

**Magozwe**

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 5

 Dagbanli  / English



Nairobi, tinsheli din be katiŋa ka di biɛhigu ku tooi ŋmani nira ya ka tuma kuli nyɛ kpa saha shɛli kam ka bihi shɛba ban ka biɛhigu shee daa be. Biɛɣu kulo din daa kuli beni ka bɛ dola. Dahinshɛli asiba, ka bidibsi ŋɔ daa gbihi neei n-kpabiri bɛ bindɔhi palli noli wari maa ni. Bɛ ni daa yɛn niŋ shɛm n-kari wari ŋɔ daa nyɛla sayiri ka bɛ nyɔ. Bidibsi ŋɔ puuni, yino daa beni ka o yuli booni Magozwe, ŋun n-daa nyɛ bɛ zaa bia sani.

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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.



Magozwe laamba ni daa kpi saha sheli, o daa nyela yuma anu. O daa kuli o nahiba sani. Doo ŋɔ daa ka zaɣa zaŋ chaŋ bia ŋɔ polo. O daa bi tiri Magowe bindirigu vienyelingga. O daa che ka bia ŋɔ tumdi tuunkpema pam.

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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.



Magozwe yi daa fabili bee m-bɔhi bɔhigu, O ɗahiba ɗɔ daa buri o mi. Magozwe ɗun daa ti bɔhi ni o tahi o shikuru? O ɗahiba daa bu o mi ka yeli, “A zuɗu kpiya pam dinzuɗu a ku tooi bɔhim binsheɗu.” Magozwe daa di lala wahala ɗɔ m-paai yuma ata, ka di nyaɗa ka o zo o ɗahiba maa sani. O daa kpalim gberila pala zuɗu.

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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.



Pala zuƴu biɛhigu daa to pam, bidibsi ƴɔ daa yi niƴdila nimmɔhi biɛƴu kam ka naan yi nya bindirigu. Saha sheƴa be daa yi gbahiriba mi, ka saha sheƴa ka be bu ba. Dɔro yi ti gbaai ba, so kani ƴun yɛn sɔƴ ba. Layibihi sheƴa din daa gbubi layiƴgu ƴɔ daa nyela bara maalibu mini be ni daa kɔhiri gbanbihi la ni binyeri sheƴa. Biɛhigu daa lahi niƴ tom pam, dama layiƴgu sheƴa gba daa beni m-bɔri ni be zaƴ be fukumsi n-fa fɔƴ sheli be ni be maa, ka zaba tooi zoi.

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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.



Dahinsheli Magozwe daa yuunila sayiri gungɔna puuni, ka ti nya salima buku chera. O daa nyahi dayiri di zuɣu ka zaŋ niŋ o kaɓigu puuni. Din nyaɗa biɛɣu kam o yɛn yihila buku maa na n-yuuni anfoonima di puuni. O daa bi mi bachinima maa karimbu.

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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.



Anfoonima maa daa tiri la lahibali zaŋ kpa bi'so ŋun daa zoonaa n-ti lebi alepile durooba. Magozwe kuli yen zimi n-zahindi ni o lebi alepile durooba. Saha shɛŋa, ka o tɛhiri ni di yi di nyɛ ŋuna n-nyɛ bi'so ŋun be lahabali maa ni maa.

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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.



Wari daa beni ka Magozwe zi soli zuḡu m-maani bara. Doso daa kana o sani. N-ti puhi o ka yeli o, “N-yuli Tomasi n-tuma shee bi waya ni kpe, luḡ’sheli polo a ni tooi nya bindirigu n-di.” O daa tiri yili din nye zaḡa dozim ka pili chemsi nuxiso maa. “N tamaha ni, a ni chaḡ n-ti nya bindirigu n-di?” ka doo maa bohi o. Magozwe daa lihi doo maa mini yili maa ka yeli “Di yi pa sheli,” ka ḡmaligi.

...

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.





