



## Guyyan gara magaala deeme

## The day I left home for the city

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🗨️ Afan Oromo [om](#) / English [en](#)



Bakki dhabbata atobusaa xinnan ganda kenyaa namafi konkolatootan dhiphatee jira. Kanarra hafee wanti fe'amu qabu bayee tu lafa jira. Namooni tikeeti gurguran konkolatoota iyyan.

...

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.



“Magaala! Magaala! Gare dhihaa!” jedhe gargaran konkolachisa. Konkolaatan suni kana ani barbaadure.

...

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



Atobisiin magaaladha bayee guutee jiraa namni garu yabbachuuf ifaaja. Namonni tokko tokko meshaa isaani konkolaata jalatti fe'atan. Namonni kuni immo kessa kayaatan.

...

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.





Imaltooni harenysi tiikeetiissani cimsani qabatanii lafa teesuma barbadatan. Dubartoonii da'ima qabana imala isaanif mijeesan.

...

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.



Ani immo dubarti abban mana irradu'ee tokko biran taa'e. Namni nabira taa'e tokko immo borsaa lasticaa hammatee qabateera. Qophee dulomaafi and kootii dulooma uffate waan aare fakkaata.

...

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.



Foddaa konkolatatiin gara alaa yeroon qayee koo ittiguuddadhe dhisee gara magaala deemuu koon qayyabadhe. Gara magaala gudda deeman jira.

...

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.



Meshaa fe'un xummurame jennan namni hunduu tesso qabatee taa'e. Daldaaltonni karaa gubbaa meshaa isaani gurguruf gara keessati lixan. Namni hunduu waan bituu barbaade gafachaa ture. Wacini sun garuu nadiinqisisee.

...

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.





Namooni tokko tokko yeroo wandhugamu bitatan kuuni immo waandhugan bitatan. Namonni akka anaa kan mallaqaa hinqabne, cal jedhanituma ilaalan.

...

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



Sochiin suni garu kalaksii konkolaatatin addan citee. Gargaaran konkolaachisaa daldaltootan bu'aa jedhe itti iyyee.

...

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.



Daldaltonni dafan waldhibanii bahan. Tokko tokko deebi namootaf kenan. Kuuni immo daqiqaa isaa dhumaatiris gurguirf yalaan.

...

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.



Akkuma atobisin bakka dhaabbate ka'ee, gara foddatin allatin ilaale. Akkam godheen gara gandaa kiyyaa deebi'aa jdheen yaadee ture.

...

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.





Akkuma imalli ittifufen, konkolaata kessa bayee o'ee. Ejjaa koo cuffen rafuu barbaade.

...

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



Samuu koo garu gara maana yaada. Harmeen koo nangan turtii moo? Hiiletiin kiyya gatii baftui ta'a? Obbolessi koo iyyiba sana yadatee bishan obaasa laata?

...

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?



Osoon deema jiru lafa essumini koo jiru magaala sana kessati yaadadhee. Hiribaa kessatin kufatin deema.

...

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.



Sa'ati sagal booda, sagalee cimaa gara ganda kessani deebi'a jedhu dhagahe. Borsaa koo qabbadheen konkolaata kessa utalee bahe.

...

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.





Konkolaatan gara ganda deebi'u dafee gutee. Dafee garaa bahaa qajelee. Rakkinnii cimaan kiyyaa akkam godheen mana essuma kiyya akkan itti argadhu yaadu ture.

...

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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