

The LION'S TAIL

By Jane Kurtz



የአንበሳ ጭራ

Translated by: Yohannes Gebregeorgis
Illustrated by: Eshetu Tiruneh



ENGLISH - AMHARIC



The LION'S TAIL

By Jane Kurtz



የአንበሳ ጭራ

Translated by: Yohannes Gebregeorgis
Illustrated by: Eshetu Tiruneh



The Lion's Tail
የአንበሳ ጭራ
English - Amharic



Text Copyright© 2006 Jane Kurtz
Illustrations copyright© 2006 EBCEF

All rights reserved including the right of
reproduction in whole or in part in any form.

First Published in the USA as Pulling the Lion's Tail by Simon & Schuster 1995.

Author's Note:

I'm grateful to the Ethiopian storytellers I grew up among as well as to my dad, who loved to be out in the community hearing stories and who brought them home to his children. I heard several versions of this folktale when I was a child. This is my own retelling, first published by Simon & Schuster in the United States.
Jane Kurtz

Dedication

This book was made possible through the partnership between EBCEF and Room to Read. It is dedicated to the members of Room to Read's Board of Directors, in grateful recognition of their time, energy, passion, financial commitment, and strategic advice. You have taken our organization to a whole new level, and together we will bring the lifelong gift of education to millions of children.

Before you begin:

In Ethiopian storytelling tradition, it's customary for children to sit wide-eyed, in front of the storyteller.

The storyteller starts by saying, "Teret! Teret! ("A story? A Story")

The children reply, "ye lam beret!" (This literally means: "a cow's pen," but when used in this way means that they want told to them as many stories as could fill a cow's pen.)

Or sometimes children reply, "Yemeseret" (This literally means: "of the foundation;" meaning stories that are deep in the culture or tradition.)

Only then does the storyteller start telling, and telling and telling, late into the starry night until the children are sleepy.

Teret Teret
טרת טרת



Yelam beret
אלם ברט

In the high mountains of Ethiopia there once lived a girl named Almaz. Every night when the sun stooped low over the hills, she waited at the door, hopping first on one foot and then the other...





በተራራማዋ ኢትዮጵያ የምትኖር አልማዝ የምትባል ልጅ ነበረች። በየቀኑ ጃንበር
በዙረብታዎቿ ባሻገር ዝቅ ብላ ልትጠልቅ ስትል፤ አልማዝ በር በሩን ትመለከታለች።
በመጀመሪያ በአንድ እግርዋ ከዝያም በሌላው እግርዋ እየዘለለች ትጫወታለች።



...until her father came home and lit the long beeswax candle on the pole in the middle of the room.

እባትዋ ከሥራ ተመልሶ እቤት እስከሚገባና በቤቱ መሃል ካለው ረጅም ምሰሶ ረጅሙን ሰም እስከሚያበራ ድረስ ትጠብቃለች።

Then she rushed to him and poured the water for his hands and brought him the peppery stew called *Wat* that her grandmother had sent over and the *injera*, the thin bread she herself had cooked.

"Is it good?" she asked every night as he ate.

"It is good," he said every night, even though she knew she should have let the batter sit for a few more days. But when he smiled, she hid her burnt fingers and hoped that tomorrow her *injera* would taste like the *injera* her mother used to make.



ከዚያም አልግዝ ተሉ ብላ ለእሳትዋ የገጅ ውሃ ስጥታ አያችዋ ሰርተው የላኩትን ወጥ እና እራሳዋ የጋገረችውን እንጂራ ታተርባለች።

"እወላ ጥሩ ነው?" እያለች በየምሽቱ ያተረባችለትን እራት ሲበላ ትጠይቀዋለች። እሳትዋም በየተነ ፈገገ እያለ። "ጥሩ ነው የኒ ልጅ" ይለታል። እየተደሰተች እንጂራ ስትጋገር የተቃጠሉትን ጣቶችዋን ትደብቃለች። በሚተላለው ተን እንጂራዋ የተሻለ እንደሚሆንና ልክ እናትዋ ትጋገረው እንደነበረው እንደሚሆን ተስፋ ታደርጋለች።

Later, after she, too, had eaten and her father had blown out the candle, she lay in the darkness and remembered. Sometimes she remembered her mother's face.

