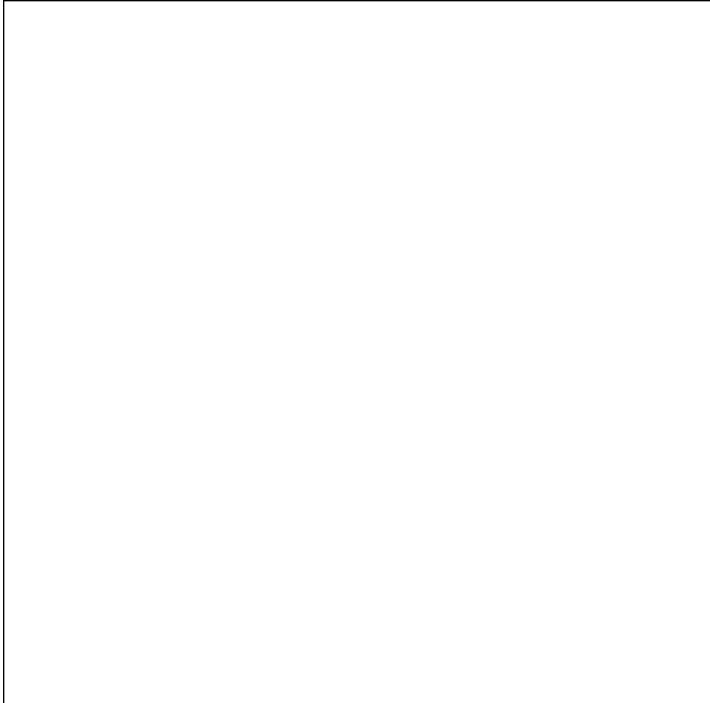




(uten bilder)

- nivå 5
- engelsk / bokmål
- Wiehan de Jager
- Lesley Koyi



Magzwe
Magzwe

Barnebøker for Norge



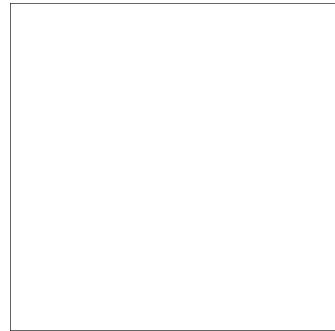
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Illustret av: Wiehan de Jager
Skrevet av: Lesley Koyi

Magzwe / Magzwe

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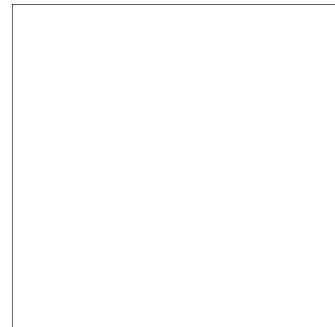
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In the busy city of Nairobi, far away from a caring life at home, lived a group of homeless boys. They welcomed each day just as it came. On one morning, the boys were packing their mats after sleeping on cold pavements. To chase away the cold they lit a fire with rubbish. Among the group of boys was Magozwe. He was the youngest.

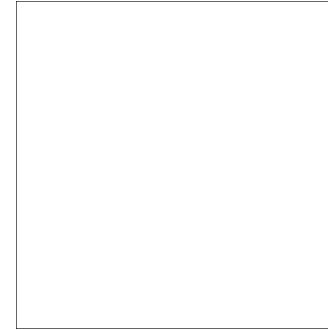
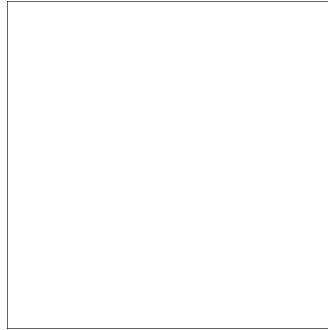
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I den travle byen Nairobi, langt fra det trygge livet hjemme, bodde det en gjeng hjemløse gutter. De tok hver dag akkurat som den kom. En morgen pakket guttene sammen mattene sine etter at de hadde sovet på det kalde fortauet. For å fordrive kulden lagde de et bål av søppel. En av guttene i gjengen var Magozwe. Han var den yngste.



When Magozwe's parents died, he was only five years old. He went to live with his uncle. This man did not care about the child. He did not give Magozwe enough food. He made the boy do a lot of hard work.

Da Magozwes foreldre døde, var han bare fem år. Han dro for å bo med onkelen sin. Denne mannen brydde seg ikke om barnet. Han ga ikke Magozwe nok mat. Han tvang gutten til å jobbe hardt.



If Magozwe complained or questioned, his uncle beat him. When Magozwe asked if he could go to school, his uncle beat him and said, "You're too stupid to learn anything." After three years of this treatment Magozwe ran away from his uncle. He started living on the street.

...

Hvis Magozwe klagde eller stilte spørsmål, slo onkelen hans ham. Når Magozwe spurte om han kunne gå på skolen, slo onkelen hans ham og sa: "Du er for dum til å lære noe som helst." Etter tre år med denne behandlingen rømte Magozwe fra onkelen sin. Han begynte å bo på gata.

