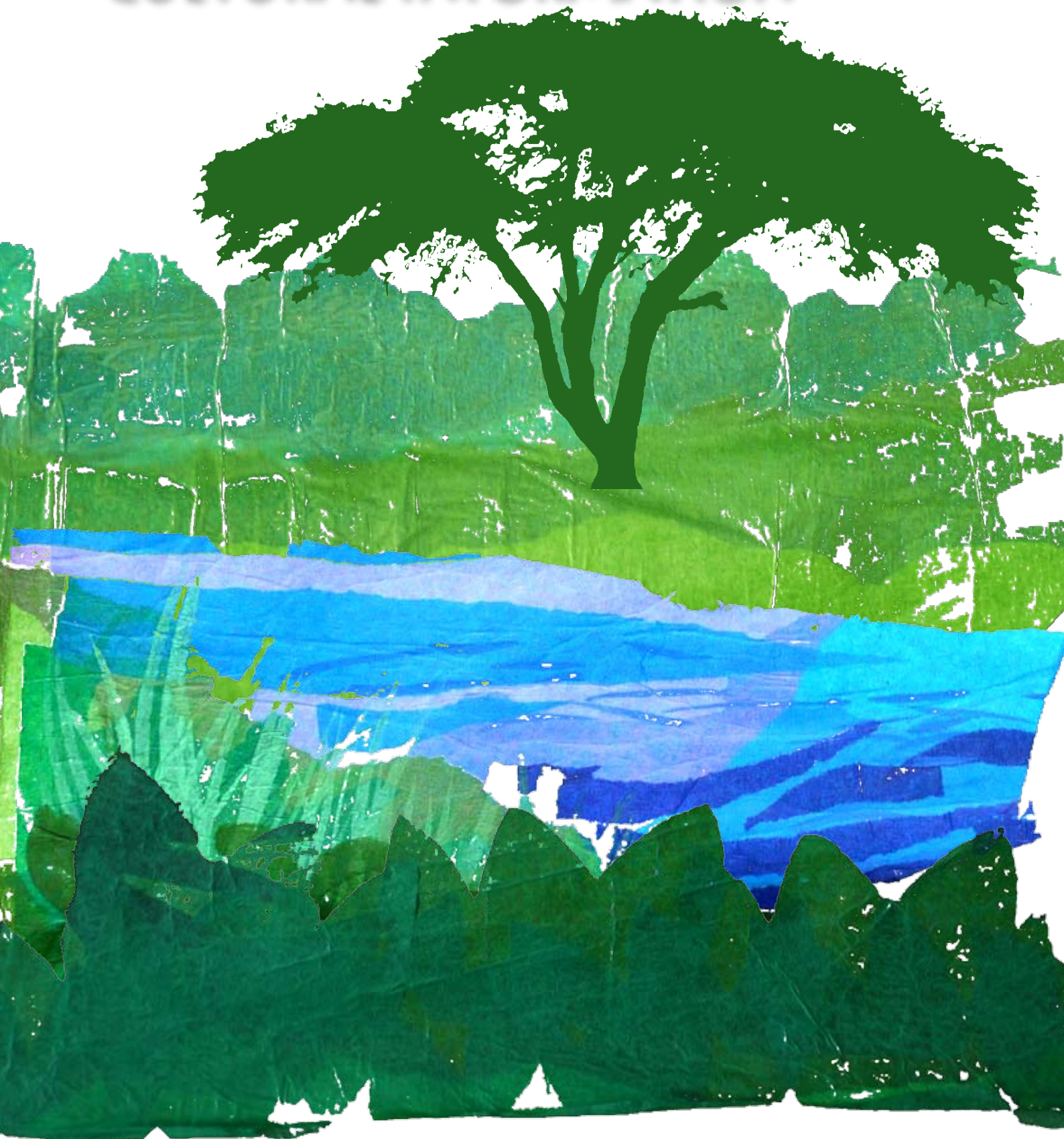


SOMALI FOLKTALES AND CULTURAL INFORMATION



SHEEKO XARIIROOYIN IYO HIDO
DHAQAMEEDKII SOMALIA



Dalmar Heritage and Family Development is led by
Shamsa Adan, Roda Abdirahman, Nuur Maye

Dalmar Heritage and Family Development is a voluntary organisation that promotes Somali language and culture in the UK. We use the riches of Somali culture to make a positive contribution to life in the UK. We believe that by preserving Somali culture in the UK, we can create a connection between Somali parents and children and the wider society in which they are living. We hope that this will create a mutual understanding that will enable Somali parents and children to grow up with confidence and a belief in their role in UK society.

Dalmar waa urur ka dhashay fekerka waaliddiin Soomaaliyeed oo arkay baahida ay qabaan carruurta qurbaha ku dhashay iyo kuwa ku barbaareyba, una istaagey xusuusinta halka ay ka soo jeedaan, Dalmar waa urur carruurta ku beeraya dareen Soomaalinnimo, barayana in ay Soomaaliya aheyd waddan dhisnaa, taariikh iyo xadaarad fogna leh, jirrina doona. Dalmar wuxuu idin soo gudbinayaa suugaanteenii hodanka ahayd iyo sheeko caruureedkii jiilalkii hore oo nooc walba leh.



We would like to thank the following for their contributions to this book

Abdinuur Siyaad, Ckariim Adan, Mohamed Adan, Abdiaziz Osman, Yaasmin Abdirahman,
Busaad Abdirahman

Laurel Barber at Hazelbury Infants School

Kris Rhodes at Fore Street Library

Chitra Robson at Edmonton Green College Centre

Richard Neville for editing the english text and running storytelling sessions for the project

Chloe Harbour for the illustrations that accompany the stories

Gabi Smerdon for designing the book

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INTRODUCTION HORDHAC

This is a book about Somali culture. How do we learn about culture? To people who grow up in the UK, British culture is all around them. British language, customs and traditions are easy to see and easy for children to learn about. However Somali culture is not easy for our children to understand because it is not all around them here in the UK. This is why we have made this book, to make it easier for our children to find out about the culture of their parents, to see how rich and varied it is, and to experience it for themselves.

To make this book, we have thought about the different things that meant so much to us when we were children. We have thought about Games, Stories, Proverbs and Language, the Festivals we used to celebrate and the different objects and artifacts that surrounded us. All these things have brought back memories. Then we have made a DVD that shows children in the UK having some of the experiences that we had.

We took those experiences for granted, we thought they would never end, but now as we live in the UK, we have to work hard to pass these experiences on to our children. It is in the hope that we can make a permanent record of Somali culture that we have made this book. We hope you enjoy it!

Buuggaan waa buug ka hadlayo dhaqanka Soomaalida. Sideen ku baran karnaa wax ku saabsan dhaqanka? Bulshooyinka ku koray dalka Ingiriiska, waxaa ku heeraarsan Dhaqanka Ingiriiska, luqadda, isticmaalka iyo soo jireenkaba waa kuwo si fudud loo arki karo, una baran karaan carruurta. Si kastaba ha ahaatee Dhaqanka Soomaalida ma ahan mid u fudud carruurteena inay fahmaan sababtoo ah kuma baahsana guud ahaan dhulka Ingiriiska. Tanina waa sababta aan u sameyney buuggan, si aan ugu sahalno carruurteena inay wax ka ogaadaan dhaqanka waaliddiintoodii, una arkaan sida uu u ballaaran yahay, kala duwanaanshaha iyo inay ka helaan waayo aragnimmo.