And sometimes she remembered the night her mother died, when the weeper came in to sing a long sorrowful song, and the mourners gathered around her and cried, "Waye, waye," and AlmaZ took off her rings and her necklace, and her hair was cut short. All that long year, AlmaZ and her father wore black clothing and faces like the rain.



እራትዋን ከወላች ዘገላና አባትዋም መብራቱን
 አጥፍቶ ሲተኛ መደቧ ላይ ተኝታ ብዙ ነገር
 ታስታውሳለች። እንዳንዴ የእናትዋ ፊት
 ይታያታል፤ እንዳንዴም እናትዋ
 ያረፈችበትን ተንና አልቃሾች የህዘን
 እንጉርጉር ሲያሰሙና በስዋ ዙሪያ
 ሆነው "ዋዬ! ዋዬ!" እያሉ ሲያለቅሱ
 የነበረው ፊቷ ይደተናል። በዚያን
 ጊዜ አልግዝ ተለበትዋን አውልቃ
 በጉርዋንም አሳጥራ ነበር።
 ለእንደ ንመት ያህል አልግዝና
 አባትዋ ጥቁር ለብሰው
 ፊታቸውም ጻምና ነበር።



Then one day her father came to her.
 "The days of the big rains are coming,"
 he said, "so tomorrow I am going to a
 village far from here. I will bring back
 a new wife."

ከዕለታት አንድ ቀን አባትዋ
 "ከረምት እየመጣ ነው። ስለዚህ
 ነን ወደ ሩቅ መንደር ሄደ አዲስ
 ሚስት ይገር እመጣለሁ" አላት።

Next morning Almaz ran to the
 marketplace. When she saw her
 grandfather, wisest of all the village
 elders, sitting under a tree, she ran
 to him and kissed his hand three
 times "Good days are ahead,"
 she said. "Soon I will have a
 new mother. And the big
 rains are coming to bring us
 food. When will they begin?"

Her grandfather
 closed his eyes
 and sat silently.
 Finally he said,
 "much of what is good
 comes slowly." But Almaz
 had already run off.

በሚቀጥለው ቀን አልማዝ
 እየሮጠች ወደ ዝግ ዓደች። ወንድ
 አያትዋ በአንድ ዛፍ ስር ተቀምጠው
 አገኝቻቸው። አያትዋ በመንደሩ
 የታወቁ ብልህ ዝግግራ ናቸው።
 ሮጣ ሄዳ እጃቸውን ሶስት ጊዜ
 ሳመቻቸው። "መልካም ቀናት
 እየቀረቡ ነው፤ በቅርቡ አዲስ
 አናት ይኖረኛል። የከረምት
 ዝናቦችም ምግብ ይዘውልን
 ይመጣሉ፤ መቼ ነው ዝናብ
 የሚጀምረው አባባዬ" አለቻቸው።
 አያትዋም አይናቻቸውን
 ዘግተው ለትንሽ ጊዜ ፀጥ አሉ።
 በመጨረሻም አንዲህ አላት፤
 "የሩ ነገር ፀሎት ላለ ብሎ ነው
 የሚመጣው።" አልማዝ ቀደም
 ብላ ሮጣ ሄዳለች።



For days after her father's announcement the house was full of people. Almaz's aunts and cousins and grandmother moved in and out, in and out, preparing the wedding feast. Almaz moved in and out, in and out, asking questions. "Will my new mother be kind?" But her grandmother, with tears in her eyes from chopping onions, said, "Shhh, Almaz. Get us some more water from the stream." Almaz went but she paused by the door. "Will my new mother be young or old?" she asked one of her aunts. "Shhh," said her aunt. "Don't be disrespectful."





