




The day I left home for the city

Den dagen eg drog heimanfrå for å dra til byen

 Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula

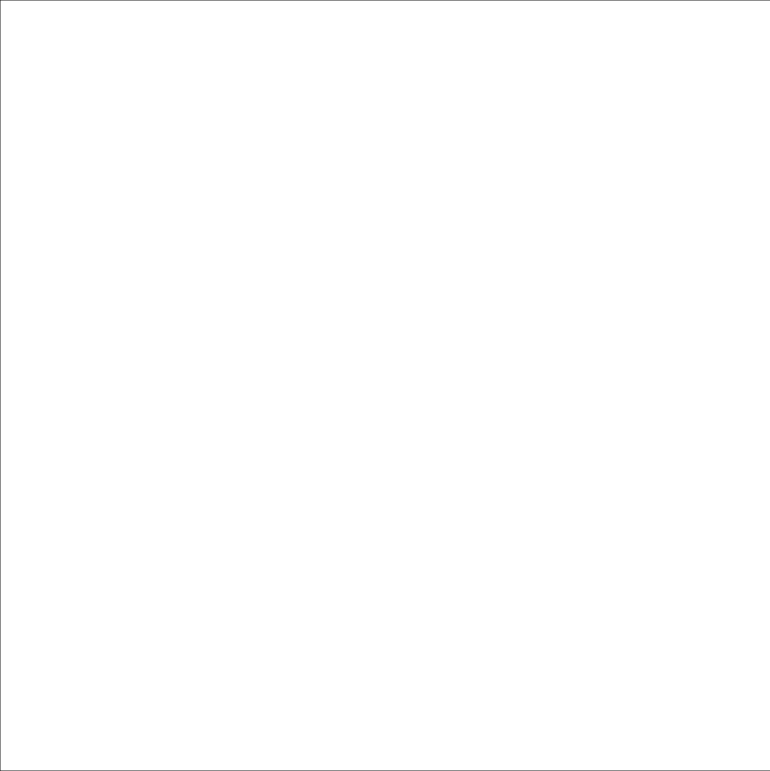
 Brian Wambi

 engelsk / nynorsk

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(uten bilder)

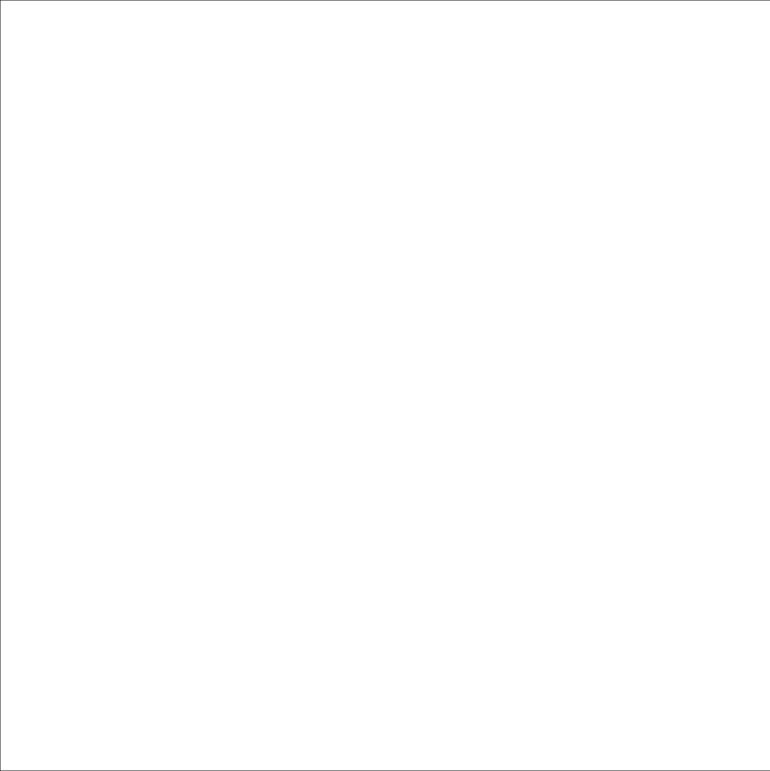




The small bus stop in my village was busy with people and overloaded buses. On the ground were even more things to load. Touts were shouting the names where their buses were going.