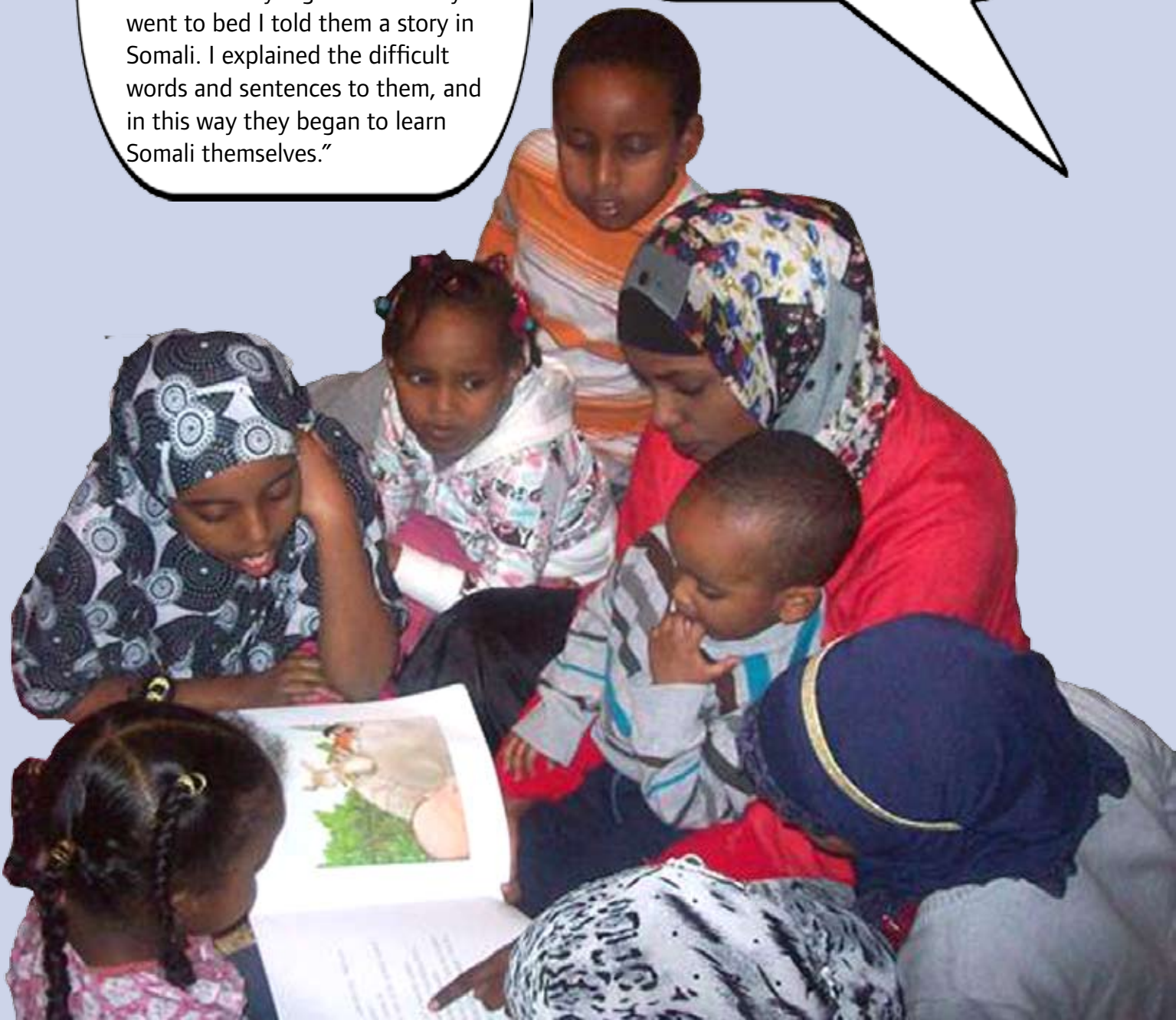
Sameynta buugan, wuxuu xambaarsan yahay waxyaabo kala duwan taasoo macno weyn noo lahayd markaan carruurta ahayn sida; Cayaaro, Sheekooyin, Maahmaahyo iyo Luqaddaba, munaasabadaha aan u dabbaal degi jirney, alaabbo kale iyo qalabka inagu hareersan. Dhammaan alaabtaas oo idil dib ayaan u xusuusanaa. Kadibna waxaan sameyney DVD cajalad tusinaya carruurta UK wixii waayo-aragnimo ah oo aan horey u soo kasbanay.

Waxaan waayo arragnimadaa u qaadaneynaa inay tahay mid jirta, oo aanan marnaba dhammaaneyn. Laakiin imminka oo aan ku nool nahay UK, waa inaan si aad ah ugu shaqeynaa sidaan ugu gudbin lahayn waayo aragnimadaas carruurteena. Waa rajo aan ka qabno inay ahaan doonto raadraac joogto ah oo Dhaqanka Soomaalida oo aan u sameyney buuggan. Waxaana rajeynaynaa inaad aad ugu riyaaqi doontaan buuggan!



I spotted that my children were beginning to grow apart from me. I realised that we were no longer understanding each other. It was because of the language barrier between us. I understood that I needed to teach them their mother tongue. Children learn best in an environment that is fun, so I taught them Somali by telling them the same Somali stories that my dad told me. Every night before they went to bed I told them a story in Somali. I explained the difficult words and sentences to them, and in this way they began to learn Somali themselves."

Waxaan garowsadey in carruurteyda ay ku korayeen qaab iga fog. Waxaan ogaadey in aysan jirin wax is faham ah oo naga dhexeeya. Sababtoo ah afka ay ku hadlayaan oonan aad u fahmeyn. Waan fahmay inaan u baahan nahay inaan barro afkooda hooyo. Carruurtu waxay wax ku bartaan jawi farxad leh. Sidaa darteed waxaan bilaabay inaan af Soomaaliga ugu sheego sheekooyinkii uu adoogey ii sheegi jirey markaan yaraa. Habeen kasta inta aysan seexan ayaan uga sheekeyn jirey sheekooyin Soomaali xiiso leh. Waan u sharxi jirey erayada adag iyo jumladahaba, waa dariiqa aan ku bilaabay inaan barro carruurteyda af Soomaaliga.



The Lion and the Cows

Libaax iyo Dibi

This story teaches you that you should never let someone separate you from your family. Families must stay together. If there is an argument in a family then everybody must talk about their problem and make peace together.

Sheekadan waxay ku bareysaa in aanad qofna u ogolaan inuu idin kala geeyo ama isku kiin diro familkaaga.



Once upon a time there were three cows. One of the cows was white, one was black and one was red. They used to live together in the forest. There was always enough food to eat and water to drink. They were happy together. They trusted each other.

One day a lion walked through the forest and saw the three cows. He watched them and saw how fat they were. He licked his lips. He said to himself – “If only I could catch those cows and eat them. I would have enough food for a long time.”



Berri hore waxaa jirey seddax Dibi oo midi Cad yahay, midna Madow yahay, midka kalena Gaduudan yahay oo meel keyn ah kuwada noolaa, meeshaasoo aheyd meel barwaaqo ah oo naq iyo biyo leh, waxa ayna ku wada noolaayeen nolol ay ku faraxsan yihiin oo is aaminaad iyo is texgelinba isku heystey.

Maalin ayuu libaaxii u baxay dhankii keynta, wuxuuna arkay saddexda Dibi, oo aad u cayilan, wuxuuna leefleefay faruura hiisa, iskulana hadlay ‘haddaan mar uun qabsan qabsan oo cuni lahaa, waxaa ka kaaftoomi lahaa raashin xumo waqti dheer’.





