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Ekiro Nalw'eka ingaghenda

omw'akibugha / The day I left

home for the city

✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula

✉ Brian Wambi

📄 Amos Mubunga Kambere (koo)



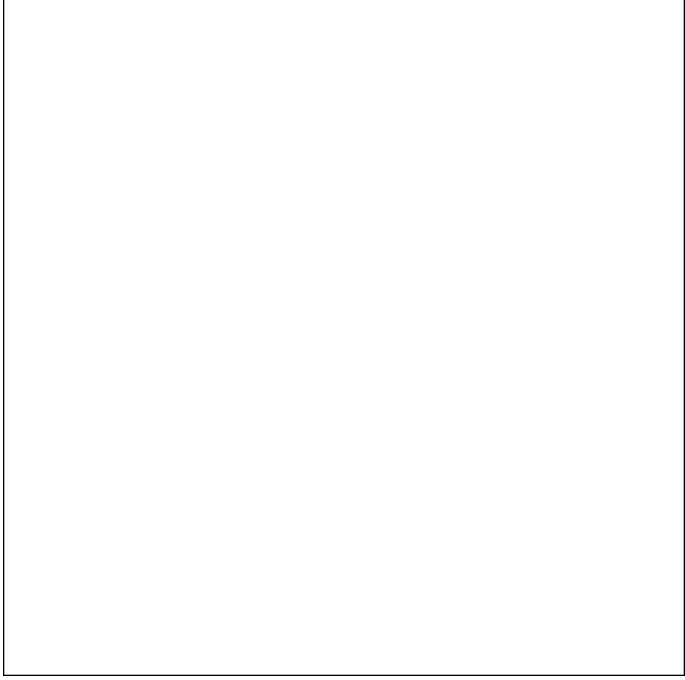
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Ekiro Nalw'eka ingaghenda
omw'akibugha
The day I left home for the city



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🗨️ Olukonjo / English / English



Ah'ebbasi yikimana omwakyalo kyethu
hakusulha abandu haima n'esya'bbasi esihekire
abandu banene erirenga ekipimo. Ahisi
okwakithaka naho hanuswire ebindu.
Abalebesya bakabirikira n'erithulha
ah'esya'bbasi sikaghenda.

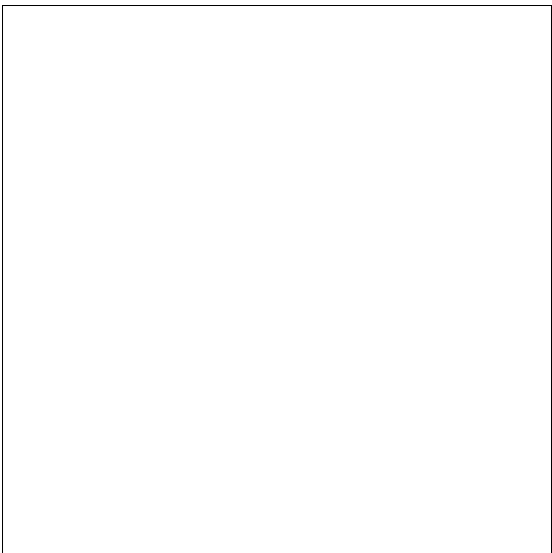
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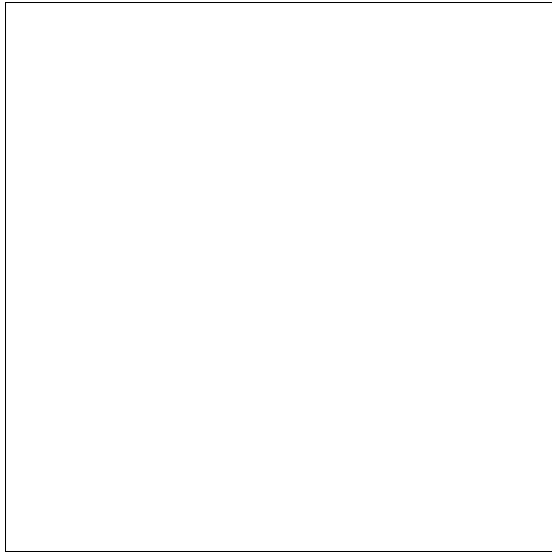
The small bus stop in my village was busy with
people and overloaded buses. On the ground
were even more things to load. Touts were
shouting the names where their buses were
going.

