


Magozwe

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 Ga / English



Gbekεbii hii kobolol komεi hi shi yε Nairobi maη lε mli heko banee. Amεbe ninaa ko keha naya, jetsεremol gbε keke amε kraa. Leebi ko lε, oblahii nεε miikota amε sai keje kro nol ηanii lε, he ni amεwol lε. Bol ni afee ni fei akaye amε fe nine lε, amεsha jwei kefee kolokol lε mli kulokol. Gbekεbii hii lε atεη mol kome ji Magozwe. Lε ji gbekε kwraa ni yol amε teη.

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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.



Be ni Magozwe fɔlɔi shi jen ɛ, eye afi enumɔ pɛ. Eke etsekwe yahi shi. Nuu nɛɛ kwɛɛɛ gbekɛ ɛ jogbanɛ. Ehaaa Magozwe niyenii jogbanɛ. Ehani gbekɛ ɛ tsu nii denɛn.

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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.



Keji Magozwe wie nitsumɔ le he le, etsekwe le yi le. Be ni Magozwe bi etsekwe le keji ebaanye eya skul le, etsekwe le yi le ni ekee, "Olu tso keha no ko kasemɔ." Afii ete see le, Magozwe nyeee nyafimɔ nee dɔɔh hewɔ le ejo foi keje etsekwe le na. Eyabɔi gbajegbe le no hii.

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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.



Gbejegbe ɛ nɔ shihile wa naakpa. Gbekɛbii hii ɛ gboɔ denme dani amɛ naa niyenii. Bei komɛi ɛ amɔmɔɔ amɛ ni bei komɛi ɛ ayiɔ amɛ. Kɛji amɛheye ɛ, mɔ ko bɛ ni yeɔ buaa amɛ. Shika ni amɛnaa kɛjɛɔ nibaa mli kɛ nibii bibii hɔɔmɔ mli ɛ ni amɛkɛɛɔ amɛ he. Kui krokomɛi ni miitao amɛye amɛ nɔ kɛ amɛbanɔɔ. Enɛ haa ni shihile ɛ mli waa diɛntɛ.

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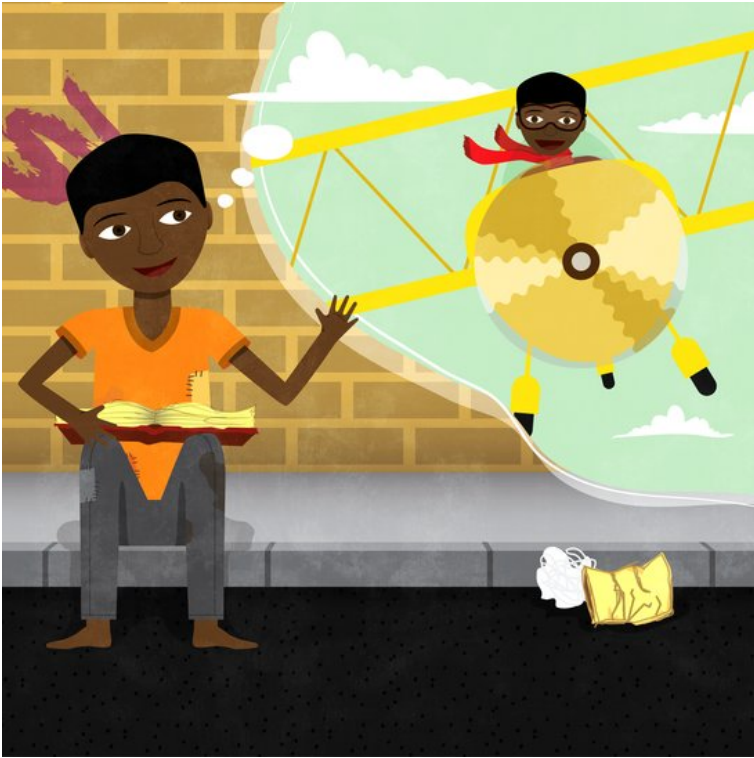
Street life was difficult and most of the boys struggled daily just to get food. Sometimes they were arrested, sometimes they were beaten. When they were sick, there was no one to help. The group depended on the little money they got from begging, and from selling plastics and other recycling. Life was even more difficult because of fights with rival groups who wanted control of parts of the city.



Gbi ko be ni Magozwe miikwe jwei tsensi le mli le, ena adesa wolo momo ko. Etsumo wolo le he muji le, ni eke wolo le wo ekotoku le mli. Kεje nakai gbi le, daa nee le ekoo wolo le ni ekweo mfonii ni yoo mli le. Elee bo ni akaneco emli wiemoi le.

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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.



Mfoniri Ịe wies gbeke nuu ko ni ebats ƙƙƙƙƙ Ịe Ịe kud Ịe. Shwane finting po ankamafiola ni eji ƙƙƙƙƙ Ịe Ịe kud Ịe. Bei kom Ịe, enaa ehe ake Ịe ji gbeke nuu niy ƙƙ adesa Ịe mli Ịe.

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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.



