simbegwire forandret seg. Hun hadde ikke lenger tid til å sitte sammen med faren sin om morgenen. Anita ga henne så mye husarbeid at hun ble for sliten til å gjøre lekseene om kvelden. Hun gikk rett til sengs etter middag. Den eneste trøsten hun hadde var et fargerikt teppe moren hennes hadde gitt henne. Det virket ikke som Simbegwires far merket at datteren hans var ulikkelig.



Her father visited her every day. Eventually, he came with Anita. She reached out for Simbegwire's hand. "I'm so sorry little one, I was wrong," she cried. "Will you let me try again?" Simbegwire looked at her father and his worried face. Then she stepped forward slowly and put her arms around Anita.

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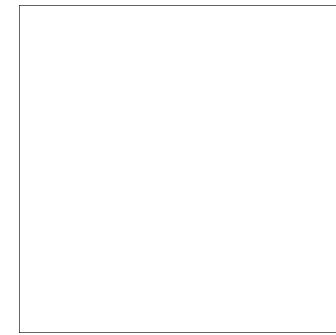
Faren hennes besøkte henne hver dag. Etter hvert kom han med Anita. Hun rakte hånden til Simbegwire. "Jeg er veldig lei meg, vesla, jeg tok feil", gråt hun. "Vil du la meg prøve igjen?" Simbegwire så på faren sin og den bekymrede minen hans. Da gikk hun bort til Anita og la langsomt armene rundt henne.



After a few months, Simbegwire's father told them that he would be away from home for a while. "I have to travel for my job," he said. "But I know you will look after each other." Simbegwire's face fell, but her father did not notice. Anita did not say anything. She was not happy either.

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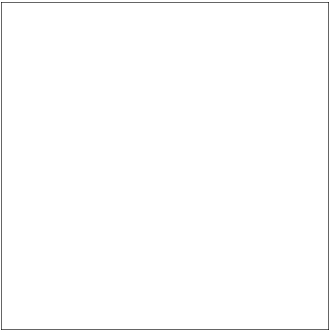
Etter noen måneder fortalte Simbegwires far dem at han skulle være borte en stund. "Jeg må reise på grunn av jobben min", sa han. Men jeg vet at dere kommer til ta vare på hverandre." Simbegwire så trist ut, men faren la ikke merke til det. Anita sa ikke noe. Hun var ikke glad hun heller.



Simbegwire was playing with her cousins when she saw her father from far away. She was scared he might be angry, so she ran inside the house to hide. But her father went to her and said, "Simbegwire, you have found a perfect mother for yourself. One who loves you and understands you. I am proud of you and I love you." They agreed that Simbegwire would stay with her aunt as long as she wanted to.

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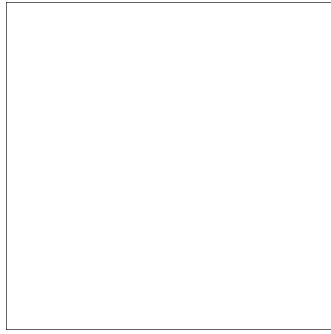
Simbegwire lekte med fetterne og kusinene sine da hun så faren sin på lang avstand. Hun var redd han skulle bli sint, så hun løp inn i huset og gjemte seg. Men faren hennes gikk til henne og sa: "Simbegwire, du har funnet den beste moren i verden. En som er glad i deg og forstår deg. Jeg er stolt av deg og glad i deg." De ble enige om at Simbegwire skulle bli boende hos tanta si så lenge hun ville.



Things got worse for Simbegwire. If she didn't finish her chores, or she complained, Anita hit her. And at dinner, the woman ate most of the food, leaving Simbegwire with only a few scraps. Each night Simbegwire cried herself to sleep, hugging her mother's blanket.

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Ting ble bare verre for Simbegwire. Hvis hun ikke gjorde ferdig husarbeidet, eller klagde, slo Anita henne. Og under middagen spiste Anita det meste av maten, slik at Simbegwire bare fikk noen få rester. Hver natt gråt Simbegwire til hun falt i søvn mens hun klemte rundt teppet fra moren sin.



When Simbegwire's father returned home, he found her room empty. "What happened, Anita?" he asked with a heavy heart. The woman explained that Simbegwire had run away. "I wanted her to respect me," she said. "But perhaps I was too strict." Simbegwire's father left the house and went in the direction of the stream. He continued to his sister's village to find out if she had seen Simbegwire.

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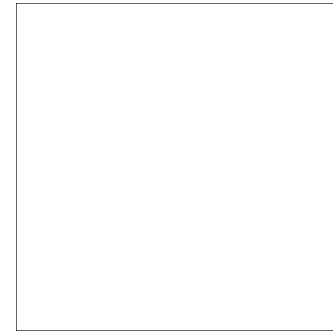
Da Simbegwires far kom hjem, så han at rommet hennes var tomt. "Hva har skjedd, Anita?" spurte han bekymret. Kvinnen svarte at Simbegwire hadde stukket av. "Jeg ville at hun skulle respektere meg", sa hun. "Men kanskje jeg var for streng." Simbegwires far forlot huset og gikk i retning av bekken. Han fortsatte til landsbyen til søstera si for å finne ut om hun hadde sett Simbegwire.