የእባቷ ሚስት ማምጣት ከተሰማ ጆምር የነ አልማዝ ቤት ብዙ ሰው ነበረበት። የአልማዝ እክስተኛና እጎቶች፣ የሴት አያቷ የሠርግ ምግብ እያዘጋጁ ወጣ ገባ ያለሉ። አልማዝም በበኩልዋ ወጣ ገባ እያለች የተለያዩ ጥያቄዎችን ትጠይቅ ይመራ። "አዲሷ እናቴ ደግ ትሆን ይሆን?" ለት እያትዋ በሽንኩርት መከተፍ አይኖቸው በእግባ ተጥልቶ ገዝም በይ አልማዝ፣ ይልቀንም ሂደሽ ከወገዝ ውሃ እምጫልግ አልዋት። አልማዝም ወደ ወገዝ ለትሂድ ስትል በራፋ ላይ ትገሽ ቆም ብላ "አዲስዋ እናቴ ወጣት ነች ወይስ አርጊት?" በማለት እክስቷን ጠየቀች። "ሸሽ! ባለጌ አትሁኚ" አለች እክስትየጥ።

Finally the day of the feast came, and loaves of bread were laid on beds of green branches. "They're coming!" called one of the cousins, running up the path. All the women cried, "Lei, lei, lei," and AlmaZ started for the door, but her grandmother said, "AlmaZ, AlmaZ, blow up the fire." So she stooped by the fire and watched and saw her new mother come in with her eyes down. All night long the guests feasted. "May I go to my father?" AlmaZ asked her grandmother and cousins and aunts, but everybody said, "No, no," so she sulked and watched through a crack in the wall.



በመጨረሻም የሠርተ ዕለት ደረሰ። ብዙ ጸባ በቅጠል ላይ ተከመረ። "እየመጡ ነው" አለ አጎቷ ከውጭ
 ወደቤት እየርጠ። ሴቶች ሁሉ "እልል! እልል!" አሉ። አልማዝም ወደ በፍ መሄድ ይመራች። ሴት አያቷ
 ግን "አልማዝ! አልማዝ! እሳቱን አቀጣጥይው" አልዋት። እሷም አጎንብሳ በእሳቱ ወጋገን እዳሷ
 እናቷን አቀርቅፊ ስትግባ እየቻት። ምሽቱን በመላው እንግዶች ሲበሉ ሲጠጡ አመሹ። አልማዝም ወደ
 አባቱ ጋ ልሂድ ብላ ሴት አያቷንና አጎቷን ጠየቀች። ነገር ግ. ሁሉም የለም አይቻልም አጎት! እያዘነች
 በተጻፋ ማየት ይመራች።





When it was her turn to dance and play the drum, AlmaZ tried to see her new mother's face, but it was hidden in shadow.

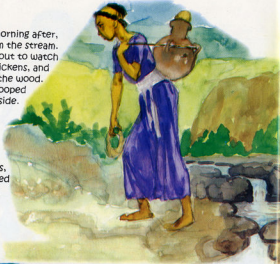
ከዚህ የመጨረሻው ተራዋ ሲደርስ ቀስ ብላ የአዲስ እናቷን ፊት ለማየት ሞክረች። ሙሽራዋ ግን በጥላ ተሸፍኖ ነበር።



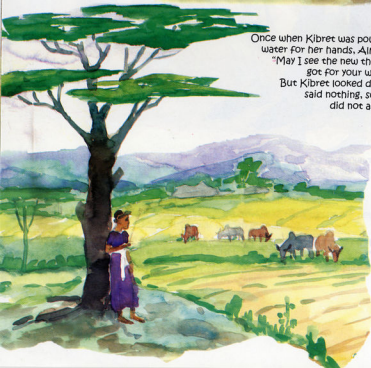
Days later, when all the guests were gone, Almaz's father called her over. "Kibret is your new mother," he said. "Although she is young, you must respect her and do as she says." Kibret kissed Almaz on both cheeks but did not look up.

