

Magozwe

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 Ikinyarwanda [rw](#) / English [en](#)



Mu mugi uhuze wa Nairobi, kure yotwitwabwaho kumuntu murugo, habaga abahungu binzererezi/mayibobo. Bakiraga buri muni uko uje. Igitondo kimwe, abahungu barimo kuzinga imisambi yabo nyuma yokuryama kuri sima zikonje. Kwirukana ubukonje batwitse imyanda. Muri gurupe y'abasore harimo Magozwe. Niwe wari umwana muto.

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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.



Ubwo ababyeyi ba Mugoze bapfaga, yari afite imyaka itanu gusa. Yagiye kubana na nyirarume we. Uyu mugabo ndiyigeze yita ku umwana. Ntiyigeze aha Mugoze ibiryo bihagije. Yakoreshaga umuhungu imirimo byinshi ikomeye.

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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.



Iyo Magozwe yijotaga cyangwa ngo baze, nyirarume yaramukubitaga. Ubwo Magozwe yabazaga nimba yajya ku ishuli, nyirarume yaramukubise aravugaga, “Uri ikigoryi kumenya ikintu nakimwe.” Nyuma y’imyaka itatu Magozwe yahunze nyirarume. Yatangiye kuba ku umuhanda.

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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.



Ubuzima bw'umuhanda bwari bugoye na benshi mu abasore byari bibagoye kubona ibiryo buri muni. Rimwe na rimwe, barahagarikwagwa (na police), rimwe na rimwe barakubitagwa. Iyo babaga barwaye, ntamuntu waruhari wo kubafasha. Igurube yifashishaga amafaranga make yakuraga mu gusabiriza, no mukugurisha amaparasitiki nibindi. Ubuzima bwari bukomeye kurusha ho nokubera imirwano nandi magurube yashakaga guyobora ibice by'umugi.

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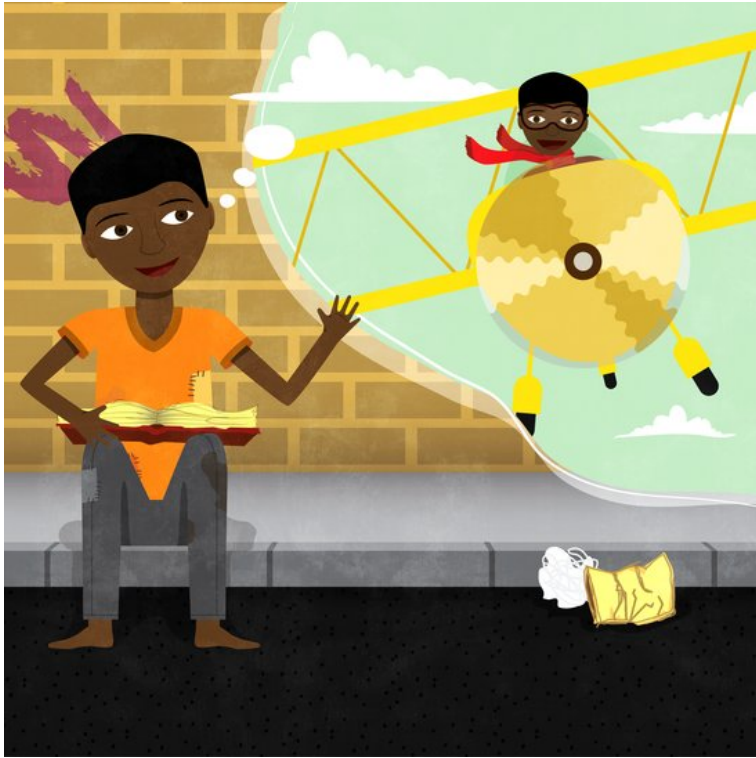
Street life was difficult and most of the boys struggled daily just to get food. Sometimes they were arrested, sometimes they were beaten. When they were sick, there was no one to help. The group depended on the little money they got from begging, and from selling plastics and other recycling. Life was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



Umunsi umwe ubwo Magozwe yararimo areba mu indobo z'imyanda, yabonye igitabo k'inkuru gishaje cyacikaguritse. Yaragihanaguye agishyira mu agafuka ke. Buri munsi kuva ubwo yagikuragamo akareba amashusho. Ntiyarazi gusoma amagambo.

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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.



