



MAI KUKAN KITSO



Rubutu

**Sajida
Mohammed**

Zanen Hotuna

**Yahaya
Mohammed**

Na sadaukar da wannan littafi zuwa ga Huda, da duk yara mata da ake laka ma 'Mai Kukan Kitso.' Godiya musamman ga duk waɗanda suka taimakeni haɗa wannan littafi; kun san kan ku, Allah ya saka da alkhayri :)

Sajida

Na sadaukar da wannan littafi zuwa ga yanuwa na, da abokan arziƙi, da duk waɗanda suka karfafa mini gwiwa domin koyo zane...ga wani abu!

Eza è kpetso Sòkó nikin nyi à

Yahaya

Kurunkus!

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Sajida Sanusi Mohammed

Ba a yarda a buga wannan littafi ba, ko a yi amfani da wani sashe daga cikinsa, ko ta kowacce irin siffa, ba tare da rubutaccen izini daga mawallafiyar ba.

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An fara bugawa a shekarar 2022 / First published in 2022

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Kamfanin Da Ya Yi Dab'i (Published by): Spider and Mantis

ISBN: 978-1-3999-1418-5

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A Translation

MAI KUKAN KITSO

Rubutu

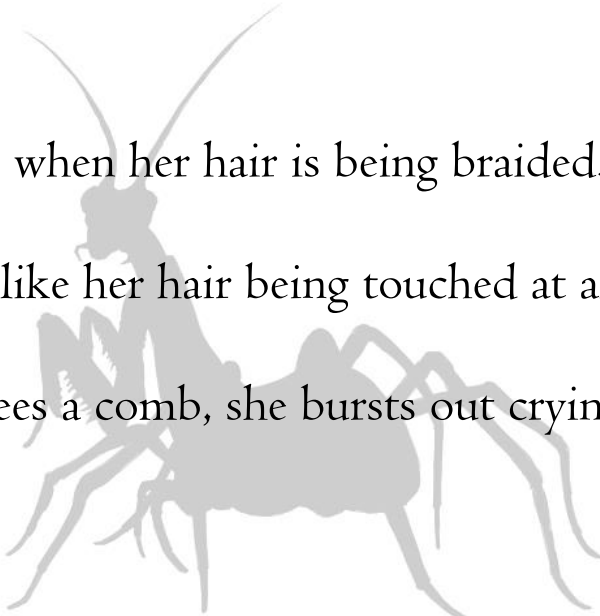
Sajida Mohammed

Zanen Hotuna

Yahaya Mohammed



There is a little girl called
Bintu.



Bintu cries when her hair is being braided.
She doesn't like her hair being touched at all.
When she sees a comb, she bursts out crying!

Bintu's mum did not know what to do with her anymore. The situation had reached the point where Bintu was sent home from school because she did not braid her hair.

All the hair braiders in their neighbourhood had run away, saying that there was no amount of money that would make them braid Bintu's hair again, because of how much she cried, screamed and rolled all over the ground.

One day, Mama was sitting in the courtyard, thinking about the advice Bintu's father had given her to shave off all of Bintu's hair, when Mama's good friend walked in.

When Mama's friend saw Mama deep in thought, with her head resting in her hand, she asked Mama what was wrong. Mama told her friend all the things that Bintu did that threw their house in disarray.

Then Mama's friend said, 'When I was a child, I used to cry whenever my hair was being braided. But then we were told about a certain Hair Braider. Hm! Bintu's Mum, you won't believe it! Ever since that woman braided my hair, I never cried again. Her hands were so good for my hair! She can braid so well, it never hurt, and she can tell a good story. And she's still exactly the way she was. Here is her number, call her. But when you call her, you have to sing.'

Mama replied, 'My friend! Hurry up and teach me the song so that this woman can come and help us!'

