

Magozwe

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له شری قهرهبِڵغی "هروبی" دوور له ژهنیهٔ هدی هٔ هاه ه، دهسته یه کورانی بی هٔ هری قهرهبُلغی "هروبی" دوور له ژهنیکین به و جوّره ی که ده هٔ پیشوازهٔ های ده کرد. به هنین کوره کن رایه خه که نین کو ده کرده وه که شهوی له سهر پیده ره ویکی هردا نووست بوون. له سهرهن بو خوّ گهرم کردنه وه هگرهٔ به زبل کرده ووه. یه کیک له کوره کنی هٔ و گهوهٔ گرونه هه هوان که متر بوو.

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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.



کتیک دایك وجوکی هگۆزوه مردن، ئهو تهمهنی تهنی پینج هل بوو. ئهو رۆیشت بۆ ئهوهی لهگهل همی ژین بهسهر بهریّت. بهلام ئهو پیوههگی له مندالهکه نهدهبوو. ئهو خواردنی تهواوی به هگۆزوه نهدهدا. ئهو کورهکهی هر کرد که کری زور سهخت بکت.

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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.



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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.



ژینی سهر شهقمهکن زوّر سهخت بوو، زوّربهی کورهکن روّژانه خوّین هندوو دهکرد ههر بوّ نهوهی خواردنین دهست کهویّت. ههندیّك جر دهگیران و ههندیّك جرانیش لیّین دهدرا. کتیّکیش نهخوّش دهکهوتن، کهس نهبووییرمهتین بدات. گروپهکه پشتین بهویره کهمهوه دهبهست که له ریّگی سوال کردن و له فروّشتنی پلستیکی کوّن و نهو کهرهستنهی که سهرله نوی بهکردیّنهوه، دهستین دهکهوت. ژین به هوّی پیّکدادان لهگهل گروپهکنی دیکهی رکبهرین نهستهمتر دهبوو که دینویست بهشهکنی «رهکه کوّنتروّل بکهن و بیخهنه ژیّردهسهلاتی خوّینهوه.

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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.



رۆژێڬێن كە ۿگۆزۈە لەھۇ تەنەكە زبڵەكندا دەگەڕا، كتێبێكى چيرۆكى كۆنى منداڵانى دڕاۋى دۆزيەۋە. ئەۋ تەپو تۆزەكنى لەسەر تەكندۇ لە كيسەكەى خۆى ھويشت. دواى ئەۋە ھەمۋۇ رۆژێك كتێبەكەى دەردێھ و چوى لە وێنەكنى دەكرد. ئەۋ نەيدەزانى چۆن وشەكن بخوێنێتەۋە.

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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.



وێنهگن چیروٚکی کوڕێکێنۿؚڛ دهکرد که دهیههویست ببێته فروٚکهوان، گتێڬ که گهوره دهبێت. هگوٚزوه ههموو روٚژێڬ له دونڍی خهێڵاتی خوٚیداهٔواتی دهخواست که فڕوٚکهوان بوایه. ﴿جروهِره وای به خهێڵدا دههت که ئهو کوڕهیهو چیروٚکهکه بوٚخوٚیهتی.

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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.



ههوا سرد بوو و هگۆزوه له كعثر شهقمهكه راوهستا بوو و سواڵی دهكرد. پیویک چۆ بۆ لای. پیوهكه گوتی: "سڵو منظوم تۆهسه. من لهو نزیگنهوه دهژیم، له شوێنێک كه دهتوانی شتێک بخوٚی" ئهوهی گوت وځهژهی به خنوویهکی زهرد كرد كه سهرلانهكهی شین بوو. ئهو پرسیری كرد و گوتی: "هیواداربم كه تو بچیته ئهوی كه ههندی خواردنت دهستبكهویٚ؟" هگوزوه تههشیهکی پیوهكهی كردو پشن تههشیهکی پیوهكهی كرد و گوتی: "لهوانهیه" و رویشت.

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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.



به درێژایی ۵نگه۷نی دواتر کوڕه بێ لانه۷ن به دیتنی توٚ۵س له و دهوروبه ره راهتبوون. ئه و حهزی لێ بوو که لهگهڵ خهڵك قسه بکت، بهتیبهت ئه و خهڵکنهی که لهسهر شهوهم۵ن دهژون. توٚ۵س گوێی له چیروٚکی ژونی خهڵکی رادهگرت. ئه و راستگوٚ و خوٚڕاگر بوو، ههرگیز بێ شهرم و بێ ڕێز نهبوو. ههندێك له کوڕهکن دهچوونه۵و خوه زهردو شینه که بوٚ ئهوهی۵نی نیوهروٚون دهست بکهوێت.

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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.



