



The Magic Powder
Ajib Pudri

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By **Savrigul Gulomalieva** | Illustrated By **Akther Hussain**

Dedicated to my nieces, Malika and Nisso in
Dushanbe, Tajikistan

Mu kherbitsen Malika yat Nissoyard tar
Dushanbe, Tojikistün



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“Mama, we’re bored!” said Malika and Nisso in unison. “Take this bag of wheat to your grandmother,” said their mom.

“Wheat?” What’s that they both shouted out. “Oh, she’ll tell you what wheat is all about” said their mom.

“Nán, mash nafam cheeram!” Malika yat Nisso yen qatiyath khu nánard lüd. Wev nán nala, me khaltayand mef kaht thünjen zet khu yoset khu mumard.

“Kaht thünj-â?” Yid vo cheez, wathen qatiyath xu nán pehst. Aro, tama mum ta fook cheezath dar borai kaht thünj tamard naql kiht wev nàne wefard lüd.



Malika and Nisso skipped through the valley waving their bag of wheat all over the place.

They didn't know the bag had a little hole in it and as they skipped, hopped and jumped to Grandma Marimo's house, little bits of wheat fell to the ground.

Malika yat Nisso en de sàrove va zibat at toyden, at wef khu kaht thünjen ar khalta ta gilnexhen.

Wathen ik de nawzentide wev khalta ye joyand dzulikath kùxhdz; toyden at ik dite zibaden at zhehten tar khu mum Marimo cheed, at az def khaltayanden yilav kaht thünjen ar zimath riht.





“Hey Grandma Marimo, what’s wheat?” asked Malika and Nisso. “Well, wheat is a grain that comes from Mother Nature. We take the grains of wheat and grind it up into flour.” “You mean like a rose flower?” asked Nisso. “No, my dear this is a soft magical powder. Let me show you...”

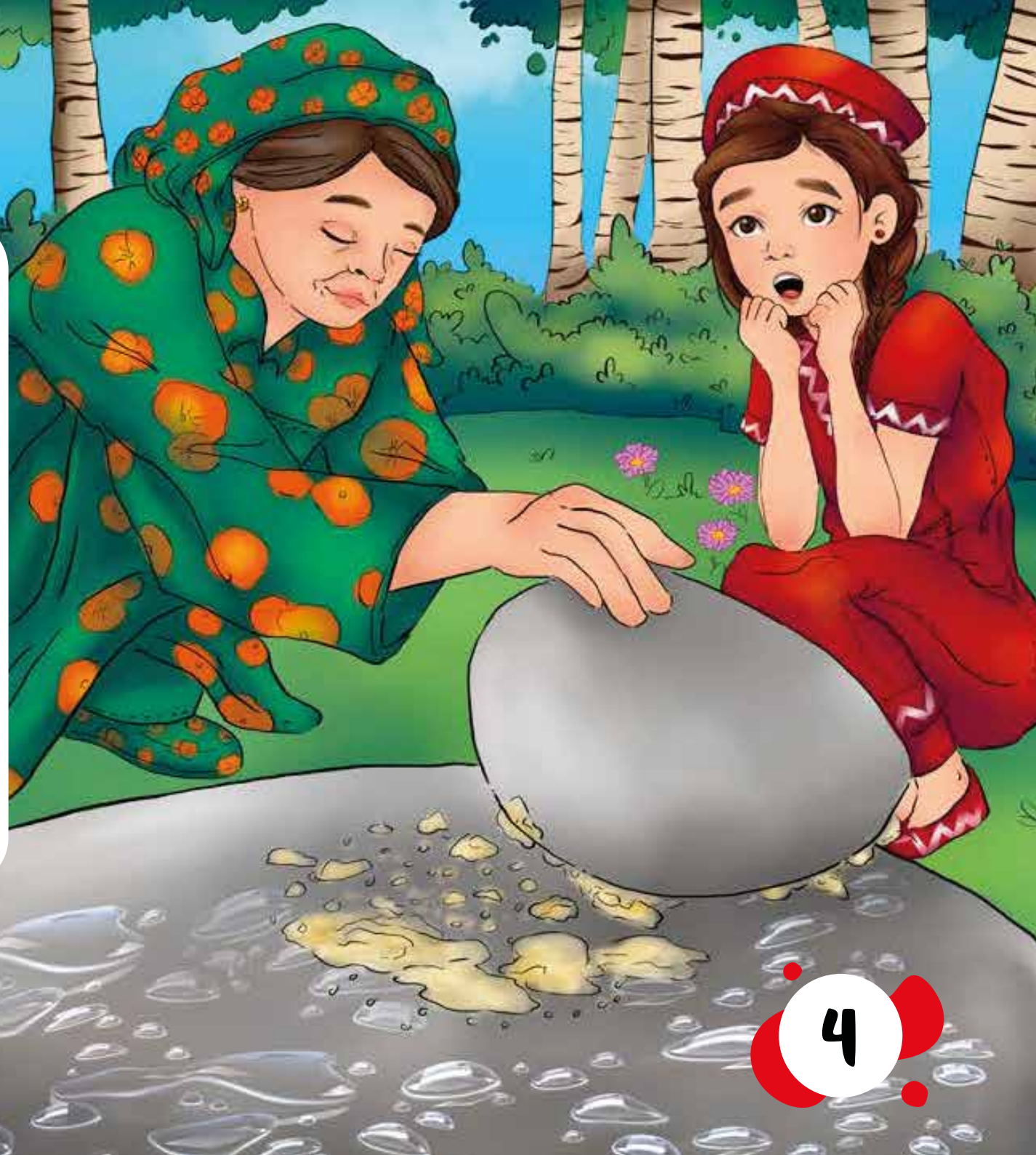
“Mum Marimo, kaht thünj cheez?” Malika yat Nissoyen pehtst. A nàn kaht thünj ta az zimathand nahteezd. Dath ta mash odamen de thünj zezam khu yànam ta, az dinde ta kinam yoxhj. “A, sadbarg gul jino yo?” Nisso ye pehtst. Nai, nán, ed ye ajoibot pudri. Yadet divesum tamard...

