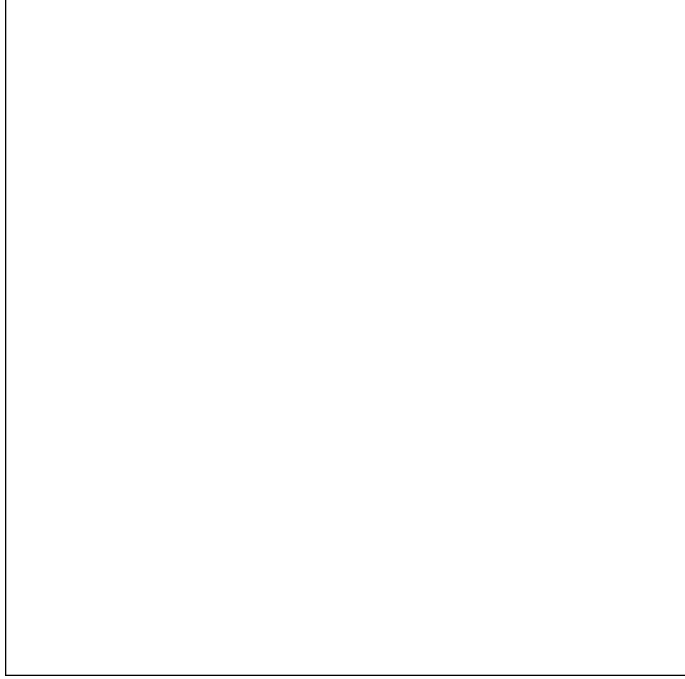


ته و رۆژهی مالهه نه جتهبته بو مدهستهی جوته

شار

The day I left home for the city



✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula
✉ Brian Wambi
✉ Agri Afshin
3

کورگی / English / English / English



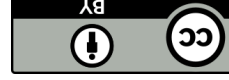
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ته و رۆژهی مالهه نه جتهبته بو مدهستهی جوته

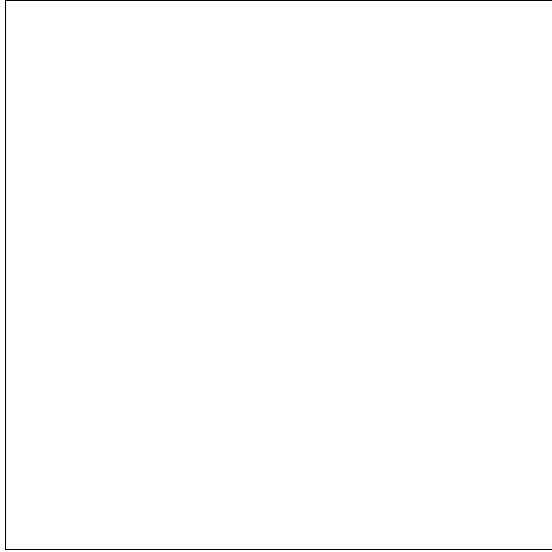
the city / The day I left home for

✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula
✉ Brian Wambi
✉ Agri Afshin (ckb)



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وئستگه ی بچووکی پاسی گونده که ی ئیمه، قهره بالغ و پر له
پاس بوو. له سه زه ویه که شتی زوری لی بوو که ده بویه
بار کرابان. شاگردی شوفیره کان به دهنگی بهرز ناوی ئه و
شوینانه یان دهگوت که پاسه کان بوی دهچوون.

...

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.

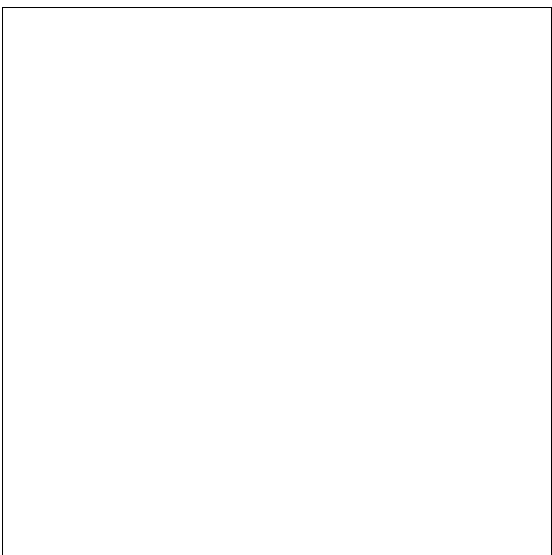
“City! City! Going west!” I heard a tout shouting. That was the bus I needed to catch.