هگۆزوه لەسەر پیدەرەوەكە دانیشتبوو و چوى لە وینهکنى هو کتیبەكە دەكرد کتیك كە تۆهس هت و لە نزیك ئەو دانیشت. تۆهس پرسیری لیکرد: "چیرۆكەكە بسى چى دەکت؟" هگۆزوە وەلامى دایەوە: "کتیبەكە سىبرەت بە كوریكە كە دەبیتە فرۆكەوان." تۆهس لیی پرسی: "كورەكەهوى چییه؟" هگۆزوە بە هیمنی وەلامى دایەوە: "هزانم، من هتوانم بخوینمەوە."

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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.



کتی چوین بهیه کهوت، هگۆزوه چیرۆکی ژینی خۆی بۆ تۆهس گیْرایهوه. چیرۆکی همی و ههروه ه بۆچی ئه و ههلاتووه. تۆهس زۆر قسهی نهدهکرد ئه و به هگۆزوه شی نهدهگوت که دهبی چی بکت، به لام بهردهوام به جوانی گویّی رادهگرت. جروبر ئهوان کتیك له خنووه زهرد و شینهکهدا خهریکی هن خواردن بوون، قسمین دهکرد.

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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.



له سهروبهندی دهیهمین هڵڕۅٚژی له دایکبونی هگوٚزوه دا، توٚهس کتێبێکی منداڵانی هٚزهی به میری دایه. کتێبهکه چیروٚکی کوڕێکی خهڵکی گوندی بوو کتێ گهوره بوو یوریزانێکی بههوهنگی توٚپی پێی لێ دهربچێت. توٚهس ئهو چیروٚکهی چهندین جر بوٚهگوٚزوه خوێندهوه هٔ روٚژێکین ئهو گوتی: "من پێم وایه کتی ئهوه هتووه که توٚ بچیته قوهٔبدنه و فێری خوێندنهوه ببیت. رای توٚچییه؟" توٚهس بوٚی روونکردهوه که ئهو جێگیهك پێدهزانێ که منداڵان دهتوانن لهوێ بمێننهوه و بوٚ قوهٔبدنه ش بروٚن.

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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.



هگۆزوه لههرهی ئهو شوێنههٚزهیه و سهرهت بۆ چوونه قوهٚبێنه بیری کردهووه. ئهگهر همی ئهو راستی بگوتډیه که ئهو نههٔمتر لهوه بوایه که شتێك فێر ببێت چی؟ ئهگهر ئهوان لهو شوێنههٚزهیه لێی بدهن چی؟ ئهو ترهبوو. ئهو بیری کردهووه که: "رهنگههٔشتر وابێ که له سهر شهؤمههٔن ژین بهسهر ببت."

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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.



ئەو لىعرەى مەترسيەكنى خۆى لەگەڵ تۆھس قسەى كرد. بە تێپەربوونى كت پڍوەكە دڵنڍيى بە كورەكە دا كە ژڍن لە شوێنەڴزەكە دەتوانێڟ۪ۺتر بێت.

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



له دوای ئهوه هگۆزوه رۆیشته هو ژووری خنوویهك که سهرهنه کهی سهوز بوو. ئهو لهگهڵ دوو کوری دیکه پێکهوه له ژورێکدا بوون. ده هلڵ بوون و پووره سیزی و مێرده کهی، سێ سهگ، پشیلهیهك و بزنێکی پیر لههو خنووه دا دهژهن.

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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.



دگۆزوه له قولابدنه دەستى به خوێندن كرد و پێى زەحمەت بوو. ئەو زۆر شت ھەبوو كە دەبوايە بە دەستى بهێنێت. جروبره بيرى لێدەكردەوە كە واز بهێنێت. بەڵام ئەو بيرى لە فرۆكەوانەكە و لاريزانى تۆپى پێيەكەى دو كتێبى چيرۆكى منداڵە≿ن دەكردەووە. ئەويش وەك ئەوان كۆڵى نەداو وازى نەھێد.

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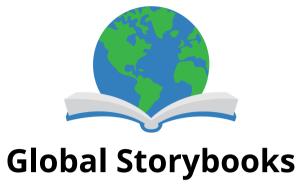
Magozwe started school and it was difficult. He had a lot to catch up. Sometimes he wanted to give up. But he thought about the pilot and the soccer player in the storybooks. Like them, he did not give up.



هگۆزوه له حهوشهی خانووه سهران سهوزه که دانیشتبوو و چیروکیکی مندالانی دهخوینده وه، که له قولابخنه پیون دابوو. تولاس هت و له لای دانیشت. تولاس لیی پرسی: "لابه تی چیروکه که چییه؟" هگوزوه له وه لامدا گوتی: "لعبرهی کوریکه که دهبیته هموسد." تولاس لیی پرسی: "ئهو کوره هوی چییه؟" هگوزوه به زهرده خهنه وه وه لامی دایه وه: "ئه و کوره هوی هگوزوه یه."

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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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ماگۆزوە

Magozwe



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