



# Global Storybooks

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Zour mo'n kit lakaz pou lavil /  
The day I left home for the city

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✉ Brian Wambi

✎ Shameem Oozeerally & MIE French

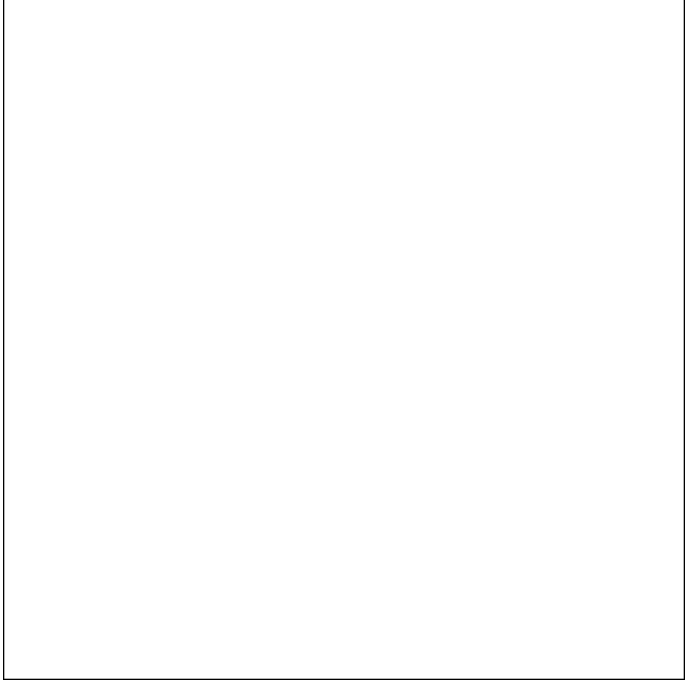
Students (mfe)



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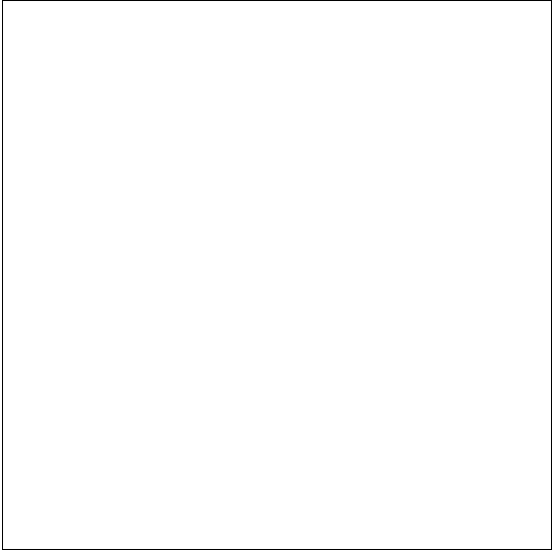
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Ti bistop dan mo vilaz-la ti ranpli avek enn ta dimounn. Anba ti ena ankor plis kiksoz pou ramase. Bann kontroler ti pe kriye nom bann landrwa kot zot bis ti pou ale.

...

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.



« Lavil i Lavil i Direksjon lwest i » mo'n tann enn  
kontroler kriye. Samem bis ki mo ti bizinn pran.

...

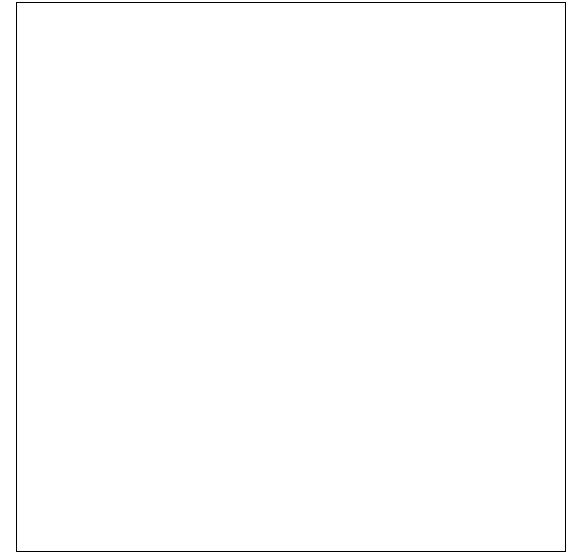
“City! City! Going west!” I heard a tout shouting.  
That was the bus I needed to catch.



Bis-la ti preske ranpli, me boukou dimounn ti pe pouse pou anbarke. Ena ki ti pe gard zot valiz anba bis-la. Bann lezot ti met pou zot dan letazer andan.

...

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.