ከየቂት ቀናት በኋላ እንግዶች ሁሉ ሲሄዱ አልማዝን አባቷ ጠራት። "አዲ እናትሽ ክብረት ትባላለች። ምንም እንኳ ወጣት ብትሆንም እንድታከብሪያት፣ እንድትታዘገርያት ያስፈልጋል።" ክብረትም አልማዝን ሁለት ጉንጫቿን ሳመቻት ቀና ብላ ግን አላየቻትም።

Next morning and every morning after, AlmaZ brought water from the stream. Then her father sent her out to watch the cows and feed the chickens, and grind the corn, and chop the wood. At night, when the sun stooped over the hills, she came inside. From the shadows she watched kibret pour the water for her father's hands and serve the wat and injera. Then kibret would sit and eat tiny bites, and after they were finished she would bring the water and the food for AlmaZ.



Once when Kibret was pouring the water for her hands, AlmaZ said, "May I see the new things you got for your wedding?" But Kibret looked down and said nothing, so AlmaZ did not ask again.

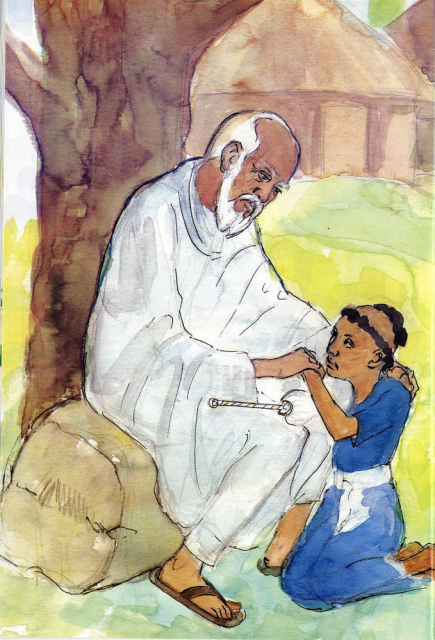


በሚተገለጹ ቀን ማለፍና ከዚያም ተገለጹ ባሉት ማለፍዎች ሁሉ አልማዝ ወንዝ እየሄደች ውሃ ማምጣቷን ተጠላች። ከዚያም አባቷ ላሞች እንድትጠብቅ፣ ዶሮዎችዋን እንድታባላ፣ በቆሎ እንድትፈጭ፣ እንጨት እንድትፈልጥ ያደርጋታል። ቤት የምትገባው ማታ ጀምሮ ስትጠልቅ ነው። በደብዛዛው ብርሃን ክብረት ለአባቷ እጅ ውሃ ስታፈስ እንጀራ በወጥ ስታቀርብ ታያለች። ከዚያ ክብረት ተቀምጣ ከአባቷ ጋር ትንሽ ትንሽ እየቆነጠረች ስትባላ ታያለች። በልተው ሲጨርሱም ክብረት ውሃና ምግብ ለአልማዝ ታቀርባለች።



አንድ ጊዜ ክብረት ለእጃ ውሃ ስታደርግላት አልማዝ እንዲህ ብላ ጠየቀችት። "አሠርግሽ ያገኛቸውን አዲስ ነገሮች ልያቸው?" ክብረት ግን ወደታች እየተመለከተች ምንም መልስ አልሰጠችትም። አልማዝም ከዚህ በኋላ ደግሞ አልጠየቀችትም።





One morning in the middle of rainy season, AlmaZ ran out of the house. The chickens flapped and squawked in a wild commotion. AlmaZ ran through the flock, scattering feathers. Up, up, up the road she walked, faster and faster, to her grandfather's hut. When she got to the door, she stopped. But she didn't wait for her grandfather, the wisest elder, to say welcome. She bent her head and stepped in through the doorway. Outside, the sun was bright and sharp.

በአንድ ከረምት ቀን ጥዋት አልማዝ ከቤት ውስጥ እየሮጠች ወጣች። ደርዎቹ ደንገጠው ከንፋቸውን እያራገቡ እሾህኩ። አልማዝ ሩጫዋን ቀጠለች። ወደ ወንድ አያቷ ጎጆ ቤትም በፍጥነት አመራች። በራፋ ጋር ስትደርስ ቀም አለች። ወንድ አያቷ እንዲን ደህና መጣሽ እስኪጎትም አልጠብቀችም። ጎንበስ ብላ በሩን ተራምዳ ገባች። በውጪ ፀሐይ ደምቶና ሞቃ ወጥታለች።

Inside the hut was cool and dark. "Sit down" said her grandfather in a silky old voice but AlmaZ was too impatient to sit. Without waiting for her eyes to grow used to the dark. She spoke "my new mother never talks to me" she said "She never said good morning" "I am over here" her grandfather said AlmaZ turned around "she doesn't even look at me," she said "She doesn't love me" Her grandfather sat and thought.