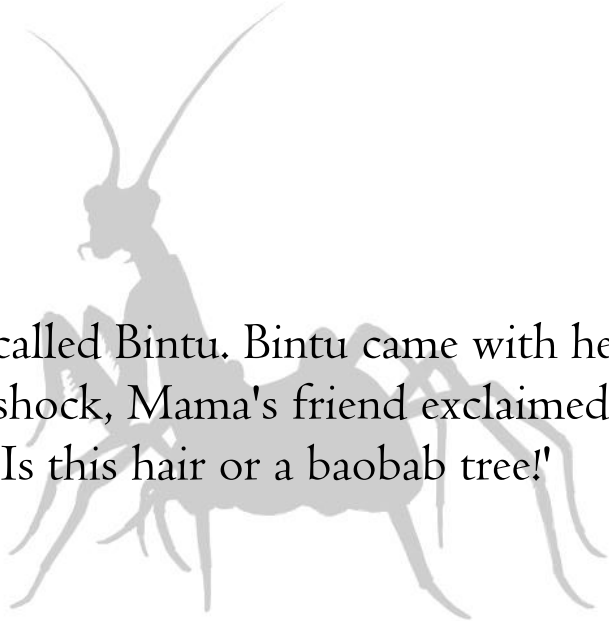
Then Mama's friend taught Mama the song. When Mama called the number and heard someone answer, she cleared her throat and started to sing.

'Hair Braider, Hair Braider
My daughter cries when her hair is being braided
When her hair is touched, she cries out in pain.

Hair Braider, Hair Braider
My daughter hates it when her hair is being braided
When you have the time, I beg you, please come!

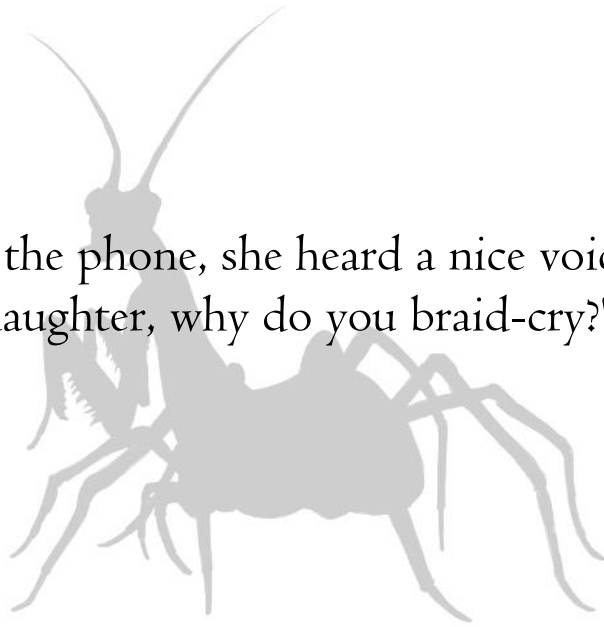
Then Mama heard a nice voice reply:
'Mama, Mama
Don't worry, Mama
Braid-crying isn't nice
But she'll stop eventually.

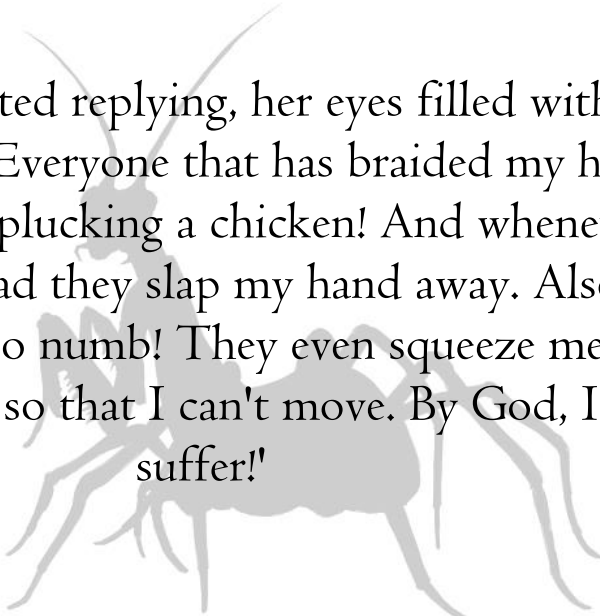
Mama, mama
Don't worry yourself, Mama
Where is the braid-crier?
Let me speak with her.'



