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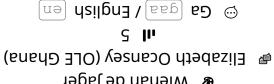
✓ Lesley Koyi✓ Wiehan de Jager✓ Elizabeth Ocansey (OLE Ghana) (gaa)

Magozwe / Magozwe

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Global Storybooks





Lesley KoyiWiehan de JagerWiehan de Jager



9wzogeM Magozwe



Gbekɛbii hii kobɔlɔi komɛi hi shi yɛ Nairobi maŋ lɛ mli heko banee. Amɛbɛ ninaa ko kɛha nɔyaa, jetsɛremɔ gbɛ kɛkɛ amɛ kpaa. Leebi ko lɛ, oblahii nɛɛ miikota amɛ sai kɛjɛ kpo nɔ ŋanii lɛ, he ni amɛwɔ lɛ. Bɔ ni afee ni fɛi akaye amɛ fe nine lɛ, amɛsha jwɛi kɛfee kɔɔyɔɔ lɛ mli kulɔɔ. Gbekɛbii hii lɛ ateŋ mɔ kome ji Magozwe. Lɛ ji gbekɛ kwraa ni yɔɔ amɛ teŋ.

. . .

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.



Be ni Magozwe fələi shi jeŋ lɛ, eye afi enumə pɛ. Ekɛ etsɛkwɛ yahi shi. Muu nɛɛ kwɛɛɛ gbekɛ lɛ jogbaŋŋ. Ehaaa Magozwe niyenii jogbaŋŋ. Ehani gbekɛ lɛ tsu nii deŋdeŋ.

. . .

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.



Kεji Magozwe wie nitsumo lε he lε, etsekwε lε yio lε. Be ni Magozwe bi etsekwε lε kεji ebaanyε eya skul lε, etsekwε lε yi lε ni ekεε, "Olu tso kεha no ko kasemo." Afii etε sεε lε, Magozwe nyεεε nyafimo nεε doŋŋ hewo lε ejo foi kεjε etsekwε lε ŋɔ. Eyaboi gbɛjegbɛ lɛ no hii.

. . .

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.



Magozwe ta yale lε mli yε shia ni abuyi eŋɔli lɛ mli eekane adesa wolo ni ekɛjɛ skul lɛ. Tɔmas bata emasɛi kpaakpa. "Mɛni adesa lɛ kɛɔ?" Tɔmas bi. "Ekɔɔ gbekɛ nuu ko ni batsɔ tsɔɔlɔ he," Magozwe here nɔ. "Mɛni ji gbekɛ lɛ gbɛi?" Tɔmas bi. "Egbɛi ji Magozwe," Magozwe kɛɛ ni eŋmɔ mugɛɛ.

. . .

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.



Gbejegbe le no shihile wa naakpa. Gbekebii hii le gboo degme dani ame naa niyenii. Bei komei le amomoo ame ni bei komei le ayio ame. Keji ameheye le, mo ko be ni yeo buaa ame. Shika ni amenaa kejeo nibaa mli ke nibii bibii hoomo mli le ni amekeleo ame he. Kui krokomei ni miitao ameye ame no ke amebanoo. Ene haa ni shihile le mli waa diegtee.

. . .

Street life was difficult and most of the boys atruggled 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.

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Magozwe bɔi skul yaa. Nikasemɔ lɛ wa naakpa ejaakɛ nibii pii yɛ ni kpaako ebaakase. Bei komɛi lɛ enijiaŋ jeɔ wui. Shi esusuɔ kɔɔyɔɔŋ lɛlɛ kudɔlɔ kɛ bɔɔlotswalɔ lɛ ni ekane amɛ sane yɛ adesa wolo lɛ mli lɛ ahe. Tamɔ amɛ fee lɛ, lɛ hu enijiaŋ ejeee wui.

. . .

Magozwe 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.



Gbi ko be ni Magozwe miikwe jwei tsensi le mli le, ena adesa wolo momo ko. Etsumo wolo le he muji le, ni eke wolo le wo ekotoku le mli. Keje nakai gbi le, daa nee le ekoo wolo le ni ekweo mfonii ni yoo mli le. Eleee bo ni akaneo emli wiemoi le.

. . .

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.