Je ɛ mli ejɔ ɲanii ni Magozwe damɔ gbɛjɛgbɛ ɛ he eeba shika. Nuɔ ko nyiɛ banina ɛ ni ekɛɛ, “Helo, atɛɔ mi Tɔmas, mitsuɔ nii yɛ biɛ nɔɔɲ, yɛ he ni obaana niyenii ni oye.” Etsɔɔ ɛ shia ko ni asha he wuɔɔɔ ni abu yiteɲ kɛ zɪɲle bluɔ. “Miheɔ miyeɔ akɛ obaaya na niyenii yɛ jɛmɛ?” ekɛɛ. Magozwe kwe nuɔ ɛ, ni ekwe shia ɛ, ni ekɛɛ, “Ekolɛ,” kɛkɛ ni eho etee.

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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.



Nyɔji babaoɔ sɛɛ lɛ, gbekɛbii hii kobɔɔɔ nɛɛ bayɔsɛ Tɔmas jogbaŋɛ. Esumɔɔ mɛi kɛwimɔɔ, titri mɛi ni yɔɔ gbɛjɛgbɛ lɛ nɔ. Tɔmas bo mɛi awala mli saji toi. Ehie ka shi ni eyɛ mɛi ahetsui, enyafiii mɔ ni ebuɔ mɔ. Gbekɛbii lɛ ekomei bɔi shia ni asha he wuɔfɔ kɛ bluu lɛ mli yaa kɛha amɛ shwane niyenii.

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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 ta shi eekwe mfoniri wolo le mli kekε ni Tomas bata emasei. “Meni adesa le keɔ?” Tomas bi le. “Ekoɔ gbeke nuu ko ni batsɔ etsɔ kɔkɔkɔɔ lele kudulo ko he,” Magozwe here le ko. “Meni ji gbeke nuu le gbɛi?” Tomas bi le. “Mileee, mileee bo ni akaneco nii,” Akamafio wie bleoo.

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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.



Be ni amekpe ɛ, Magozwe bɔi ɛ diɛntɛ ehe sane gbaa ketɔɔ Tɔmas. Egba ɛ etsɛkwɛ ɛ he sane kɛ bɔ ni ejo foi kɛjɛ ɛɔ. Tɔmas ewieɛɛ tɔɔ ni ekɛɛɛ Magozwe nɔ ni efee hu shi ebo ɛ toi jogbanɲ. Bei komɛi ɛ amɛgbaa sane be ni amɛyɛɔ nii yɛ shia ni akɛ zɪɲle bluu ebu yiteɲ ɛ.

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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.



Be ni Magozwe ye efomɔ gbijuro ni ji nyɔɔma le, Tomas ha le adesa wolo hee ko. Adesa ni yɔɔ wolo le mli le wieɔ akrowa gbekɛ nuu ko ni da ni ebatsɔ bɔɔlutswalɔ kpanaa ko he. Tomas kane adesa le etsɔɔ Magozwe bei saɔɔ keyashi gbi ko ni ekɛɛ, “Efeɔ mi akɛ eshe be ni obaaya skul ni oyakase bɔ ni akaneɔ nii. Te osusɔ tɛɔɔ?” Tomas gbala mli akɛ ele he ko ni gbekɛbii baahi shi ye keya skul.

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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 susu shihilehe nɛɛ kɛ skulyaa lɛ he. Esusu akɛ ekolɛ etsekwe lɛ sane ja akɛ elu tsɔ kɛha nɔ ko kasemɔ? Esusu akɛ ekolɛ abaayayi lɛ ye shihilehe hee nɛɛ? Eshe gbeyei. “Ekolɛ ebaahi kwraa akɛ mahi gbɛjegbɛ lɛ nɔ,” ejwɛɲ.

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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.



Ekεε Tɔmas enaagba nεε. Daa gbi lε nuu nεε wɔɔ gbekε nuu nεε hewalε akε shihilε yε shihilεhe hee lε baahi fe he ni eyɔɔ lε.

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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.



Enε hewɔ ɩ Akamafio fa eyahi tsu ko mli ye shia ni abu yi enɔli ɩ. Eke gbekɛbii enyɔ komɛi ni hi tsu ɩ mli. Gbekɛbii nyɔɔma ni yɔɔ shia ɩ mli. Kɛfata amɛ he ɩ, Nyɛkwɛ Sisi kɛ ewu, gbɛɛi etɛ, alɔnte kome kɛ abotia momo ko hu hi shia ɩ mli.

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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.



Magozwe bɔi skul yaa. Nikasemɔ ɛ wa naakpa ejaake nibii pii ye ni kpaako ebaakase. Bei komɛi ɛ enijian jeɔ wui. Shi esusɔ kɔkɔkɔɔ ɛɛ kudɔkɔ ke bɔɔlotswalɔ ɛ ni ekane amɛ sane ye adesa wolo ɛ mli ɛ ahe. Tamɔ amɛ fee ɛ, ɛ hu enijian ejeee wui.

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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.



Magozwe ta yale ɛ mli ye shia ni abuyi enɔli ɛ mli eekane adesa wolo ni ekeje skul ɛ. Tɔmas bata emasɛi kpaakpa. “Mɛni adesa ɛ keɔ?” Tɔmas bi. “Ekɔɔ gbekɛ nuu ko ni batsɔ tsɔɔɔ he,” Magozwe here nɔ. “Mɛni ji gbekɛ ɛ gbɛi?” Tɔmas bi. “Egbɛi ji Magozwe,” Magozwe keɛ ni enmɔ mugɛɛ.

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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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