




**Umunsi navuye murugo nerekeje  
m'umugi**

**The day I left home for the city**

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 3

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



Sitasiyo nto ya bisi mu igiturage cyange yari ihuze n'abantu n'amabisi apakiwe cyane. Kubutaka hari hakiri nindi bintu byo gupakira. Abakonvayeri barimo bahamagara amazina yaho bisi zari zigiye.

...

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.



“Umugi! Umugi! Ugiye m’uburengerazuba!”  
Narunvije amukonvayeri avuga. Iyo niyo busi  
nagombaga gufata.

...

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



Busi yo m'umugi yari hafi kuzura, ariko abantu benshi bari bakiri gusunika ngo binjiremo. Bamwe bashyize imizigo yabo munsi ya busi. Abandi bashyira iyabo mu ntebe imbere.

...

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.



Abagenzi bashya bakomeza cyane muntoki amatike yabo ubwo bashakaga aho kwicara muri busi yuzuye. Abagore bafite abana bato bicaye neza bitegura urugendo rurerure.

...

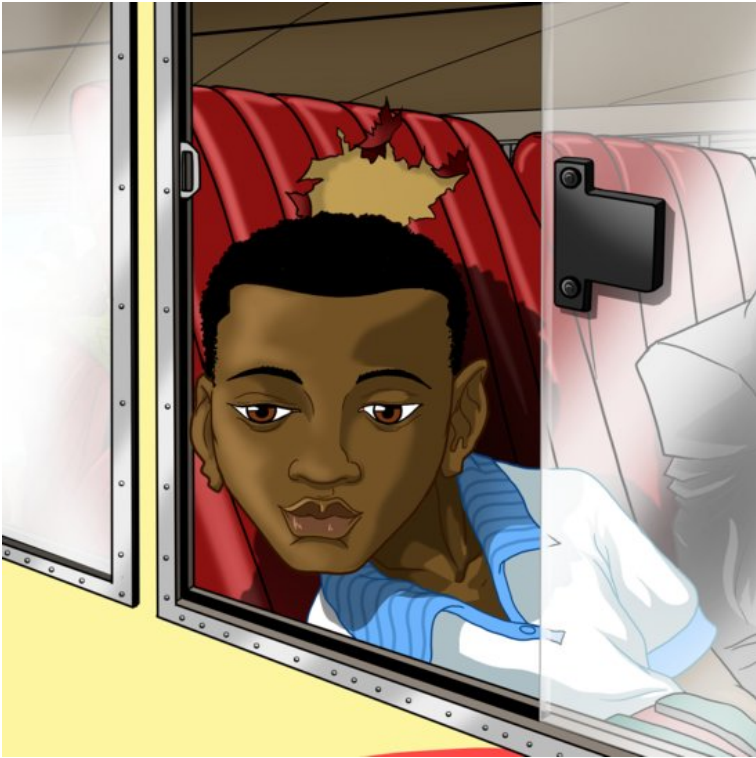
New passengers clutched their tickets as they looked for somewhere to sit in the crowded bus. Women with young children made them comfortable for the long journey.



Nibyize iruhande rw'idirishya. Umuntu wari wicaye iruhande rwange yarafashe isashe cyane. Yari yambaye isandari zishaje, icote ryacuyutse, yanarebaga nkudatuje.

...

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.



Narebye hanze ya busi mbona ko nvuye mu icyaro cyange, ahantu nari narakuriye. Naringiye m umugi munini.

...

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.



Gupakira byarari birangiye n’abantu bose bicajwe. Abatandaza (abacuruzi muri gare) bari bakirimo gushaka kwinjira muri busi kugurisha ibicuruzwa byabo ku abagenzi. Buri umwe yasakuzaga ibyari bihari byo kugurisha. Amagambo nunvaga asekeje.

...

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.





Abagenzi bake baguze ibinyobwa, abandi bagura ibiryo bito batangira nuguhekenya. Abo batari bafite amafaranga, ngange, bararebereye.

...

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



Ibyo bikorwa byarogowe n'urusaku rwa busi, ikimenyetso ko twari twiteguye kugenda. Umukonvayeri yakankamiye abatandaza ngo basohoke.

...

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.



Abatandaza barasunikanye ngo basohoke muri busi. Bamwe bagarurije abagenzi. Abandi bagerageje bwanyuma kugurisha ibindi bintu.

...

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.



Uko busi yavaga kuri stasiyo, nahanze amaso hanze y'idirishya. Nibajije nimba nzigera ngaruka mucyaro cyange.

...

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.



Uko urugendo rwakomeje, imbere muri busi harashyushye cyane. Nafunze amaso yange ngirango nsinzire.

...

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



Ariko ibitekerezo byange byigiriye iwacu. Mama wange azaba amahoro? Inkwavu zange zizazana amafaranga? Musaza wange azibuka kuvomera ibiti bito byange?

...

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?



Munzira, nafashe mumutwe amazina yahantu data wacu yabaga mu mugu munini. Narinkirimo kuhavuga igihe narinsinziriye.

...

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.



Amasaha icyenda ashize, nabyukijwe n'urusaku, hahamagarwa abagenzi basubira iwacu mu igiturage. Nafashe igikapu cyange gito nanasimbukira hanze ya busi.

...

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.





Busi isububirayo yaririmo kuzura byihuse. Vuba yari gusubira mu aburasirazuba. Ikintu kibanze cyane kuringe, cyari gutangira gushaka inzu ya data wacu.

...

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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