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

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“Kibughai kibughai oyukaghenda ebulengera
lyuba” omulebesya akabirikira. Eyo y’ebbasi
eyikendindwalha omw’akibugha.

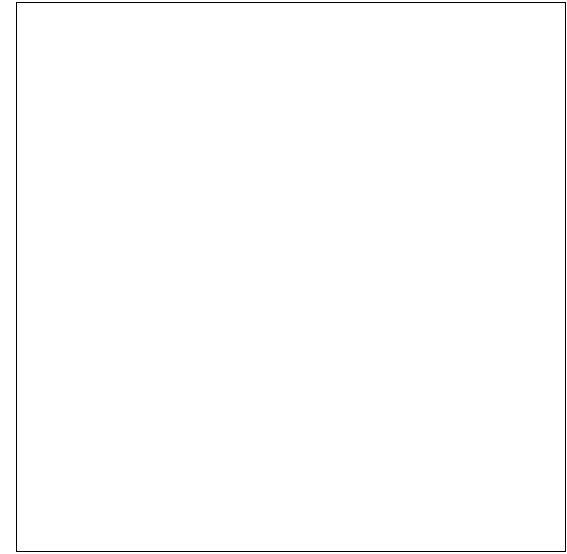




Ebbasi eyikaghenda omwakibugha yabya iyabiryosulha, kyonga abandu abakinayisoka muyo. Abandi ibanemuhira emighughu yabo yahisi y'ebbasi. Abandi bakasambiraya emighughu yabo okwa ndatha y'ebbasi.

...

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.



Ebbasi eyikasuba omw'akyalo neryo muyanguha eryosulha. Obo yikayasubayo ewethu, naghi namasighalira erirondekania ahasomulere waghe ikere.

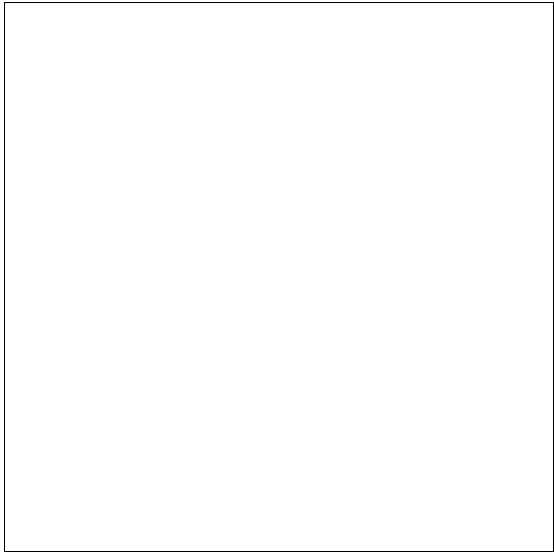
...

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.

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.

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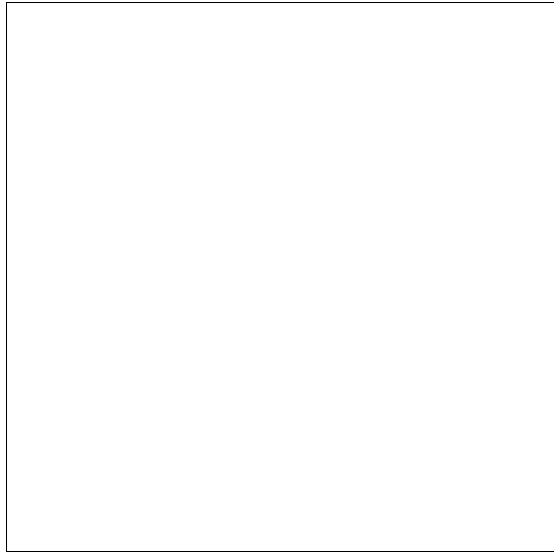
Abalhambayiri abandi bakahamba esya tighiti syabo syomwabyalha banemusondia aheryikalha omwabasi eyiswire. Abaghole abali n'abana balere mubalhangira bathi bakabalembra ndeke, kusangwa olughendo nihuli.