Magozwe was sitting in the yard at the house with the green roof, reading a storybook from school. Thomas came up and sat next to him. "What is the story about?" asked Thomas. "It's about a boy who becomes a teacher," replied Magozwe. "What's the boy's name?" asked Thomas. "His name is Magozwe," said Magozwe with a smile.

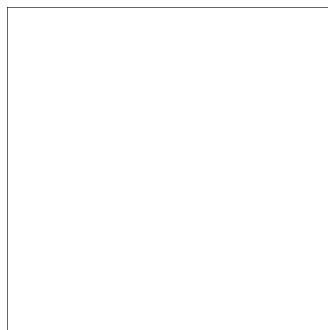
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Magozwe satt på tunet ved huset med det grønne taket og leste en barnebok fra skolen. Thomas kom og satte seg ved siden av ham. "Hva handler fortellingen om?" spurte Thomas. "Den handler om en gutt som blir lærer", svarte Magozwe. "Hva heter gutten?" spurte Thomas. "Han heter Magozwe", svarte Magozwe med et smil.

Magozwe started school and it was difficult. He had a lot to catch up. Sometimes he wanted to give up. But he thought about the pilot and the soccer player in the storybooks. Like them, he did not give up.

Magozwe begynte på skolen, og det var vanskelig. Han hadde mye å ta igjen. Av og til ville han gi opp. Men han tenkte på piloten og fotballspilleren i barnebøkene. Som dem ga han ikke opp.

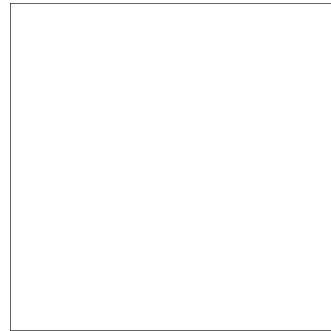
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Street life was difficult and most of the boys struggled daily just to get food. Sometimes they were arrested, sometimes they were beaten. When they were sick, there was no one to help. The group depended on the little money they got from beggling, and from selling plastics and other recycling. Life was even more difficult because of fights with rival groups who wanted control of parts of the city.

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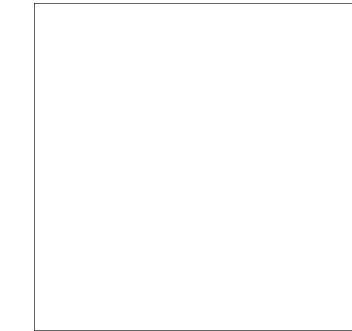
Livet på gata var vanskelig, og de fleste guttene sløt hver dag bare for å finne mat. Noen ganger ble de arrestert, andre ganger ble de slått. Når de ble syke, var det ingen som kunne hjelpe dem. Gjengen var avhengig av de få som kom med råvarer med rivaiserne gjengen som ville ha til resirkulering. Livet var enda vanskeligere på grunn av pengene de fikk fra å tigge og fra å selge plast og annet som kunne hjelpe dem. Gjengen var avhengig av de få kontroll over deler av byen.



One day while Magozwe was looking through the dustbins, he found an old tattered storybook. He cleaned the dirt from it and put it in his sack. Every day after that he would take out the book and look at the pictures. He did not know how to read the words.

...

En dag mens Magozwe lette i noen søppelbøtter, fant han en gammel fillete barnebok. Han fjernet mørkka fra den og la den i sekken sin. Hver påfølgende dag tok han ut boka og så på bildene. Han visste ikke hvordan han skulle lese ordene.



And so Magozwe moved into a room in a house with a green roof. He shared the room with two other boys. Altogether there were ten children living at that house. Along with Auntie Cissy and her husband, three dogs, a cat, and an old goat.

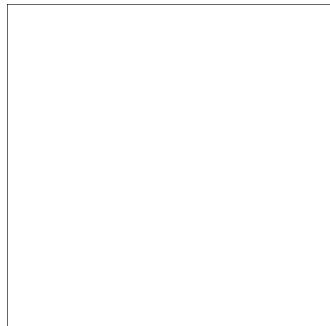
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Dermed flyttet Magozwe inn i et rom i et hus med grønt tak. Han delte rommet med to andre gutter. Til sammen var det ti barn som bodde i det huset. Sammen med tante Cissy og mannen hennes, tre hunder, en katt og en gammel geit.

The pictures told the story of a boy who grew up to be a pilot. Magozwe would daydream of being a pilot. Sometimes, he imagined that he was the boy in the story.

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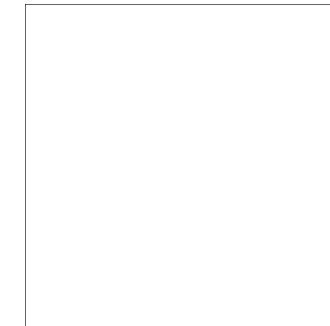
Bilde ne fortalte fortellingen om en gutt som vokste opp til å bli pilot. Magozwe pleide å dagdrømme om å bli pilot. Noen ganger innbilete han seg at han var gutten i fortellingen.

