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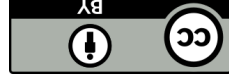
Den dag jeg tog hjemmefra for at
tage til byen / The day I left home

for the city

✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafua

👤 Brian Wambi

📧 Kim Sandvad West (da)



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Den dag jeg tog hjemmefra for
at tage til byen

The day I left home for the city



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🗣️ dansk (da) / English (en)



Det lille busstoppested i min landsby var fyldt med mennesker og overfyldte busser. På jorden var der endnu flere ting, der skulle lastes. Billetsælgere råbte navnene på de steder, deres busser skulle til.

...

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.

“Byeni Byeni Mod vest!” hørte jeg en billetsælger
råbe. Det var den bus, jeg skulle med.
...
“City! City! Going west!” I heard a tout shouting.
That was the bus I needed to catch.





Bussen var næsten fuld, men flere mennesker skubbede stadig på for at komme med. Nogle lagde deres bagage under bussen. Andre lagde deres på hylderne indenfor.

...

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.



Returbussen blev hurtigt fyldt op. Snart ville den køre tilbage mod øst. Det vigtigste for mig nu var at begynde at lede efter min onkels hus.

...

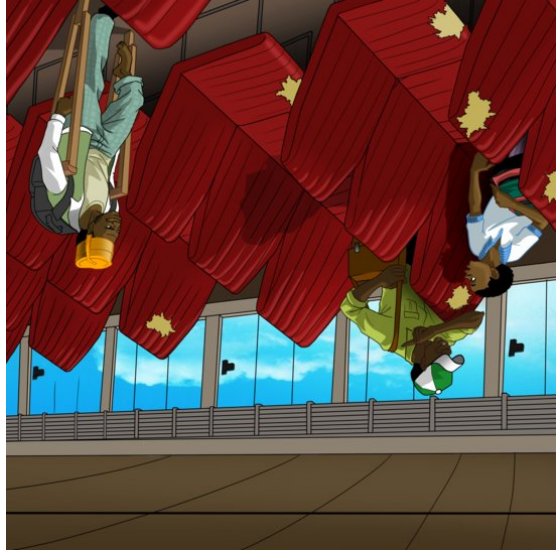
The return bus was filling up quickly. Soon it would make its way back east. The most important thing for me now, was to start looking for my uncle's house.



Nye passagerer holdt godt fast i deres billetter, mens de ledte efter et sted at sidde i den fyldte bus. Kvinder med små børn lagde dem til rette for den lange rejse.

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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.



Ni timer senere vågnede jeg op af høje brag og råb efter passagerer, som skulle tilbage til min landsby. Jeg greb min lille taske og hoppede ud af bussen.

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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.



Jeg klemte mig ind ved siden af et vindue. Personen, der sad ved siden af mig, holdt godt fast i en grøn plastikpose. Han havde gamle sandaler og en slidt frakke på, og han så nervøs ud.

...

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.



På vejen memorerede jeg navnet på det sted i den store by, hvor min onkel boede. Jeg mumlede det stadig, da jeg faldt i søvn.

...

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.



Jeg så ud af bussen og indså, at jeg skulle forlade min landsby, hvor jeg var vokset op. Jeg skulle til den store by.

...

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.



Men mine tanker vandrede hjem igen. Vil min mor være tryk? Kommer mine kaniner til at indbringe nogen penge? Vil min bror huske at vandre mine nyudsprungne træer?

...

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



Lastningen var overstået, og alle passagererne havde fundet et sted at sidde. Gadesælgere masede sig stadig ind i bussen for at sælge deres varer til passagererne. Alle råbte navnene på det, de ville sælge. Jeg syntes, ordene lød mærkelige.

...

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.



Som rejsen skred frem, blev der meget varmt inde i bussen. Jeg lukkede øjnene og håbede på at kunne falde i søvn.

...

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



Nogle passagerer havde taget drikkevarer med, andre havde taget små snacks med og begyndte at tygge. Dem, der ikke havde nogen penge, som mig, kiggede bare på.

...

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



Da bussen kørte fra busstoppet, stirrede jeg ud ad vinduet. Jeg spekulerede på, om jeg mon nogensinde ville komme tilbage til min landsby igen.

...

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.



Disse aktiviteter blev afbrudt af bussens dytten, et tegn på, at vi var klar til at tage af sted. Billetsælgeren råbte til gadesælgerne, at de skulle gå ud.

...

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.



Gadesælgerne skubbede til hinanden for at komme ud af bussen. Nogle gav byttepenge tilbage til de rejsende. Andre forsøgte at sælge flere varer i sidste øjeblik.

...

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.