



**Letsatsi je ke duleng mo gae ka ya  
toropong**

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

✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula

👤 Brian Wambi

💬 Antonia

📶 3

💬 Setswana tn-na / English en





“Toropo!Toropo!” E ya bopririma!” ka utlwa moitsise a goa. E ne e le bese e ke tshwanetseng go e palama.

...

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



Bese ya toropo e ne e setse e tletse, mme batho ba sa ntse ba leka go tsena mo teng. Bangwe ba beile dithoto tsa bone ka fa tlase ga bese. Bangwe ba di beile mo di rakeng moteng ga bese.

...

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.





Baete ba basha ba punya di karata tsa bone ba ntse ba senkang fa ba ka dulang gone mo beseng e e tleseng. Basadi le bana ba banye ba ipaakanyetsa loeto lo le leele go dula sentle. Ka itshokela go bapa le letlhabaphefo. Motho yo o dutseng go bapa le letlhaphefo o ne a tshegeditse kgstese ya polasetiki e e mmala o motala. A rwele ditlhako tsa disandale tse di tshofetseng, jase e gagogileng, mme a mo lebile ka thwaafalo.

...

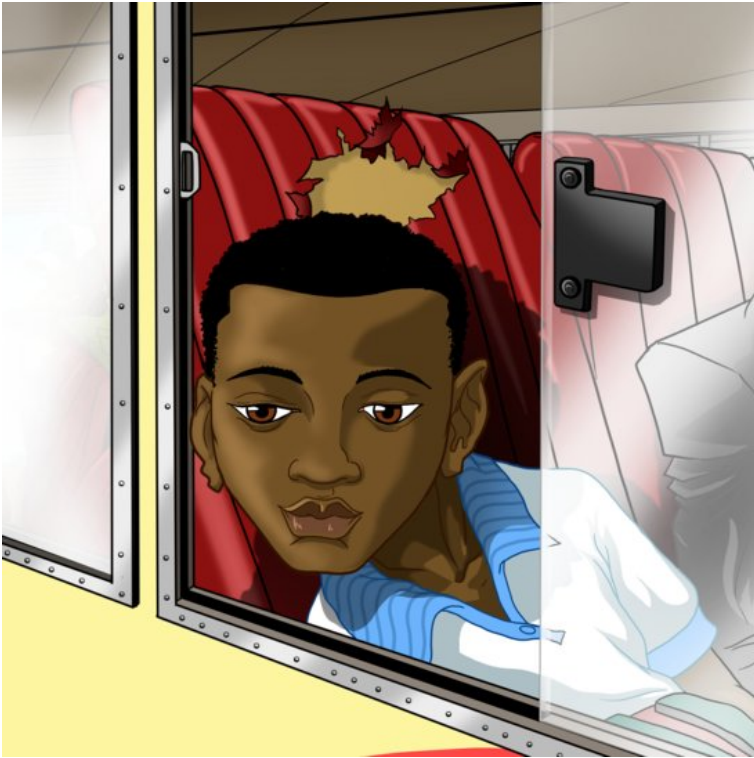
New passengers clutched their tickets as they looked for somewhere to sit in the crowded bus. Women with young children made them comfortable for the long journey.



K itshukela fa mothong yo o ne a bapile le letlhabaphefo. Motho yo o ne a dutse go bapa le nna le letlhabaphefo o ne a tshegeditse kgetse ya polasitiki thata. A rwele mpapheetshane ba ba tshofetseng, jase e e gagogileng, a bonala letshogo.

...

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.



Ke ne ka leba kwa ntle ga bese mme ke ne ka gopola  
ke tswa mo motseng wa me, lefelo le ke goletseng mo  
go lone. Ke ne ke ya kwa toropong e kgolo.

...

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.



Go ne go oletswe baeti ba dutse. Barekise ba sa ntse ba tsena mo teng go ya go rekisa dilo tsa bone kwa balaming. Mongwe lw mongwe o ne a goa maina go itsise se a se rekisang. Mafoko ao a ne utlwala a sa tlwaelega.

...

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.





Bapagamo ba le mmalwa ba ne ba reka dinnotsididid,  
bangwe ba reka mo go nnye ba a ja. ba ba se nang  
madi , jaaka nna, be ne ba lebeletse fela.

...

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



Ditiro tse di ne tsa kgorelediwa ke go hutara ga bese, sekao sa gore re ipaakanyeditse go kgoetsa. Moreki a goelela barekisi go tswa mo beseng.

...

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.



Barekisi ba kgorometsana go tswa mo beseng. Bangwe ba busetsa baeti madi mangwe. Ba bangwe ba sa ntse ba leka go rekisa dilo tsa bone mo motshontshong wa bofelo.

...

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.



Fa bese e tswa fa boemelong jwa dibese, Ka leba kwa ntle ka letlhabaphefo. Ka hakgamala gore a ke ka boela gape mo motseng wa me gape.

...

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.





Fa loeto le tsweletse, mo teng ga bese ga na mogote.  
Ke ne ka tswala matlho a me ka tsholofelo ya gore ka  
tla robala,

. . .

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



Mme mogopolo wa me wa mpusetsa kwa gae. A mma o tla sireletsega? A mmutla wa me o tla tsaya madi mangwe? A nkgonne o tla gakologelwa go nosa ditlhare tse dinnye?

...

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?



Mo tseleng, ka ithuta leina la lefelo le malome o nang teng mo toropong e kgolo. Fa ke ntse ke e biletsa kwa tlase ka robala.

...

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.



Morago ga diura tse robongwe, ke ne ka tsosiwa ke modumo o mogolo ke bitsa baeti ba ba boelang kwa motseng wa rona. Ka phamola kgetse ya me ka tswa mo beseng.

...

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.





Bese e e boang ya tlala ka bonako. Ka bonako ya leba botlhaba. Se se botlhokwa mo go na jaanong ,ke go simolola go senka ntlo ya ga malome.

...

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.





# Global Storybooks

[globalstorybooks.net](http://globalstorybooks.net)

**Letsatsi je ke duleng mo gae ka ya toropong**

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

 Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula

 Brian Wambi

 Antonia (tn-na)

