

ጎታ ሆተፎ ገዲፈ ገነተጫ ዝወጸኡላ ዕለቲ

The day I left home for the city



✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Natula  
👤 Brian Wambi  
📧 Daniel Berhane Habte  
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ትጥቅ ተገ / English / en



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እታ ኣብ ዓድና ዘላ ንእሽቶ መዕረፍ ኣውቶቡሳት ብህዝብን ልዕሊ ዓቕመን ብዝጸዓና ኣውቶቡሳትን ኣዕለቕሊቓ ነበረት። ዋላ ኣብ ባይታ ኻኣ ዝጸዓን ተወሳኺ ንብረት ነበረ። ተመኑቲ ኣስማት ናይቲ ኣውቶቡሳቶም ዝኸድኦ ቦታታት ይጭድሩ ነበሩ።

...

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.

...

ከተሞች ተሞልተው የሚገኙ ሆተሎች ላይ ለሚገኙ ጉብኝተኞች ለመገኘት ሲሆን፡፡  
እነዚህ ጉብኝተኞች ደግሞ የሚገኙትን ሆተሎች ለመገኘት ሲሆን፡፡





እታ ኣውቶቡስ ከተማ ዳርጋ መሊኦ እያ ኔራ፡ ግን ጌና ተወሰኽቲ ሰባት ንኽኣትዉ ይደፋፍኡ ነበሩ። ገሊኣቶም ንብረቶም ኣብ ትሕቲ እታ ኣውቶቡስ ጸዓንዎ። ካልኣት ድማ ኣብቲ ኣብ ውሽጢ ዘሎ መጻፍጻፊ ኣእተዎዎ።

...

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.

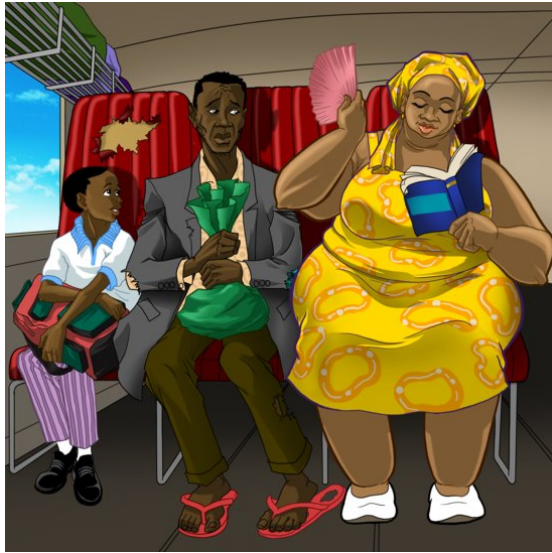


እታ ኣውቶቡስ ንኽትምለስ ብቐልጡፍ ትመልኦ ነበረት። ብተሎ ናብ ምብራቕ ክትምለስ እያ። ሕጂ እምበኣር እቲ ንዓይ ኣዘዩ ዘገድሰኒ ነገር፡ እንዳ ኣኮይ ሃሰው ክብል ምጅማር እዩ።

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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.





እነ አብ ጥቅ መስኮት ተጨባቢጠ ኮፍ በልኩ። አብ ጌነይ ኮፍ ዝበለ ሰብ ሓንቲ ቀጠልያ ሳንጣ ቀጠው ኣቢሉ ሓዙ ነበረ። ብላይ ሳንደል ሳእንን ዝኣረገ ካቦትንዮ ወድዮ፡ ዝተጨነቐ ድማ ይመስል ነበረ።

...

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.



አብ መንገደይ፡ ስም ናይቲ ኣኮይ ዝነብረሉ ኣብቲ ዓቢ ኸተማ ዘሎ ቦታ ሸምደድክዎ። ጌና ደቂሰ ከለኹ ነቲ ስም ብትሕቲ መልሓሰይ ይደጋግሞ ነበርኩ።

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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.





እቲ ምጽዓን ተወዲኦ እዩ ኩሉ ተሳፋሪይ ድማ ኮፍ በለ። እናዞሩ ኣቕሑ ዝሸጡ ሰባት ንብረቶም ናብ ተሳፋሪቲ ንምሻጥ ጌና ናብታ ኣውቶቡስ ተዳፍኡ። ነፍስወከፎም ስም እቲ ንመሻጣ ዝቐረብዎ ንብረት እናጠቐሱ ይጭድሩ ነበሩ። እቲ ቃላት ንዓይ ኣስሒቑኒ።

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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.



ኣብ ጉዕዞና ምስገስገስና፡ እቲ ውሽጢ ኣውቶቡስ ኣዘዩ መቼ። ክድቅስ እናተተስፈኹ ዓይነይ ዓመትኩ።

...

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



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

...

ሆኖታ ገንዘብ የሌለኝ ነው።

ሌሎች ደግሞ ግልጽ ምግብ ማግኘት ጀመሩ። ሌሎች ደግሞ ስንኃላት ገጠማቸውን ያጠጡት ገንዘብ ለሌላ ሆኖታ ገንዘብ የሌለኝ ነው።



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.

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ገንዘብ የሌለኝ ነው።

የቤቴን ለመገኘት ገንዘብ ለማግኘት ሲሆን ከገንዘብ ላይ የሚወጡት ግንዛቤ ስለሌላ ሆኖታ ገንዘብ የሌለኝ ነው።





እዚ ንጥፊታት በቲ ክንብገስ ምኒና ዘእንፍት ድምጺ ጥሩምባ ናይታ ኣውቶቡስ ተቋረጸ። እቲ ተማቲ ነቶም ሸጋጦ ንኸወጹ ኣዕበርበረሎም።

...

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.



ሸጋጦ ካብታ ኣውቶቡስ ንምውራድ ንሓድሕዶም ተደፋፍኡ። ገሊእም ነቶም ተሳፈርቲ ማልስ ሂቦምም። ካልኣት ድማ ተወሳኺ ነገራት ንምሻጥ ናይ መወዳእታ ፈተነ ኣካየዱ።

...

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.