She grounded up the wheat into a beautiful soft powder.

Then she added water, a pinch of salt and a tad bit of yeast to the flour and with her frail hands she kneaded the mix into dough.

Yaye wef thünjen yeexhd khu az dinde sut khushruy miloim pudre tayor.

Dathe hats, dusath namak at pizurath khamermo ga alalash chud tar de yoxhch khu sare chud khu kampeer thusten qati khamer khehtow.





“We are going to let the lumpy bumpy dough rest and rise while we make the fire. Sure enough after a little rest the yeast made the mighty dough rise into a dome.

Granny Marimo kneaded the dough a little bit more, shaped it and put it into wood fire oven.

Shich de khu tothchand khamer dusik wakht lakam, lák yid firópt at mash sawam ar kitsor yots pithinam. A-ro yida, dusik wakht naxhjeed at yed khamermoyi dam tothch de khamer qati wufizór chud.

Mum Marimoye de khamer yakborga dusath kheht khu, dathe rebuyd de ar qamochdün khu bàd ar kitsor.

It started to rain outside and shortly after Granny Marimo pulled the pan out of the oven and “just like magic, we have a tasty loaf of bread,” said Granny Marimo.

Edande zamüna borün anjud, at dusga taredira mum Marimoye khu qamochdün az kitsorand ziwost jodigar jinow, bád nala mash bamazza qamoch pekht.





"Yum! Yum! Bread and butter with Apricot Jam!"
sang Malika and Nisso. Girls, the rain has stopped, take this warm loaf to your mother.

"Des bamazza!" Kash qamoch, maska yat nosh vareni qati, Malika yat Nissoyen dam sozak lüd.
Rizinen, borün qarór chud, de kash qamoch shech zet khu yoset khu nànikard.

As they pranced through the valley on their way home they saw something they had never seen before. New tall golden straws “Look!” shouted Nisso.

Malika looked closely at this new wispy grass-like thing. “Wow! It’s wheat from Mother Nature.”

Yedanden de sárove va wiyow daraw zekht tar khu cheedaj at archiztsaen yakumin bor weent.

Darozath tiloyi wokhak naw ruy thothjin, “Yakbor chis”, Nissoye khakhath lüd. Badi Malika pi qaribindi we birik wokhak chukht khu lüdi, “Aha, yam khurd iku kaht thünj az zimathand vuthj”