But the lion saw that the cows were good friends with each other. He said to himself "I can't attack them now, because they will join together and fight me. Perhaps they will even kill me.... No, I must pretend to be their friend and then I can catch them one by one...."

So the lion walked towards the cows with a big smile. The cows were frightened, but the lion said - "Don't be afraid my friends. I'm just an old lion living in the forest. You are very young and I want to help you. I am going to be like an uncle to you...."

Laakiin Libaaxa wuxuu arkay in seddaxdaan ay yihiin saaxiibo isku fiican, wuxiina iskula hadlay 'hadda ma weerari karo, sababtoo ah wey isugu key tagayaan oo ila dagaalamayaan, xata waxaaba suurtoagal ah inay i dilaan.....Maya, Waa inaan isaga dhigaa saaxiibkooda, kadibna hal hal u cunno...."

Sidaa darteed Libaax isagoo ilka cadeynaya uu soo abaaray dibiyada. Dibiyada way cabsadeen/baqdeen, laakiin Libaaxa wuxuu yiri - "Saaxiibayaal waxba hayga cabsanina, anigu waxaan ahayd libaax duq ah oo ku nool duurkan. Idinka waxaad tihiin kuwo dhallinyarro ah, waxaana doonayaa inaan idin caawino. Waxaan rabaa inaan noqdo adeerkiin oo kale...."



The cows were very happy to hear how friendly the lion was. They said to him – “We are glad you are going to be our uncle. Sometimes we are frightened by the other animals who live in the forest”.

“You are right”, said the lion. “You have many enemies in the forest. I will protect you from them. Let us live together....”

“Thank you uncle lion, thank you....” said the cows.

One day the lion called to the white cow – “Come over here, I want to tell you something. It’s secret. I’m going to whisper to you”. “What do you want to tell me?” said the white cow. “Well”, said the lion, do you know what the other cows are saying about you? They’re saying that you are stupid!!!!” “What!!!!” said the white cow. “They think I’m stupid do they? How dare they say that!”

And the white cow was so angry, he ran over to his brothers and shouted at them. “How dare you talk about me like that, I’m going off on my own...” And the white cow ran off into the forest.

The other cows didn’t know what had happened. But the lion followed the white cow as he ran into the forest. And the lion jumped on the white cow. And the lion swallowed the white cow. Then he licked his lips and went back to where the red cow and the black cow were waiting. “What happened to our brother?” they asked. “He’ll come back, don’t worry about him”, said the lion.

Dibiyadii waxay ku farheen maqalka haddalada saaxiibtinimmo ee ka soo yeerey libaaxa.

Waxayna dheheen – “Waan ku faraxsan nahay inaan noqoto adeerkeen. Mararka qaar waan ka baqanaa xayaawaanka kale ee ku nool keynta”.

“Waad saxan tihiiin”, ayuu yiri Libaaxa. “Waxaad keynta ku leedihiin cadawyaal badan. Waan idinka difaacayaa. Aynu si wadajir ah u noolaano....”

“Waad mahadsan tahay adeer Libaax, waad mahadsan tahay...” ayey yiraadeen Dibayadii.

Maalin kasta Libaaxa waxa uu daydayey sidii uu u kala qoqobi lahaa Dibiyada, sidaa darteed wuu awoodaa inuu mid mid u weeraro. Maalin ayuu Libaaxa ogaadey in Dibigii Caddaa uu u baxay dhanka keynta, Dibiyadii Madoobaa iyo kii Guduudna ay isla joogaan. Wuxuu soo abbaarey dhankooda. “Waan fikirayey”, ayuu yiri Libaaxii. “Wey ku adag tahay Libaax aniga oo duq ah inuu idin difaaco idinkoo idil. Dibiga cad aad buu u iftiimayaa. Si fudud ayaana meel aad u fog looga arki karaa. Cadawgeena waa u fudud dahay araggiisa. Haddaan isku dayno inaan ka cararno cadowgeena, markasta way na daba joogayaan. Waxaana filayaa inaan isaga tagno Dibiga cad, kadibna waxaan ahaaneynaa kuwo nabad badan hela...”

“Laakiin waa saaxiibkeen”, ayey yiraahdeen labadii Dibi.

“Haddii uu ahaa saaxiibkiin, markaa waa inuusan idin daba kicin, cadowgiinanna ogaannin halkaad ku sugan tihiiin”, ayuu Libaaxii yiri. “Ma aha saaxiibkiin, waa dabbaal, una sheeg inuu idinka taga.”

Markii Dibigii caddaa ka soo laabtay keyntii ayey dibiyadii guduudnaa iyo madoobaa u sharxeen in aysan dooneyn in uu la jiro hadda kadib. Dibigii caddaa wuu carooday kuna qeyliyey iyaga.

“Ma ihidiin saaxiibadey. Ma doonayo inaan idinla sii jiro. Mana rabo inaan idin arko markale....” Kadibna wuu ku carey dhanka keynta.

Then the lion called the black cow. "Come over here", said the lion, "I want to tell you something in secret. I'm going to whisper it to you." The black cow went over to the lion. "What is it?", he asked. "Well", said the lion, "I heard the red cow talking about you, and do you know what he said. He said that you are ugly!!!" "What!!!" said the black cow, "he thinks I'm ugly does he. Right, just wait till I talk to him."

And the black cow ran over to the red cow and shouted at him. "Why did you talk about me like that, I'm going off on my own, you can go off on your own..." And the black cow ran off into the forest.

Now the lion licked his lips and ran after the black cow. He caught up with him, he jumped on him, and he swallowed him. Then he went back to find the red cow. The red cow saw him coming towards him. The lion was licking his lips, the lion was opening his huge mouth, the lion wasn't smiling any more. "What's happened to my brothers", shouted the red cow. "What have you done with them". "I'll tell you what I've done with them, I've eaten them!!!" said the lion.

Then the red cow realised that the lion had tricked them. "Well you're not going to eat me", he shouted. And he lowered his head and he ran at the lion. The lion ran at the red cow and they came together....

Hadda Libaaxa wuu farxay. Wuxuuna sugay inta Dibiyada Madow iyo Guduudan ka gam'ayaan. Kadibna wuxuu keynta u daba galay Dibigii Caddaa. Wuu ku booday, wuuna cunay.

Maalintii xigtey, Libaaxa wuxuu sugay inta uu Dibiga madow uu ka gelayo keynta. Kadib wuxuu la hadlay Dibigii guduudnaa. Libaaxa wuxuu yiri – "Walaalkey Dibi yarow, waxaa agteyda ka tahay ilmo, sidaa darteed waxaan nabadgelyadaada darteed kuu sheegayaa. Dibiga madow qatar ayuu kuugu yahay. Haragiisa/Maqaarkiisa waa birbirqayaa/dhalaalayaa, markii qoraxda ama bisha soo baxdo, Dibiga madow aad buu u nuurayaa sidaa darteedna cadowgaaga markasta wuu ku arkayaa. Haddaad rabto inaad nabad gasho, waa inaan ka fogaataa Dibiga madow. Maxaad hadda aniga iigu soo dhowaan weydey? Haddaan si deggan u socono, Dibiga madow nama arkayo anagoo baxeena. Kadibna waxaad ahaaneysaa mid aad u nabdoon..."

