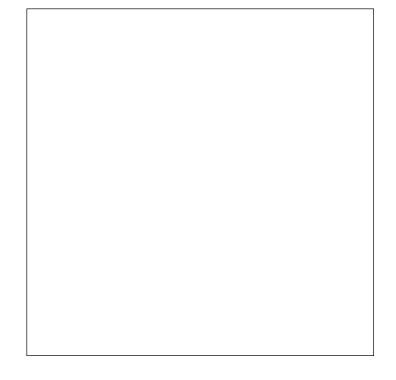
## المركز المعادى المعادى المعادي المعادية

## A Tiny Seed: The Story of Wangari Maathai



- Micola RijsdijkMaya Marshak
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- Urdu \ English
- II Level 3

(imageless edition)



## Storybooks Mauritius

global-asp.github.io/storybooks-mauritius

: الْمِرْ الْمَالِي الله الله Story of Wangari Maathai

Written by: Micola Rijsdijk Illustrated by: Maya Marshak Translated by: Samrina Sana (ur)

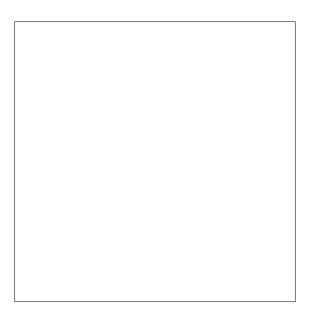
This story originates from the African Storybook (africanstorybook.org) and is brought to you by Storybooks Mauritius in an effort to provide children's stories in Mauritius's many languages.



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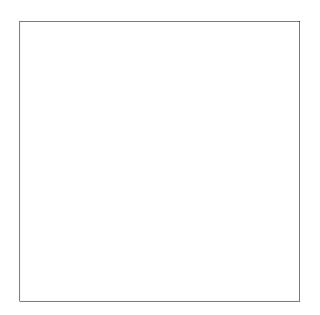




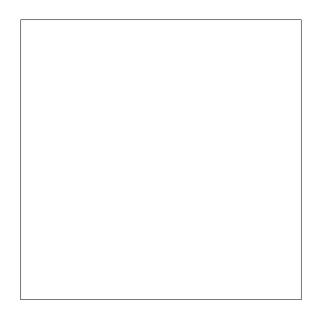
مسترق افریقہ میں کدندیا کے پہاڑوں کے ساحل پر ایک گاؤں میں ایک چھوٹی لڑکی اپنی ماں کے ساتھ کھیدوں میں کام کرتی تھی۔ اُس کا نام ونگاری تھا۔

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In a village on the slopes of Mount Kenya in East Africa, a little girl worked in the fields with her mother. Her name was Wangari.



Wangari loved being outside. In her family's food garden she broke up the soil with her machete. She pressed tiny seeds into the warm earth.

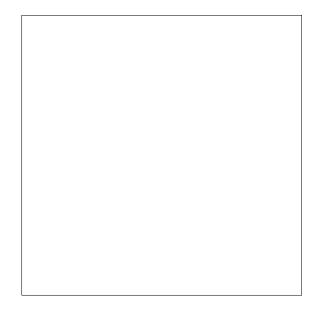


سورج غروب ہو نے کے فوراً بعد کا وقت اُس کا پسندیدہ وقت عما۔ جب پودے دیکھنے کے لیے کافی اندھیرا ہو گیا تو ونگاری کو معلوم عما کہ اب اُسے گھر جا نے کا وقت ہے۔ وہ کھیدوں کے درمیان تمگ راسوں سے دریا کو پار کرتی ہوئی نکلی۔

Her favourite time of day was just after sunset. When it got too dark to see the plants, Wangari knew it was time to go home. She would follow the narrow paths through the fields, crossing rivers as she went.

ونگاری 2011 میں وفات پا گہئی۔ لہیکن جب بھی ہم خوبصورت درخت دیکھتے ہیں ہم اُ سے یاد کر سکہے ہیں۔

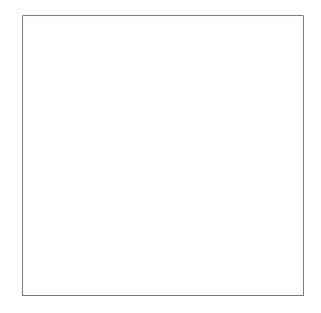
Wangari died in 2011, but we can think of her every time we see a beautiful tree.



Wangari was a clever child and couldn't wait to go to school. But her mother and father wanted her to stay and help them at home. When she was seven years old, her big brother persuaded her parents to let her go to school.

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Wangari had worked hard. People all over the world took notice, and gave her a famous prize. It is called the Nobel Peace Prize, and she was the first African woman ever to receive it.



اً سے سدیکھنا پسند تھا۔ ونگاری ہر کہ آب کے ساتھ زیادہ سے زیادہ سے نیادہ سے سدیکھتی۔ اُس کی سکول کی شاندار کار کر دگی کی بہنا پر اُ سے امریکی ریاست میں پڑھنے کی دعوت ملی۔ ونگاری بہت خوش تھی۔ وہ دنیا کے بارے میں اور جانما چاہتی تھی۔

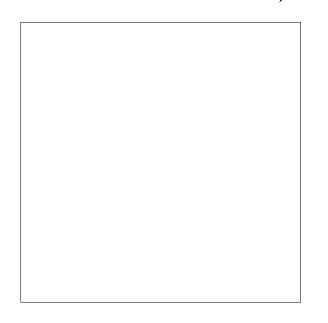
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She liked to learn! Wangari learnt more and more with every book she read. She did so well at school that she was invited to study in the United States of America. Wangari was excited! She wanted to know more about the world.

جیسے جیسے وقت گزرتا گیا۔ ندئے درخوں نے جدگل کی صورت اختیار کرلی اور دریا دوبارہ سے بہدنے لگے۔ ونگاری کا پیعام افریقہ میں چیلدنے لگا۔ آج، ونگاری کے جیوں سے لاکھوں درخت اُگ چکے ہیں۔

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As time passed, the new trees grew into forests, and the rivers started flowing again. Wangari's message spread across Africa. Today, millions of trees have grown from Wangari's seeds.

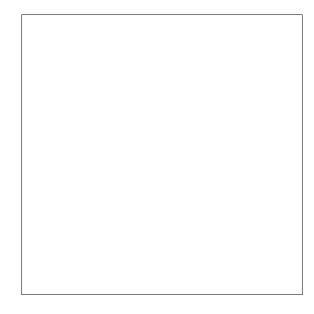


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At the American university Wangari learnt many new things. She studied plants and how they grow. And she remembered how she grew: playing games with her brothers in the shade of the trees in the beautiful Kenyan forests.

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Wangari knew what to do. She taught the women how to plant trees from seeds. The women sold the trees and used the money to look after their families. The women were very happy. Wangari had helped them to feel powerful and strong.



The more she learnt, the more she realised that she loved the people of Kenya. She wanted them to be happy and free. The more she learnt, the more she remembered her African home.

تعلیم مکمل ہو نے پر وہ کینیا لوٹی۔ لیکن اُس کا ملک بدل چکا تھا۔ کھیت زمین پر زیا دہ چھیلاے ہو اُسے تھے۔ عوروں کے پاس جلا نے کے لیے لکڑی نہ تھی جس پر وہ کھانا بنا سکدیں۔ لوگ غریب تھے۔ اور جہے جو کھے تھے۔

. . .

When she had finished her studies, she returned to Kenya. But her country had changed. Huge farms stretched across the land. Women had no wood to make cooking fires. The people were poor and the children were hungry.