

**Magozwe**

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 IciBemba  / English



Mwi tauni Iya Nairobi, ukutali nendupwa, kwaleeikala abalumendo abaabula indupwa. Baaleeikalafye cikulu bwaca. Uluceelo lumu, abalumendo baaleelonga impasa shabo panuma yakulala mumpepo mumbali yanshila. Ukubomfya ifisooso, baalikoseshe umulilo pakutamye mpepo. Pali ili bumba paali Magozwe. Ewaali umwaice saana.

...

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.



Ilyo abafyashi bakwa Magozwe baafwile, aalifye neemyaka isaano. Aile mukwikala na banalume. Banalume tabapooseleko amaano kumwana. Magozwe tabaaleemupeela ifyakulya fyakumanina. Baaleemupupeela incito shakubomba ishingiri.

...

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.



Nga Magozwe ati epushe neelyo ukuilishanya, banalume baaleemuma. Ilyo Magozwe aipwishe palwa kuya kusukulu, banalume baalimumine nookutla, “Iwe taumfwa. Tapali ico wingasambilila.” Panuma yamyaka itatatu iya kumusunga ifi, Magozwe aalibutwike ukufuma pang’anda yabanalume. Aambile ukwikala mumusebo.

...

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.



Ukwikala pamusebo kwali ukwayafya kabili abalumendo abengi baaleecuula cila bushiku pakusanga icakulya. Inshiku shimo baaleebooma, shimbi baaleebeekata kuli bakapokola. Nga baalwaala takwaleeba aba kubaafwa. Ulupiya baalesanga mukulombalomba, mukushitisha amapulasitiki nafimbi elwaleebaafwilishako. Ubuumi bwalyafisheko pantu amabumba yambi aya balumendo yaaleefwaya ukupoka incende shapusanapusana mutauni.

...

Street life was difficult and most of the boys struggled 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.

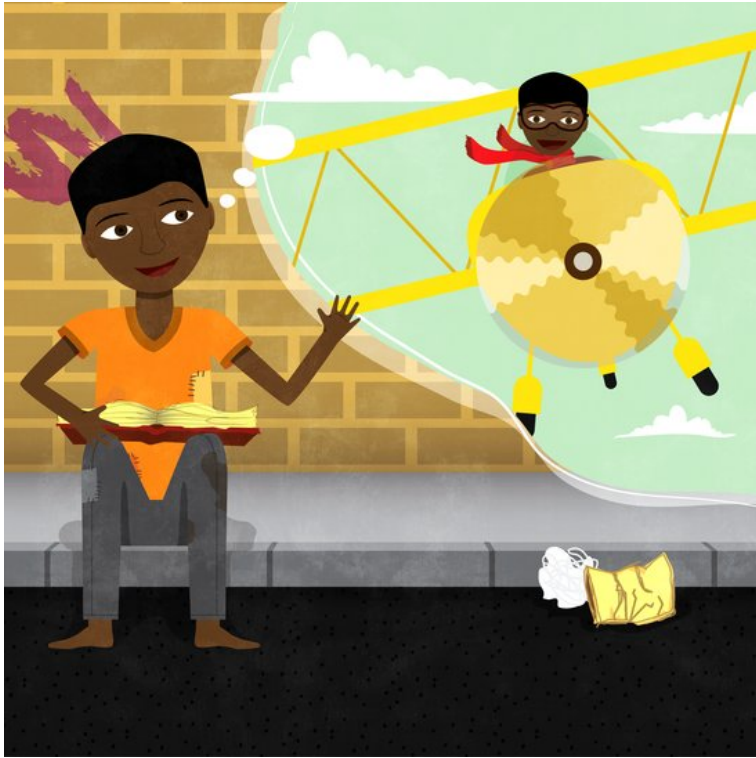




Bushiku bumo ilyo Magozwe aleefwayafwaya mufisooso, asangile ibuuku ilyakale ilyalepauka. Afumisheko ifiko aalibikile namwisaaka. Cila bushiku, aleefumya ibuuku nookwamba ukulolesha pafikope. Taishibe ukubelenga.

...

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.



Ifikope fyaleelanga umulumendo uwaishileba kensha wandeke ilyo aakulile. Magozwe aleeloota namukasuba palwakuba kensha wandeke. Inshita shimo aleemona ukuti emulumendo wine uwa mwibuku.