Amashusho yavugaga inkuru y'umuhungu wakuze kuba umutwazi w'indege (umupirote). Magozwe yarotaga yabaye umupirote. Rimwe na rimwe, yategerezaga ko ariwe muhungu mu inkuru.

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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.



Hari hakonje na Magozwe yari ahagaze kumuhanda asabiriza. Umugabo yaraje amusanga. “Bite, nitwa Tomasi. Nkora hafi aha, ahantu ushobora kugira icyo kurya,” Umugabo aravuga. Yatunze urutoki ku inzu y’umuhondo n’urusenge rw’ubururu. “Nizeye ko uribugeyo gufata ibiryo?” Yarabashije. Magozwe yarebye umugabo, nyuma areba inzu. “Bishoboke,” aravuga, ahita agenda.

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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.



Mu amezi yakurikiye, abahungu b'inzererezi bamenyereye kubona Tomasi aho. Yakundaga kuvugisha abantu ku mihanda. Tomasi yategaga amatwi inkuru z'ubuzima bw'abantu. Yari yikomereye anihanganye, nta bwirasi cyangwa se kubahuka. Abahungu bamwe batangiye kujya kunzu y'umuhondo n'usenge rw'ubururu gufata ibiryo hagati y'umunsi (saa sita).

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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 yari yicaye kuri sima areba amashusho ubwo Tomasi yicaraga kuruhande rwe. “Inkuru ijyanye niki?” Tomasi arabaza. “Ni k’umuhungu wabaye umupirote,” Magozwe yarasubije. “Ni irihe zina ry’umuhungu?” Tomasi arabaza. “Ntago mbizi, sinshobora gusoma,” Magozwe yaravuze bucece.

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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.



Ubwo bahuraga, Magozwe yatangiye kubwira Tomasi inkuru ye bwite. Yari inkuru ya nyirarume n'impanvu yahunze. Timasi ntiyavuze cyane, Ntiyigeze anabwira Magozwe icyo gukora ariko buri gihe yaramwunvise yitonze. Rimwe na rimwe baraganiraga bari kurya mu inzu y'urusenge rw'ubururu.

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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.



Hafi y'isabukuru ya cumi yamavuko ya Magozwe, Tomasi yamuhaye igitabo cy'inkuru gishya. Cyari inkuru y'umuhungu w'igiturage wakuze akaba umukinnyi w'umupira w'amaguru uzwi hose. Tomasi yasomeye Magozwe iyo nkuru unshuro nyinshi, kugeza umunsi umwe yavugaga, "Ntekereza ko ari igihe ujya mu ishuli ukiga gusoma. Uratekereza iki?" Tomasi yasobanuye ko yarazi ahantu abana bashobora kuba, bakanajya kw'ishuli.

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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 yatekereje kuri aho hantu hashya, no kujya ku ishuli. Nyirarume abaye ari mukuri ko ari ikigoryi atakiga ikintu nakimwe? Babaye bazamukubitira aha hantu hashya? Yari afite ubwoba.”bishoboke go aribyiza kuguma uba ku muhanda,” Yaratekereje.

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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.



Yasangije Tomasi ubwoba bwe. Uko igihe cyagiye umugabo yabashije guhumuriza umuhungu ko ubuzima buza bwiza muri aho hantu hashya.

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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.



Nuko Magozwe yamukiye mu icyumba cy'inzu y'igisenge cy'ubururu. Yafatanyaga icyumba n'abandi bahungu babiri. Bose hamwe hari abana icumi babaga muri iyonzu. Hamwe na Auntie Cissy n'umugabo we, ibwa eshatu, ipusi, n'ihene ishaje.

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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 yatangiye ishuli kandi ryari rikomeye. Yarafite byinshi byo kugeraho. Akenshi yashakaga kubireka. Ariko yatekerezaga ku umupirote n'umukinnyi w'amapira w'amaguru mu igito cy'inkuru. Nkabo, ntiyigeze abireka/ ateshukwa.

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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 yari yicaye mu imbuga ku inzu y'urusenge rw'ubururu, asoma igitabo cyavuye kw'ishuli. Tomasi yaraje yicara iruhande rwe. "Iyo nkuru icyanye n'iki?" Tomasi yarabajije. "Ijyanye n'umwana waje kuba umwarimu." Magozwe yarasubije. "Izinyanye ry'umuhungu ni irihe?" Tomasi yarabajije. "Izina rye ni Magozwe." Magozwe waravuze n'inseko

...

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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