Bis ki ti pe retourne la ti pe ranpli vit-vit. Biento li ti pou al ver lwes. Zafer pli inportan pou mwa sa ler-la se rod lakaz mo tonton.

...

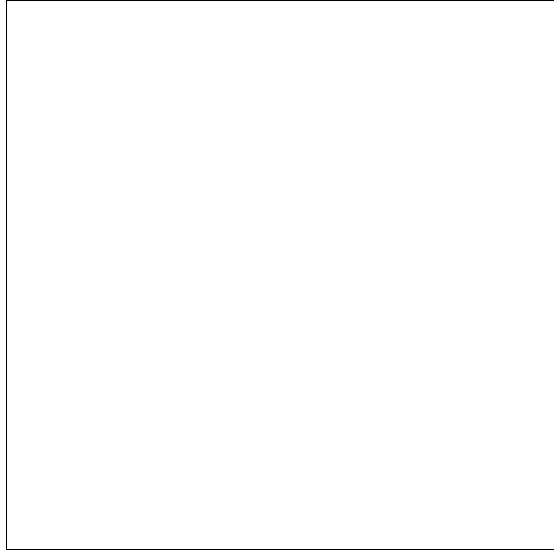
The return bus was filling up quickly. Soon it would make its way back east. The most important thing for me now, was to start looking for my uncle's house.



Bann nouvo pasaze ti pe atrap zot biye ek ti pe  
rod enn plas pou asize dan bis. Bann madam ek  
bann zenn zanfan inn met zot konfortab pou sa  
long wayaz-la.

...

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.



Aprè ne-v-er-d-tan, mo'n leve par tapaz enn  
dimounn ki ti pe apel bann pasaze ki pou  
retourn vilaz. Mo'n ramas mo ti sak ek mo finn  
sorti depi dan bis.

...

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.



Mo'nn asiz akote enn lafnet. Sa dimounn akote mwa la ti pe atrap enn sak an plastik bien for. Li ti met enn vie savat, enn palto ize ek ti pe paret strese.

...

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.



An rout, mo ti pe memoriz nom landrwa kot mo tonton ti pe reste dan gran lavil. Mo ti pe ankor mirmire pandan ki mo ti pe dormi.

...

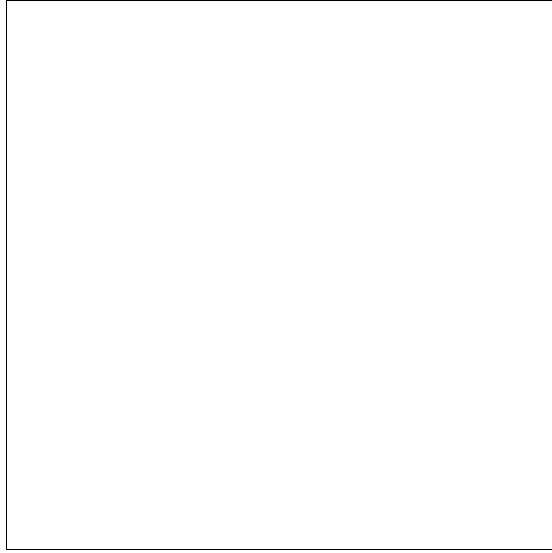
On the way, I memorised the name of the place where my uncle lived in the big city. I was still mumbling it when I fell asleep.



Mo ti pe get deor dan bis-la ek mo'n realize ki  
mo pe kit mo vilaz. Landrwa kot mo finn grandi.  
Mo ti pe al dan gran lavil.

...

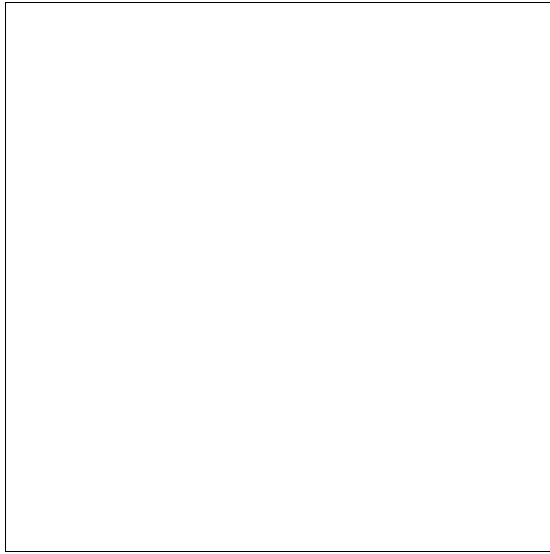
I looked outside the bus and realised that I was  
leaving my village, the place where I had grown  
up. I was going to the big city.