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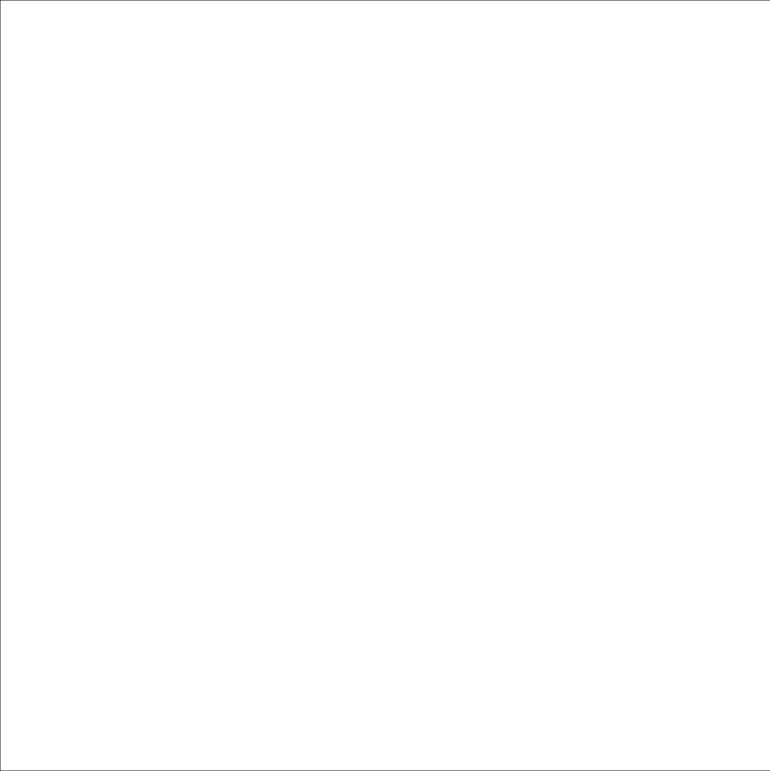
Den vesle busstasjonen i landsbyen min var travel og stappfull av bussar. På bakken var det fleire ting som skulle lastast. Medhjelparane ropte namna på stadane dit bussane gjekk.



“City! City! Going west!” I heard a tout shouting.
That was the bus I needed to catch.

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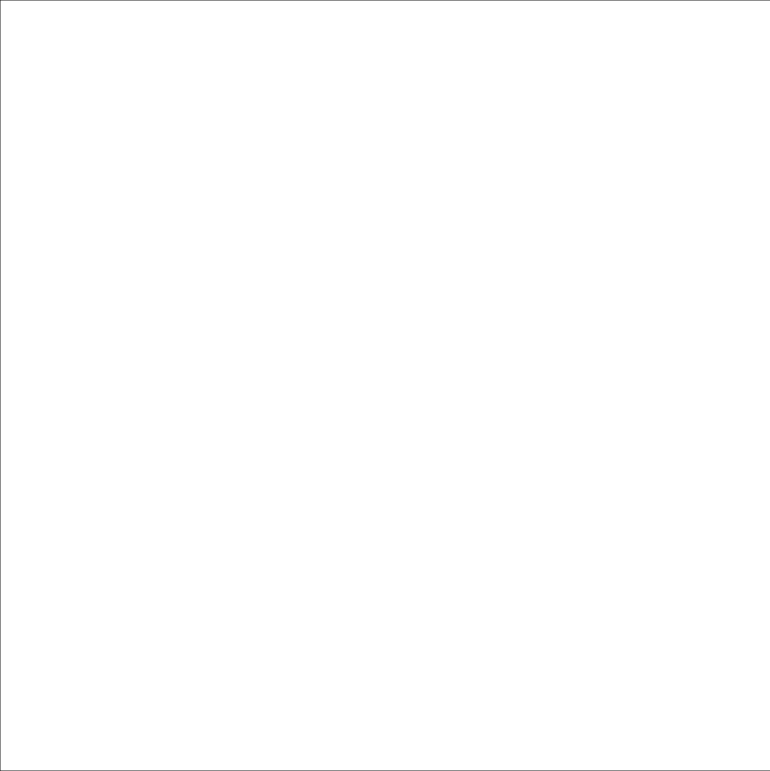
“Byen! Byen! Vestover!” h yrde eg ein
medhjelpar ropa. Det var bussen eg m tte ta.