...

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.



Kwalitaleele kabili Magozwe aiminine pamusebo aleelombalomba. Umwaume umo aishile mupeepi napo aali. “Uli shaani? Nine Thomas. Momba mupeepi napano, pancende wingapoka icakulya,” eflyo atiile. Asontele kung’anda yayeelo noomutenge wabuluu. “Ninjishiba, walaayapoka ifyakulya?” eflyo aipwishe. Magozwe aloleshe umwaume elyo aloleshe kung’anda. “Limbi ndeeya,” eflyo aaswike afumanapo.

...

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.





Imyeshi yakonkelepo, abalumendo baalibeeleshe ukumona Thomas. Alitemenwe ukulanda nabantu makamaka abaleeikala mumusebo. Thomas aleumfwa amalyashi ya bantu aba. Aali uuposa amano kufintu kabili uwacikuuku noomucinshi. Abalumendo bamo, baambile ukuya kung'anda yayeelo nabuloo mukupoka ifyakulya akasuba.

...

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.



Magozwe aikele mumbali yanshila aleetamba ifikope mwibuuku lyakwe ilyo Thomas aishileeikala mupeepi nawene. “Lileelanda pali cinshi ilyashi?” efyo Thomas aipwishe. “Lileelanda pamulumendo uwasangwike kensha wandeke,” efyaaswike Mazongwe. “Naani ishina umulumendo?” Thomas aipwishe. “Katwishi, nshaishiba ukubelenga,” efyaaswike Mazongwe panoono.

...

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.



Ilyo baakumeene, Magozwe atendeke ukweba Thomas ilyashi pa buumi bwakwe. Amwebele ifyo abuwitwike ukufuma kuli banalume. Thomas taalaandile ifingi kabili taebele Magozwe ifyakucita leelo aleeumfwikishafye. Limolimo baleelanshanya ilyo baleelya mung'anda yamutenge wabuluu.

...

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.



Ilyo Magozwe aali nemyaka ikumi Thomas alimupeelee ibuuku. Ibuuku lyali pamulumendo wamumushi uwaleeteya umupila uwalumbwike saana. Thomas alimubelengele Magozwe ili lyashi imiku iingi mpakafye bushiku bumo atiile, “Ndetontonkanyefyo ulingile ukutampeesukulu pakuti usambilile ukubelenga. Uleetontonkanyapo shani?” Thomas atiile alishibepo incende uko abaana benga laala nookuya kusukulu.

...

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 atontonkenye pancende ukwakulaala kabili nookuya kusukulu. Nga limbi ifyo banalume bamwebele ati toomfwa teeti asambilile icili conse fyaciine? Nga cakuti kulya kuncende bamuuma? Alitiinine. “Limbi cawamapo ukutwalilila ukwikala mumusebo,” efyaatontonkenye.

...

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.





Aebele Thomas ati aali no mwenso. Thomas alimwebekesha ati akeekala bwino kuncende ilya.

...

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



Lyene Magozwe aile mukwikala mumuputule mung'anda yamutenge wagilini. Aleeikalamo na balumendo babili bambi. Bonse pamo abaana baali ikumi abaleeikala muli ilya ng'anda. Elyo naba Baamaama Cissy nabalume baabo neembwa shitatu, puushi elyo neembushi iikote.

...

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.



Magozwe alyambile isukulu kabili lyalikosele. Fingi ashaishibe ifyo aalingile ukwishiba pakuti alingane nabanankwe. Limolimo aleefwaya ukuleka. Leelo pamulandu weetontokanyo pali kensha wandeke nakateya wamupila abamumabuuku yakwe, taalekele nga filya fine nabo bashalekele.

...

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.



Magozwe aikeele panse mulubansa lwang'anda yamutenge wagilini, aleebelenga ibuuku lya kusukulu. Elyo Thomas aikeele mupeepi nankwe. "Lilelanda pali cinshi ilyashi?" Thomas aipwishe. "Lilelanda pamulumendo asangwike kafundisha," efyaaswike Magozwe. "Naani ishina umulumendo?" efyaipwishe Thomas. "Ishina lyakwe ni Magozwe," efyaaswike Magozwe aleemwentula.

...

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.



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