




Ubushiku nafumine kung'anda ukuya kukalale

The day I left home for the city

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 3

 IciBemba [bem](#) / English [en](#)



Icitesheni ca sacha mumushi wandi pali abantu abeni nama scha ayaisula. Panshi ninshi pali nafimbi ifyakulonga. Bakaponya ninshi balependilila ukuleya ama sacha.

...

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.



“Kukalale! kukalale! Abaleya kumasamba!”
Nabomfwa bale punda, iyi esacha nfwile nanina.

...

“City! City! Going west!” I heard a tout shouting.
That was the bus I needed to catch.



Sacha ninshi ilinamukwisula, nomba abantu bacili baleisunka ukwingila. Bambi balongele ifipe munshi yasacha. Bambi balongele mutushimbi mukati.

...

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.



Abalenina baleipatika pakuti bafwaye apakwikala mucintu bwingi. Bana mayo abali nabana balikele bwino palwendo pantu lutali.

...

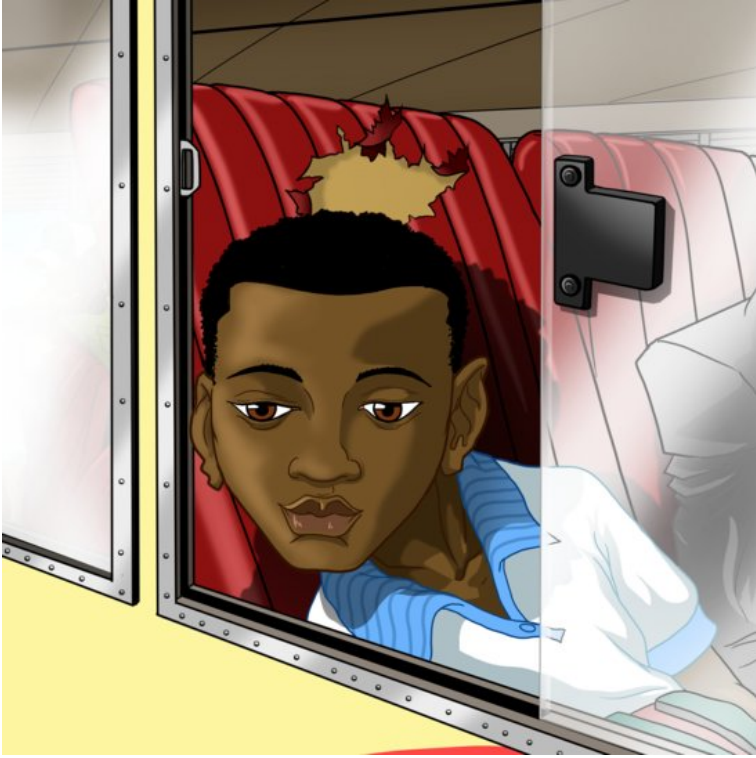
New passengers clutched their tickets as they looked for somewhere to sit in the crowded bus. Women with young children made them comfortable for the long journey.



Efyo naipatikishe kwiwindo. Ebonapalamene nabo balifukatile icola ca katapa katapa. Bafyele indyato ishakale, ikoti ilyasapuka nokumoneka abasakamana.

...

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.



Nalolesha panse ya sacha, ukumona uku nesha umushi wandi, umushi uonakulilamo. Ukuya kukalale.

...

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.



Bapwisha ukulonga nabantu bonse baikala.
Abakushitisha ninshi bacili balepitana muli sachu
ukushitisha amakwebo yabo kubantu. Cilamuntu
alepunda ifyo aleshitisha. Ifingi fyalensekesha.

...

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.



Bamo bamo bashita ifyakunwa, nambi bashita ifyakulya nokwanba ukulya. Abashakwete indalama ngaine twaletambakofye.

...

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



Ifyalecitica fyaisa fulunganishiwa nauta ya sachu, iyi uta yakutila twalaima nombu. Kondakita epakupundila bakashitisha ati bafumine panse.

...

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.



Ifyalecitica fyaisa fulunganishiwa nauta ya sachu, iyi uta yakutila twalaima nombu. Kondakita epakupundila bakashitisha ati bafumine panse.

...

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.



Cilya Sacha ilefuma mu chitesheni. Nalengela pawindo. Nasakamana nati bushe nkatala bwele kumushi nafuti.

...

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.



Cilya tuleya, muli sacha mwakaba. Naisala amenso ukuti ningashipulako.

...

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



Nomba amano yandi yabwelela kung'anda. Bushe bamayo bakabafye bwino? Bushe bakalulu bandi bakambweshesha indalama? Bushe ndume yandi akulaibukisha ukutapili ifilimwa fyandi?

...

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?



Munshila naya neswatila amashina yancende ukwaleikala bayama mukalale. Ncili ndetamanshila naponenamutulo.

...

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.



Panuma yansa pabula, nabuka pakunfwa icongo,
baleita abantu abalebwekelamo kumushi kumwesu.
Nasompola akacola nokufuma muli sacha.

...

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.



Sacha yalebwekelamo yaya ileisula bwangu bwangu. Nombalinefye yalaima ukubwekelamo kukabanga. Icikalamba uli ine nomba kwamba ukufwaya ukwikala bayama.

...

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.




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