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.

...

Habere hahwa saha mwenda, munabuka ingowa eribirikira lyabalebesya bakabirikira abandu abakaghenda omwa kyalo. Neryo munabakulha esakira yaghe, nerihuhuka omwabasi Ihubalhuba.

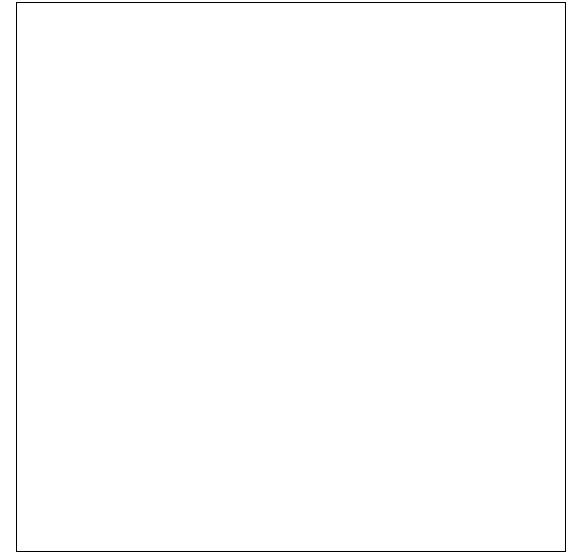




Neryo munayihathathania hakuhi neridirisa. Oyuwabya ikere hakuhi nayi mwahambirirya okwakyikapa kiwe ekyamatsitsi. Abya ambere esyakyapali, n'ekabuthe eyikulire kandi mwalhangirikana ngali mwobuba.

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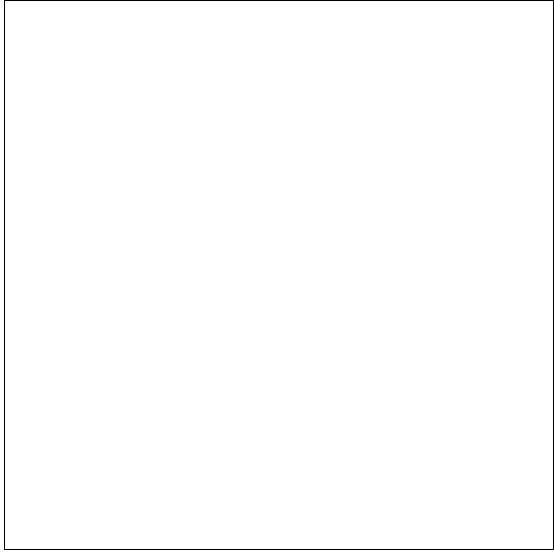
I squeezed in next to a window. The person sitting next to me was holding tightly to a green plastic bag. He wore old sandals, a worn out coat, and he looked nervous.



Omwanzira munatsuka eribya ingasuba omwalina ly'ekikaro ekya somulere waghi ikeremu. Ngakyinalengekanaya, neryo munahambwa othulho.

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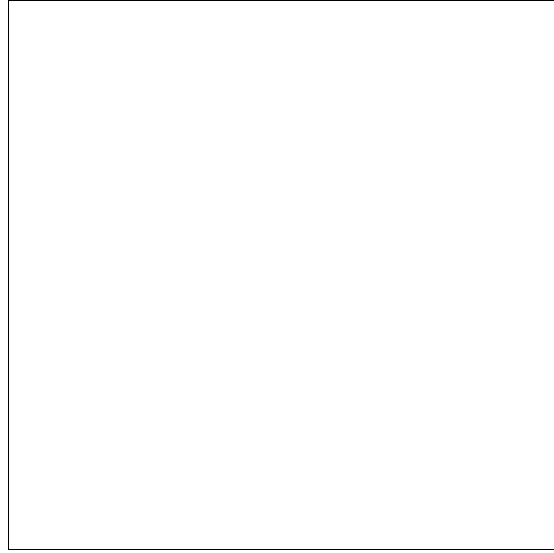
On the way, I memorised the name of the place where my uncle lived in the big city. I was still mumbling it when I fell asleep.