Dibigii Guduudnaa wuu rumeystey Libaaxa. Wuxuuna yiri – "Weligeey horey uguma aanan fekerin taas. Laakiin waad saxan tahay. Ma oran karaa nabadgelyo Dibiga madow? Libaaxa ayaa yiri "Wey fiican tahay in halmar aad ka socdaasho. Waad xasuusataa wixii dhacay markaad weydiiseen in Dibiga cad inuu idinka tago? Hadda i soo raac". Dibigii guduudnaa waa uu aqbalay, wuuna la socdaalay libaaxa.

Libaaxii wuu farxay. Markii Dibigii guduudnaa uu aad uga fogaadey Dibigii madoobaa, Libaaxii dib ayuu u cararay oo uu soo raadshay Dibigii madoobaa. Dibigii madoobaa wuxuu ku qeylinayey "Xageed joogtaa, Xageed u dhaqaaqday?" Libaaxii wuxuu helay Dibigii madoobaa, wuu ku booday, wuuna cunay. Kadibna wuxuu dib ugu soo noqday Dibigii guduudnaa.





CRASH!!!!.... and the lion fell over. Then the red cow lowered his head again and butted the lion in the tummy. And the lion started to moan "I feel sick... I feel sick..." And then the lion....was sick. And out of his mouth there came....the white cow and the black cow. And they shook their heads and stood up and looked at the red cow.

"The lion has tricked you", shouted the red cow. "Do you think I'm stupid?" asked the white cow. "No!!!" they said. "Do you think I'm ugly?" asked the black cow. "No!!!" they said. And the red cow and the white cow and the black cow turned and started to chase the lion. And the lion ran off into the forest.

From that moment onwards, the red cow and the white cow and the black cow stayed together and they lived as a family and they never allowed themselves to be separated.



Dibigii guduudnaa wuxuu arkay Libaaxa oo u soo dhaqaaqay dhankiisa. Libaaxa indhihiisu waxay ahaayeen kuwo iftiimaya, Libaaxa afkiisa waa uu kala furnaa, waxaana ka muuqday Libaaxa ilkaahiisa dhiig. Dibigii guduudnaa waa uu kasay in Libaaxa uusan sii ahayn saaxiibkiis. Dibigii guduudnaa ayaa dhahay – "Waxaan filayey inaad tahay adeerkey. Waxaan u maleynayey inaad rabto inaad I caawinto...." Libaaxa ayaa yiri "Maya, waxaan ahay Libaax, ma doonayo inaan ku caawino. Waxaan rabaa inaan ku cuno....."

Dibigii guduudnaa wuxuu gartay libaaxi inuu qayaanay, wuxuuna ku yiri aniga ima cuni kartid wuu ku khayliey oo uu isgaabiyey kadibna ku cararay libaaxii. Libaaxiina dibigii gaduudnaa ayuu ku cararay wayna isku imaadeen.

Libaaxii wuu dhacay, dibigii gaduudnaa geesahiisa ayuu ku dilay libaaxa calooshiisa, libaaxii wuu qayliyey wuxuuna yiri "waan matagi rabaa....waan matagi rabaa". Kadibna libaaxii wuu matagay. Afkiisa waxaa ka soo baxay dibigii caddaa iyo dibigii madoobaa, madaxyadooda ayay ruxeen wayna istaageen iyagoo fiirinayaan dibigii gaduudnaa.

"Libaaxii wuu idin qayaanay" dibigii gaduudna ayaa khayliyey. "Ma waxaad i moodeen inaan doqon ahay?" Dibigi cadaa ayaa yiri. "Maya" ayay dheheen, "ma waxaad i moodeen inaan foolxumahay?" Dibigii madoobaa ayaa yiri. "Maya" ayay dheheen. Dibigii gaduudnaa, kii cadaa iyo kii madoobaa way isku jeesteen waxayna caysadeen libaaxii. Libaaxii wuxuu u cararay xaga kaynta.

Maalintaas kadib dibigii gaduudna, dibigii cadaa iyo dibigii madoobaa waxay ku heshiiyeen inay ku wada noolaadaan si famil ahaan, waxayna go'aan ku gaareen inaysan waligooda kala tagin.

How the Tortoise Got a Hard Shell

Sida Diidiinku ku helay Harag adag

This story teaches you that if you are in great difficulties you should trust that God will protect you.

Sheekadani waxey ku bareysaa in aad ilaahey ku kal soonaato, asaga ayaa ku caawindoona dhubkasta oo kugu yimaada.





The tortoise is a slow moving animal, but he has a hard shell to protect himself. It wasn't always like that. A long time ago, the tortoise had soft skin. This is a story that explains why today the tortoise has got a hard shell.

A long time ago the tortoise had soft skin. He used to go hunting for food on his own. He was clever and happy. Every time he went hunting he prayed to God. "Please help me in everything I do...." This tortoise had a friend who was a bird.

One day the tortoise was alone in a quiet place and a hungry bird flew past him. The bird had never seen the tortoise before and he hopped closer to get a better look. He was very happy when he saw that the tortoise had soft skin. The bird said to himself "this animal is full of meat, and he cannot defend himself....."

The bird flew back to his friends. They were all perched in a tree, sitting on different branches. The bird flew in circles around the tree calling out to his friends –
"Today I saw an animal that has soft skin. He is fat and he will make a good meal. We can all go together and kill him, then we can feast together..."

Diidiinku waa xayawaan gaabiya, laakiin wuxuu leeyahay qolof adag oo difaacda. Horey uma uusan lahayn. Waqti hore. Diidiinku wuxuu lahaa harag jilcan. Tanina waa sheekada sharxeysa sababta uu maanta Diidiinku u leeyahay qolof adag.

Xilli hore Diidiinku wuxuu lahaa harag jilcan. Wuxuu u qaraab tegi jirey keli ahaantiisa. Wuxuu ahaa mid maskax badan oo faraxsan. Markasta oo uu qaraab u baxo wuxuu baryi jirey Illaah. "Fadlan igu caawi wax kasta aan sameynayo...." Diidiinkani wuxuu saaxiib la ahaa shimbir.

Maalin wuxuu Diidiinku ku ahaa keli meel iska deggan, waxaana dul heehabayey shimbir gaajeysan. Shimbirtu maba arag weligeed Diidiin, wey u soo dhowaatey si ay si fiican ugu aragto. Shimbirku wuxuu ahaa mid faraxsan markii uu arkay in Diidiinku leeyahay harag jilacsan. Shimbirkii ayaa iskula hadlay "Xayawaankan waa wada hilib socda, mana is difaaci karo...."

Shimbirkii wuxuu dib ugu laabtey saaxiibadiisii. Waxay kuligood ahayeen kuwa dul nasanayey geed korkiis oo ayna ku fadhiyeen laamo kala duwan. Shimbirtii waxay ku dul wareegtey geedkii iyadoo u yeeraysa saaxiibadeed –
"Maanta waxaan soo arkay xayawaan leh harag jilcan. Wuu cayilan yahay, wuxuuna noo noqon doonaa raashin fiican. Weynu is wada raaceynaa oon dilaneynaa, kadibna waan ku damaashaadi kareynaa..."