The city bus was almost full, but more people were still pushing to get on. Some packed their luggage under the bus. Others put theirs on the racks inside.

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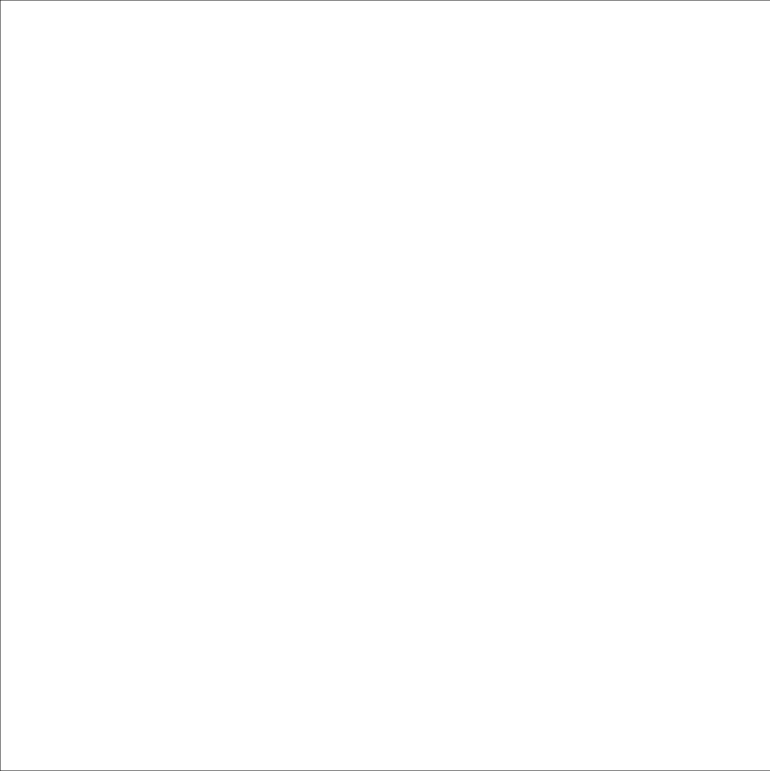
Bussen til byen var nesten full, men fleire folk dytta for å koma om bord. Nokre plasserte bagasjen sin i bagasjerommet under bussen. Andre la han på hyllene inne i bussen.



New passengers clutched their tickets as they looked for somewhere to sit in the crowded bus. Women with young children made them comfortable for the long journey.

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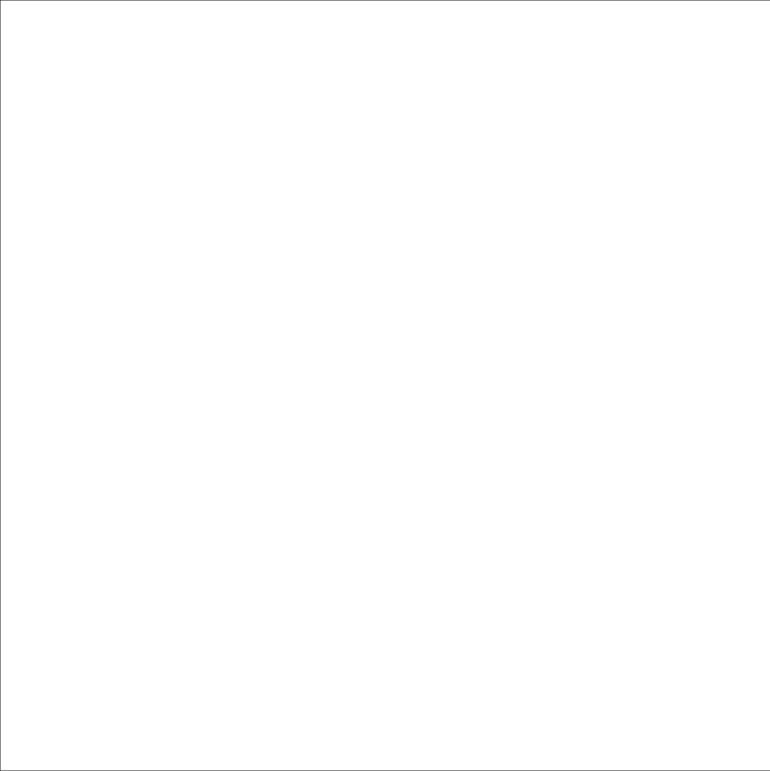
Nye passasjerar klamra seg til billettane sine medan dei såg etter ein stad å sitja sidan det var trongt om plassen. Kvinner med unge born la til rette for dei så dei skulle få det behageleg under den lange reisa.



