



Di Die Mi Lef Mi Yaad Fi Go Toun

The day I left home for the city

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 Patwa / English



Di likl bos stap inna mi vilij di bizi wid piipl an pak op-pak op bos. Muor tingz did iivn de pan di grong fi luod. Dokta did a baal out di niem dem fi wich paat dem bos dem did a go.

...

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.



“Toun! Toun! A go Wes!” mi ier wahn dokta a baal
out. A da bos de mi niid fi kech.

...

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



Di toun bos did almuos ful. Bot muor piipl did stil a push fi get iihn. Som a dem pak op dem bag dem anda di bos. Di res a dem put dem bag pan di shelf dem inna di bos.

...

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.



Di nyuu pasinja dem uol aan pan dem tikit tait-tait miinwail dem a luk fi somwe fi siddong inna di pak op bos. Di biebmada dem mek dem pikni komfatebl fi di lang jraiv.

...

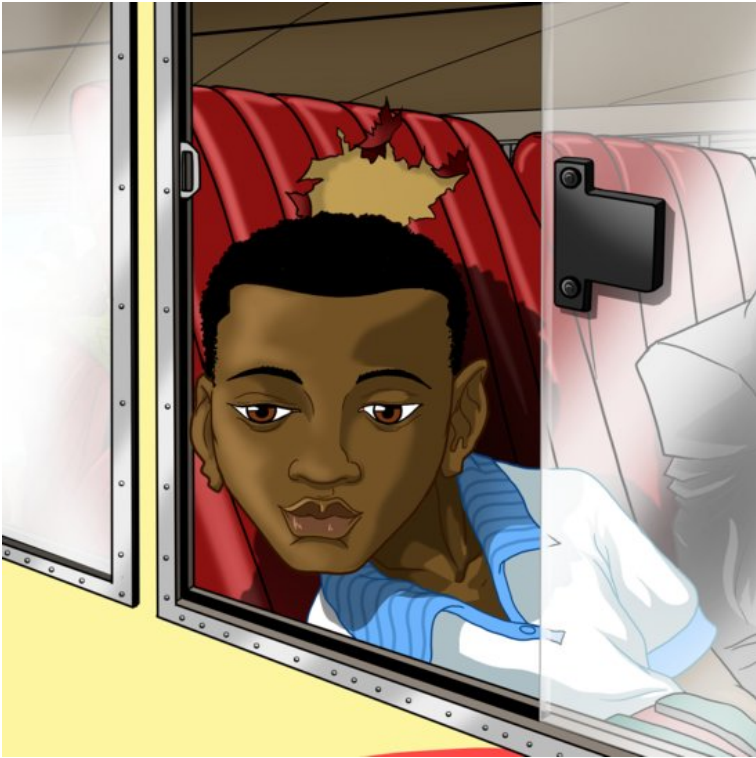
New passengers clutched their tickets as they looked for somewhere to sit in the crowded bus. Women with young children made them comfortable for the long journey.



Mi skwiiz iihn nier wahn winda-siit. Di sumadi we a siddong said a mi did a uol aan tait pan wahn griin plaskit bag. Him did av aan uol slippaz, wahn wier out jakit, an im did luk laik im friedi-friedi.

...

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.



Mi did luk outsaid a di bos an did riyalaiz se mi did a lef mi vilij, di plies we mi gruo op. Mi did a go a di big siti.

...

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.



Dem did don luod di bos an aal a di pasinja dem did siddong. Di venda dem stil push kom inna di bos fi sel dem gudz tu di pasinja dem. Evribadi a baal out di niem a wa dem av fi sel. Di wod dem did soun foni tu mi.

...

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.



Kopl pasinja did bai jrinks, di res a dem did bai likl
snak an staat chuu. Aal uu neva av no moni, laik mi,
jos did a wach.

...

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



Dem sopm de stap wen di bos aan bluo, dat miin se wi redi fi lef. Di dokta baal aafa di venda dem fi kom aaf.

...

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.



Di venda dem push wananeda fi kom aaf a di bos.
Som a dem gi bak chienj tu di pasinja dem. An som
a dem did a chrai sel muor tingz.

...

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.



Az di bos lef di bos stap, mi did luk chuu di winda.
Mi did a wanda ef mi wuda eva go bak a mi vilij
agen.

...

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.



Wail wi a chravl, inna di bos staat get wel at. Mi shet mi yai dem an a uop se mi jrap a sliip.

...

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



Bot mi main staat ron bak pan mi yaad. Ef mi mada ago sief? Ef mi rabbit dem win no moni? Ef mi breda memba fi waata mi chrii soka dem?

...

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?



Pan di wie, mi se uova an uova di niem a di plies we mi ongl liv inna di big siti. Mi stil did a wispa tu miself wen mi jrap asliip.

...

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.



Nain owa lieta, pier naiz wiek mi op an dem a kaal fi di pasinja dem fi go bak a mi vilij. Mi grab mi likl bag an jomp outa di bos.

...

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.



Di bos fi go bak did a luod kwik-kwik. It did suuhn go bak a Iis. Di muos impuotant ting fi mi nou, a did fi staat luk fi mi ongkl yaad.

...

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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