Me mo ti touzour pe mazin mo lakaz. Eski mo  
mama pou an sekirite ? Eski mo pou gagn kas  
avek mo bann lapin ? Eski mo frer pou mazin  
aroz mo bann ti pie ?

...

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?



Bis-la ti ranpli ek tou bann pasaze ti pe asize. Bann marsan anbilan ti pe pas-pase pou vann zot marsandiz avek bann pasaze. Sakenn ti pe kriy bann nom bann lartik disponib. Bann nom-la ti pe paret komik.

...

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.

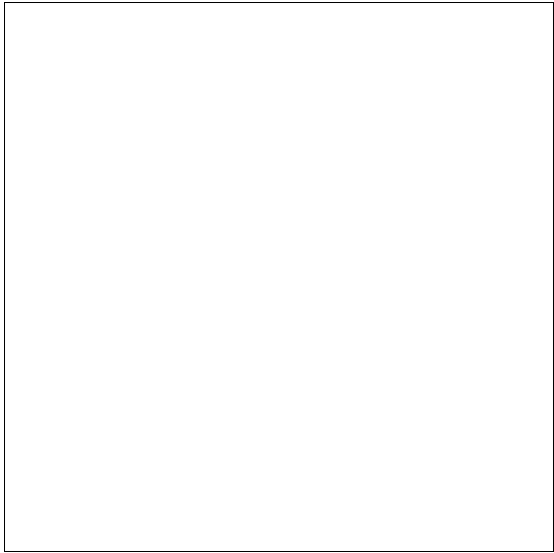


Pandan vwayaz-la, andan dan bis-la ti pe fer so. Mo'nn ferm mo lizie dan lespwar mo dormi.

...

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

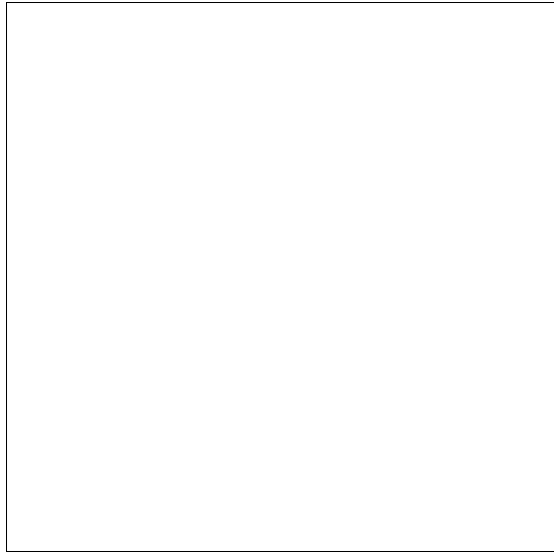




De-trwa pasaze ti p aste bann labwason, lezot ti  
aste bann ti gato ek zot inn koumans manze.  
Seki pa ti ena kas kouma mwa, ti pe zis gete.

...

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



Kan bis-la inn kit lagar. Mo regar ti fixe par  
lafenet. Mo ti pe demann mwa si mo pou  
retourn dan mo vilaz enn zour.

...

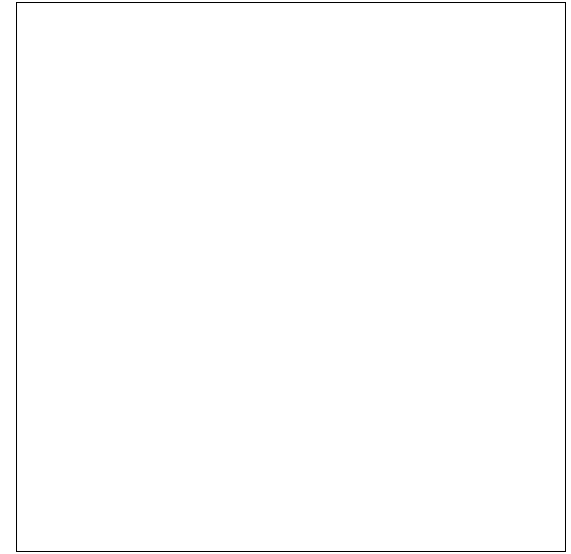
As the bus left the bus stop, I stared out of the  
window. I wondered if I would ever go back to  
my village again.



Sa bann aktivite-la inne arete kan bis-la inn klaxone, li ti enn sign ki bis-la ti pre pou ale. Kontroler finn dir bann marsan-la sorti.

...

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.



Bann marsan-la ti pe pouse pou sorti dan bis. Ena inn retourn bann vwayazer -la kas. Bann lezot inn esey vann zot lartik ziska dernie ler.

...

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.