In a hurry, Mama called Bintu. Bintu came with her hair in
a mess! In shock, Mama's friend exclaimed,
'Wow! Is this hair or a baobab tree!'

When Bintu took the phone, she heard a nice voice say to her, 'My daughter, why do you braid-cry?'





When Bintu started replying, her eyes filled with tears. 'By God, it hurts! Everyone that has braided my hair pulls at it as if they are plucking a chicken! And whenever I try to touch my head they slap my hand away. Also, my buttocks becomes so numb! They even squeeze me between their thighs just so that I can't move. By God, I really suffer!'

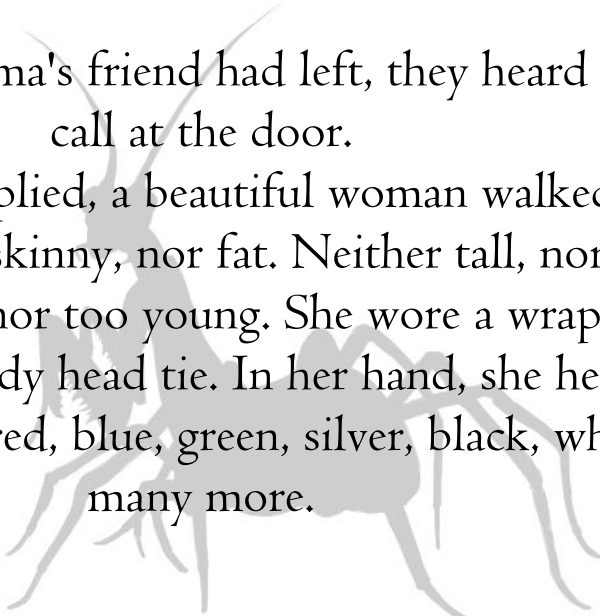
Then the Hair Braider replied, 'My daughter, I've heard your cries. Everything you've just said, I went through it too. At home, no-one knew what to do with me. I swore that no-one would ever touch my hair. Then I found myself in an ugly situation; I was minding my business when my head started to itch. I scratched and I scratched but the itch just wouldn't go away. After a while I felt like things were moving in my hair...

When I checked with a mirror, I saw creepy-crawlies!
That was it, I had to shave it all off.
Anyone who saw me would say that I looked like a boy.
Do you want the same thing to happen to you?'

Bintu touched her hair and felt like creepy-crawlies were already moving around on her head.

'No, I don't want that happen!'

'Alright then my daughter, I'll come later, okay? Don't you worry, I'll braid your hair carefully. If God wills, my hands will be good for your hair.'



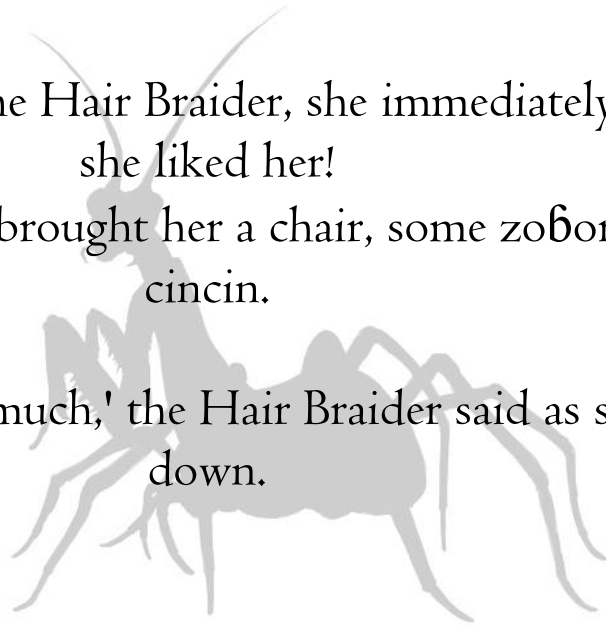
Later on, after Mama's friend had left, they heard someone call at the door.

