



# Global Storybooks

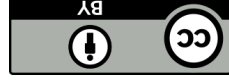
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**Guyana gara magaala deeme /  
The day I left home for the city**

✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Natula

👤 Brian Wambi

📄 Demoze Degefa (om)



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🗣 Afan Oromo / English (en)



Bakki dhabbata atobusaa xinnan ganda kenya  
namafi konkolatootan dhiphatee jira. Kanarra  
hafee wanti fe'amu qabu bayee tu lafa jira.  
Namooni tikeeti gurguran konkolatoota iyyan.

...

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.

...

“Magaalai Magaalai Gare dhihaa!” jedhe  
gargaran konkolachisa. Konkolaatan suni kana  
ani barbaadu ture.





Atobisiin magaaladha bayee guatee jiraa namni garu yabbachuuf ifaaja. Namonni tokko tokko meshaa isaani konkolaata jalatti fe'atan. Namonni kuni immo kessa kayaatan.

...

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.



Konkolaatan gara ganda deebi'u dafee guatee. Dafee garaa bahaa qajelee. Rakkinnii cimaan kiyjaa akkam godheen mana essuma kiyya akkan itti argadhu yaadu ture.

...

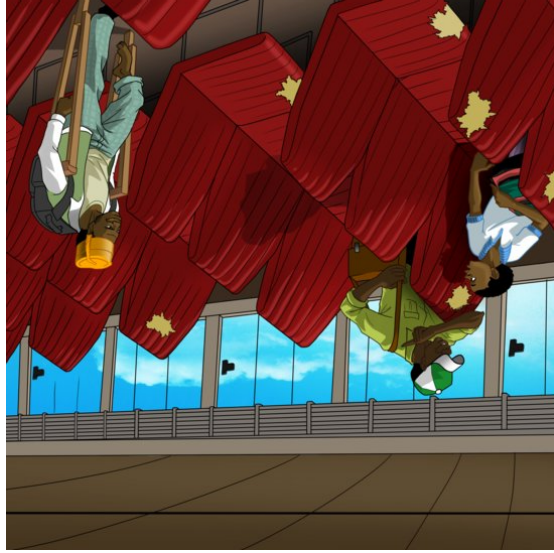
The return bus was filling up quickly. Soon it would make its way back east. The most important thing for me now, was to start looking for my uncle's house.



Imaltoon! harenyi tilkeetiissani cimساني  
qabatanii lafa teesuma barbadatan. Dubartoon!!  
da'ima qabana imala isaanif mijeesan.

...

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.



Sa'ti sagal booda, sagalee cimaa gara ganda  
kessani deeb'ra jedhu dhagaha. Borsaa koo  
qabbadheen konkolaata kessa utalee bahe.

...

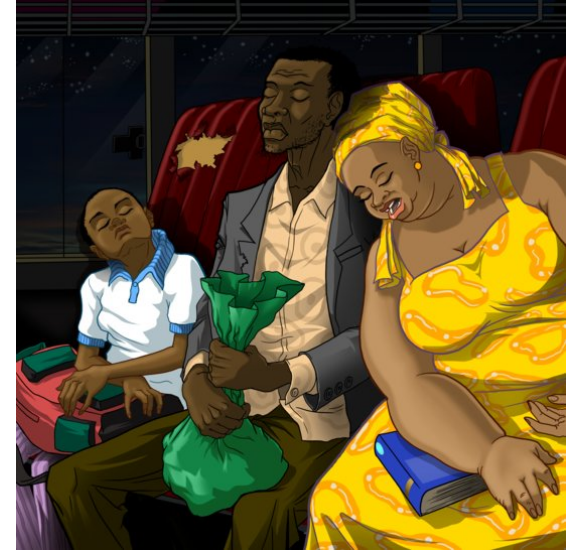
Nine hours later, I woke up with loud banging  
and calling for passengers going back to my  
village. I grabbed my small bag and jumped out  
of the bus.



Ani immo dubarti abban mana irradu'ee tokko biran taa'e. Namni nabira taa'e tokko immo borsaa lasticaa hammatee qabateera. Qophee dulomaafi and kootii dulooma uffate waan aare fakkaata.

...

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.



Osoon deema jiru lafa essumini koo jiru magaala sana kessati yaadadhee. Hiribaa kessatin kufatin deema.

...

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.



Foddaa konkolatatiin gara alaa yeroon payee koo ittiiguddadhe dhisee gara magaala deemuu koon gayyabadhe. Gara magaala gudda deemaa jira.

...

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.



Samuu koo garu gara maana yaada. Harmeen koo nangan turtii moo? Hiillettiiin kiyya gatii! battuu ta? Obbolessi! koo iyyiba sana yadatee bishan obaasa laata?

...

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?



Meshaa fe'un xummurame jennan namni hunduu tesso qabatee taa'e. Daldaaltonni karaa gubbaa meshaa isaani gurguruf gara keessati lixan. Namni hunduu waan bituu barbaade gafachaa ture. Wacini sun garuu nadinqisisee.

...

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.



Akkuma imalli ittifufen, konkolaata kessa bayee o'ee. Ejjaa koo cuffen rafuu barbaade.

...

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





Namooni tokko yeroo wandhugamu bitatan kuuni immo wandhugan bitatan. Namooni akka anaa kan mallaqaa hinqabne, cal jedhanituma ilaalan.

...

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



Akkuma atobisin bakka dhaabbate ka'ee, gara foddatin allatin ilaale. Akkam godheen gara gandaa kiyaa deeb'aa jdheen yaadee ture.

...

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.



Sochiin suni garu kalaksii konkolaatatin addan citee. Gargaaran konkolaachisaa daldalootan bu'aa jedhe itti iyee.

...

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.



Daldaltonni dafan waldhibanii bahan. Tokko tokko deebi namootaf kenan. Kuuni immo daqiqaa isaa dhumaatit gurguirf yalaan.

...

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.