

**The Song of Finch** گۆرانی چۆلهکه — د.محمد عزیز سعید — بۆئینگلیزی وەرێگێراوه

Translated from Kurdish into English by: Mohammed Azeez Saeed  
College of Basic Education, Salahaddin University-Erbil

Once upon a time, there was a finch, playing in the soil. A barb went into its foot, harming the finch very much. The finch circled around to find someone to help and pull the barb out its foot.

The finch saw a woman, baking bread. The finch approached her;

Lady, “a barb went into my foot, could you please pull it out, it hearts me?” the finch said.

The woman pulled the barb out the finch’s foot. The finch thanked her, and said:

Please keep the barb for me, I go to the spring, drink some water, and will be back soon. When the finch came back, the woman has already put the barb in the fire place, burned it.

“Either you give me back the barb, or you give me a basket of bread, instead” the finch said.

She gave the finch a basket of bread; the finch went away. On the way, the finch saw a shepherd sat on a flat rock; playing cornet music.

“Hi, Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Cornet player” the finch said.

“Please, keep an eye on my basket bread while I am going to drink some water in a nearby spring, will be back soon”.

“OK”, the shepherd said. The finch went away.

By the time the finch came back; the shepherd had eaten all the bread.

“I want my bread back, or you give me a sheep”, the finch said.

The shepherd was forced to give the finch a sheep; the finch took the sheep, and went away.

The finch arrived at a village; the people of the village were celebrating a wedding party/ceremony. They were up to slaughter a dog, to steak its meat and eat in the wedding.

The finch said, slaughters a dog for meat, is not a custom, “dog’s meat is not eatable”, you should not do that.

Take this sheep instead, slaughter it, steak the meat, eat it and keep some steaks for me while I am going to drink some water in the river, will be back soon.

Well, the finch, went away to drink water. When the finch came back, no steak remained, all were eaten.

“I want my sheep back” or you give me “the bride”, the finch said.

The sheep was all eaten. The people were coerced to give “the bride” to the finch.

The finch took the hand of the *bride* and went away. The finch saw a singer, singing a song and playing cornet music.

“Hello, Mr. Singer, the cornet player”, would you like to make *a deal?*, the finch said.

“What deal?!” the singer asked.

“I will give you this pretty bride, and you give me your “song and cornet”.

“Very well, agree. “, the singer said.

So the finch and the singer, exchanged the “bride” and the “song & the cornet”. The finch flied away in to the sky.

Since that day, the finch sings and plays cornet music in the gardens. And the singer married the” bride” and having a lovely happy life together, full of prosperity.