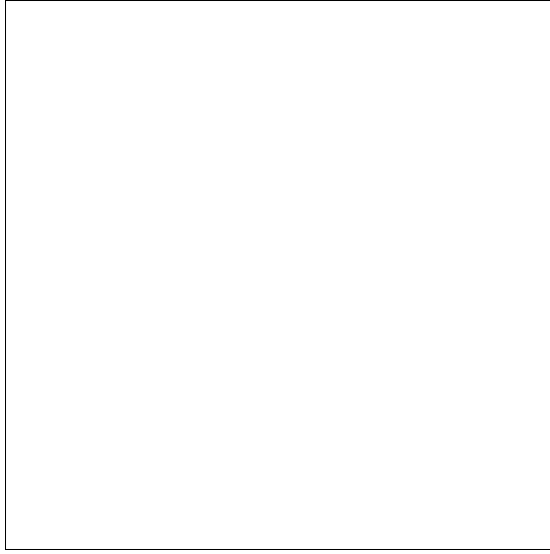
...

دەپوستانه سواری نه.

مه ده ناسه نوو ده م. “شاز انبار نه ره روژنا وانا” نه وه نه و ناسه نوو ده م.

كوتيم له ده نكه شيك ريشو فريزك نوو ده سواری ده كور:

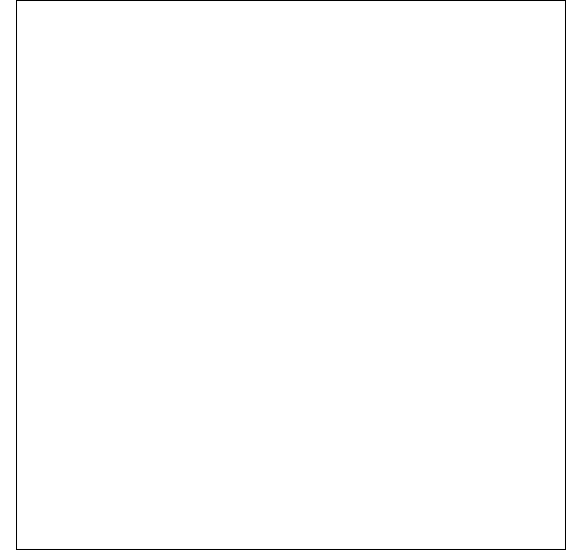




ئەو پاسەى بۆ شار دەچوو خەرىك بوو پىرى، بە لام
خەلكەكە ھەر پالىيان بە يەكتىرەو دەنا بۆ ئەو ھى بىنە ژوور
و سوار بن. ھەندىك بارەكلنى خۇيان خستە ناو سىندووقى
ژىر پاسەكە. ھەندىكىشىيان ھىنايانە ناو پاسەكە و لەسەر
پەفەى ژوورەوھىيان دانا.

...

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.



ئەو پاسەى دەگەرەپەو بە خىرايى پىرىو. گىرنگىرىن شت
ئىستا بۆ من ئەو بوو كە بە دواى ملامدا بگەرپىم.

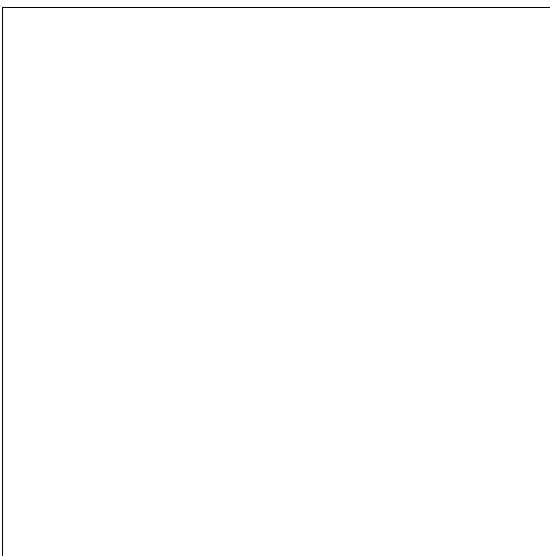
...

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.

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.

...