I squeezed in next to a window. The person sitting next to me was holding tightly to a green plastic bag. He wore old sandals, a worn out coat, and he looked nervous.

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Eg pressa meg inn ved sida av eit vindauge. Personen som sat ved sida av meg heldt hardt om ein grøn plastpose. Han hadde på seg gamle sandalar, ein utsliten frakk, og han såg nervøs ut.



I looked outside the bus and realised that I was leaving my village, the place where I had grown up. I was going to the big city.

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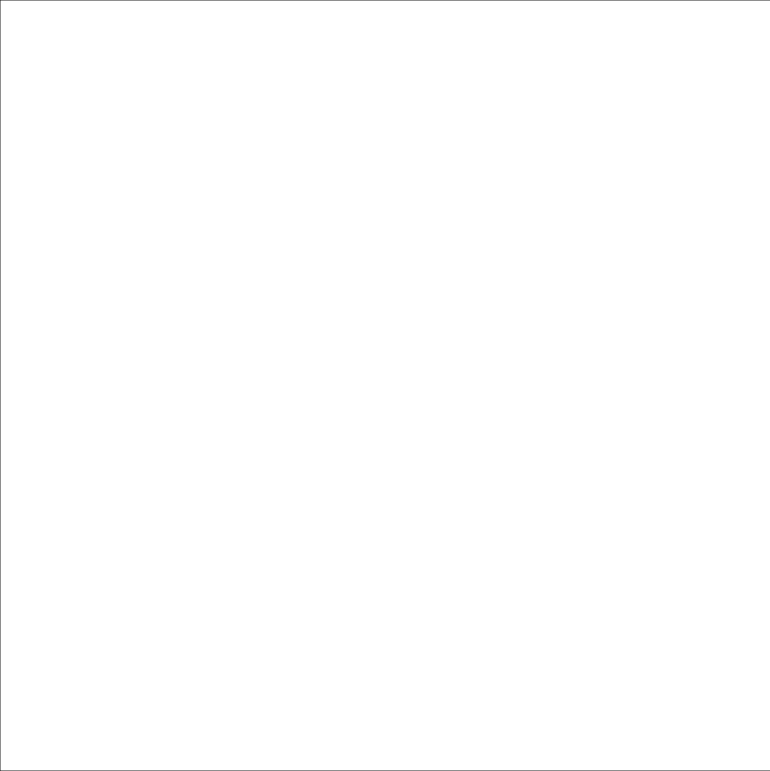
Eg såg ut av bussen og innsåg at eg var i ferd med å forlata landsbyen min, staden der eg hadde vakse opp. Eg skulle dra til den store byen.



The loading was completed and all passengers were seated. Hawkers still pushed their way into the bus to sell their goods to the passengers. Everyone was shouting the names of what was available for sale. The words sounded funny to me.