The other birds were very happy. They said-

“You are a true friend. You didn’t keep this to yourself but you shared your knowledge with us. Let us go and hunt this animal together”

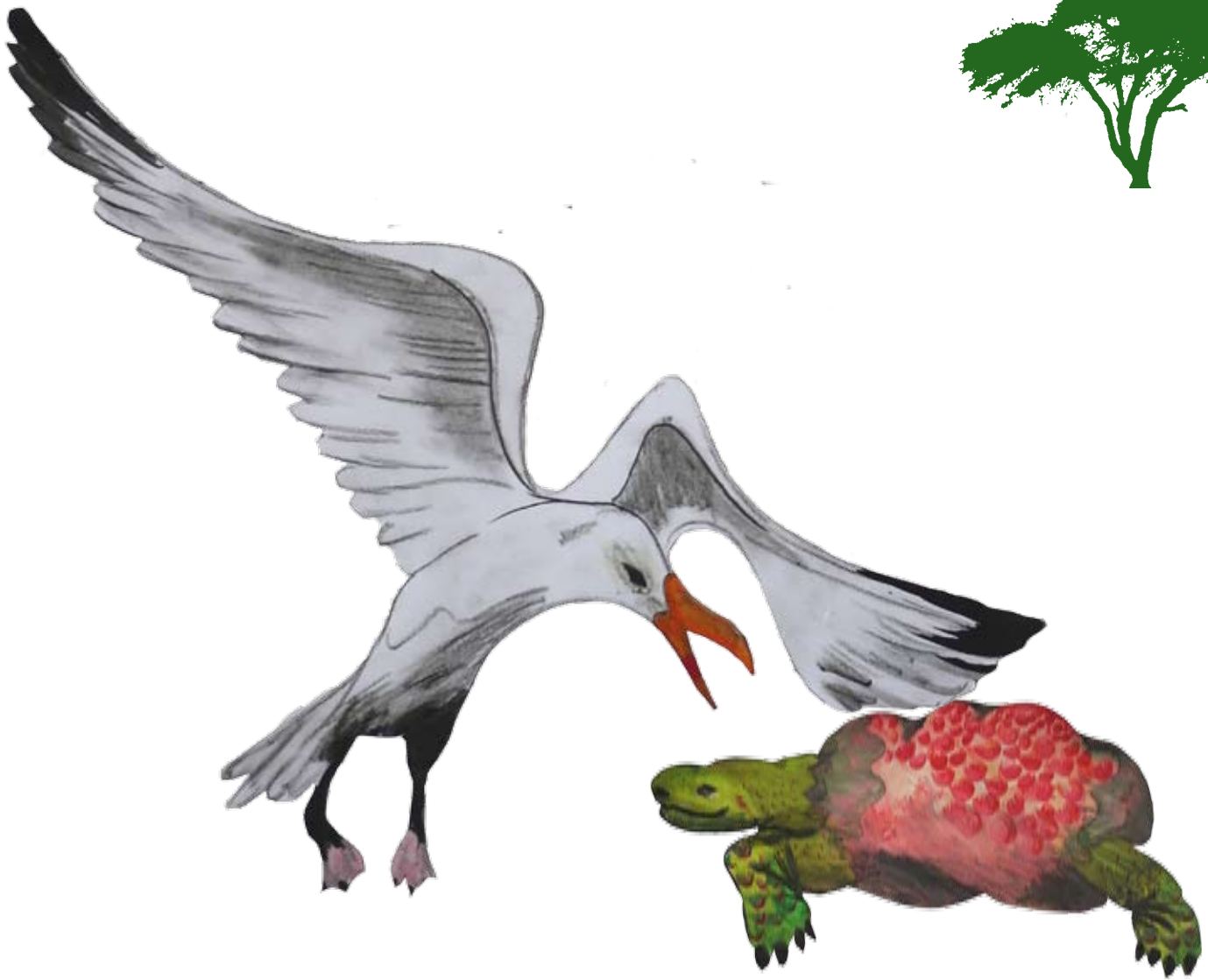
The birds all flew up into the air and started to fly to the place where the tortoise was hunting.

Shimbirihii kale waxay ahaayeen kuwo aad u faraxsan. Waxayna dheheen –

“Waxaad tahay saaxiib sax ah. Ma aadan qarsan keligaa laakiin waad nala wadaajisey aqoontaada. Na keena aan baxnee, aana soo wada ugaaranee xayawaankaan”

Shimbirihii oo idil wey u wada duuleen dhanka hawada sare, iyagoo u dhaqaaqey dhanka Diidiinkii ay doonayeen inay wada ugaartaan.





But there was one bird who was not happy. This bird was the tortoise's friend. When he heard what the other birds were planning to do he said to himself –

"I must go and warn my friend. He is in great danger."

The friend flew as quickly as he could to find the tortoise. He found him on his own and he shouted at him.

–"Tortoise my friend, you are in great danger. The other birds have found out that you have soft skin, and they are coming to kill you..."

Laakiin waxaa halkaa joogay shimbir aanan ku faraxsaneen, wuxuuna ahaa Diidiinka saaxiibkiis. Markii uu maqlay waxa ay shimbiraha kale qorsheysanayaan inay ku sameeyaan wuxuu is yiri

"Waa inaan aadaa una digaa saaxiibkey. Wuxuu ku sugan yahay qatar weyn."

Saaxiibkii wuu u duulay si dhaqso ah si uu u soo helo saaxiibkiis Diidiin. Wuu helay, wuuna u qeyliyey oo yiri – "Saaxiibkey Diidiinow, waxaad ku sugan tahay qatar weyn. Shimbirihii kale waxay ogaadeen inaad leedahay harag jilcan, waxayna u soo socdaan inay ku dilaan...."

The tortoise was afraid. He said - "God was watching over me when he made sure that you were at the meeting of those birds. There is nothing that I can do. I can only put my trust in God. He will save me...."

At that moment, the great flock of birds arrived and started to circle around the tortoise. They were very happy when they saw the tortoise and they started to shout to each other "Look at his soft skin...I will attack him first...."

"Look at how fat he is. He will make a good meal..."

"I can't wait to kill him and share him with everybody...."

The birds came nearer and nearer to the tortoise and prepared to attack him. Then they dived at him with their sharp beaks.

At that moment the tortoise prayed to God. And as the birds attacked him, God turned his soft skin into a hard shell. The birds stabbed at the tortoise with their beaks, but their beaks hit the hard shell. The birds flew so quickly at the tortoise that when their beaks hit his hard shell, the ends of their beaks were bent over like hooks. The birds didn't kill the tortoise. The tortoise was protected by his hard shell.

The birds all cried out - "What has happened? This animal has got a hard shell. We can't kill it..."

Some of the other birds said "My beak has hit the shell and bent over. My beak isn't straight any more...."

Diidiinkii wuu cabsaday. Wuxuuna yiri -" Illaah ayaa i ilaalinaya markii uu adiga kaa yeelay mid goob joog ka ah kulankii Shimbiraha. Ma jiro wax aan sameyn karo. Waxaan awoodo waa in aan aammino Illaah. Isagaana i badbaadinaya...."

Isla markiiba, xeyntii Shimbiro ah ayaa yimid, waxayna bilaabeen inay ku heeraarsadaan Diidiinkii. Waxay ahayeen kuwo aad u faraxsan markii ay arkeen Diidiinka, waxayna bilaabeen iney isu sheegsheegaan "Fiiri haragiisa jilcan.... Anaana bilaabaya weerarka...."

"Eeg siduu shilis/cadiiman yahay. Wuxuu noqon doonaa raashin fiican...."

"Ma awoodo inaan sugo intaan ka dilayo, aana la wadaago qof kasta...."

Shimbirihii aad iyo aad ayey ugu soo dhawaadeen Diidiinka, isuna diyaariyeen inay weeraraan. Waxay hoos ula soo daadegeen afkoodii dhuubnaa ee adkaa dhanka Diinkii.