ከጎጆው ውስጥ ቀዝቃዛና ደብዘን ያለ ነው። "ተቀመጧ" አሉ አያቷ በለሰላላ የሽማግሌ ድምጽ። አልማዝ ግን እስከተቀመጥ አላስቸላትም። ዓይኖቿም ከጨለማው ጋር እስኪላመዱ ድረስ አልጠብቀችም። "እዲስዋ እናቱ አታናግረኝም" አለች። "አንደህን አደርሽ አትለኝም።" "እዚህ ነኝ" አሉ አያቷ። አልማዝ ቦረች "ጭራሽም አትመለከተኝም" አለች "አትወደኝም" አያትዋ ቁጭ ብለው ማለብ ጀመሩ።

AlmaZ hopped on one foot and then the other. She listened in the cool silence for as long as she could. Then she turned to go. Just then her grandfather spoke. "I will tell you the secret to winning your new mother's love," he said. "What?" AlmaZ said. "What?" "But first," her grandfather said, "You must bring me something." "Only tell me what," AlmaZ said. "I will bring anything." "Bring me some hair from the tail of a lion," said her grandfather.

አልማዝ በአንድ እግርዋ ከዚያም በሌላው እግርዋ ዘለለች። ፀጥ ባለው ዝምታ እስከምትችለው ድረስ አዳመጠች ከዚያም ለመሃድ ተነሳች። ያንም አያትዋ መናገር ጀመሩ. "እዲስዋ እናትሽ እንድትወድሽ የምታደርገዎትን ሚስጥር እነግርኛለሁ" አሏት።

"ምን?" አለች አልማዝ "ምን?"
"በመጀመሪያ" አሉ አያትዋ "አንድ ነገር እንድታመጭልኝ አፈልጋለሁ!"
"ምን እንደሆነ ነገሩን የሆነውን ነገር አመጣለሁ" አለች አልማዝ።
"ከእንበላ ጭራ ላይ ትንሽ ፀጉር ነትላሽ እምጭልኝ" አለ አያትዋ።

Going home, AlmaZ walked so fast that dust swirled up around her. "Hair from a lion," she said. "Impossible."

She chopped some wood and ground some corn and went inside. Kibret was spinning thread without a word. AlmaZ watched as Kibret worked the thin thread smooth with her fingers. When the spindle was full, Kibret put it in the corner and knelt by the fire. AlmaZ remembered her mother's face and was sad. "All right," AlmaZ said to herself. "I'll try."



አልማዝ ወደ ቤቷ ስትሄድ እሷ ለስኬታሰን ለየርጠች ነበር። "ከአንድ ጸጉር?" አለች "የማይቻል ነው።" ትንሽ እንጨት ፈለጠች! ትንሽ በቀሎም ፈጨችና ወደ ቤት ገባች። ከብረት ምንም ቃል ሳትተነፍስ ለየፈተለች ነበር። አልማዝም ከብረት በግታቸው ተጭን ፈትሎ ስትፈትሎ አየች። እንደቀድሞ ሲሞላ ከብረት እንደቀድሞ ወደ ጎን አድርጋ ወደ እሳቱ ተጋብሮ ተቀመጠች። አልማዝም የአናቷ ፊት ትዝ እሳትና በሃዘን ተሞላች። "እስቲ እንገዳህ እሞክራለሁ።" አለች ለራሱም።



In the morning AImaz took a piece of salty dried meat from a bag over the fire and wrapped it in a fat false banana leaf. She marched as fast as she could to the lion's cave. As she got closer, she walked slower. By the time she reached the eucalyptus tree near the cave, she was creeping.

