



Global Storybooks

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Magozwe / Magozwe

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👤 Wiehan de Jager

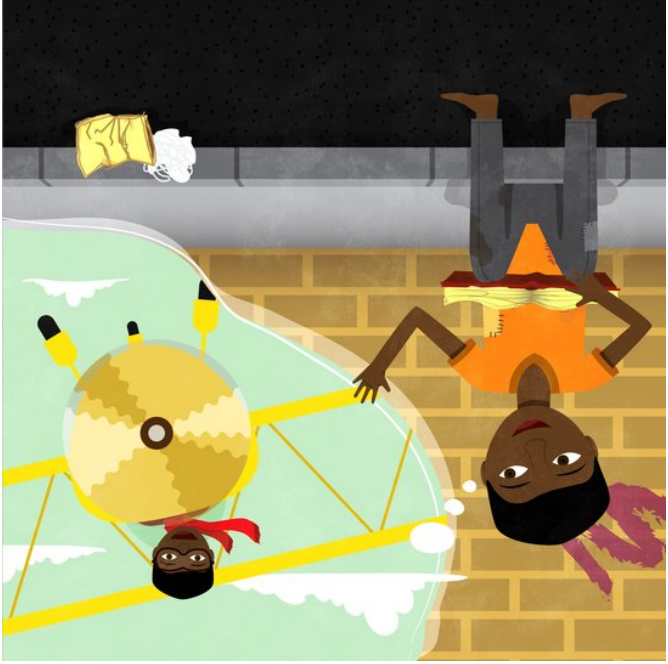
📖 Fanie Viljoen, Helena Vilonel (af)



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Magozwe

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🗣️ Afrikaans (af) / English (en)



In die besige stad, Nairobi, ver verwyder van 'n liefdevolle huis, woon 'n groep daklose seuns. Hulle het elke dag maar gevat soos dit kom. Een oggend het die seuns hulle slaapmatte gepak nadat hulle op die koue sypaadjie geslaap het. Om die koue weg te hou, maak hulle vuur met rommel. Magozwe, was die jongste seun in die groep.

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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.

Magozwe was net vyf jaar oud toe sy ouers gesterf
het. Hy het by sy oom gaan bly. Hierdie man het
nie vir die kind omgee nie. Hy het nie vir
Magozwe genoeg kos gegee nie en het die seun
 baie harde werk laat doen.
...

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.





As Magozwe kla of vrae vra, het sy oom hom geslaan. Toe Magozwe vra of hy skool toe mag gaan, het sy oom hom geslaan en gesê, "Jy is te dom om enige iets te leer." Na drie lange jare van hierdie slegte behandeling, het Magozwe weggehardloop van sy oom af. Hy het op die straat begin lewe.

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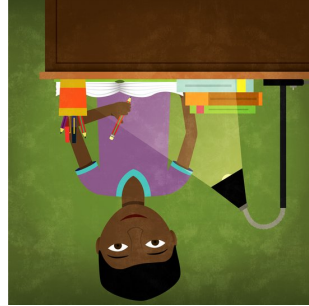
If Magozwe complained or questioned, his uncle beat him. When Magozwe asked if he could go to school, his uncle beat him and said, "You're too stupid to learn anything." After three years of this treatment Magozwe ran away from his uncle. He started living on the street.



Die straatlewe was moeilik. Die meste van die seuns het gesukkel om kos in die hande te kry. Hulle is soms gearresteer of geslaan. As hulle siek was, was daar geen hulp nie. Die groep moes staatmaak op die klein bietjie geld wat hulle gekry het deur te bedel op straat en ook deur plastiek en ander goed te herwin. Die lewe was selfs nog moeiliker omdat gevegte tussen vyandige groepe oor beheer oor dele van die stad.

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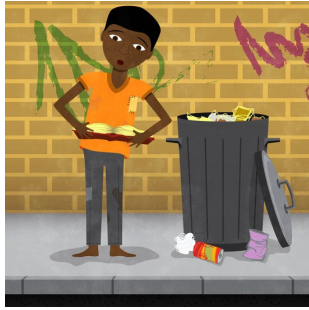
Street life was difficult and most of the boys struggled daily just to get food. Sometimes they were arrested, sometimes they were beaten. When they were sick, there was no one to help. The group depended on the little money they got from begging, and from selling plastics and other recycling. Life was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



Magzwe het begin skoolgaan. Dit was moeilik en hy moes baie werk inhaal. Hy wou somtyds moed opgee, maar dan dink hy aan die loods en die sokkerspeler in die storieboeke. Net soos hulle het hy nie opgegee nie. ##

...

Magzwe 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.



Eendag, terwyl Magozwe in asblikke krap, kry hy 'n ou stukkende storieboek. Hy het die vuilgoed afgevee en die boek in sy sak gesit. Elke dag daarna haal hy daagliks die boek uit en kyk na die stories. Hy het nie geweet hoe om die woorde te lees nie.

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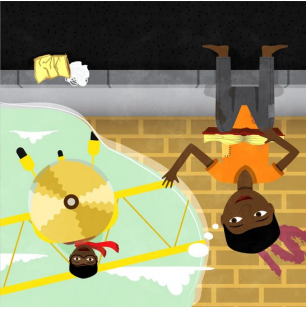
One day while Magozwe was looking through the dustbins, he found an old tattered storybook. He cleaned the dirt from it and put it in his sack. Every day after that he would take out the book and look at the pictures. He did not know how to read the words.