Xilligaa Diinkii wuxuu baryey Alle/Illaah, markii ay Shimbirihii soo weerarayeen. Alle wuu u rogay haragii jilcanaa qolof adag. Shimbirihii waxay ku mudeen Diidiinka afkoodii dhuubnaa, laakiin afkoodii adkaa wuxuu qaabilay qolof adag. Shimbirihii way ka duuleen Diidiinka si deg deg ah kadib markii afkoodii ku garaaceen qolofkii adkaa, kama dambeystiina afkoodii adkaa wuu qaloocsamay/qarooftay. Shimbirihii ma aysan dilin Diidiinka. Diidiinkana waxaa difaacay qolofsiisa adag.

Shimbirihii waxay ku cataabeen - "Maxaa dhacay. Xayawaankan wuxuu helay qolof adag. Ma aanan awoodin inaan dilno...."

Koox Shimbiraha ka mid ah waxay yiraahdeen "Afkeygii wuxuu herdiyey qolof wuuna qaloocsamay. Afkeygu ma sii ahaanayo mid toosan...."



The birds flew away back to the tree, and they sat there complaining about their beaks.

The tortoise was very happy. He said - "I trusted in God and God has saved me. That is why I survived...."

And from that day to this, the tortoise has had a hard shell. And birds have got bends in their beaks....

Shimbirihii waxay dib ugu duuleen geedkii ay ka soo kicitimeen, wey ku dul fadhiisteen, iyagoo eedeynaya afkoodii dhuubnaa.

Diidiinkii wuxuu ahaa mid faraxsan. Wuxuuna yiri - "Waan aaminsan nahay Alle, Illaahaana i badbaadiyey. Taas awgeed ayaan u badbaadey...."

Maalintaas ilaa hadda, Diidiinku wuxuu leeyahay harag adag. Shimbirahana waxay heleen in afkoodii qaroodsamo/qaloocsamo.....

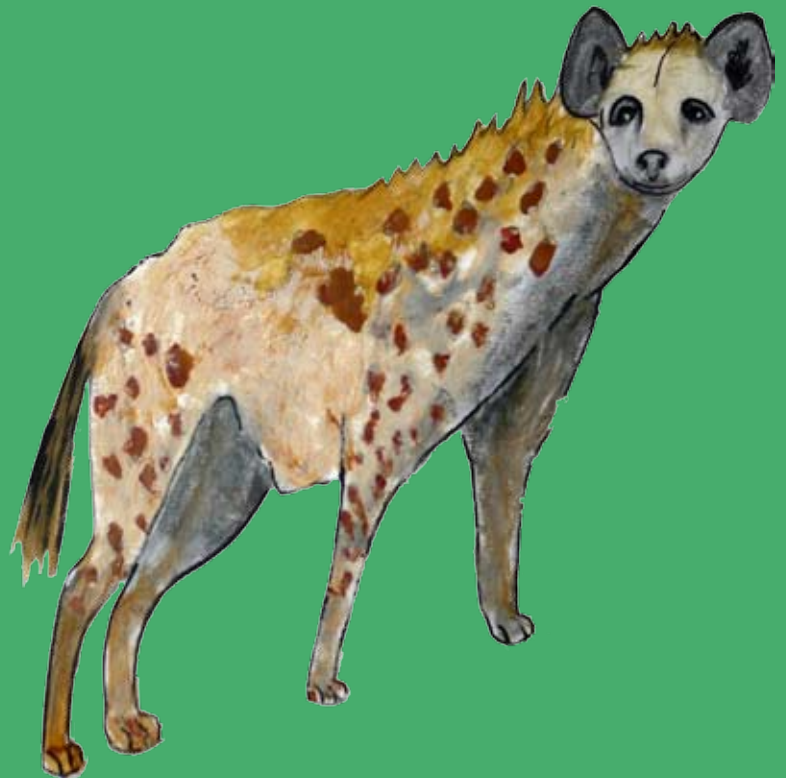


The Fox and the Hyena

Dawaco iyo Dhurwaa

This story teaches you that you should never tell lies and you should always be kind to people.

Sheekadani waxey ku bareysaa in aadan weligaa been sheegin, balantana adkeyso, una na xariiso dadka.





Once upon a time there was a fox and a hyena who were friends. They lived near a village in Somalia. The village was beautiful. It had an oasis with trees that were full of fruit. The people in the village used the water to grow vegetables. Everybody wanted to live in that village. Everybody dreamed about it.

Maalin maalmaha ka mid ah waxaa jirey Dawaco iyo Dhurwaa oo saaxiibo ahaa. Waxay ku noolaayeen tuullo ku taala Soomaaliya. Tuuladu waxay ahayd mid aad u qurxoon. Waxay lahayd meel barwaaqo oo leh geedo aad ay ka laalaadaan miro badan. Dadka tuulada waxay ahaayeen kuwo ku waraabin jiray dhirta biyo si ay u kobcaan. Qofkastana wuxuu rabay inuu ku noolaado tuuladaa. Waana ay ku wada riyoonaayeen noloshaa.

The fox and the hyena used to meet every day to drink water. They always said to each other “we are good friends. We must promise to share everything between us.”

Dawacada iyo Dhurwaaga waxay si joogto ah ugu kulmi jireen cabitaanka biyaha. Waxayna markasta is dhihi jireen “ waxaanu nahay saaxiibo wanaagsan. Waa inaannu ku ballannaa inaan wadaagno wax kasta”.



One day, something terrible happened. The oasis dried up. A drought came to the land. There was no water. There was no fruit. There were no vegetables. The people left the village and the animals died. The fox and the hyena met by the oasis. They saw that it was full of dried mud. They were hungry and thirsty.

Maalin, waxaa dhacay dhib, dhulkii naqdoonaa waa qalalay. Abaar ayaa soo wajahday dhulkii. Ma jirin wax biyo, miro iyo khudaar ahba. Dadkii wey ka hayaameen tuulada, xayawaankiina waa la'deen. Dawacadii iyo Dhurwaagii waxay ku kulmeen dhulkii naqa ahaan jirey. Waxay arkeen in dhulku yahay dhoobo qalashey. Weyna qaajeysnaayeen oo haraadsanayeenba.



They said to each other “Let’s go in different directions. If we find something to eat then we will share it.” “I promise”, said the fox. “I promise”, said the hyena.

The hyena ran through the empty desert. The wind was blowing and the sand was swirling. The hyena ran on and on. The hyena came to a house. It was a beautiful house, with strong walls and a strong roof. And there was a big fat juicy sheep standing outside. The hyena thought to himself “I promised to share everything, so I must go back and tell the fox about this.” The hyena ran and ran and ran.

Waxay isku yiraahdeen “ aannu u kala dhaqaaqno jihooyin kala duwan. Haddii aan soo helno wax aan cunno, markaa waa inaan wadaagno cuntadaas.” “Waa ballan”, ayey tiri Dawacadii. “Waa ballan”, ayuu Dhurwaagii isna yiri.

Dhurwaagii wuxuu ku cararay dhulkii qalalnaa. Dabayl baa socotey, carradana way bideysey. Dhurwaagii wuu orday oo orday. Dhurwaagii wuxuu haleelay guri. Wuxuu ahaa mid qurxoon, oo ka sameysan derbi adag iyo saqaf adag. Waxaana hortaagna guriga bannaankiisa Wan shilis/ buurran oo dhadhan wacan leh. Dhurwaagii ayaa iskula fikirey naftiisa “ Waxaan ballan qaaday inaan wadaagno waxkasta, sidaa darteed waa inaan u noqdaa dib oo aan u sheegaa Dawacada arrinkan. Dhurwaagii cagta ayuu wax ka dayey oo cararay, cararay.