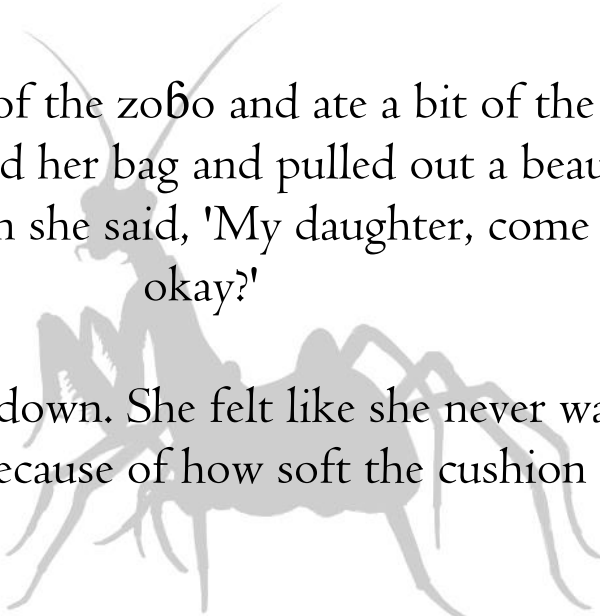
When they replied, a beautiful woman walked in. She was neither skinny, nor fat. Neither tall, nor short. Neither too old, nor too young. She wore a wrapper and blouse with a trendy head tie. In her hand, she held a bag of many colours; red, blue, green, silver, black, white, and many more.

When Bintu saw the Hair Braider, she immediately felt that she liked her!

In a hurry, Mama brought her a chair, some zoborodo and cincin.

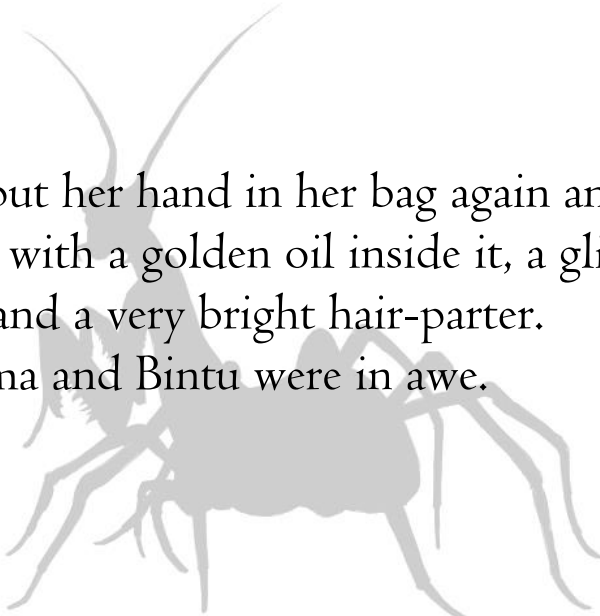
'Thank you so much,' the Hair Braider said as she sat down.



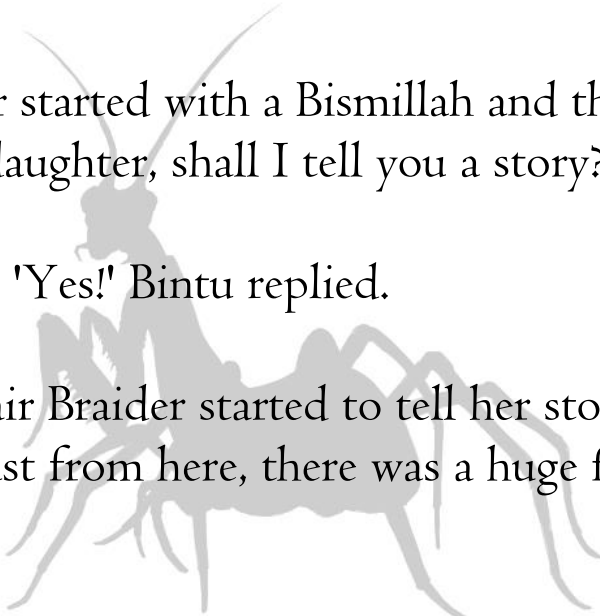


She sipped a bit of the zobo and ate a bit of the cincin,
then she opened her bag and pulled out a beautiful
cushion! And then she said, 'My daughter, come and sit,
okay?'