With tiny baby steps, she inched up to the cave. Something inside the cave snorted. "Ayalee," AImaz shouted. She threw down the meat and ran all the way home. That night, as she sat by the fire, she said to Kibret, "Why does your injera taste better than when I made it?" "Look," said Kibret, pointing at bubbles in the batter.

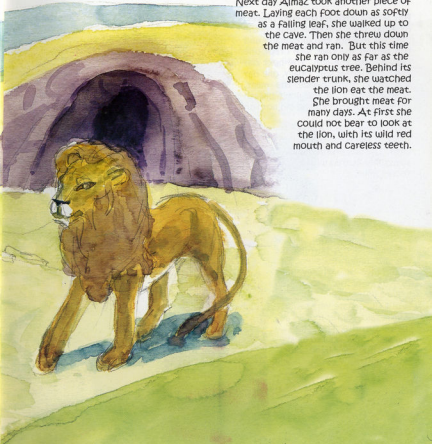
"The injera has eyes. That's how you know you have given your batter the time it needs." But she did not look at AImaz as she spoke.

በምሳሌ አልማዝ ሥጋ ከተሰቀለበት አንስታ በቅርጫት ውስጥ ያዘች። በምትችለው ፍጥነትም ወደ አንድሻው ሞላ ጉዞ ተጠለች። ለየቀረበች ስትሄድ ቀስ ማለት ይመረቅ። ሞሻው አጠገብ ካለው የባህር ዛፍ አጠገብ ስትደርስ በጣም ቀስ አለች። ሕጻን ልጅ እነሆሮ በገገታ ወደ ሞሻው ተጠጋች። ከሞሻው ውስጥ አንድ ደምጽ ሰማች። "አይ!" አለች አልማዝ በጨካኝት። ስጋውን ጣል አድርጋ ወደ ቤቷ ርጠች። ያንላት ማታ በእሳት ጻር ተጭ ብላ ለከብረት እንዲህ አለችት "እንቺ የምትጋገራው እንጂራ ለምንድነው ከኔ እንጂራ የተሽሎ የሚጣፍጠው?"

"ተመልከቺ" አለች ከብረት ወደ በሆው በጣቷ እያመለከተች። "እንጂራው አይን አለው። ለበኩሽ በቂ ጊዜ መስጠትሽን በሱ ነው የምታውቁው።" ስትናገር ግን እንደም ወደ አልማዝ አልተመለከተችም።



Next day Almaz took another piece of meat. Laying each foot down as softly as a falling leaf, she walked up to the cave. Then she threw down the meat and ran. But this time she ran only as far as the eucalyptus tree. Behind its slender trunk, she watched the lion eat the meat. She brought meat for many days. At first she could not bear to look at the lion, with its wild red mouth and careless teeth.



በሚተላለፈው ቀን አልግዝ ለላ ስጋ ወሰደች። በጣም ረጋ ብላ ልክ ከዛፍ ላይ እንደወደቀ ቅጠል ቀስ ብላ እየተራመደች ወደ ዋሽው ተረበች። ከዚያም ስጋውን እስተምጣ ሮጠች። አሁን ግን እስከ ባህር ዛፍ ድረስ ብቻ ነው የሮጠችው። ከዛፍ ግንድ ተጠግቶ አንበሳው ስጋውን ሲያለ ተመለከተች። ለሚተላለፉት ብዙ ቀናት ስጋ አመጣች። በመጀመርያ አንበሳውን ማየት እንኳን አልደረገችም። ቀይ አፋና ጥርሶቹ የሚያስፈሩ ነበሩ።

But after many days she grew braver. One day when she took meat to the lion, she did not throw it down and run behind the tree. She crept one step toward the lion. The next day she crept closer still. Finally, one day she stood right beside the meat, trembling because the lion's breath smelled of death, but she did not run away.

After many weeks AlmaZ came to like going to the lion's cave. The lion grunted and sometimes purred with a slow, secret smile.

At home, whenever AlmaZ remembered the purring, she did not mind the silence so much. One time, she even sat by Kibret as her stepmother wove a basket.

"Your fingers are very beautiful," AlmaZ said. Kibret looked at her in surprise. Then she showed AlmaZ how to weave a little, but their hands did not touch.



