LIDA Stories

lidastories.net

Seenaa Maalik / Malik’s story

LIDA Italia
Vilius Aistis Vilimas
Muhammed Berisso (om)

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License.
https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0

Seenaa Maalik

Malik’s story

LIDA Italia
Vilius Aistis Vilimas
Muhammed Berisso

4

Afan Oromo om / English en

Maalik jedhama umuriin koo waggaa 39 dha. Afgaanistaan keessatti dhaladhe. Amantiin koo amantii guddaa Afgaanistaan keessa jiru irraa adda.

. . .

My name is Malik and I am 39 years old. I was born in Afghanistan. My religion is different from the main religion in Afghanistan.

Gaaf tokko gara Afgaanistaanitti akkan deebi’u abdiin qaba. Namoonni achi jiran hedduun gargaarsa kan barbaadan si’a ta’u, isaan gargaaruun barbaada.

. . .

I hope to go back to Afghanistan one day. Many people there need help, and I want to help them.

Waggoota dheeraaf namoonni amantii koo ta’an ari’amaa turan. Kun maatii kootiif baay’ee itti ulfaateera.

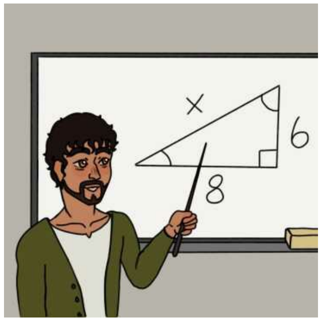
. . .

For many years, people who belong to my religion have been persecuted. This has been very difficult for my family.

Waggoota muraasa dura waraanni ni ture. Ani ni ajjeefama jedhee sodaadheen ture. Maatii koo dhiisee Awurooppaa dhaqee jireenya haaraa jalqabuuf ture.

. . .

A few years ago there was a war. I was afraid I would be killed. I left my family to go to Europe and start a new life.



Erga baradhee booda hojii eegale. Jalqaba mana nyaataa tokko keessatti hojjadhe, achiis namoota gargaaruu waanan barbaaduuf barsiisaa ta’e.

. . .

After studying I started working. First I worked in a restaurant, and then I became a teacher because I want to help others.

Waggoota hedduudhaaf baradhe, jalqaba irratti afaanicha barachuuf. Ulfaataa ture, garuu wantoota haaraa barachuun na gammachiisa.

. . .

I studied for several years, at first to learn the language. It was hard, but I enjoy learning new things.

Kiilomeetira hedduu miilaan deeme. Yeroo tokko tokko nyaata hin qabu ture, bakkan buluus hin qabu ture. Namoonni ani waliin imalaa ture tokko tokko du’aniiru.

. . .

I walked for many kilometres. Sometimes I had no food and nowhere to stay. Some of the people I travelled with died.

Dhumarratti nan gahe. Namoota biyya koo irraa dhufan tokko tokkoon wal barre, isaanis na gargaaran. Osoo isaan hin jiraatiniitii maal akkan godhu hin beeku.

. . .

Finally I arrived. I met some people from my own country who helped me. I do not know what I would have done without them.

Afaanicha barachuu jalqabe, garuu ulfaataa ture. Hojii argachuuf afaanicha dubbachuun barbaachisaa akka ta’e nan beeka ture.

. . .

I started to learn the language, but it was hard. I knew that speaking the language was important to get a job.