Bintu ran and sat down. She felt like she never wanted to
get up again because of how soft the cushion was.



The Hair Braider put her hand in her bag again and pulled out a glass bottle with a golden oil inside it, a glittering comb, and a very bright hair-parter.
Mama and Bintu were in awe.

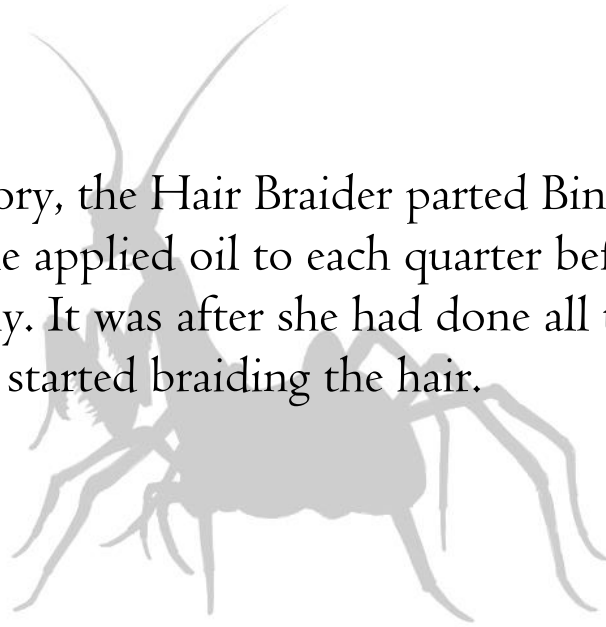


The Hair Braider started with a Bismillah and then she said, 'My daughter, shall I tell you a story?'

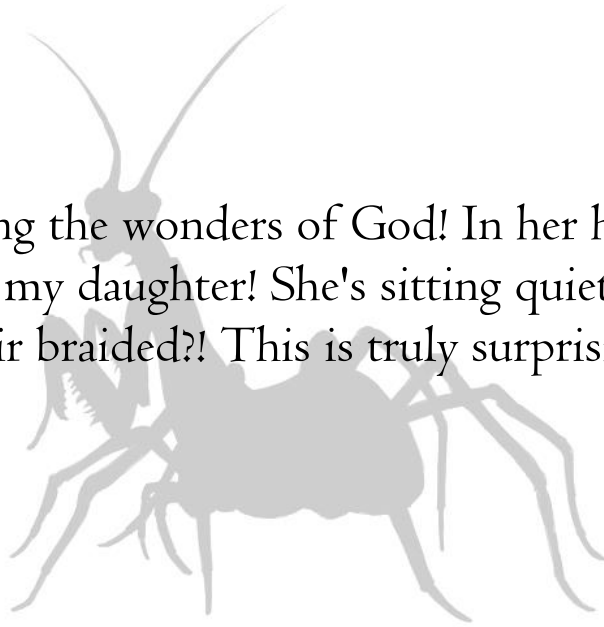
'Yes!' Bintu replied.

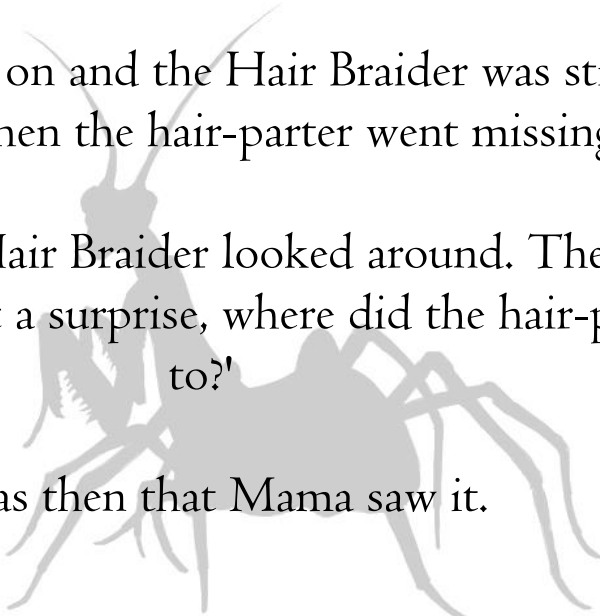
Then the Hair Braider started to tell her story.
'In a country far east from here, there was a huge forest...'

