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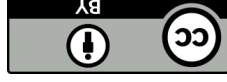
Ubushiku natumine kung'anda
ukuya kukalale / The day I left

home for the city

✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafua

👤 Brian Wambi

📧 Sandra Mulesu (bem)



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Ubushiku natumine kung'anda
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The day I left home for the city



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Icitesheni ca sacha mumushi wandi pali abantu abeni nama scha ayaisula. Panshi ninshi pali nafimbi ifyakulonga. Bakaponya ninshi balependilila ukuleya ama sacha.

...

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.

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

...

“Kukalalei kukalalei Abaleya kumasamba!”
Nabomfwa bale punda, iyi esacha nfwile nanina.





Sacha ninshi ilinamukwisula, nomba abantu bacili baleisunka ukwingila. Bambi balongele ifipe munshi yasacha. Bambi balongele mutushimbi mukati.

...

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.



Sacha yalebwekelamo yaya ileisula bwangu bwangu. Nombalinefye yalaima ukubwekelamo kukabanga. Icikalamba uli ine nomba kwamba ukufwaya ukwikala bayama.

...

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.

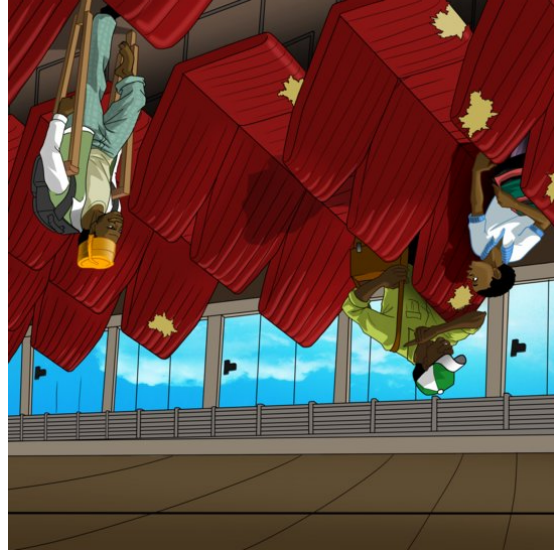


Abalenina baleipatika pakuti batwaye

apakwikala mucintu bwingi. Bana mayo abali
nabana balikkele bwino palwendo pantu lutali.

...

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.



Panuma yansa pabula, nabuka pakunwa
icongo, baleta abantu abalebwekelamo
kumushi! kumwesu. Nasompola akacola
nokufuma muli sacha.

...

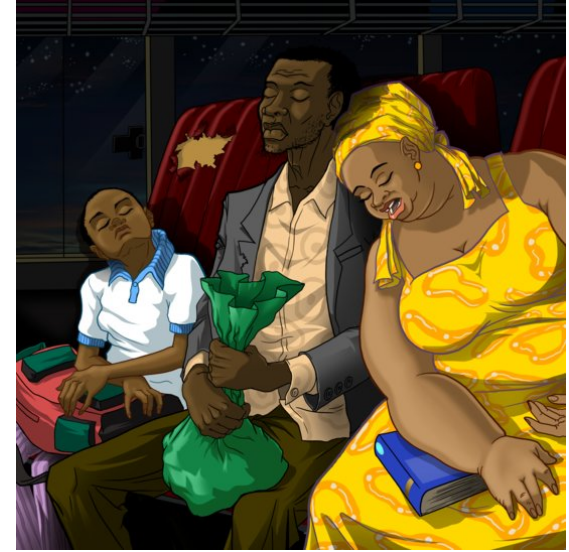
Nine hours later, I woke up with loud banging
and calling for passengers going back to my
village. I grabbed my small bag and jumped out
of the bus.



Efyo naipatikishe kwiwinda. Ebonapalamene nabo balifukatile icola ca katapa katapa. Bafyele indyato ishakale, ikoti ilyasapuka nokumoneka abasakamana.

...

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.



Munshila naya neswatila amashina yancende ukwaleikala bayama mukalale. Ncili ndetamanshila naponenamutulo.

...

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.

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?

...

Nomba amano yandi! yabwela kung'anda. Bushe bamayo bakabafye bwino? Bushe bakaliu bandi bakambweshsha indalama? Bushe ndume yandi akulaibukisha ukutapili! ifilimwa fyandi?



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.

...

Naloesha panse ya sacha, ukumona uku nesha umushi wandi, umushi onakulilamo. Ukuya kukalale.





Bapwisha ukulonga nabantu bonse baikala.
Abakushitisha ninshi bacili balepitana muli
sacha ukushitisha amakwebo yabo kubantu.
Cilamuntu alepunda ifyo aleshitisha. Ifingi
fyalensekesha.

...

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.



Cilya tuleya, muli sacha mwakaba. Naisala
amenso ukuti ningashipulako.

...

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



Bamo bamo bashita ifyakunwa, nambi bashita ifyakulya nokwanba ukulya. Abashakwete indalama ngaine twaletambakofye.

...

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



Cilya Sacha ilefuma mu chitesheni. Nalengela pawindo. Nasakamana nati bushe nkatala bwele kumushi nafuti.

...

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.



Ifyalecitica fyaisa fulunganishiwa nauta ya sacha, iyi uta yakutula twalaima nombamba. Kondakita epakupundila bakashitisha ati bafumine panse.

...

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.



Ifyalecitica fyaisa fulunganishiwa nauta ya sacha, iyi uta yakutula twalaima nombamba. Kondakita epakupundila bakashitisha ati bafumine panse.

...

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.