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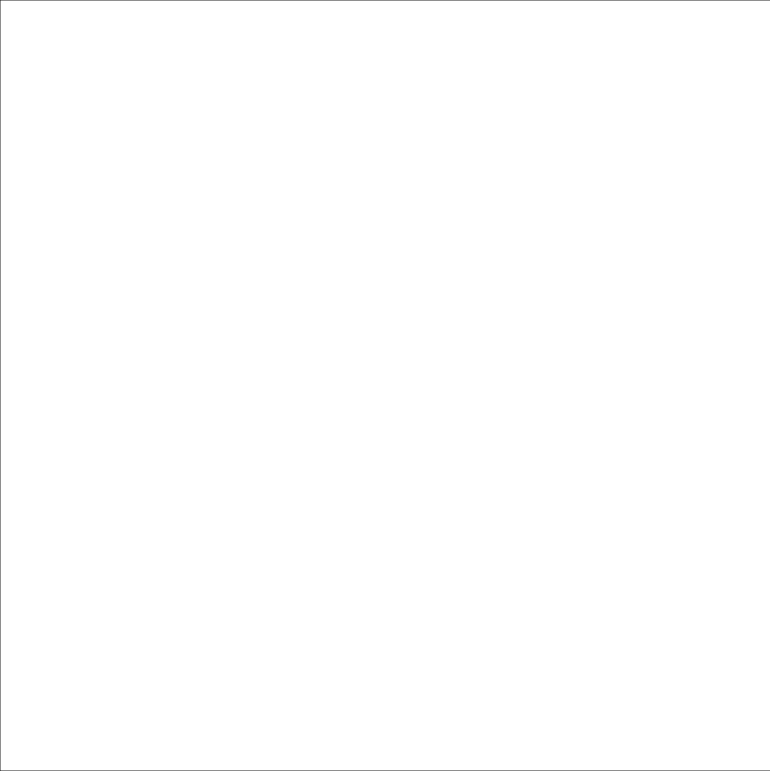
Lastinga av bagasjen var ferdig og alle passasjerane hadde sett seg. Gateseljarar pressa seg enno inn i bussen for å selja varene sine til passasjerane. Alle ropte namna på det dei hadde til sals. Eg syntest orda høyrdest merkelege ut.



A few passengers bought drinks, others bought small snacks and began to chew. Those who did not have any money, like me, just watched.

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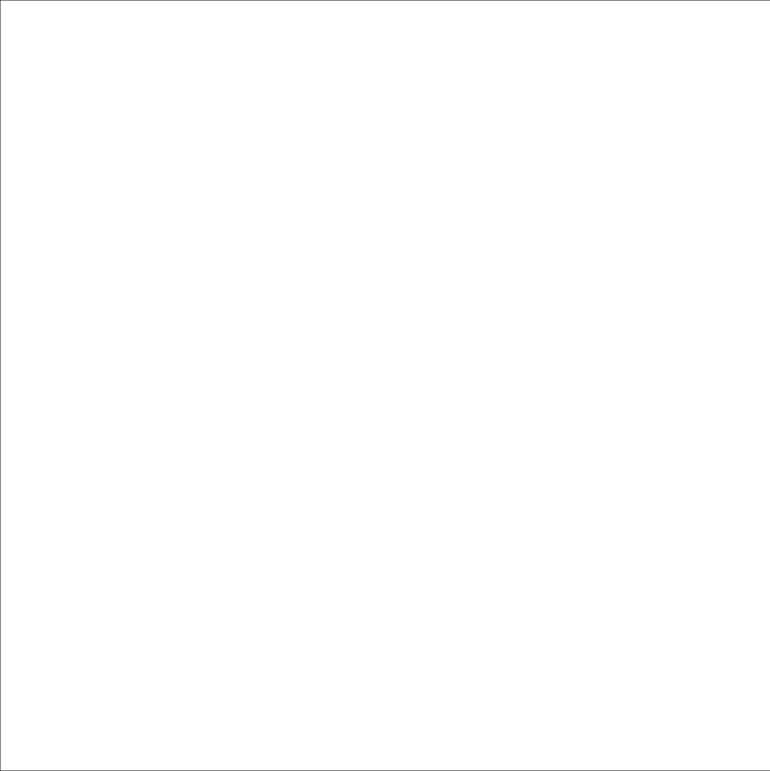
Nokre få passasjerar kjøpte noko å drikka, andre kjøpte små snacks som dei byrja å tygga på. Dei som ikkje hadde nokre pengar, som eg, berre såg på.



