




Magozee

Magozwe

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 Afan Oromo / English



Magaala Nyiroobii irraa fagooti ijooleen mana dhabiyyin manaan ala jiraata turan. Guyyaa maraa akkuma dhufite kessumessu. Guyyaa ganama tokko ijooleen kun afaa irra rafanii bulan marachu jalqaban. Akka isaaniti hinqorrinee waan garagaraa boobesanii o'ifatu. Magozeen garee ijoole kana kessa namtokko dha. Magozeenis umriidhan isa xiqqa ture.

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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.



Yeroo matiin isaa du'u Magozee waggaa shan qofa ture.
Magozeenis essumaa isa wajjiin jirachuf bira dhaqee.
Namni kuni garauu mucaa kanaf bayee hindhimamnee.
Magozeedhaf nyataa gahaa hinkenninef. Mucichi garu hojii
bayee akka hojaatu godhe.

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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.



Yeroo Magozee gaafi kasuu essumina isa isa tumaa. Yeroo immo Magozeen gara mana barnoota nandeema jedhe gaafatu, essumini isaa akan jedhe: “Bayee raata’a waan tateef barumsi sif galu hindanda’u.” Wagga sadi booda Magozee mana essuma isa dhisee deeme. Daandi gubba jirachu calqabee.

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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.



Jiruun dandii gubba hamaa ture. Ijooleen waan nyaatan argachuuf bayee dhama'aa turan. Ijollen kun yeroo tokko tokko nihidhaamu, nitumaamus. Yeroo dhibaman namni isaan gargaruu hinturre. Gareen kuni kan jiraatu mallaqa kadhaafi meshaale xixinno gurguratuuni. Jireenya isaani irra caala kan hammersse waldhanis gareen kuni garee biraa wajjiin qabudha.

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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.



Guyyaa tokko Magozee yeroo qawwaa balfa kessa yeroo ilaalu kitaaba senaa duloomaa tokko argate. Kitaabicha qulqullesse keeshaa isa kessa godhate. Guyyaa sana irra caalqabee kitaabicha banee suraawan adda adda ilaala ture. Kitaabicha akka itti dubbisu hinbeeku ture.

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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.



Suuraawan sun wa'ee mucaa paylata ta'uf fedhii qabu akkamit akka guddate agarsiisa. Magazeenis paylata ta'uf yaddan balali'ee. Yeroo tokko tokko akkan mucaa seenaa sanati of ilaala,

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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.



Guyyaan bayee qorraa dha yeroo Magazeeen kara gubba dhabate kadhatu. Namni tokko itti kiiqee akan jedheen,” Ashamaa, ani Tomaas jedham. Ani lafa ati waan nyaatu argatutaan hojadha.” Namni kunis karkaan gara mana kelloo kan gubbaan isaa dokiyyee ta’ee it agarsisee.” Bakka mana sana dhaqtee akka nyaata argatu abdiin qaba?” jedhe gafatee. Magazzenis yeroo tokko gara manichaa yeroo biraa immo gara namichaa ilaale. “Akka tasa,” jedhe gara mannicha deeme.

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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.



Ji'oota ittiaanan kessatti manadhabeyyni kun Tomaasni walarguu cimsanii qaban. Innis immo namoota wajjiin kessaahu namoota karaa gubbaa jirataniin hasa'u jallata. Senaa namoota dhaggefachu jallata. Tomaas nama amala garii qabuufi nama namaa tufatu mit. Ijoolen tokko tokko gara guyyaa walakaa irrati gara mana kelloo fi doqiyoo sana deemudhan waan nyataan argatan.

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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.



Yeroo Tomaas dhufee Magozee bira ta’u Magozeen immo kitaaba dubbisa ture. Tomaas akkan jedhe isa gafate, “Seenaa malii dubsitaa?” “Wa’ee mucaa paylata ta’eeti” jedhene Magozee. Tomaas, “Maqaa isaa enyuu jedhe gaafate?” “Anni himbekku, dubbisu hindanda’u,” jedhe Magozeen.

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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.



Yeroo walqunnaman Magozee seenaa mataa isaa Tomaasiti himuu calaqabee. Seenaan isaas wa'ee essuma isaatif akka inni itti mana bahee ilaalchisee ture. Tomaas bayee hindubbannes waan Magozeen godhuu qabuus itti hinmnee. Yeroo tokko tokko manaa nyataa kelloo sanaa kessati hasa'u.

