

# Shiromani Mkundre Mtiti

Little Red Shiromoni



Written and Translated by Cam Houser  
Ndzwani Comorian, English

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Peace Corps Comoros

Ndzwani Comorian, English  
Ndzuwani, Comoros

Vuka muntru na muntru hale na hale vwaka mwanamtsa mtrumama ayenshi muji karibu paharoni. Kula wakati alawa mwenze upindra shiromani mkundru, vavo wantru zontsi harimwa muji wamhiria waye Mshiromani Mkundru Mtiti.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived in a village near the forest. Everytime she went outside she always wore a red shiromani, so everyone in the village called her Little Red Shiromoni.



Asubwihi moja Mshiromani Mkundru Mtiti  
amdzisa mahe nahika ashindra visite kokwahe  
mana kamwona kokwahe harimwa wakati  
nyengi.

One morning, Little Red Shiromoni asked her  
mother if she could go visit her grandmother  
because she hadn't seen her grandmother in  
a long time.



Mahe arongoa, "Ile de mafikira ndjema!"  
Vavo watriya shahula panyeni ata mpaka ijaya  
ya Shiromani Mkundre Mtiti atsomvingiya  
kokwahe. Wakati wamalidza umwana mtiti  
apindra ishiromani mkundre na alaga mahe.

"Thats a good idea," her mother said. So they  
packed a basket full of food for Little Red  
Shiromoni to bring to her grandmother.  
When they were finished the little girl put on  
her red shiromoni and said goodbye to her  
mother.



Mahe arongoa, "Nahana endra numba ya kokwahe tu. Kutsongadza paharoni awu hadisi na wajeni! Vwa hatwari paharoni." Shiromani Mkundre Mtiti arongoa, "Kusishanga mangu, nitsofahamu."

"Remember go straight to Grandmother's house. Don't play in the forest or talk to strangers! There is danger in the forest! said her mother. "Dont worry mother, I'll be careful," said Little Red Shiromani.



Be wakati Shiromani Mkuntre Mtiti awona mafulera mazuri paharoni, adala ahadi na mahe. Apua mafulera mashteku, angaliya maiyingu binguni, na avulishiya wanyunyi.

But when Little Red Shiromani noticed some beautiful flowers in the forest, she forgot her promise to her mother. She picked a few flowers, watched the clouds in the sky, and listened to the birds.





Shiromani Mkuntre Mtiti asijiviwa na suku ya joro ndzuzuri swafi vavo waye kasiwona mvuli asilawa mpaharoni mengoni. Haraka djini aka bavuni na waye.

Little Red Shiromani was enjoying the warm day so much that she didn't notice a dark shadow approaching out of the forest behind her. Suddenly a djini appeared beside her.



Djin adzisa, "Usifanya ntrini paharoni mwana mtiti mtrumama?" Shiromani Mkuntre Mtiti ajibu, "Nisendra hu wonana kokwangu ayenshi harimwa paharoni karibu mro."

"What are you doing in the forest little girl?" asked the djini. "I'm on my way to see my Grandmother who lives in the forest near the river," Little Red Shiromani replied.



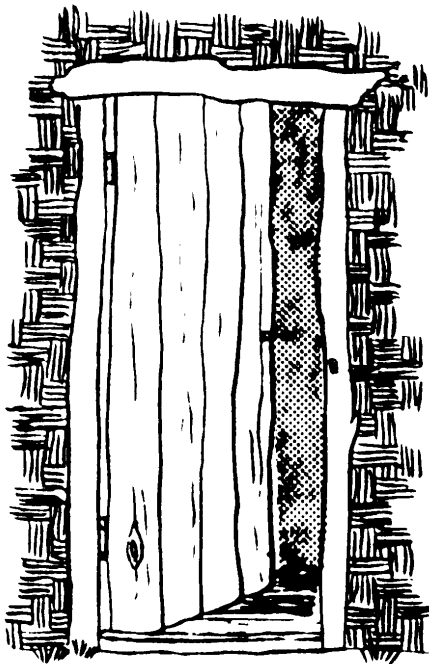
Shiromani Mkuntre Mtiti angaliya juwa na ajuwa hu homa na alaga haraka. Bada a vavo aendra mbiyo ndziyani a numba ya kokwahe. Djini ajuwa hu kantrilia nzia.

Little Red Shiromani looked at the sun and realized how late she was and quickly excused herself. Then she rushed down the path to her Grandmother's house. The djini knew a shortcut.



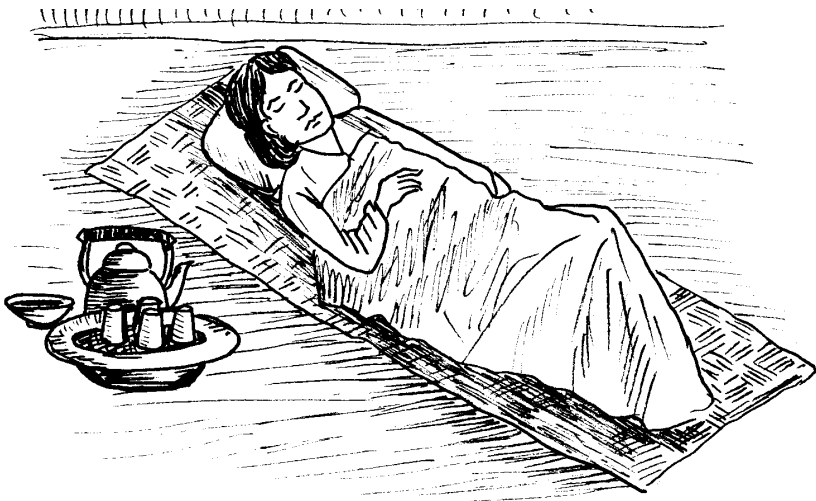
Djini aendra mbiyo apara numba ya koko na rema mlongo. Koko afikiri amba unu de mdjuhuwahe vavo arongoa, "Karibu, Karibu! Tsishanga ntrongo malambe hudjiri paharoni."