These activities were interrupted by the hooting of the bus, a sign that we were ready to leave. The tout yelled at the hawkers to get out.

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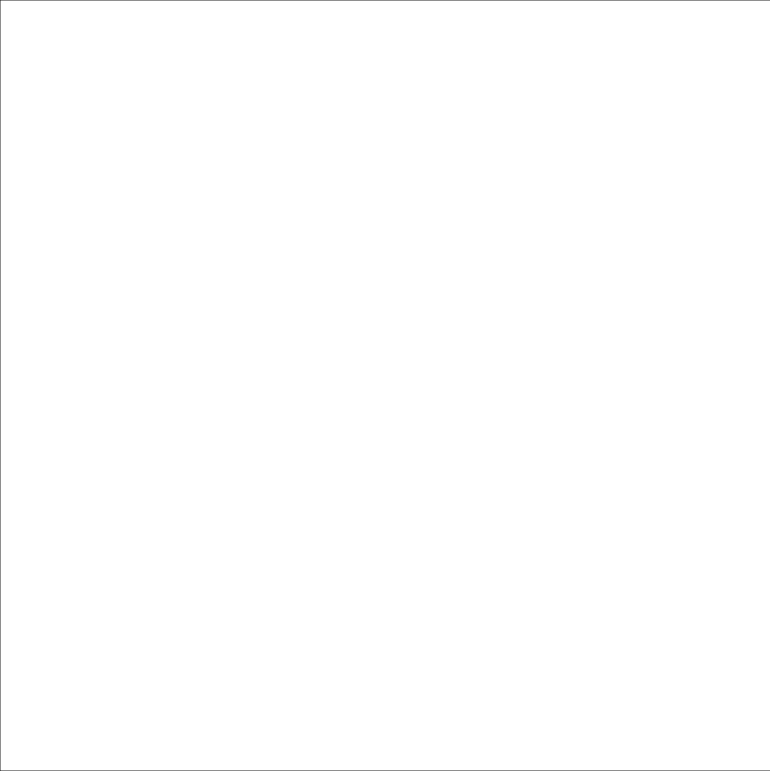
Desse aktivitetane vart avbrotne av tutinga til bussen, eit teikn på at vi var klare til å dra. Ein medhjelpar ropte at gateseljarane måtte koma seg ut.



Hawkers pushed each other to make their way out of the bus. Some gave back change to the travellers. Others made last minute attempts to sell more items.

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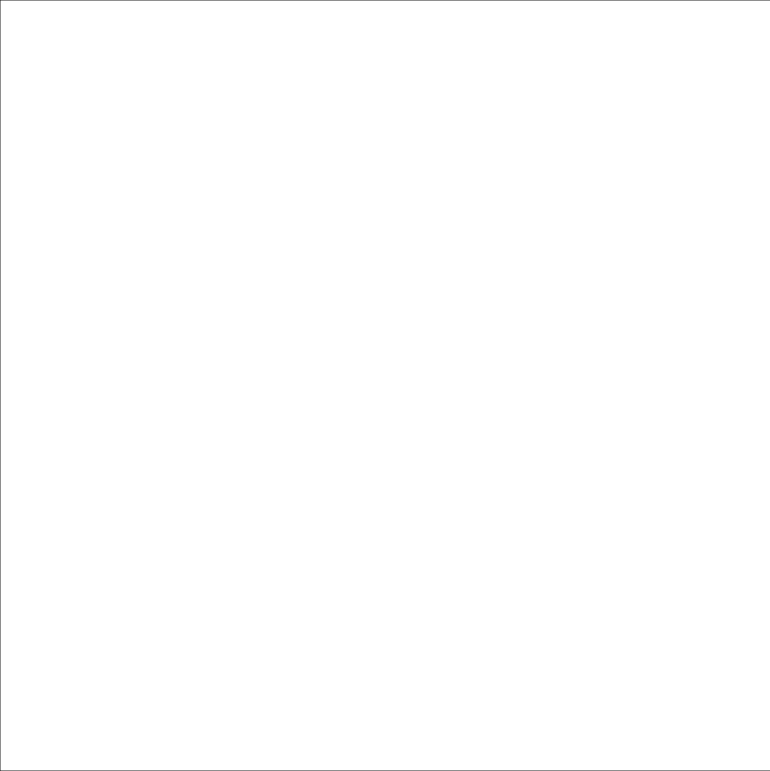
Gateseljarar dytta kvarandre for å koma seg ut av bussen. Nokre gav tilbake vekslepengar til dei reisande. Andre freista i siste liten å selja nokre fleire varer.