As she told her story, the Hair Braider parted Bintu's hair into four, then she applied oil to each quarter before she combed it carefully. It was after she had done all this that she started braiding the hair.



Mama sat, watching the wonders of God! In her heart she said, 'Is this really my daughter! She's sitting quietly while getting her hair braided?! This is truly surprising!'





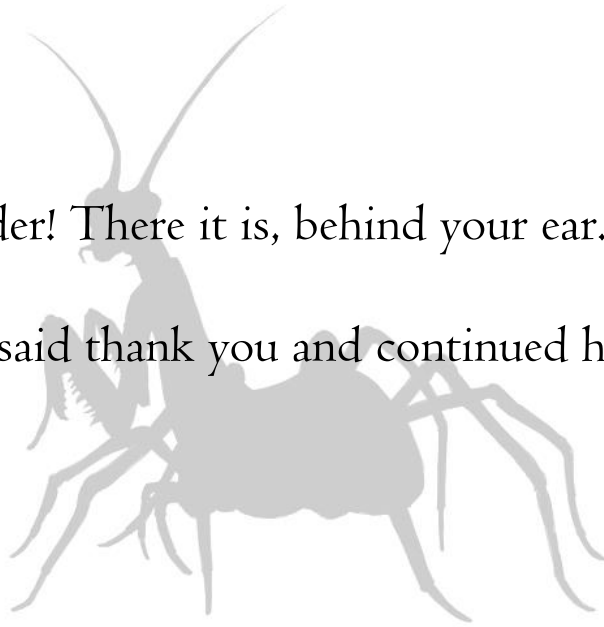
The braiding went on and the Hair Braider was still telling her story when the hair-parter went missing.

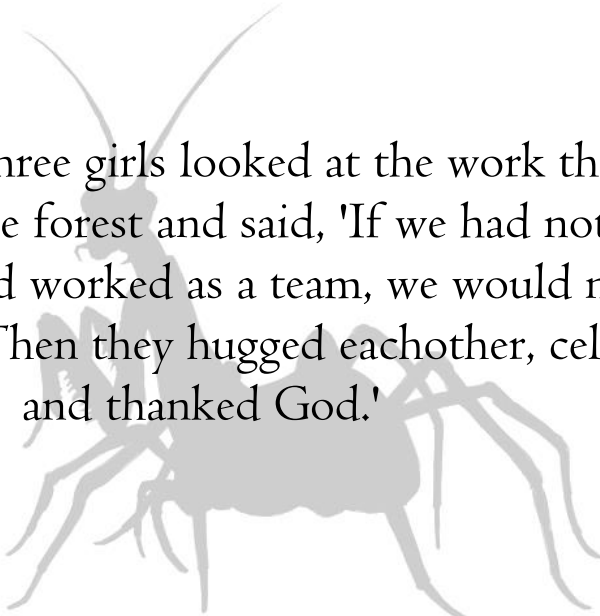
Bintu and the Hair Braider looked around. The Hair Braider said, 'What a surprise, where did the hair-parter get to?'

It was then that Mama saw it.

'Hair Braider! There it is, behind your ear.'

The Hair Braider said thank you and continued her story.