ከብዙ ተናቶች በኋላ ግን እየደረረች መጣች። አንድ ቀን ለአንበሳው ስጋ ስትወስድ እንደሌለው ጊዜ ስጋውን ወርውራ ዛፍ ስር ሄዳ አልተደበቀችም። ቀስ በቀስ እየጻጸች ወደ አንበሳው ተጠጋች። በሚቀጥለው ቀን ይበልጥ ቀረበች። በመጨረሻም አንድ ቀን ስጋው አጠገብ እየተንቀጠቀጠች ተመች። የአንበሳው ትንፋሽ ምት ምት ይሸት ነበር። እሷ ግን አልፎታትም። ከብዙ ሳምንታት በኋላ አልግዝ ወደ አንበሳው ዋሻ መሄድ እየወደደች መጣች። አንበሳውም ቀስ በቀስ አገረመረመሩ በለሰሰ ጽምጽ የሚሰጥር ፈገገታ አሳያት።



እዚያው ጊዜም ተመልሳ አልግዝ የአንበሳውን ጽምጽ ስታስታውስ ዝምታው ምንም አላሳሰባትም። ሌላ ጊዜ እንደራ እናትዋ ከብረት መሰብ ስትሰፋ አጠገብዋ ተቀመጠች። "ጣቶችሽ ያምራሉ" አለች አልግዝ ከብረትም በመገረም እየቻት፣ ለአልግዝም መሰብ መስራት ትንሽ አላየቻት እደቻቸው ግን አልተነካካም።

The next time she visited the lion, it was easy for Almaz to put her hand on his tail as he chewed. She held her breath. She tugged one strand of hair. The lion kept eating. Almaz gently pulled a little more hair, ready to run. The lion didn't even ttttlook at her.

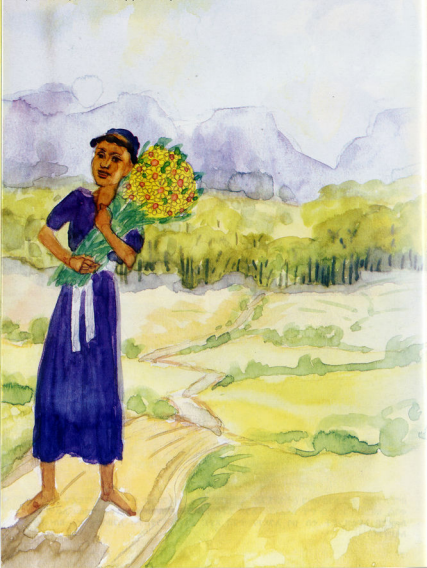


NO COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT INTENDED
IF YOU ARE THE AUTHOR OR PUBLISHER OF THIS BOOK
PLEASE CONTACT US AT: [illegible]



ዕረቀተሰው ጊዜ አንበሳውን ስትጎበኝ እሱ ሲያሳምጥ እጅዋን በአንበሳው ቁራ ላይ ለማድረግ ለአልማዝ ተላል ነበር። ትንሩ ምጥ አደረገች። አንድ ጸጉር ነቀለች። አንበሳው መብላቱን ተጠለ። አልማዝ ለመርጥ እየተዘጋጀች ተሰ ጠላ እንደገና ትንሽ ጸጉር ጨምራ ነቀለች። አንበሳው ተና ብሎ እንደ አላያትም።

All the way back to the village, Almaz filled her hands with Maskal daisies that come with the big rains. When she reached her house, she put the flowers at Kibret's feet.



መንደር እስክትደርስ ድረስ አልማዝ እጆቿን በመስቀል አበባ ሞላች። ትልቁ ዝናብ ካቆመ በሀዋላ አበቦች አብበው ነበር። ቤቷ ስትደርስ አበባውን ከክብረት እግር ስር አስቀመጠች።



And she took down the drum and played a rhythm of triumph.



ተግባርዋን ስለረጸመች ከፀር አንስታ የደሰታ ዘማ አዘመች።

Kibret smiled. "These flowers remind me of my own village," she said. "Come, let me braid your hair for you, and I will show you how to weave the flowers into a crown."