Meanwhile, the fox was running in his direction. He ran through the desert. He saw the white bones of dead animals. He ran and he ran until he came to a house.

This house was old. It was full of holes. It was full of sand. And outside there was a thin little goat, shivering with a runny nose. The fox thought "I hope the hyena has found something. This isn't good."

Isla markiiba, Dawacadii waxay u soo ruqaansatey dhankii ay maciin biddey. Waxay ku soo dhex orodday dhankii qalalnaa. Dawacadii waxay aragtey lafo xayawaan bakhtiyey oo cad caddaaday. Wuu sii cararay oo sii cararay illaa uu ka soo gaaro guri. Guriga wuxuu ahaa mid duq ah. Waa wada duldulleelay. Carro ayaa ka buuxday. Guriga bannaankiisa waxaa joogay Orgi aad u weyd ahaa, oo jareynayey, sankiisuna uu qoayaan ka socday. Dawacadii waxay ku fekertay " Waxaan rajeynaa in Dhurwaagu isna helay wax uun. Kani ma fiicna."





The fox turned round and ran back to meet the hyena.

The hyena was waiting for him.

“What did you find?” asked the fox.

“I found a house”, said the hyena, “it has a strong roof and strong walls and outside is a big fat juicy sheep.”

“Well”, said the fox “I have found something better than that. I have found a house with special windows in the walls and the roof. You can look everywhere and the breeze comes through the windows and keeps you cool. And outside there is a goat. The goat is so tasty, it is already dripping with a sweet sauce.”

“That sounds wonderful”, said the hyena.

“We are friends”, said the fox. “We promised to share everything we found. I want you to have the house I have found.”

“That’s so kind of you”, said the hyena, “thank you, thank you, you are a real friend.”

“And could I possibly have the house that you found?” asked the fox.

“Of course you can”, said the hyena.

And the fox smiled to herself and ran through the desert until she came to the house that the hyena had found. She saw how strong the house was and she saw the fat and juicy sheep. And she was so happy, she started to sing and dance round the house. “I tricked the hyena!!! I tricked the hyena!!!!” she sang.

Dawacada dib ayey u carartey, si ay ula kulanto Dhurwaaga.

Dhurwaaga wuxuu sugayey Dawacada.

“Maxaad soo heshay?” ayey Dawacadii weydiisay.

“Waxaan soo helay guri”, ayuu yiri Dhurwaagii, “wuxuu leeyahay saqaf adag iyo derbi adag, bannaankana waxaa joogay Wan shilis ah oo dhadhan macaan leh.

“Wanaag”, ayey tiri Dawacadii “Aniga waxaan soo helay wax ka wanaagsan kaas.

Waxaan soo helay guri ku leh dariishado qaas ah derbiga iyo saqafkaba. Waad ka arki kartaa meelkasta, dabeylna weey kaaga soo geli dariishadaha, waadna ku qaboobeysaa. Bannaankana waxaa jooga Orgi. Orgiga waa macaan yahay. Isla markaasna waxaa ka socda maraq macaan.”

“Waa wax fiican”, ayuu yiri Dhurwaagii.

“Waxaana nahay saaxiibo”, ayey tiri Dawacadii.

“Waannu ku ballanay inaan qeybsanno waxkasta oo aan soo helno. Waxaan doonayaa inaad qaadato guriga aan soo helay.”

“Waad ii naxariisatey”, ayey tiri Dawacadii,

“Waad mahadsan tahay, Waad mahadsan tahay, waxaadna tahay saaxiib run ah.”

Dhurwaagii wuxuu u cararay dhankii dhulka engegnaa, oo ay dabeyshu ka dhaceysey, wuxuuna sii maray xayawaan bakhtiyey ilaa uu ka soo gaaro gurigii.

Markiiba wuu joogsaday. Wuxuu arkay guriga oo ciid ka buuxdo, lehna duldulleelo. Wuxuu arkay Orgi, oo ahaa mid caato oo jareynayey. Markii uu eegay wejiga Orgiga, wuxuu ka arkay diif ka socda sanko Orgiga.

Meanwhile, the hyena ran through the desert, looking for the house that the fox had told her was so wonderful. When she found it, she looked at it. She saw it was full of holes. She saw that there was no roof. She saw that there was a thin goat, shivering outside with a runny nose. Then she realised that the fox had tricked her.

“Mrs. Fox has been lying to me. I must go and talk to her”, said the hyena. And she started to run back to the house she had found. When she got there she saw the fox, dancing and singing outside. “I tricked the hyena, I tricked the hyena!!!” And at that moment, there was a rumbling sound and lightening shot across the sky. And a bolt of lightening came out of the sky and WHOOSH!!! It hit the fox. It killed the fox. And then it started to rain.

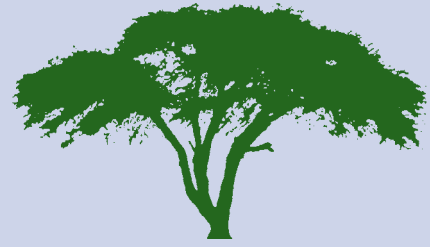
The hyena started to cry. “Oh, Mrs. Fox. Why did you lie to me? Why did you trick me? We were friends. Friends should help each other...” And the hyena went into the house. And the hyena lived there for the rest of her life. And the rain fell from the sky, and the trees grew again, and the fruit came back to the trees, and the water came back to the river, and the people came back to the village. But the hyena never forgot the story of the fox and the house in the desert.

“Dawacadii way iqayaantey” ayuu yiri dhurwaagii waa inaan u tagaa lana soo hadlaa. Dhurwaagii wuxuu dib ugu noqday isagoo ordaya dhankii dabeeshii dhaceysey. Wuxuu yimid gurigii uu helay. Markuu yimid gurigii wuxuu arkay dawacadii banaanka ku cayaaraysa kuna haysaysa. “Dhurwaagii ayaan qayaanay, dhurwaagi ayaan qayaany”!!!! Isla markiiba waxaa cirka ka soo dhacay biriq aad u weyn. Waxay ku dhacday gurigii ay dawacadu jifey. Gurigii waxaa ka kacay dab. Derbiyadiina iyo saqafkiiba waa gaaray dabkii. Dawacadiina dab ayaa haleelay wayna dhimatay. Kadibna roob ayaa da’ay.

Dhurwaagii wuu ooyay, “oooooh, dabacooy, maxaad beenta iigu sheegtay? Maxaad ii qayaantay? Waxaanu ahayn saaxiibo, waxay ahayd inaan is caawino...” Kadib dhurwaagii wuxuu aaday guriga, wuxuuna halka ku noolaa inta noloshiisa ka harsan. Roob ayaa soo da’ay, geedihii dib ayay u soo baxeen, wabigii qalalnaa biyo ayuu keenay, dadkii waxay dib ugu soo noqdeen tuuladii. Laakiin dhurwaaga ma uusan iloobin qayaanada ay dawacada ku samaysay.



CULTURAL INFORMATION



HIDO DHAQAMEEDKII

I played many games when I was a child in Somalia. I never forgot them, and when I came to the UK I was interested to see what games the children played here. I was amazed to discover that I recognised the games immediately! It made a deep impression on me to see how similar the children's games are to the ones I used to play. It made me realise that human beings are the same everywhere and the only difference between them is the language they speak and the climate they live in.