Nabere nawusa ameso weyihya, mwanahangira
kunamasigha ekyalo kyethu, ahanabuthirawa
nerikulhira, obo ngaghenda omwakibugha.

...

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.



Ebilengekanio byaghe mubyabya ibinemusuba
eka. Munayibuiya ibwa iya mama

anemwendibya ndeke? Esyambanya syaghe
sinemwendisyaghuilha? Mughailha wethu

anemwesyabya akaseserera emithi yaghe?

...

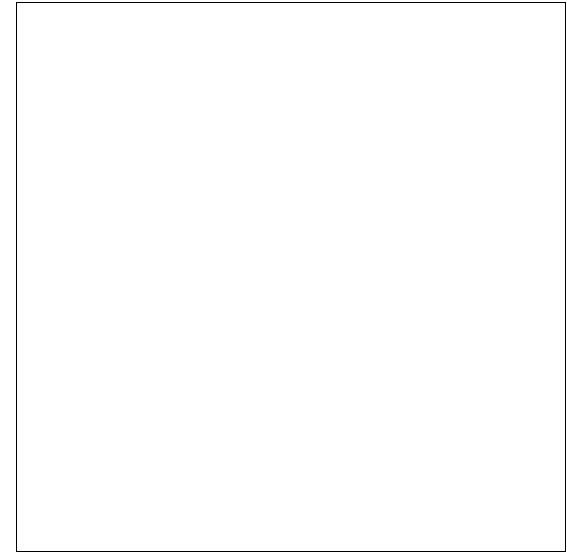
But my mind drifted back home. Will my mother
be safe? Will my rabbits fetch any money? Will
my brother remember to water my tree
seedlings?



Eripakira mulyahwa nabulimundu mwikalha omw'abbasi. Abatembeyi aliryo bakabya ibakinayiyiseseraya eriwulia ebindu byabu. Buli mutembeyi akabirikira ebiri okwabeyi ngokwakaghulhaya. Ebindu mubyanzobera bakathabirikira.

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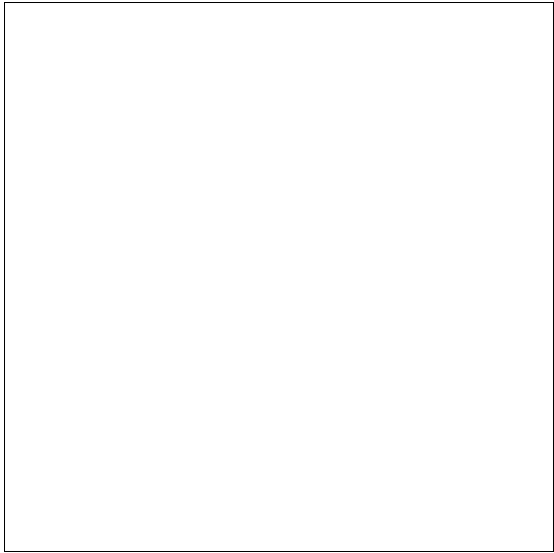
The loading was completed and all passengers were seated. Hawkers still pushed their way into the bus to sell their goods to the passengers. Everyone was shouting the names of what was available for sale. The words sounded funny to me.



Olhughendo lhukahika ahakathikathi, neryo omwakathi k'ebbasi mumwahisya. Munaliba ameso ingarondya othulho.