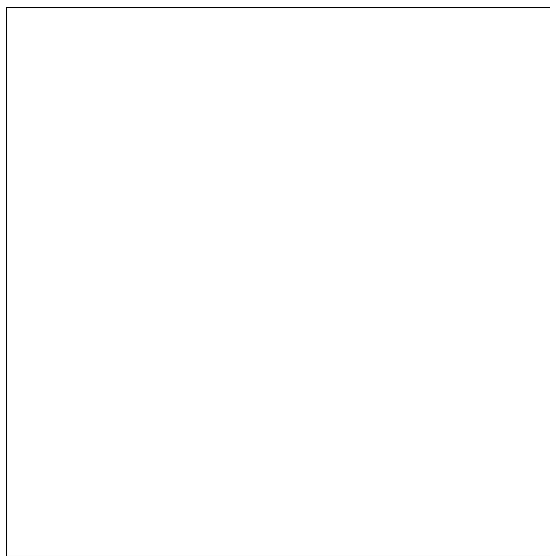
یو کړیو مټر دواړو، نه په دغه کټکی نه زه وده جهمه کله یو کله
کله شته کله زه نه کله یو کله زه نه کله یو کله زه نه کله یو کله
خاڼا چکه کله زه نه کله یو کله زه نه کله یو کله زه نه کله یو کله

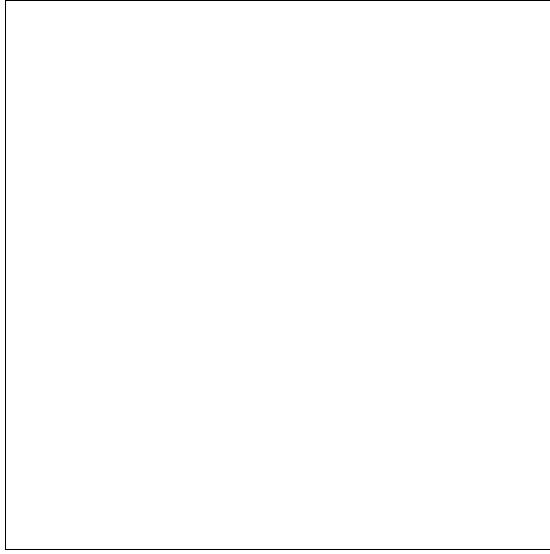


New passengers clutched their tickets as they looked for somewhere to sit in the crowded bus. Women with young children made them comfortable for the long journey.

...

کله شته کله زه نه کله یو کله زه نه کله یو کله زه نه کله یو کله
کله شته کله زه نه کله یو کله زه نه کله یو کله زه نه کله یو کله
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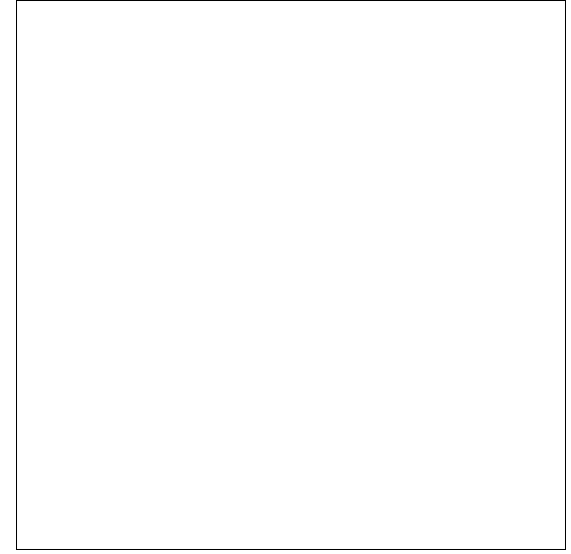




من به زۆر شوپینی خۆم له ته‌ن‌یشت په‌ن‌جهره‌یه‌که‌وه
کرده‌وه. ئەو که‌سه‌ی له‌ ته‌ن‌یشت منه‌وه دان‌یشتبوو،
کیسه‌یه‌کی لایلۆنی سه‌وزی به‌ توندی له‌ ناو ده‌ستدا گرتبوو.
ئەو نه‌عه‌له‌کی کۆنی له‌ پێدا بوو، چاکه‌تیکی کۆنی
له‌ به‌ردا‌بوو، ئەو په‌شۆکا دیار بوو.

...

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.