Waxaan mar walba xasuustaa sidii aan u jeclaa in aan ciyaaro nooc kasta oo ciyaaraha Soomaalida, marnaba ma iloobin ciyaarihii aan Soomaaliya carruurnimadeydii ku ciyaari jirey, aad baan u la yaabaa marka aan arko ciyaartii aan ku ciyaari jirey in aan ugu imid qaarad kale sida Ingiriiska kuwa la mid ah, aad ayaan ula yaabay, waxaana ogaadey in xiriirka bini'aadamku uu dhinac walba ka jiro, ayadoo lagu kala duwan yahay luuqada iyo cimilada.



Little Finger

This game is played with young children. It is a rhyme about the hand. We take their hands, and we count on their fingers. We say – This finger is the little finger. This finger is the mother of the little finger. This finger is called the Middle Finger. And this finger is called the Taker, because it is very useful for picking things up. And the thumb is called Shorty. The first finger is called the Taker because at the end of a meal, you can use your finger to scrape all round the plate, and pick up the last remains of the meal. You can use this game to teach young children that everybody in a family is different. They can do different things, they are different sizes, but they are all part of one family just like the different fingers are all part of one hand.

When you reach the end of the child's hand, then you can give them a tickle!



Faryareey

Cayaartan waxaa cayaara carruurta yar yar. Waa luuqeyn ku saabsan gacanta. Waxaa la soo qabtaa gacmaha, waxaana la tiriyaa faraha, iyadoo la oranayo- Tani waa Faryareey, Faadumo, Fardhaxaad, Murubsato iyo Suulgambar.

Cayaartan waxaad ku bari kartaa carruurta yaryar kala duwanaanshaha qoyska. Weey u dheelli karaan siyaabo kala duwan, waxayna kala leeyihiin cabbiro kala gaar ah, laakiin waxaa tusaale loogu soo qaataa kala geddisnaanta qoyska.

Markii la gaaro gebagebada gacanta cunugga, kadib waa la qut quteeyaa! Sida badanna waa qoslaan.





Clapping Game

This is a clapping game. Two children sit opposite each other, and as they say the rhyme they clap their hands against the hands of the other child. The game teaches new words and vocabulary and also encourages two children to collaborate together so that they can clap at the same time and at the same speed.

Here is the clapping rhyme. It cannot be translated into English because the words have no meaning –

GABAR YAROO SHABCAANA
MARO SHABEELA XIRATAY
MARO QURXOONA HUWATAY
MAGACAAGA II SHEEG
MAGACEYGU WAA SHARAF
SHARAF XAAJI WEEYE
JALLA YAA U SHEEGA TINTA U SHANLEEYA
SHANBOQOL KA DHIIBA



Gabaryaroo Shacbaan

Tani waa cayaar la isku garaacayo gacmaha. Labo carruur ayaa iska soo horjeesanaya, waxayna ku luuqeynayaan iyagoo isku dhufanaya gacmahooda. Cayaartu waxay bareysaa kelmado cusub iyo erayo cusub, waxayna ku dhiiri gelineysaa carruurta inay wada shaqeeyaan, sidaa darteen waxay si wada jir ah u sameyn karaan inay isku mar iyo xowli ahba isugu dhuftaan calaacalahooda, iyagoo dhahaaya

Waa tan luuqeyntii sacbineed-
GABAR YAROO SHABCAANA
MARO SHABEELA XIRATAY
MARO QURXOONA HUWATAY
MAGACAAGA II SHEEG
MAGACEYGU WAA SHARAF
SHARAF XAAJI WEEYE
JALLA YAA U SHEEGA TINTA U SHANLEEYA
SHANBOQOL KA DHIIBA



Happy EID

Islamic festivals were a very exciting part of our lives when we were children. Every parent used to buy their children new clothes and shoes to wear for the festival day. Sometimes they gave them new watches, balloons, glasses and much more. Islamic festivals take place two times a year, one is at the end of the fasting month and the other is in the ninth of the Hajj month after the pilgrimage that Muslims make to Mecca as part of their religious duty.



Ciid Mubaarak

Markii aan ilmaha ahaa, maalmaha ciidda waxaan u sugi jirey si_xad dhaaf ah, waxay_waalidkasta u soo gedi jireen carruurtooda dhar, kabo la xirto maalinta ciidda. Mararka qaar waxay siin jireen saacado cusub, buufinno, indho gashi iyo waxyaabo kale. Maalmaha lidaha Islaamka dhacaan maalinta ugu horeysa oo la furo afka oo uu dhammaado Bisha Soonqaad, kan kalena waa maalinta 9ka ah ee bisha Xaj oo ay muslimiintu ay fulinayaan howlaha diimeed ee laga rabo.





I wanted to share these memories with my children and give them the same experiences that I had. I tried to explain to my children the meaning of the Islamic festivals and then I created an environment where we could celebrate them and enjoy them together. The first thing we always do is to go to the Mosque to join our fellow Muslims to pray together and celebrate together.

Waxaan rabey inaan la wadaago xusuusteydii carruurteyda, una gudbiyo waayo aragnimada aan qabo. Waxaan isku dayey inaan u sharxo macnaha ay ku fadhido maalmaha ciiddaha muslimka, kadibna waxaan u abuuray jawi aan ugu wada dabbaal degi karno dhammaanteena. Marka ugu horeysa waxaan aadnaa Masjidka si aan ula tukano walaalaheena muslimiinta ah, ulana ciidno.

Cultural Objects

There are certain objects that are familiar to all Somalis. These are the traditional objects that have been used for hundreds of years in Somalia. I realised that my children were unable to recognise any of these objects, because they had not seen them before and did not know how they were used. Here are some photographs of them, together with explanations about them.

Dhiil

This is a special container that nomads use to store milk. It keeps it cool and fresh

Alaabta hiddaha

Waxaa jira qaar alaab ah oo ay Soomaalidu caan ku tahay. Kuwaasoo ah alaabta hiddaha u ah oo ay soo isticmaali jireen boqollaal sanno ka hor. Waxaan ogaadey in carruurteyda aysan garan karin wax ka mid ah alaabtaas, sababtoo ah horey uma aysan u arkin, ma garan karaan habka loo isticmaali jirey. Halkaan waxaa ku lifaaqan qaar ka mid sawirada oo ay la socdaan sharraxaad kooban oo ku saabsan sheyga.

Dhiil

Kani waa shey u gaar ah reer baadiyaha oo ay u isticmaalaan keydinta iyo qaadidda caanaha. Waxay u keydisaa caanaha qandiirkooda iyo dhaaynimadooda.



Baaquliga Qudaarta

This is a woven bowl for storing fruit

Baaquliga Qudaarta

Kani waxaa loo isticmaalaa ku keydinta qudaarta.



Barshin

This is a wooden pillow that can be used to sleep on outdoors. It is surprisingly comfortable!

Barshin

Barshinkan alwaaxa ah waxaa loo isticmaalaa in lagu seexo bannaanka, siiba xoolo jirka. Waana mid raaxo leh oo aysan tintu kaa halaabeynin.





This DVD contains a series of short films that tell the stories in this book. The stories were recorded by an English and a Somali storyteller and they show how the stories come alive when they are told in spoken words. This is the way in which these stories have been passed on from generation to generation in Somalia.

**Xasuuso oo caruur taada
uga sheekee sheekooyinkii
dhaqankaaga ahaa.**



**Remember your
traditional stories and
tell your children.**



For further information please contact
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