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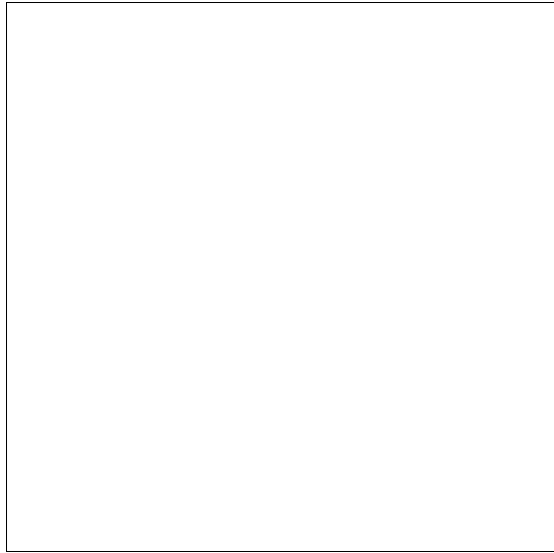
As the journey progressed, the inside of the bus got very hot. I closed my eyes hoping to sleep.



Abandi mubaghulha o'kwebyerinywa, abandi
mubaghulha okw'abalya eby'eritakunya. Abo
abathabya bawithe sente, ngangye,
mubakwama kyathungera.

...

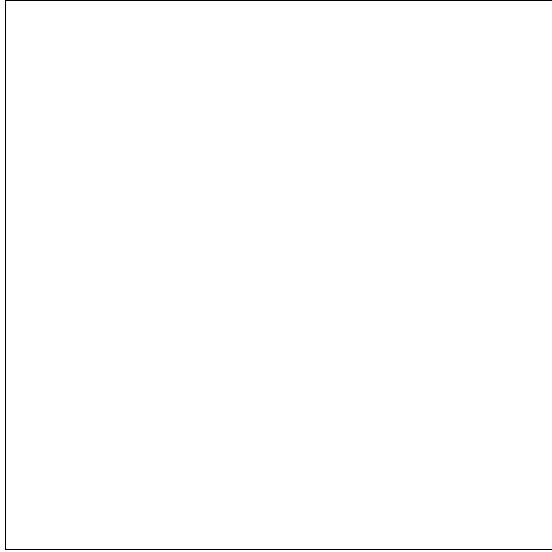
A few passengers bought drinks, others bought
small snacks and began to chew. Those who did
not have any money, like me, just watched.



Ebbasi yabere yikatimbulha munaleberya
omwadirisa. Munayibulya indi obo mbwino
nganemwesathasubulha erisuba omakyallo
kyethu.

...

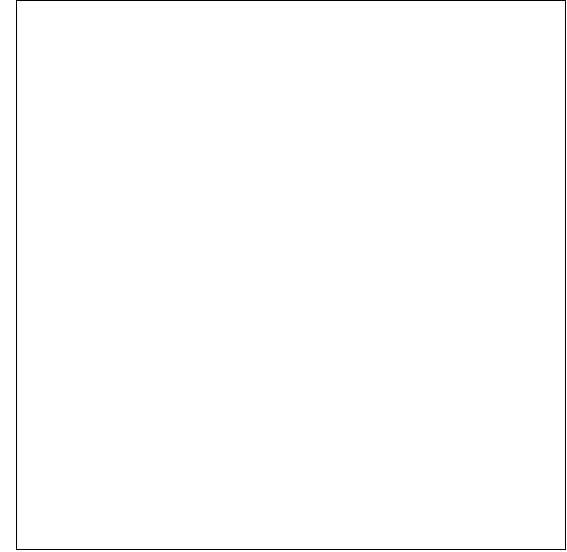
As the bus left the bus stop, I stared out of the
window. I wondered if I would ever go back to
my village again.



Neryo ebbasi muyathera engombe yikamanyisya yithi thwamayahongoka. Neryo abalebesya mubabirikira abatembeyi erilhwamu kusangwa ebbasi yikayahongoka.

...

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.



Neryo abatembeyi mubasukumana bakarondia enzira yerihulhuka omw'abbasi. Abandi mubasubulya okwasyambulho syabalyaghulha. Abandi mubalengesya erithasyaghulia esyomwiso.

...

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.