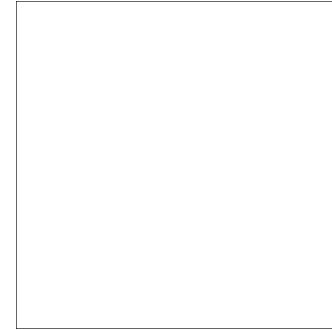
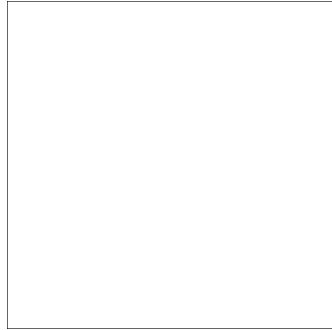


Han snakket om det han var redd for med Thomas. Med tiden forsikret mannen gutten om at livet kunne bli bedre på det nye stedet.

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He shared his fears with Thomas. Over time the man reassured the boy that life could be better at the new place.





It was cold and Magozwe was standing on the road begging. A man walked up to him. "Hello, I'm Thomas. I work near here, at a place where you can get something to eat," said the man. He pointed to a yellow house with a blue roof. "I hope you will go there to get some food?" he asked. Magozwe looked at the man, and then at the house. "Maybe," he said, and walked away.

...

Det var kaldt og Magozwe stod langs veien og tigget. En mann gikk bort til ham. "Hei, jeg heter Thomas. Jeg bor i nærheten, på et sted der du kan få deg noe å spise", sa han og pekte på et gult hus med blått tak. "Jeg håper du drar dit for å få deg litt mat?" spurte han. Magozwe så på ham, og deretter på huset. "Kanskje", sa han og gikk.

Magozwe thought about this new place, and about going to school. What if his uncle was right and he was too stupid to learn anything? What if they beat him at this new place? He was afraid. "Maybe it is better to stay living on the street," he thought.

...

Magozwe tenkte på dette nye stedet og på å gå på skolen. Hva om onkelen hans hadde rett og han var for dum til å lære noe? Hva om de slo ham på dette nye stedet? Han var redd. "Kanskje det er bedre å bo på gata", tenkte han.

skole.

at han visste om et sted hvor barn kunne bo og gå på skolen og lære på lese. Hva synes du? Thomas forklarte til han en dag sa: „Jeg synes det er på tide at du går på lærte denne fortellingen for Magozwe mange ganger, helt som vokste opp til å bli en berømt fotballspiller. Thomas en ny barnebok. Det var fortellingen om en landsbygutt der Thomas ham markirer Magozwes fødselsdag ga

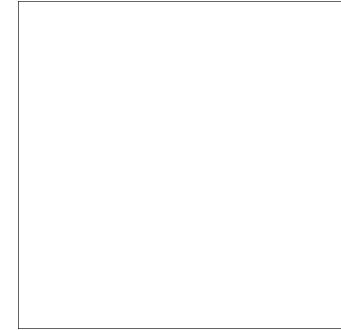
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place where children could stay, and go to school. What do you think?“ Thomas explained that he knew of a story to Magozwe many times, until one day he said, “I grew up to be a famous soccer player. Thomas read that think it's time you went to school and learned to read. Around Magozwe's tenth birthday, Thomas gave him a new storybook. It was a story about a village boy who listened to the stories of people's lives. He was serious and patient, never rude or disrespectful. Some of the boys started going to the yellow and blue house to get food at midday.

Over the months that followed, the homeless boys got used to seeing Thomas around. He liked to talk to people, especially people living on the streets. Thomas listened to the stories of people's lives. He was serious and patient, never rude or disrespectful. Some of the boys started going to the yellow and blue house to get food at midday.

...

I managed some fruit to eat while he listened to the stories of the people living on the streets. Thomas liked to talk to people, especially people living on the streets. Thomas listened to the stories of people's lives. He was serious and patient, never rude or disrespectful. Some of the boys started going to the yellow and blue house to get food at midday.



Magozwe was sitting on the pavement looking at his picture book when Thomas sat down next to him. "What is the story about?" asked Thomas. "It's about a boy who becomes a pilot," replied Magozwe. "What's the boy's name?" asked Thomas. "I don't know, I can't read," said Magozwe quietly.

...

Magozwe satt på fortauet og kikket i bildeboka da Thomas kom og satte seg ved siden av ham. "Hva handler fortellingen om?" spurte Thomas. "Den handler om en gutt som blir pilot", svarte Magozwe. "Hva heter gutten?" spurte Thomas. "Jeg vet ikke, jeg kan ikke lese", svarte Magozwe lavt.

When they met, Magozwe began to tell his own story to Thomas. It was the story of his uncle and why he ran away. Thomas didn't talk a lot, and he didn't tell Magozwe what to do, but he always listened carefully. Sometimes they would talk while they ate at the house with the blue roof.

...

Da de møttes, begynte Magozwe å fortelle sin egen historie til Thomas. Det var historien om onkelen hans og hvorfor han rømte hjemmefra. Thomas snakket ikke mye, og han sa ikke til Magozwe hva han skulle gjøre, men han lyttet alltid oppmerksomt. Noen ganger snakket de sammen mens de spiste i det gule huset med det blå taket.