As the bus left the bus stop, I stared out of the window. I wondered if I would ever go back to my village again.

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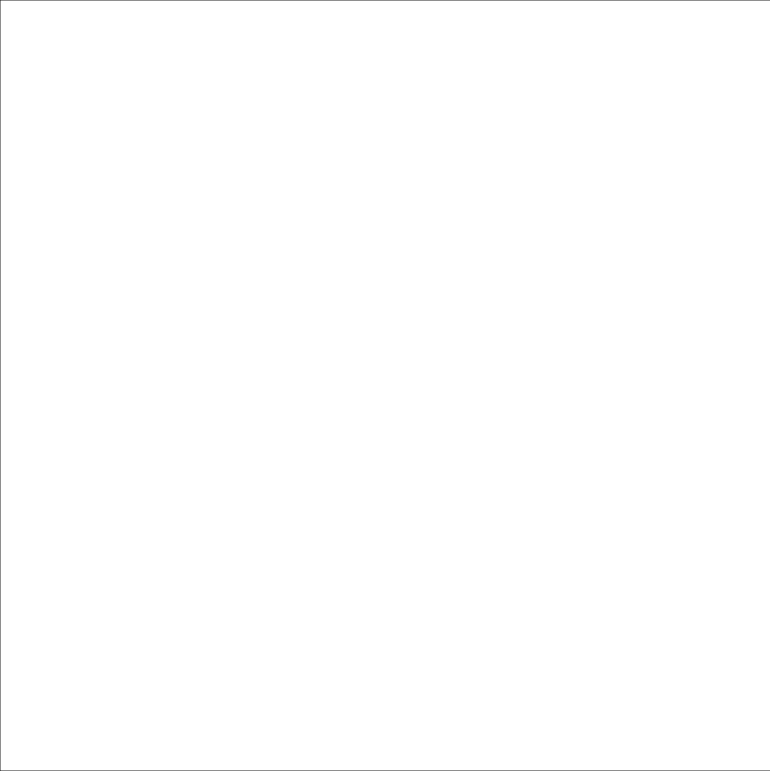
I det bussen forlét busstasjonen, stira eg ut av vindaugget. Eg lurte på om eg nokosinne skulle koma tilbake til landsbyen min igjen.



As the journey progressed, the inside of the bus got very hot. I closed my eyes hoping to sleep.

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Etter kvart som reisa heldt fram vart det veldig varmt i bussen. Eg lukka auga og håpte å få sova.



But my mind drifted back home. Will my mother be safe? Will my rabbits fetch any money? Will my brother remember to water my tree seedlings?

