



Global Storybooks

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ماگوزو / Magozwe

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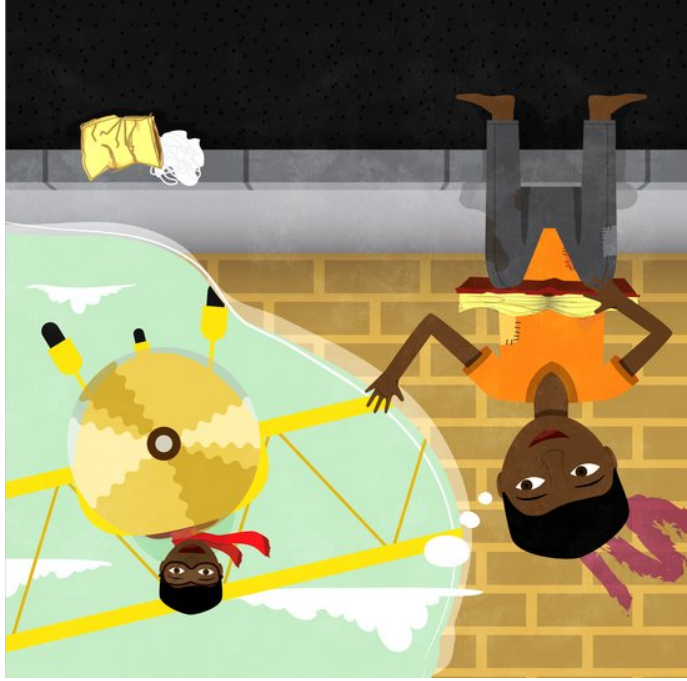


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ماگوزو

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کوری / English / en



له شارى قهره بالعى “ناروبى” دوور له ژيانى ئاسايى ملله وه،
دهسته يه كه له كورانى بى ملل ژيانيان به سهر ده برد. نه وان هه موو
رؤژيكيان به و جورى كه ده هت پيشوازيان لى ده كرد. به يانيان
كورپه كلان رايه خه كلانيان كو ده كرده وه كه شه وى له سهر
پياده ره ويكى سلاردا نووست بوون. له سهر من بو خو گهرم
كردنه وه ئاگريان به زيل كرده وه. يه كيك له كورپه كلانى ناو نه و
گروپه، ملاگوزوه بوو. نه و ته مه نى له هه مان كه متر بوو.

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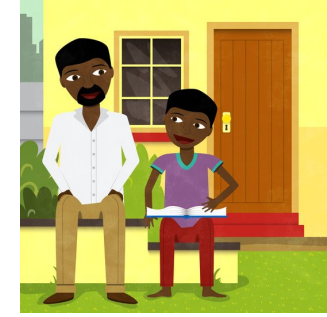
In the busy city of Nairobi, far away from a caring life at home, lived a group of homeless boys. They welcomed each day just as it came. On one morning, the boys were packing their mats after sleeping on cold pavements. To chase away the cold they lit a fire with rubbish. Among the group of boys was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



ئەگەر ماگۆزۆھ گلهی یان پرسیاریکی کردبا، مامی لپی دەدا. کاتیکی ماگۆزۆھ پرسیاری کردبا که ئەو دەتوانی بچیتە قوتابخانە، مامی لپی دەدا و دەیگوت: “تۆ گیلی و فییری هیچ شتیک نابیت.” پاش سێ سلل بەو شیوازه هه‌لسوکەوتە، ماگۆزۆھ هه‌لات و له مامی دوور کەوتەوه. ژيانی سەر شەقامی دەستپیکرد.

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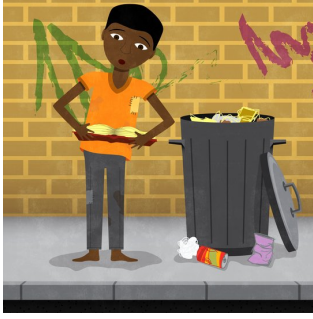
If Magozwe complained or questioned, his uncle beat him. When Magozwe asked if he could go to school, his uncle beat him and said, “You’re too stupid to learn anything.” After three years of this treatment Magozwe ran away from his uncle. He started living on the street.



ماگۆزۆھ له حەوشە ی خانووه سەربان سەوزەکه دانیشتوو و چیرۆکیکی مندالانی دەخویندەوه، که له قوتابخانە پێیان دابوو. تۆماس هات و له لای دانیشت. تۆماس لپی پرسى: “بابەتی چیرۆکه که چیه؟” ماگۆزۆھ له وه‌لامدا گوتى: “له باره‌ی کورپکه که ده‌بیتە مامۆستا.” تۆماس لپی پرسى: “ئەو کورپه ناوی چیه؟” ماگۆزۆھ به زەرده‌خه‌نه‌وه وه‌لامی دایه‌وه: “ئەو کورپه ناوی ماگۆزۆه‌یه.”

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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.



رۆژيکيان که ماگۆزوه له ناو ته نه که زبڵه کلاندا ده گهرا، کتیبیکی
چیرۆکی کۆنی مندالانی دراوی دۆزیه وه. ئەو ته پو تۆزه کلانی له سهر
ته کلاندا له کیسه کهی خۆی هلاویشت. دواي ئەوه هه موو رۆژیک
کتیبه کهی دهردینا و چاوی له وینه کلانی ده کرد. ئەو نهیده زانی چۆن
وشه کلان بخوینیتته وه.

