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Magozwe / Magozwe

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krèyol ayisyen ht / English en

Nan yon gwo vil Nairobi, yon gwoup ti gason tap dòmi nan lari a. Yo pate gen kay. Yo pran chak jou jan li vini a. Yon maten, ti gason yo tap roule mat yo apre yo te fin dòmi atè nan fè frèt la. Pou yo chofe kò yo yo te limen yon dife ak fatra. Pami gwoup ti gason sa yo te gen yon yo te rele Magozwe. Se li ki te pi piti a.

. . .

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.

Lè paran Magozwe mouri, li te gen sèlman senkan. Li tal viv ak tonton li men mesye sa a pat okipe’l menm. Li pat bay Magozwe ase manje. Li fè ti gason an travay di anpil.

. . .

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.

Lè paran Magozwe mouri, li te gen sèlman senkan. Li tal viv ak tonton li men mesye sa a pat okipe'l menm. Li pat bay Magozwe ase manje. Li fè ti gason an travay di anpil.

. . .

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.

Magozwe te chita nan lakou kay vèt la enpi li tap li yon liv istwa lekòl la. Toma vin wè li, li te chita bò kote l. “Kisa istwa sa ye la?” Toma mande li “Se istwa yon ti gason ki tounen yon pwofesè,” Magozwe reponn. “Ki non ti gason sa a?” Toma mande li. “Non li se Magozwe,” li reponn ak yon souri.

. . .

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.

Magozwe kòmanse lekòl men sa te difisil anpil. Li te gen anpil bagay pou li ratrape. Pafwa li pa te vle rete men li vin sonje istwa pilòt la ak jwè foutbòl la. Li fè tankou yo, li kenbe fò.

. . .

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.

Lavi nan lari a te difisil anpil paske ti gason yo pase pifò nan tan yo ap chache manje chak jou. Kèk fwa yo arete yo oswa yo bat yo. Lè yo te malad yo pat jwenn moun pou ede yo. Gwoup lan te viv ak ti lajan yo te ba yo kòm charite ak nan vann plastik ak kalite bagay pou resiklaj. Lavi a te pi difisil toujou akòz goumen nan gwoup rival ki te vle kontwole kèk pati nan vil la.

. . .

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.

Yon jou pandan ke Magozwe tap chache manje nan poubèl lari a, li jwenn yon vye liv istwa. Li retire salte sou liv la enpi li mete liv la nan valiz li. Chak jou apre sa a li pran ti liv lan pou'l gade foto yo. Li pat konn li.

. . .

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.

Se konsa, Magozwe al rete nan yon kay ak twa vèt la. Li pataje chanm li ak de lòt ti gason. Te gen antotal dis timoun ansanm ak tant Cissy ak mari li, twa chen, yon chat, ak yon kabrit granmoun ki te rete nan kay sa a.

. . .

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.

Li te pataje laperèz li yo ak Toma. Apre yon tan, Toma vin asire ti gason an ke lavi li tap miyò nan kote sa a.

. . .

He shared his fears with Thomas. Over time the man reassured the boy that life could be better at the new place.

Foto yo te rakonte istwa yon ti gason ki te grandi enpi ki te tounen yon pilòt. Magozwe te konn rete lap reve ke li tou se te yon pilòt. Pafwa, li te kwè ke se istwa li ki liv lan tap rakonte.

. . .

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.

Te fè frèt anpil yon jou men Magozwe rete kanpe sou bò wout la lap mande charite. Yon nonm vin kote li. “Alo, mwen se Toma.” “Mwen travay tou pre isit la, yon kote ou kapab jwenn bagay pou w manje”. Li lonje dwèt li sou yon kay jòn ak twa ble. “Mwen ta vle ke ou ale chache yon ti manje la?” li di li. Magozwe gade mesye a, li gade kay la enpi li reponn “Petèt”. Magozwe kontinye wout li.

. . .

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.

Magozwe reflechi sou kote sa a, ak sou lekòl la. Li di tèt li « si tonton’m te gen rezon lè li di’m ke mwen twò bèt pou’m aprann yon bagay? Si yo kale li nan kote sa a? Li te pè. “Petèt li miyò pou li si li rete vivan nan lari a”.

. . .

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.

Lè Magozwe gen dizan, Toma ba li yon lòt liv istwa. Se te istwa yon ti gason nan yon vilaj ki te vin yon gwo jwè foutbòl popilè. Toma li istwa a pou Magozwe anpil fwa, li di li, “Mwen kwè ke li lè li tan pou’w ale lekòl pou’w aprann li. Kisa ou panse » Toma eksplike li te li konnen yon kote kote timoun ka rete enpi ale lekòl.

. . .

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.

Pandan kèk mwa, ti gason yo vin abitye wè Toma nan zònn nan. Li te renmen pale ak moun, sitou ak moun ki viv nan katye an. Toma koute istwa lavi moun yo. Li te serye ak pasyan, li pa janm malelve ni derespektan. Kèk nan ti gason yo te kòmanse ale nan kay jòn ak ble a pou manje nan mitan jounen an.

. . .

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 te chita sou twotwa a lap gade foto nan liv la lè Toma vin chita bò kote li. “Kisa istwa sa ye?” li mande Magozwe. “Se istwa yon ti gason ki tounen yon pilòt,” Magozwe reponn. “Kijan ti gason sa a rele?” Toma mande “Mwen pa konnen, mwen pa konn li,” Magozwe reponn byen ba.

. . .

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.

Magozwe kòmanse rakonte pwòp istwa li bay Toma. Li pale de tonton li, li rakonte poukisa li te sove. Toma pat pale anpil, li pa di Magozwe kisa pou’l fè men li toujou koute ak anpil atansyon. Pafwa yo te konn pale pandan yo tap manje nan kay ak do ble a.

. . .

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.