له‌ رینگا توانیم نپوی ئەو جینگایه‌ی شاره‌ گه‌وره‌که‌ له‌ به‌ر
بکه‌م که‌ مامم لپی ده‌ژیا. له‌ به‌ر خۆوه‌ قسه‌م کردن، هه‌تا
خه‌وم لیکه‌وت.

...

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.

water my tree seedlings?

money? Will my brother remember to

mother be safe? Will my rabbits fetch any

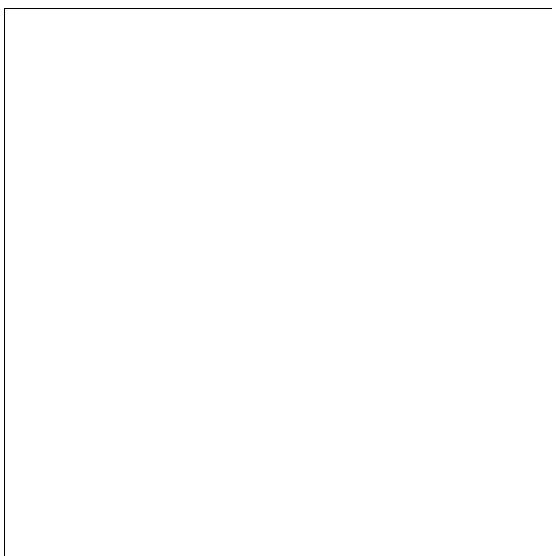
But my mind drifted back home. Will my

...

ڌڻي! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو!

ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو!

ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو!



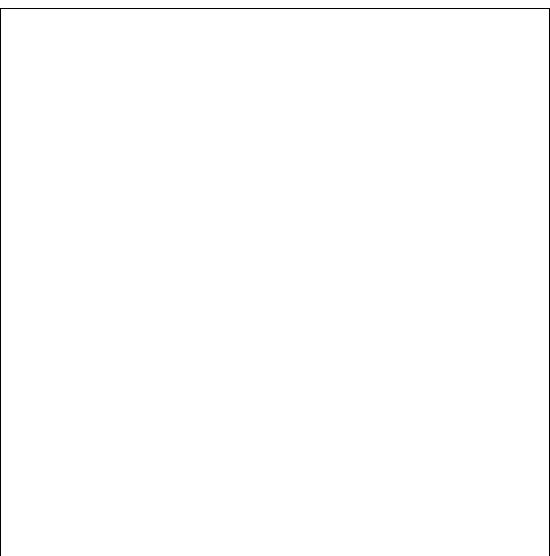
I looked outside the bus and realised that I was leaving my village, the place where I had grown up. I was going to the big city.

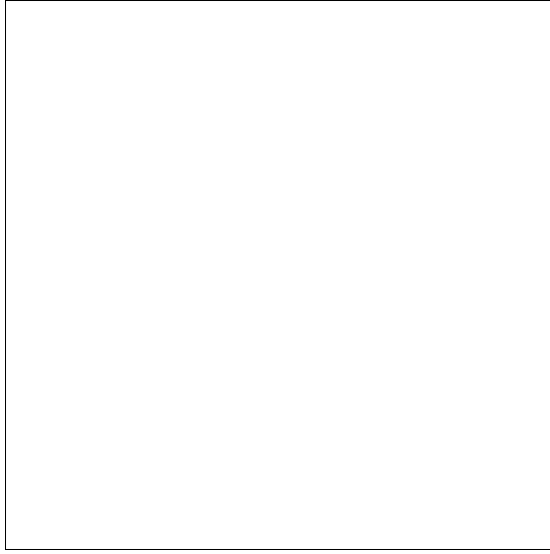
...

ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو!

ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو!

ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو! ڏاڏو!