The djini ran quickly to Grandmother's house and knocked on her door. "Come in, come in! I was worried that something had happened to you in the forest," said Grandmother thinking that the knock was her granddaughter.



Koko abuwa mlongo na kasina nafasi hu rongoa kalima tsena kabla idjini amla piya. Idjini hu bindrua na angaliya guni ya guo. Idjini apindra saliva na vishidza uso yahe na shiromani.

Grandmother opened the door and didn't have time to say another word before the djini immediately ate her whole. The djini burped and then looked through of Grandmother's bag of clothes. The djini put on her wrap(saliva) and hid his face with a shiromani.



Kaya homa, Shiromani Mkuntre Mtiti arema mlongo. Idjini alala uliliju na avishidza tsena dara. Djini arongoa na ji ya koko, "Wawe deni?" Mwana arongoa, "Tsami, Shiromani Mkuntre Mtiti!" Djini arongoa, "Fetre swafi, karibu tafidali mdjuhuwangu."

Soon after, Little Red Shiromani knocked at the door. The djini jumped into bed and pulled the sheets over his nose. "Who is it?" he called in an old woman's voice. "It's me, Little Red Shiromani!" "Very good, please come in my granddaughter," said the djini.



Wakati Shiromani Mkundru Mtiti angia idagoni kakoshindra hujua kokwahe fete. Shiromani Mkundru Mtiti arongoa, "Kokwangu! Tsikiya ji yaho tafawuti. Urindeni?"

When Little Red Shiromani entered the house she could barely recognize her Grandmother. "Grandmother! Your voice sounds different. Is something wrong?" she asked.



Djin akohoa na rongoa, "Tsina homa mashteku tu." Shiromani Mkundru Mtiti aja karibu na ulili na arongoa, "Be kokwangu! Makio yaho ika dibwavu. Djin ajibu, "Wa borwa na nisihukiya."

"I just have a cold," said the djini adding a cough. "But Grandmother! Your ears look so large," said Little Red Shiromani as she moved closer to the bed. "The better to hear you with my granddaughter," replied the djini.





Shiromani Mkundru Mtiti arongoa, "Be kokwangu! Matso yaho ika malibawavu. Djin ajibu, "Wa borwa na nisihuangaliya mdjuhu wangu.

"But Grandmother! Your eyes look so large," said Little Red Shiromani. "The better to see you with my granddaughter," replied the djini.



Shiromani Mkundru Mtiti akoria na avongona, "Be kokwangu! Manyo yaho ika malibwavu. Djin ashemeledza, "Wa borwa na nisihula mdjuhu wangu!" Djin ayoha montsi na ajerebu hu sika mwana mtrumama mtiti ini.

"But Grandmother! Your teeth look so large," whispered Little Red Shiromani as she started to shake in fear. "The better to eat you with, my granddaughter!" the djini screams. The djini jumped out of the bed and tried to grab the little girl.



Avasa Shiromani Mkundru Mtiti ajuwa de muntru apindra nguo ya kokwahe tsi kokwahe, be ule de djini ya kana ndza swafi. Atrawa haraka na alawa mwenze na ashemeledza ha mangav ya akoshindra, "Saidia! Djini!"

Little Red Shiromani realized that the person in her grandmother's clothes wasn't her grandmother, but a hungry djini. She fled across the room and went outside shouting, "Help! Djini!" as loudly as she could.



Mtsunga akomtunga nyombe tsi mbali akiya fidjo na aendra mbiyo numbani. Asika idjin na amhunkontra ata mpaka idjin araviha kokwahe de akoria swafi be kwafa.

A farmer who was feeding his cow nearby heard the shouting and ran quickly towards the house. He grabbed the djini and shook him until he vomited up the Grandmother who was very afraid but was still alive.



Shiromani Mkundre Mtiti ashemeledza na furaha, "Kokwangu! Tsakoria swafi! Tsatsoparolagua na wadjeni awu hungadza paharoni tsena." Kokwahe arongoa, "Kavwatsi tanbu mdjuhu wangu. Leo wawe ufundriha ntrongo muhimu swafi. Marahaba na mungu wakofanya fidjo mangav paka mtsunga mwema unu ahukiya!"

"Grandma! I was so scared!" cried Little Red Shiromani. I'll never speak to strangers or play in the forest again." "No problem granddaughter. You've learned an important lesson. Thank god you shouted loud enough for this kind farmer to hear you!"



Mtsunga unu arema idjin paka abama na avinga idjin mbali harimwa ipaharo vavo kakoshindra hu tanbisha wantru tsena. Shiromani Mkundru Mtiti angiya inumbani na ali shahula shema na kokwahe.

The farmer knocked out the djini and carried him deep into the forest where he couldn't bother people any more. Little Red Shiromani went into the house and ate good food with her grandmother.





**Samahani, nahika uwono nkosa, awu  
usitsaha shiyo shangina, awu una fikira  
la hwangiha shiyo... tafadhwali  
unambie harimwa:**

**pcvcwhcomoros@gmail.com**

**If you see any mistakes, want another  
book, or want helping writing your  
own book please contact me at:**

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**Marahaba ivo wasoma!**

**Thanks for reading!**

**Cam - Bako Mkoni**