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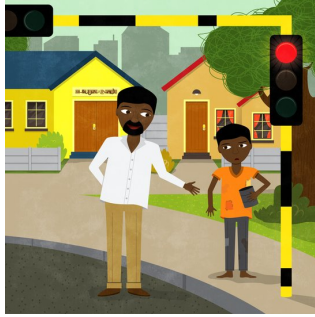
One day while Magozwe was looking through
the dustbins, he found an old tattered
storybook. He cleaned the dirt from it and put it
in his sack. Every day after that he would take
out the book and look at the pictures. He did not
know how to read the words.



له دواي ئەوه ماگۆزوه رۆیشته ناو ژووری خانوویه که
سه ربانه کهی سهوز بوو. ئەو له گهڵ دوو کورپی دیکه پیکه وه له
ژوریکدا بوون. ده منال بوون و پووره سیزی و میرده کهی، سی
سهگ، پشیله یه که و بزنیکی پیر له ناو خانووه دا ده ژیان.

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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.



ههوا سارد بوو و ماگوزوه له كه نار شه قامه كه راوه ستا بوو و سوالی ده كرد. پياويك چۆ بۆ لای. پياوه كه گوتی: “سلاو من ناوم تۆملاسه. من له و نزيكلانه وه ده ژيم، له شوينيك كه ده توانی شتيك بخوی ” نه وهی گوت و ئاملاژی به خانوويه کی زهره كرد كه سهربانه كهی شين بوو. نه و پرسياړی كرد و گوتی: “هيواداريم كه تۆ بچيته نه وی، كه هه ندي خوار دنت ده ستيكه وی؟” ماگوزوه ته ملاشايه کی پياوه كهی كردو پاشان ته ملاشايه کی خانوه كهی كرد و گوتی: “له وانیه ” و رویشته.

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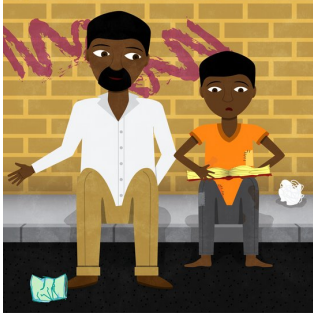
It was cold and Magozwe was standing on the road begging. A man walked up to him. “Hello, I’m Thomas. I work near here, at a place where you can get something to eat,” said the man. He pointed to a yellow house with a blue roof. “I hope you will go there to get some food?” he asked. Magozwe looked at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



ماگوزوه له باره ی نه و شوینه تازه به و سه باره ت بۆ چوونه قوتابخانه بیری کرده وه. نه گهر ملامی نه و راستی بگوتباهه كه نه و نه فامتر له وه بوايه كه شتيك فير بييت چي؟ نه گهر نه وان له و شوينه تازه به لبي بدن چي؟ نه و ترسلا بوو. نه و بیری کرده وه كه: “رهنگه باشتر وایي كه له سه ر شه قامه كلن ژيان به سه ر ببات.”

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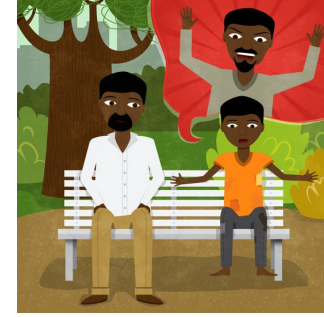
Magozwe thought about this new place, and about going to school. What if his uncle was right and he was too stupid to learn anything? What if they beat him at this new place? He was afraid. “Maybe it is better to stay living on the street,” he thought.



ماگۆزوه له سه‌ر پياده‌په‌وه‌که دانيشتبوو و چاوی له وینه‌کلانی ناو کتیبه‌که ده‌کرد کاتيک که تۆملاس هات و له نزيك ئەو دانيشت. تۆملاس پرسياى لیکرد: “چيروکه‌که باسی چى ده‌کات؟” ماگۆزوه وه‌لامى داپه‌وه: “کتیبه‌که سه‌باره‌ت به‌ کورپکه‌که ده‌بیتته فرۆکه‌وان. ” تۆملاس لێی پرسى: “کورپکه‌که ناوی چيیه؟” ماگۆزوه به‌ هيمنى وه‌لامى داپه‌وه: “نازانم، من ناتوانم بخوينمه‌وه.”

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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.



کاتی چاویان به‌یه‌ك كه‌وت، ماگۆزوه چيروکی ژيانى خۆی بۆ تۆملاس گپراپه‌وه. چيروکی ملامى و هه‌روه‌ها بۆچى ئەو هه‌لانووه. تۆملاس زۆر قسه‌ی نه‌ده‌کرد ئەو به‌ ماگۆزوه شی نه‌ده‌گوت که ده‌بێ چى بکات، به‌لام به‌رده‌وام به‌ جوانی گوێی راده‌گرت. جاروبار ئەوان کاتيک له‌ خانوو هه‌رد و شينه‌که‌دا خه‌ريکی نان خواردن بوون، قسه‌يان ده‌کرد.

...

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.