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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.



Woggaa kurnaffa Magozee irrati, Tomaas kitaaba seenaa tokko kennef. Kitaabichis wa'ee mucaa badiyya tokko kan guddate taphaata kubba milaa ta'eedha. Tomaasis seenaa kana yeroo bayee dubbiseef, akkan jedheen, Amma yeroo ati mana barmusaa dhaqixee dubbisufi barressu barrachuu qabdu dha. Mal yaddaa jedhee gafatee?" Tomaasis lafaa ijoolen itti dhaqxee barattu itti ibsee.

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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.



Magozeenis wa'ee iddoo hara'a kana fi wa'ee gara mana barnoota deemu ittiyada ture. Yoo wanti essumni isaa jedhe sirri ta'e garuu inni barachuu hodadhabee? Yoo lafa hara'a kanati issa rukutan? Bayee sodaate. "Gara gubba jirachu wayya ta'a jedhe yaade."

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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.



Sodaa isas Tomaasit himee. Yeroo dheera booda Tomaas jiruun lafa hara'a kanati mishaa akka ta'u itti hime.

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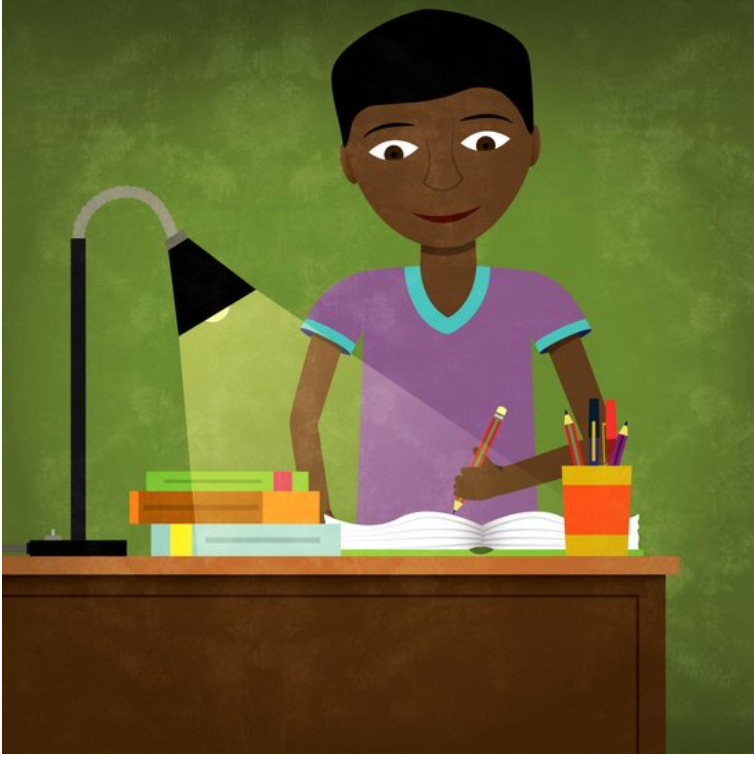
He shared his fears with Thomas. Over time the man reassured the boy that life could be better at the new place.



Haaluma kanan Magozeen lafa hara'a sana dhaqee mana doqiyye sana kessa gale. Namoota lama wajjiin kutaa tokko kessaa walwajjiin jiratan. walmaa galatti ijoolee 10 mana sana kessa gala. Anitee, sisii fi abbaa manaa ishee, saree 3 fi addurre tokko fi ra'ee dullooma taokko mana sana kessa gala.

...

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.



Magozeen barmusaa calqabee garu barmusi itti cimee. Bayee dubati hafee ture. Yeroo tokko tokko dhisulee yaada. Garuu wa'ee paylata fi taphaata kubbaa milaa yeroo yaddu immo yada isaa jijjira. Mana barmusaa kessaa hinbanee.

...

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.



Magozeen oddoo kessa ta'ee kitaabaa mana magarisaa irra argatee san dubbisaa. Tomaas dhufee mal godhaa jirta jedhe isa gafate. "Wa'ee mal dubistaa?" "Wa'ee mucaa barsiisaa ta'eti," jedhe Magozeen. "Maqaan mucaa sani enyuu dha?" jedhe Tomaas. "Maqaan isaa, Magozee," jedhama.

...

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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