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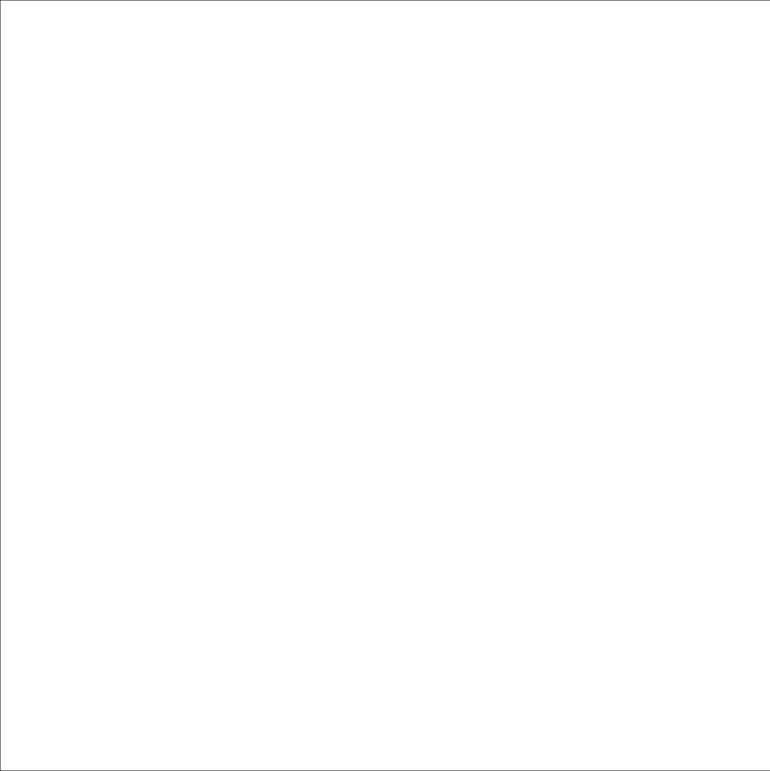
Men tankane mine vandra heim. Kjem mor mi til å verta trygg? Kjem kaninane mine til å innbringe nokre pengar? Kjem bror min til å hugsa å vatna dei nyutsprungne trea mine?



On the way, I memorised the name of the place where my uncle lived in the big city. I was still mumbling it when I fell asleep.

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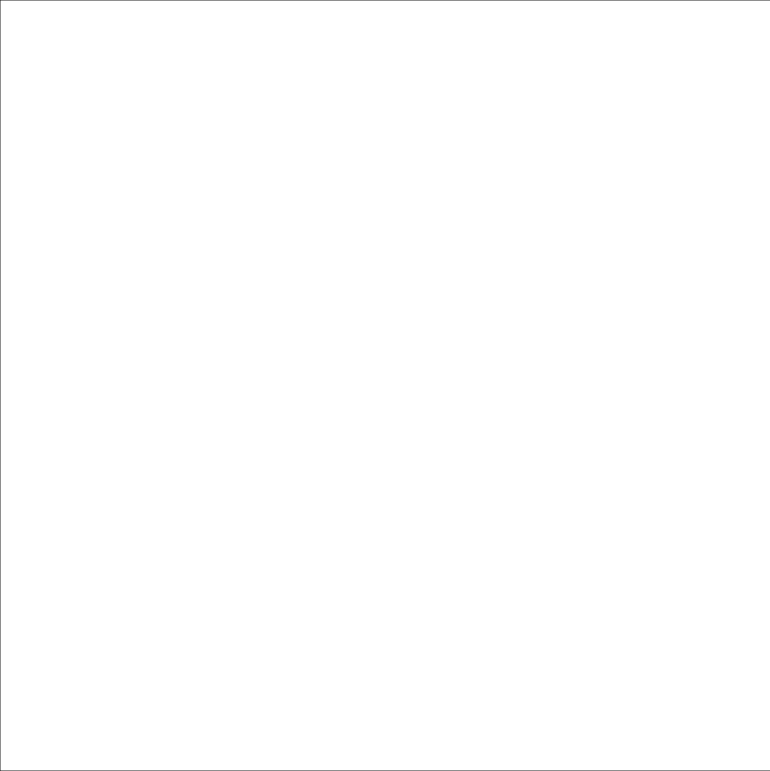
På vegen lærte eg meg utanåt namnet på staden i den store byen der onkelen min budde. Eg mumla enno då eg fall i søvn.



Nine hours later, I woke up with loud banging and calling for passengers going back to my village. I grabbed my small bag and jumped out of the bus.

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Ni timar seinare vakna eg av høglydt banking og roping etter passasjerar som skulle tilbake til landsbyen min. Eg greip fatt i den vesle veska mi og hoppa ut av bussen.



The return bus was filling up quickly. Soon it would make its way back east. The most important thing for me now, was to start looking for my uncle's house.

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Bussen som skulle tilbake vart fylt opp fort. Det viktigaste for meg no var å byrja å leita etter huset til onkelen min.



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