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Ene hewo le Akamafio fa eyahi tsu ko mli ye shia ni abu yi eŋɔli le. Eke gbekebii enyo komei ni hi tsu le mli. Gbekebii nyoŋma ni yoo shia le mli. Kefata ame he le, Nyekwe Sisi ke ewu, gbeei ete, alonte kome ke abotia momo ko hu hi shia le mli.

. .

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.

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Mfoniri le wiez gbeke nuu ko ni ebatsz kzzyzzg lele kudzlz. Shwane fintinn po ankamafiolaa ni eji kzzyzzn lele kudzlz. Bei komei le, enaa ehe ake le ji gbeke nuu niyzz adesa le mli le.

. . .

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.

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Ekee Tomas enaagba nee. Daa gbi le nuu nee woo gbeke nuu nee hewale ake shihile ye shihilehe hee le baahi fe he ni eyoo le.

• •

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

カレ



Je lε mli ejɔ ŋanii ni Magozwe damɔ gbɛjegbɛ lɛ he eeba shika. Nuu ko nyiɛ banina lɛ ni ekɛɛ, "Helo, atsɛɔ mi Tɔmas, mitsuɔ nii yɛ biɛ nɔɔŋ, yɛ he ni obaana niyenii ni oye." Etsɔɔ lɛ shia ko ni asha he wuɔfɔ ni abu yiteŋ kɛ ziŋle bluu. "Miheɔ miyeɔ akɛ obaaya na niyenii yɛ jɛmɛ?" ekɛɛ. Magozwe kwɛ nuu lɛ, ni ekwɛ shia lɛ, ni ekɛɛ, "Ekolɛ," kɛkɛ ni eho etee.

. . .

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 susu shihilɛhe nɛɛ kɛ skulyaa lɛ he. Esusu akɛ ekolɛ etsɛkwɛ lɛ sane ja akɛ elu tsɔ kɛha nɔ ko kasemɔ? Esusu akɛ ekolɛ abaayayi lɛ yɛ shihilɛhe hee nɛɛ? Eshe gbeyei. "Ekolɛ ebaahi kwraa akɛ mahi gbɛjegbɛ lɛ nɔ," ejwɛŋ.

. . .

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.



Nyoji babaoo see le, gbekebii hii koboloi nee bayose Tomas jogbann. Esumoo mei kewiemo, titri mei ni yoo gbejegbe le no. Tomas bo mei awala mli saji toi. Ehie ka shi ni eye mei ahetsui, enyafiii mo ni ebuo mo. Gbekebii le ekomei boi shia ni asha he wuofo ke bluu le mli yaa keha ame shwane niyenii.

. . .

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.



Be ni Magozwe ye efomo gbijuro ni ji nyonma le, Tomas ha le adesa wolo hee ko. Adesa ni yoo wolo le mli le wieo akrowa gbeke nuu ko ni da ni ebatso boolutswalo kpanaa ko he. Tomas kane adesa le etsoo Magozwe bei sann keyashi gbi ko ni ekee, "Efeo mi ake eshe be ni obaaya skul ni ni ekee, "Efeo mi ake eshe be ni obaaya skul ni Tomas gbala mli ake ele he ko ni gbekebii baahi shi ye keya skul.

. . .

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.



Magozwe ta shi eekwɛ mfoniri wolo lɛ mli kɛkɛ ni Tɔmas bata emasɛi. "Mɛni adesa lɛ kɛɔ?" Tɔmas bi lɛ. "Ekɔɔ gbekɛ nuu ko ni batsɔ etsɔ kɔɔyɔɔŋ lɛlɛ kudulɔ ko he," Magozwe here lɛ nɔ. "Mɛni ji gbekɛ nuu lɛ gbɛi?" Tɔmas bi lɛ. "Mileee, mileee bɔ ni akaneɔ nii," Akamafio wie blɛoo.

. . .

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.

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Be ni amɛkpe lɛ, Magozwe bɔi lɛ diɛŋtsɛ ehe sane gbaa kɛtsɔɔ Tɔmas. Egba lɛ etsɛkwɛ lɛ he sane kɛ bɔ ni ejo foi kɛjɛ eŋɔ. Tɔmas ewieee tsɔ ni ekɛɛɛ Magozwe nɔ ni efee hu shi ebo lɛ toi jogbaŋŋ. Bei komɛi lɛ amɛgbaa sane be ni amɛyeɔ nii yɛ shia ni akɛ ziŋle bluu ebu yiteŋ lɛ.

. . .

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.

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