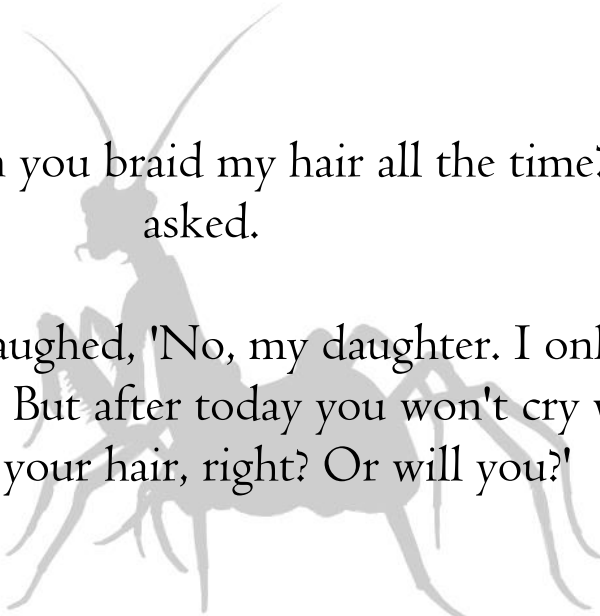


'...Then those three girls looked at the work they had accomplished in the forest and said, 'If we had not put our heads together and worked as a team, we would not have been successful.' Then they hugged each other, celebrated, and thanked God.'

When Bintu noticed the silence she said, 'Hair Braider, why are you quiet?'

And the Hair Braider replied, 'We've finished your hair.' 'Are you serious?!' Bintu touched her hair and felt that it was finished. She didn't feel any pain. Her buttocks didn't go numb at all! Her hands were not slapped away! She was not squeezed in-between thighs!

Mama was so happy her eyes began to tear up.



'Hair Braider, can you braid my hair all the time?' Bintu asked.

The Hair Braider laughed, 'No, my daughter. I only braid a girl's hair once. But after today you won't cry when braiding your hair, right? Or will you?'

'No,' Bintu replied, looking at the floor, 'I don't want creepy-crawlies to make my hair their home. And I don't want to look like a boy.'

'That's good, my daughter,' the Hair Braider smiled. 'Braiding hair is a good thing to do. Our hair really likes it. If you don't look after your hair, it will give you a really hard time. Braids are the simplest way for us. And now you can go a whole two weeks without worrying about your hair.'

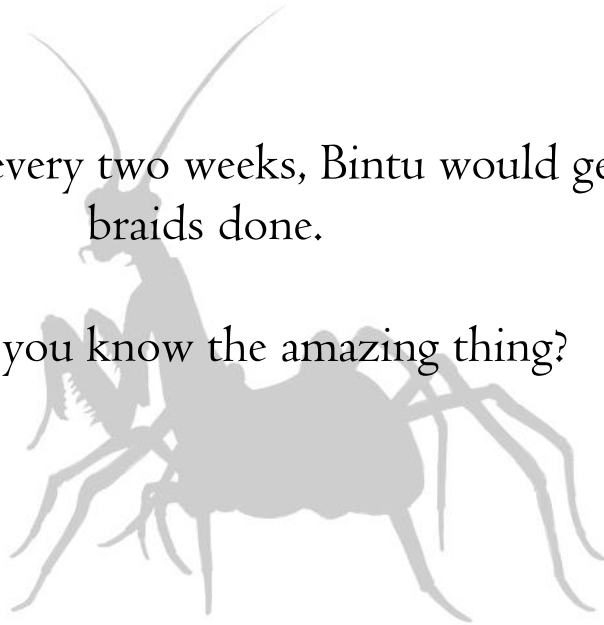


'Thank you so much, Hair Braider,' Bintu said. 'God willing, I won't cry again when my hair is being braided.'

Mama was so happy that she gifted the Hair Braider a brand new cotton cloth, perfume, and shiny bangles.
The Hair Braider thanked Mama and left.

Since that day, every two weeks, Bintu would get new braids done.

And do you know the amazing thing?



Bintu never cried again!

The End

Special Thanks to:

Mama S

Bilal Bugaje

Yahaya Mohammed

Asma'u Nanono

Mr. Ibrahim Sulaiman

Farhana Ibrahim

Asma'u Wali

Sadiya Hadi

Mustapha Salim

Hauwa Sulaiman

Yaran Ingila

Allah ya saka da alkhayri 😊



