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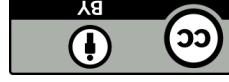
离家进城的那一天 / The day I left

**home for the city**

✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula

👤 Brian Wambi

👤 Vicky Liu (zh)



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离家进城的那一天

The day I left home for the city



✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula

👤 Brian Wambi

👤 Vicky Liu

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在我生活的村庄里，有一个小小的大巴车站。大巴车站虽然小，但是人来车往，非常热闹，地上常常堆满了装载的货物，售票员叫喊着大巴车开往的方向。

...

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.

...

我听到售票员喊“进城啦！进城啦！往西去！”这就是  
我要乘坐的大巴车。

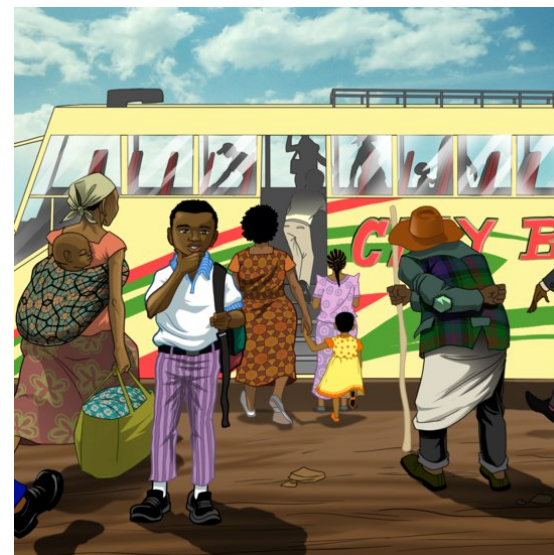




进城的大巴车几乎坐满了，但是人们还是不停地往里面挤。一些人把行李放在车顶，还有一些人把行李放在车厢里的架子上。

...

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.



回程的大巴车很快就坐满了，不久就要开回东边的村庄去了。对我来说，现在最重要的事情就是找到我叔叔的家。

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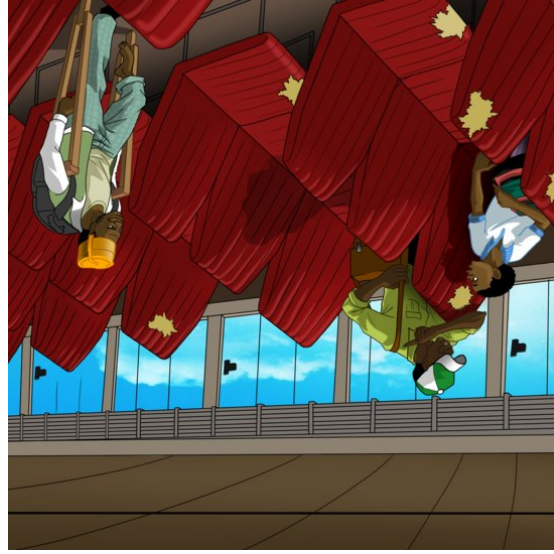
The return bus was filling up quickly. Soon it would make its way back east. The most important thing for me now, was to start looking for my uncle's house.



刚上车的乘客们紧紧地抓着他们的车票，在拥挤的车厢里寻找座位，带着小孩的妇女们都坐得舒服的。

...

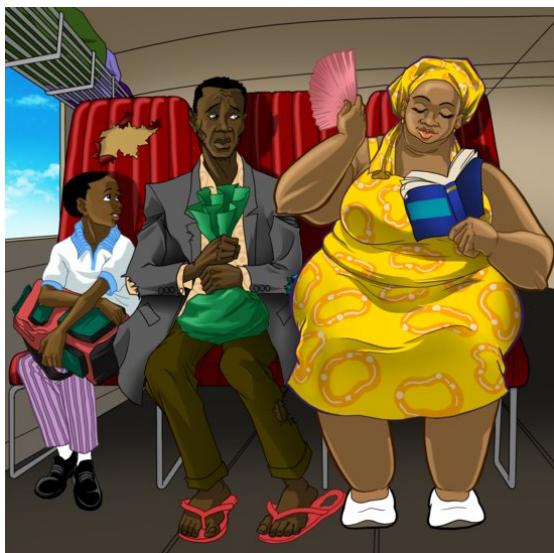
New passengers clutched their tickets as they looked for somewhere to sit in the crowded bus. Women with young children made them comfortable for the long journey.



过了九个小时，我被售票员的叫喊声吵醒了，他在喊乘客坐车回村庄。我一把抓住我的包，跳下了车。

...

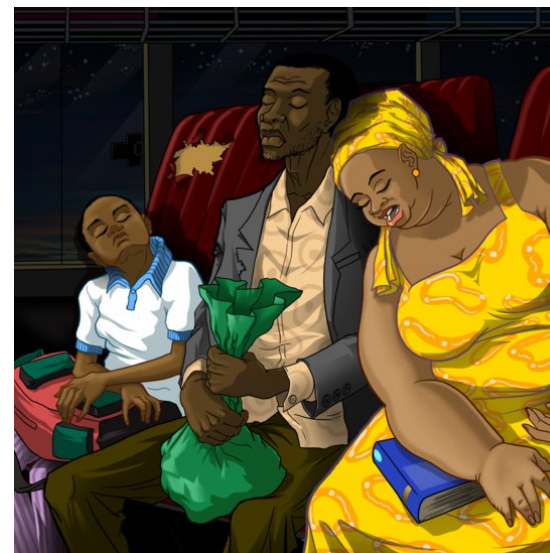
Nine hours later, I woke up with loud banging and calling for passengers going back to my village. I grabbed my small bag and jumped out of the bus.



我挤到了窗边的一个座位里。旁边的乘客紧紧地抓着一个绿色的塑料包裹。他穿着破旧的凉鞋和外套，看起来很紧张。

...

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.



在路上，我努力记住我叔叔在城市里的地址。我迷迷糊糊地说着地址，沉沉地睡去。

...

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.

但我的思绪却飞回了家。我的妈妈安全吗？我的兔子会卖了赚钱吗？我的弟弟会帮着给小树苗浇水吗？

...

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?



我朝窗外看去，这才意识到，我正在离开我长大的村庄，我要进城了！

...

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.





货物都装载完了，乘客们都坐好了。小商贩们还在努力地挤到车厢里，向乘客们大声叫卖着货物。他们的话听起来怪好笑的。

...

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.



旅程渐渐展开，车厢里慢慢热了起来，我闭上眼睛，想小睡一会儿。

...

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





有一些乘客买了饮料，还有一些乘客买了零食，正准备拆开来吃。像我一样没有钱的人只能看着。

...

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



大巴车缓缓离开了车站，我看着窗外，不知道今后会不会有机会回来了。

...

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.



大巴车滴滴叫了两声，要开了，小商贩的活动戛然而止。售票员喊着，赶他们下车。

...

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.



小商贩们推推搡搡下了车。一些人还在忙着找零钱，还有一些人赖着想最后再做点生意。

...

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.