Chirshɛŋa din paya maa na, bidibsi ban ka biɛhigu shee ŋɔ daa tooi nyari Tomasi bɛ ni be luyushɛli polo maa. O daa bɔri ka o mini niriba diri alizama balante ninvuy'shɛba ban yiŋsi nyɛ pala zuɣu la. Tomasi daa tooi bɔri lahabaya zaŋ kpa niriba biɛhigu polo. O daa mali nimmɔhi ni suɣulo, ka je ni o boli so yoli bee m-bi ti jilima. Bihi maa shɛba daa pili chani yili din nyɛ dozim la maa mini nuɣiso yili maa ni, n-ti diri wuntaŋ bindirigu.

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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.



Magozwe daa kuli zila soli maa zuƴu n-yuuni anfoonima buku la. Ka Tomasi ti zini m-miri o. “Bo lahibali m bala?” Tomasi m-bɔhi o maa. “Di nyela bidibilso ɗun daa lee alepile durooba lahibali,” Magozwe labisiya. “Bidibila maa yuli booni bo?” Tomasi m-bɔhi o maa. “M-bi mi dama n-zi karimbu,” Magozwe yeli baalim.

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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.



Ɓe ni daa ti nya taba yaha ka Magozwe piligi o maŋmaŋa lahibali n-yeri n-tiri Tomasi. Di daa nyela o ŋahiba lahibali ni daliri din che ka o zo maa. Tomasi daa bi yeli pam, ka mi daa bi wuhi Magozwe ni yen niŋ shem, amaa ka lee kuli maai o maŋa n-wumda. Sahashɛŋa Ɓe tooi diri alizama di yi ti niŋ ka Ɓe be yil'sheli din pili nuɣiso la n diri bindirigu.

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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.



Magozwe dɔyiri dabsili naba daa miri na ka Tomasi daa ti o buku din nye lahibali palli yeltɔya. Lahibali maa daa nyela tɪŋkpaŋ bidibil'so ŋun daa zooi na nti lebi bol'ŋmɛri kpeeni ŋun yuli daa gili luyuli kam. Tomasi n-daa kuli karimdi lahibali ŋɔ n-tiri Magozwe, ka ti yeli dahinsheli, "Di simdi ni a chaŋ shikuru nti bɔhim karimbu, wula ka a tɛhi?" Ka Tomasi daa wuhi o luyusheli polo o ni mi ka bihi gberi a ka chani shikuru.

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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.



Magozwe daa tɛhi biɛhigu palli ɲɔ mini shikuru chandi ɲɔ zuɣu. Ka di yi ti niɲ ka n-ɲahiba yɛligu la niɲ yɛlmanɲli, ni dama n ka fahim din ni tooi bɔhim binsheɣu? Ka di yi ti niɲ ka bɛ buri o biɛhigu palli ɲɔ shee? Dabiɛm daa mali o. “Di yi pa shɛli palli zuɣu biɛhigu ni so,” lala ka o daa tɛhi.

...

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.



Ka o daa ban̄si Tomasi dabiɛm shɛli din mali o. Doo maa daa tooi yeri bidibila maa ni biɛhigu palli ɲɔ shee ni so.

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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.



Lala zuɣu, Maqozwe daa kahi kuli nti kpe yil'sheli din mopilli nye zaɣvakahili la duu ni. Niriba ayi n-daa be duu maa ni m-pahi o zuɣu. Be baɗ daa layim be yili maa ni zaa daa paai pia. Yili maa ni m-piriba Sisi mini o yidana n-ti pahi bahi ata, jenkuno mini bukurili n-daa beni.

...

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 daa pili shikuru chandi ka di to n-ti o. Dama o daa mali tuma pam nyaana. Saha shena o daa bori ni o che. Amaa o yi teei alepile durooba mini bol'umera la yeltaga, lahibali buku la ni, o kpanbila o mana.

...

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 daa zila yil'sheli din mopilli nye zaɣvakahili la dunduɗɗo ni n-karimda lahibali buku sheli o ni zi n-yi shikuru la na. Ka Tomasi ti kana n-ti zini bayili o. "Lahibali bo yeɓɓo m-bala?" ka Tomasi bohi o. "Di nyela bidibilso ŋun daa lee karimba," Magozwe labisiya. Ka Tomasi bohi o, "Bidibila maa yuli booni bo?" Ka Magozwe yeli, "O yuli m booni Magozwe," ka la biɗa.

...

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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