One morning, Simbegwire was late getting out of bed. "You lazy girl!" Anita shouted. She pulled Simbegwire out of bed. The precious blanket caught on a nail, and tore in two.

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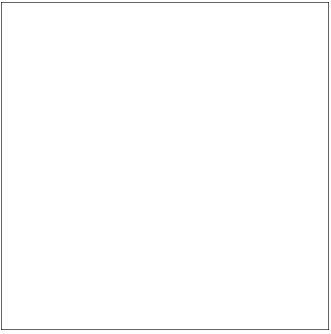
En morgen brukte Simbegwire lang tid på å stå opp. "Din latsabb!" ropte Anita. Hun dro Simbegwire ut av sengen. Teppet hun var så glad i satt fast på en spiker og revnet.



Simbegwire's aunt took the child to her own house. She gave Simbegwire warm food, and tucked her in bed with her mother's blanket. That night, Simbegwire cried as she went to sleep. But they were tears of relief. She knew her aunt would look after her.

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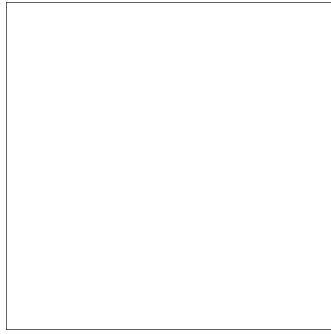
Simbegwires tante tok med seg barnet til sitt eget hus. Hun ga Simbegwire varm mat, og la henne til å sove med teppet til moren sin. Den natten gråt Simbegwire idet hun sovnet. Men det var fordi hun var så lettet. Hun visste at tanta hennes ville ta seg av henne.



Simbegwire was very upset. She decided to run away from home. She took the pieces of her mother's blanket, packed some food, and left the house. She followed the road her father had taken.

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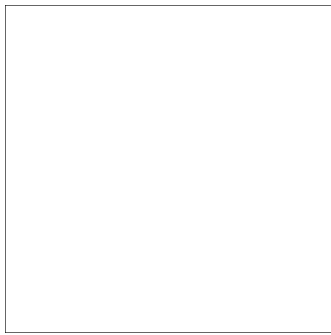
Simbegwire var veldig opprørt. Hun bestemte seg for å rømme. Hun tok bitene fra morens teppe, pakket litt mat og dro av gårde. Hun fulgte den samme veien som faren hennes hadde tatt.



This woman looked up into the tree. When she saw the girl and the pieces of colourful blanket, she cried, "Simbegwire, my brother's child!" The other women stopped washing and helped Simbegwire to climb down from the tree. Her aunt hugged the little girl and tried to comfort her.

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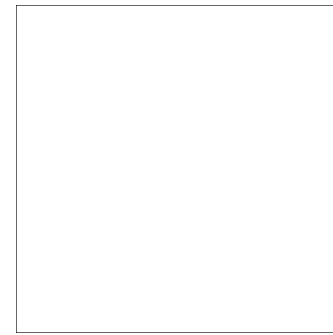
Denne kvinnen så opp i treet. Da hun så jenta og bitene av det fargerike teppet, ropte hun: "Simbegwire, min brors datter!" De andre kvinnene stoppet å vaske og hjalp Simbegwire med å klatre ned fra treet. Tanta hennes ga den lille jenta en klem og prøvde å trøste henne.



When it came to evening, she climbed a tall tree near a stream and made a bed for herself in the branches. As she went to sleep, she sang: "Maama, maama, maama, you left me. You left me and never came back. Father doesn't love me anymore. Mother, when are you coming back? You left me."

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Da kvelden kom, klatret hun opp i et høyt tre ved en bekk og redde seg en seng i grenene. Da hun gikk og la seg, sang hun: "Mamma, mamma, mamma, du forlot meg. Du forlot meg og kom aldri tilbake. Pappa er ikke glad i meg lenger. Mamma, når kommer du tilbake? Du forlot meg."



The next morning, Simbegwire sang the song again. When the women came to wash their clothes at the stream, they heard the sad song coming from the tall tree. They thought it was only the wind rustling the leaves, and carried on with their work. But one of the women listened very carefully to the song.

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Neste morgen sang Simbegwire sangen igjen. Da kvinnene kom for å vaske klærne sine i bekken, hørte de den triste sangen fra høyt oppe i treet. De trodde det bare var vinden som raslet med bladene og fortsatte med arbeidet sitt. Men én av kvinnene hørte veldig nøye på sangen.