Dit is hoe Magozwe uiteindelik in 'n kamer, in 'n huis met 'n groen dak gaan bly het. Hy het die kamer met twee ander seuns gedeel. Altesaam het daar tien kinders in daardie huis gebly. Saam met Tannie Cissy en haar man, drie honde, 'n kat en 'n ou bok.

...

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.



Die prente het die storie vertel van 'n seun wat 'n vlieënier geword het. Magozwe het daarvan vlieënier te word. Hy gedroom om ook eendag 'n vlieënier te word. Hy het soms gedroom dat hy die seun in die storie is.

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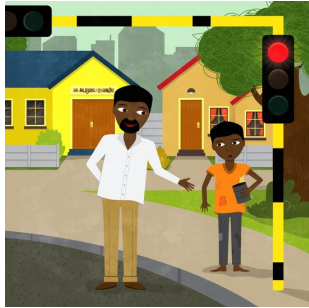
The pictures told the story of a boy who grew up to be a pilot. Magozwe would daydream of being a pilot. Sometimes, he imagined that he was the boy in the story.



Hy het sy vrese met Thomas gedeel. Met tyd het die man die seun gerusgestel dat die lewe by die nuwe plek beter sal wees.

...

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



Dit was koud en Magozwe het op die straat staan en bedel toe 'n man en na hom aangestap kom met hom begin praat. "Hallo, my naam is Thomas. Ek werk hier naby by 'n plek waar 'n mens iets kan kry om te eet," het hy gesê. Hy het na 'n geel huis met 'n blou dak beduie. "Wil jy nie soontoe gaan om kos te kry nie?" het hy gevra. Magozwe het na die man gekyk en dan na die huis. "Miskien," het hy gesê en weggestap.

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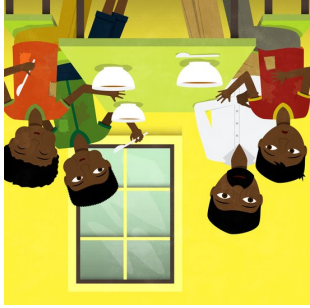
It was cold and Magozwe was standing on the road begging. A man walked up to him. "Hello, I'm Thomas. I work near here, at a place where you can get something to eat," said the man. He pointed to a yellow house with a blue roof. "I hope you will go there to get some food?" he asked. Magozwe looked at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



Magozwe het gedink aan die nuwe plek en aan skool toe gaan. Wat as sy oom reg was – sê nou net hy is te dom om iets te leer? Wat as hulle hom by die nuwe plek gaan slaan? Hy was bang. "Dis miskien beter om voort te gaan om op die straat te leef," het hy gedink.

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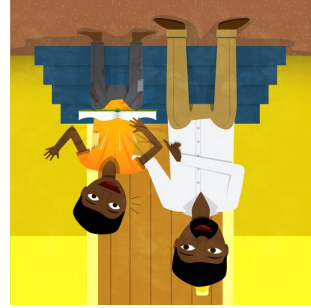
Magozwe thought about this new place, and about going to school. What if his uncle was right and he was too stupid to learn anything? What if they beat him at this new place? He was afraid. "Maybe it is better to stay living on the street," he thought.



Or die volgende paar maande het die daklose seuns daaraan gewoond geraak om vir Thomas te sien. Hy het graag met mense gepraat, veral mense wat op die straat bly. Thomas het geluister na die mense se lewensverhale. Hy was ernstig en geduldig. Hy was nooit lelik of sonder respek nie. Sommige seuns het middagê begin om na die geel en blou huis te gaan om kos te kry.

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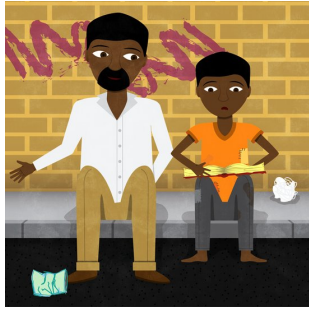
Over the months that followed, the homeless boys got used to seeing Thomas around. He liked to talk to people, especially people living on the streets. Thomas listened to the stories of people's lives. He was serious and patient, never rude or disrespectful. Some of the boys started going to the yellow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



Met Magozwe se tiende verjaarsdag het Thomas vir hom 'n nuwe storieboek gegee. Dit was die verhaal van 'n arm seun van 'n klein dorpie wat 'n bekende sokkerspeler geword het. Thomas het die storie keer op keer vir Magozwe gelees. Eendag sê hy, "Ek dink dit is tyd dat jy skool toe gaan en self leer lees. Wat dink jy?" Thomas het verduidelik dat hy weet van 'n plek waar kinders kan woon en skool toe gaan.

...

Around Magozwe's tenth birthday, Thomas gave him a new storybook. It was a story about a village boy who grew up to be a famous soccer player. Thomas read that story to Magozwe many times, until one day he said, "I think it's time you went to school and learned to read. What do you think?" Thomas explained that he knew of a place where children could stay, and go to school.



Eendag het Magozwe op die sypaadjie gesit en na sy prenteboek gekyk toe Thomas langs hom kom sit. "Waaroor gaan die storie?" het Thomas gevra. "Dit gaan oor 'n seun wie 'n loods geword het," antwoord Magozwe. "Wat is die seun se naam?" het Thomas gevra. "Ek weet nie, ek kan nie lees nie," het Magozwe sag gesê.

...

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.



Uiteindelik het Magozwe sy eie storie vir Thomas vertel. Die storie was oor sy oom en hoekom hy weggehardloop het. Thomas het nie baie gepraat nie. Hy het ook nie vir Magozwe vertel wat om te doen nie, maar hy het altyd baie mooi geluister. Hulle het soms gesels terwyl hulle geë et het by die huis met die blou dak.

...

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.