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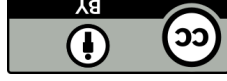
**Ekiro Naiw'eka ingaghenda  
omw'akibugha / The day I left**

**home for the city**

✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafua

👤 Brian Wambi

📖 Amos Mubunga Kambere (koo)



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omw'akibugha**

**The day I left home for the city**

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🗣️ Olukonjo / English (en)



Ah'ebbasi yikimana omwakyalo kyethu  
hakusulha abandu haima n'esya'bbasi esihekire  
abandu banene erirenga ekipimo. Ahisi  
okwakithaka naho hanuswire ebindu.  
Abalebesya bakabirikira n'erithulha  
ah'esya'bbasi sikaghenda.

...

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.

...

“Kibughai kibughai oyukaghenda ebulengera  
lyuba” omulebesya akabirikira. Eyo y'ebasi  
eyikendindwalha omw'akibugha.





Ebbasi eyikaghenda omwakibugha yabya iyabiryosulha, kyonga abandu abakinayisoka muyo. Abandi ibanemuhira emighughu yabo yahisi y'ebbasi. Abandi bakasambiraya emighughu yabo okwa ndatha y'ebbasi.

...

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.



Ebbasi eyikasuba omw'akyalo neryo muyanguha eryosulha. Obo yikayasubayo ewethu, naghi namasighalira erirondekania ahasomulere waghe ikere.

...

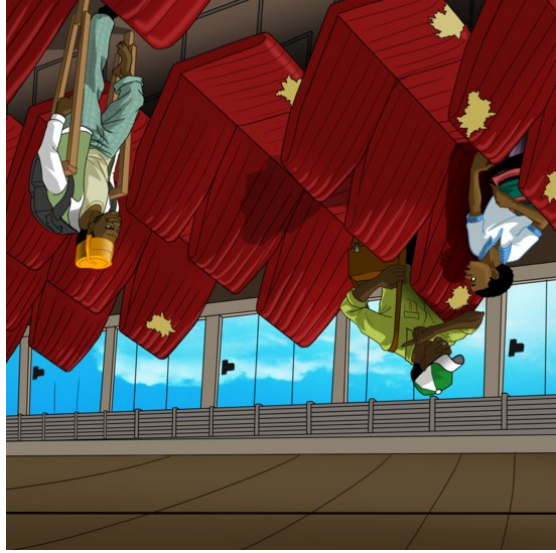
The return bus was filling up quickly. Soon it would make its way back east. The most important thing for me now, was to start looking for my uncle's house.



Abalhambayiri abandi bakahamba esya tighiti  
 syabo syomwabyalha banemusondia  
 aheryikalha omwabasi eyiswire. Abaghole abali  
 n'abana balere mubalhangira bathi  
 bakabalembra ndeke, kusangwa olughendo  
 nilhuli.

...

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.



Habere hahwa saha mwenda, munabuka  
 ingowa eribirikira lyabalebesya bakabirikira  
 abandu abakaghenda omwa kyalo. Neryo  
 munabakulha esakira yaghe, nerihuhuka  
 omwabasi lhubalhuba.

...

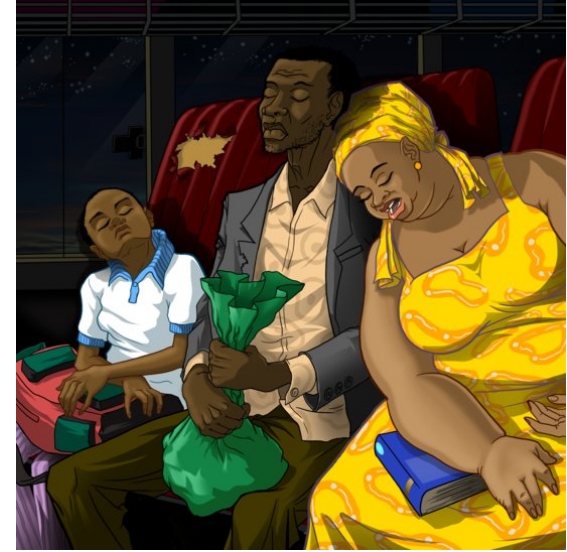
Nine hours later, I woke up with loud banging  
 and calling for passengers going back to my  
 village. I grabbed my small bag and jumped out  
 of the bus.



Neryo munayihathathania hakuhi neridirisa. Oyuwabya ikere hakuhi nayi mwahambirirya okwakyikapa kiwe ekyamatsitsi. Abya ambere esyakyapali, n'ekabuthe eyikulire kandi mwalhangirikana ngali mwobuba.

...

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.



Omwanzira munatsuka eribya ingasuba omwalina ly'ekikaro ekya somulere waghi ikeremu. Ngakyinalengekanaya, neryo munahambwa othulho.

...

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.



Nabere nawusa ameso weyihya, mwanalhangira kunamasigha ekvalo kyethu, ahanabuthirawa nerikulhira, obo ngaghenda omwakibughu.

...

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.



Ebilengekanio byaghe mubyabya ibinemusuba eka. Munayibuuya ibwa iya mama

anemwendibya ndeke? Esyambanya syaghe

sinemwendisyaghuha? Mughalha wethu

anemwesabya akasesera emithi yaghe?

...

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?



Eripakira mulyahwa nabulimundu mwikalha omw'abbasi. Abatembeyi aliryo bakabya ibakinayiyiseseraya eriwulia ebindu byabu. Buli mutembeyi akabirikira ebiri okwabeyi ngokwakaghulhaya. Ebindu mubyanzobera bakathabirikira.

...

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.



Olhughendo lhukahika ahakathikathi, neryo omwakathi k'ebbasi mumwahisya. Munaliba ameso ingarondya othulho.

...

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





Abandi mubaghulha o'kwebyerinywa, abandi  
 mubaghulha okw'abalya eby'eritakunya. Abo  
 abathabya bawithe sente, ngangye,  
 mubakkwama kyathunggera.

...

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



Ebbasi yabere yikatsimbulha munaleberya  
 omwadirisa. Munayibulya indi obo mbwino  
 nganemwesathasasubulha erisuba omwakyalo  
 kyethu.

...

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.



Neryo ebbasi muyathera engombe yikamanyisya yithi thwamayahongoka. Neryo abalesesya mubabirikira abatembeyi erilhwamu kusangwa ebbasi yikayahongoka.

...

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.



Neryo abatembeyi mubasukumana bakarondia enzira yerihulhuka omw'abbasi. Abandi mubasubulya okwasyambulho syabalyaghulha. Abandi mubalengesya erithasyaghulia esyomwiso.

...

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.