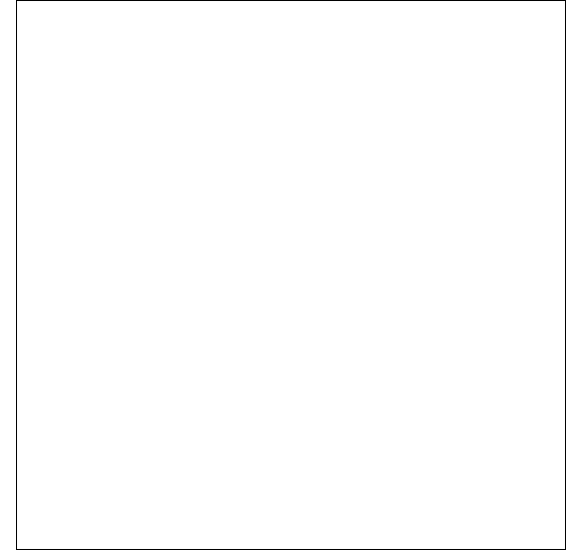




هه موو كه لوپه له كلان بار كران و گه شتياره كلنيس له
شوينه كلنيسان دانپشتن. ده ستفروشه كلان هپشتا به
پاله په ستو ده هلتنه ناو پاسه كه، بو ئه وهى شته كلنيسان به
گه شتياره كلان بفروشن. هه موويان ناوى ئه و شتانه يان
ده گوت كرد كه بو فروشتن پييان بوو. من پيمو ابوو ئه و
وشانه ي گويم لیبوون، زور سهر بوون.

...

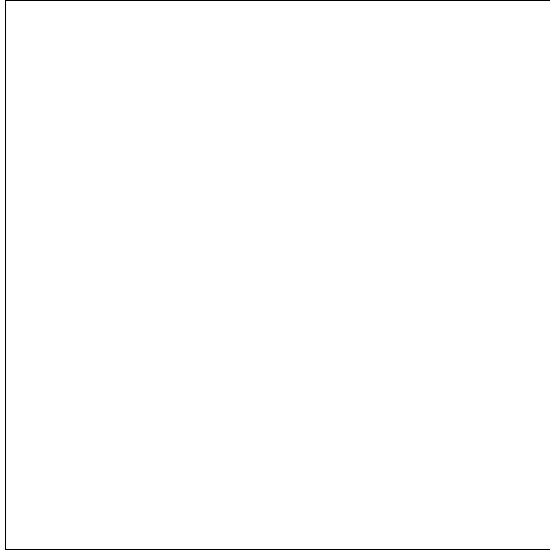
The loading was completed and all passengers were seated. Hawkers still pushed their way into the bus to sell their goods to the passengers. Everyone was shouting the names of what was available for sale. The words sounded funny to me.



هه رچى سه فهره كه به ره و پيشه وه ده چوو هه وای ناو
پاسه كه زور گهرمتر ده بوو. من چاوه كلانم داخست و به و
هيوايه ي خه وم لى بكه ویت.

...

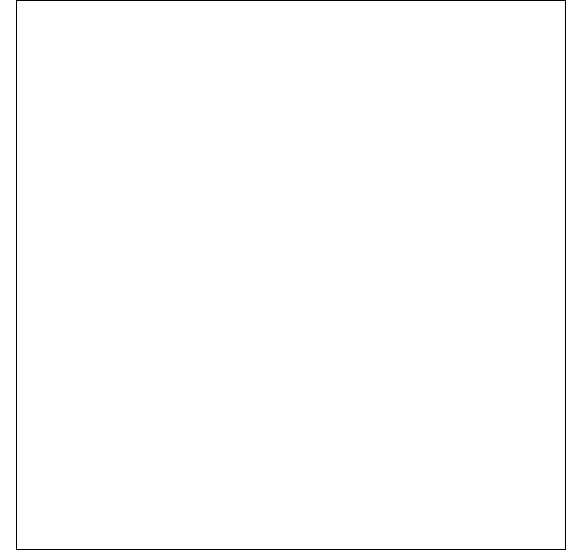
As the journey progressed, the inside of the bus got very hot. I closed my eyes hoping to sleep.



ئەو جموجۆلانى بە لېدانى ھۆرنى پاسەكە كۆتايان پى
ھات، كە ئەو ئەملازەيەك بوو بۇ ئەوھى كە ئېمە ئامدەين بۇ
رۆيشتىن. شاگرد شوفيرىك ھواری كرد كە
دەستفرۆشەكلان دەبى بېرۇنە دەرەوھ.

...

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.



دەستفرۆشەكلان پالپان بە يەكتەرەوھ نا بۇ ئەوھى لە پاسەكە
بچنە خواریوھ. ھەندېكىان باقى پارەكلانپان بە
گەشتیارەكلان دایەوھ. ھەندېكىشيان لە كۆتايى كات
ھەولپان دا شتى زياتر بفرۆشن.

...

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.