ከብረት ፈንገ አለችና "እነዚህ አበቶች ያደኩበትን መንደር ያስታውሱኛል" አለች። "ንይ ጸጉርሽን ልሰራሽ አበባዬንም እንደ ዘውድ እንዲት እንደሚለሩ አሳይሻለሁ" አለችት።

The next morning AlmaZ ran all the way to her grandfather's hut. "Sit down," said her grandfather in his silky old voice. AlmaZ did a little dance instead. "Was that your drum I heard in the village yesterday?" he asked. "Yes," AlmaZ said. "Yes." She opened her hand and showed him the lion's hair. "Hah!" he said. "Now you can go home." "But the secret," AlmaZ said. "What about the secret?" Her grandfather smiled. "You yourself have found the secret. Go to your new mother as you did to the lion. Slowly by slowly, a little at a time." "Oh," AlmaZ said. "May be I have found the secret." She jumped to her feet and rushed out. Then she stopped. She turned around. "Thank you," she said. She smiled the lion's slow, secret smile and walked slowly home.



በሚተላለፈው ቀን አልማዝ ወደ አያትዋ ቤት ርጠች። "ተተመጪ" አለ አያቷ በለሰለሰ ድምጽ። አልማዝ ትንሽ ተወብመዘች። ትናንት ከመገደራችሁ የሰማሁት ከዘር ያንቺ ነው?" አንድ መዘፈን አያለች። "አም አለች አልማዝ እኔን ከራት አድርጋ ያገሳውን ፀጉር አያሳየኛቸው "አሃ" አሉ አያትዋ! "አሁን ቤት መሄድ ትችላላሽ" "ምስጢሩሳ?" አለች አልማዝ "ምስጢሩ የት አለ?" አያቷ ፈገገ አሉ "እንቺ እራሳሽ ምስጢሩን አግኝተሽዋል። አገሳው ጋ እንደሄድሽው ሁሉ ተስ በተሰ ትንሽ በትንሽ አዳስዋ እናትሽ ጋ ሂዷ። "አሁ" አለች አልማዝ። "ምናልባት ሚስጥሩን አገኝቼ ይሆናል።" እየዘለለች ወደ ውጭ ርባ ወጣች። ከዚያም ቆም አለች። ዞር ብለ ተመላከተች። "አመሰግናለሁ" አለች። የአገሳውን ሚስጢራዊ ፈገገታ እይነት ፈገገ አለች። በዝገታ ወደ ቤቷ አመራች።





Award winning author Jane Kurtz grew up in Maji, a small town in South Western Ethiopia. Many of her 23 books are set in her childhood home of Ethiopia. Jane is part of the faculty of the MFA Program in children's literature at Vermont College, and is president of the board of Ethiopian Books for Children and Educational Foundation (EBCEF).

የበቱ ሽልማት ተሸላሚ የሆኑት ጸሎሴ ደን ኩርቲስ ያደጉት ማሊ በሚሰል ዘይብ በምሳሌ-ወ አንቀሳቃሪ የሚሆን አንድ ትንሽ ከተማ ነው። ከጊዜ መጀመሪያው አባባላት የልደኑ ሁለተኛው በወገኖቹ በአንቀሳቃሪ ላይ የተመሠረቱ ናቸው። ደን የነገረውን ትልቅ በሚለው የማክተር ገጽ ፋይን አርትስ ፕሮግራም የልደት ስላሳብና መምህርነት ናቸው። በተጨማሪም ደን የአንቀሳቃሪን በጠቅላይ ግልጽ ለገጽ አጻጻፍ ፋውንደሽን (ሲ.ቢ.ሲ.ኤ) የሮድ ለቀመጠር ናቸው።



Published by Children's Book Publishing Project (CBPP) of Ethiopian Books for Children and Educational Foundation (EBCEF) with the generous financial support of "Room to Read".

EBCEF
 P.O. Box 27702
 Addis Ababa Ethiopia
 Tel-011-4-670643
 Email: ebcef@ethionet.et
 www.ethiopsareads.org



Design & Print © Alice Prashing Press