

टार्चेटाम्बेनाव्यार्चेटाष्ट्रियायाध्रीवाधरीत्रिवार्या

The day I left home for the city

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- & Brian Wambi
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- 💬 র্নিস্'মৃব্ bo / English en



वकान्यचेट.ग्रीच.पटींचा क्षात्मचेट.ग्रीच.पटींचा.पांचूम.पच्चे.याचु.याचु.याचु.याचु.याच्च्याच्चे.ग्रीच. श्रेचाबा.ाचूम.चेट.जा.पटींट.शांचच.ग्री.याक्च.ग्री.याक्च्य.प्रा.पटींचा वा.ज्.च. श्रेचाबा.ाचूम्याच्च्याच्चे.पचींचा.पांचूम.पच्चे.पळ्ट.।वा.क्च्य.प्रा.पटींचा.जा ट.टींट. ट.क्च्य.ग्रींट.वांब्यच.ग्री.पचींचा.पांचूम.पचनच.क्चेंबांबाच.श्र.क्च्यांबाट.भींच.

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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.



त्वील,ज्यूर,बु.टु.रट,रुटी टु.क्षेर,श्रेट,क्येव,वुब.लूट,त.टब.बूब.वुट,जा टक.ह्ब.चुब.ट्यूब.तठु. स्वूट,व्रिप व्यूट,व्यूब.लूट,त.टब.बूब.ब्यू.ब्यूच,व्यूब.

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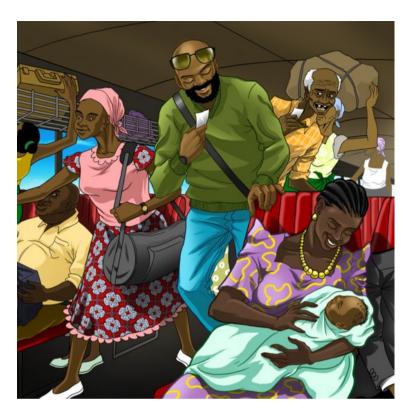
"City! City! Going west!" I heard a tout shouting. That was the bus I needed to catch.



विवा-क्ष्म् अत्रा-पद्यिताक्ष्मे स्वान्त्र क्ष्मेर-जा-पद्वा-वीव-परीवा विवा-क्ष्म्या-वीव-परीवा-वि-परीवा-वीव-परीवा-वीव-परीवा-वीव-परीवा-वि-परीवा-वीव-परीवा-वि-पर

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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.



तर.री.रट.रट.बी.परीबी.का.चरे.चू.चबूच.परीबी परीबी.जी चुकाना.चब्रीट.चयु.चीर.श्रे.प्रेट्य श्रम् अक्षा.ग्रीका.पर्वीजा.चर्खेर.सुट.जू.पुट, वि.चेबा.जी.चिका.ग्रीचा.क्षेत्रचिट.चब्रीट.चिंच्य स्था.जीवा.च्येट.च्ये.ज्येट.च्ये.ज्येट.च्य

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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.



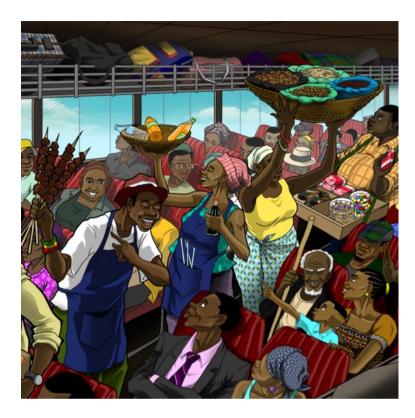
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I squeezed in next to a window. The person sitting next to me was holding tightly to a green plastic bag. He wore old sandals, a worn out coat, and he looked nervous.



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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.



क्रीयाव्यायित ग्रीवादिय द्या प्राप्त निया वित्या व

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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.



क्षयाः ग्रीयः स्ट्रियः व्यव्याः स्ट्रिन् प्रच्याः स्ट्रियः स्ट्रि

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



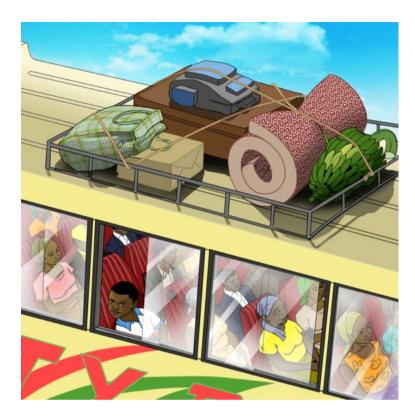
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These activities were interrupted by the hooting of the bus, a sign that we were ready to leave. The tout yelled at the hawkers to get out.



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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.



चैवा.खा.लूट.श्रेश्वातपु.घु.क्ष्याची.धुं.खेवा.चीट.श्रेश रूपा.पा.कुर.खेटा। ट.चु.हीर.रट.ची.ग्रूट.वाश्वा.पट्टी.पा.लूट.बीटा.पपु.टेश. पवीजा.पार्क्र.टे.प्याचा.क्ष्वाबा.टट.लीच.ग्रीआचीबा.ग्रूट। टबा.श्रीखी.विट.चबा.ही.

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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.



हुव.ता.लुवी इरी टक.वु.रट.धुर.वाधुर.विवा.लु.चीय.वज्ञ.वज्ञ.व्या.वाधुज्ञ.वज्ञ.वज्ञ. वर्वीज.वर्वेर.इट.वज्ञ.इट.री.हुव.श्रेचन्नी श्रेट्य.व्यूच्र.व्यूच्य.हु.कु.

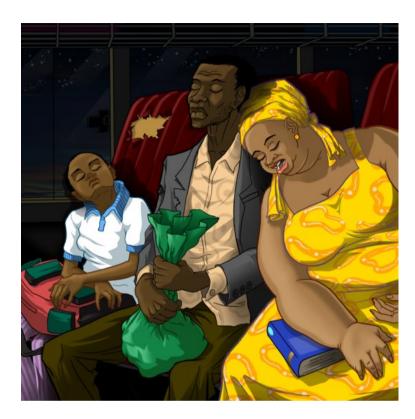
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As the journey progressed, the inside of the bus got very hot. I closed my eyes hoping to sleep.



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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?



रक्ष.क्ष.श्रुट.ट्रे.कि.बेक.कीर.कीर.टी.श्रुर.चवुंब.लूटी यपु.क्ष.क.ट्रेपु.श्रुट.ट्रे.श्रुर.वे.श्रुर.च.लुबी ट.र्रट.वोध्रेट.का.सूर.श्रीचका.कीयट. तक्ष.चर.वेशी टक.ब्रूट.ब्रिर.कुब.त्.ट्रेपु.वेट.लूट.तपु.रर.ब्री.का.बि.र्झ्ट.

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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.



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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.



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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.



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८. मूर्यात्राचे वार्यो ट. मिराया ही वार्या हो वार्या

The day I left home for the city

Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula

Brian Wambi

🗗 प्र्पः रूप Dabtruk, धूतः रैपा ह्विंग Patrick Dowd, कुः कॅर पर्शेर् व्ययः रेवः केवा Chusang Sonam Rinchen (bo)

