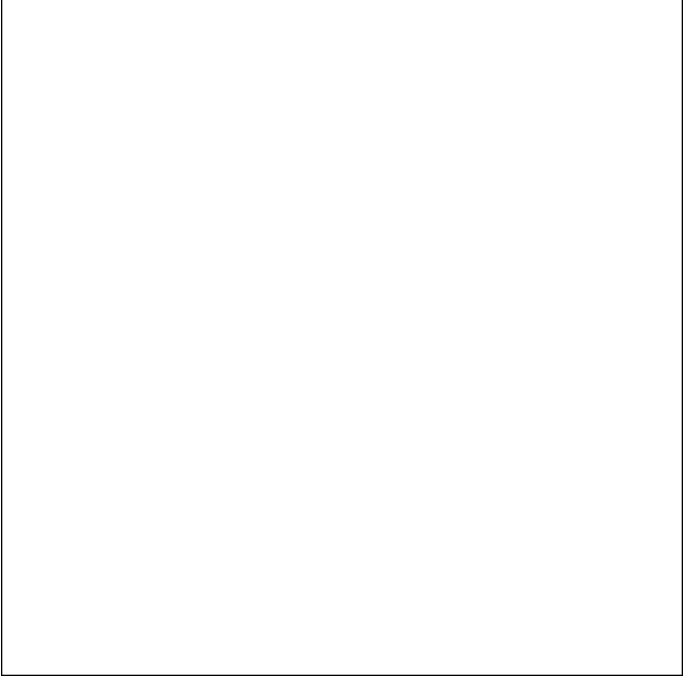


Den dagen jeg dro hjemmetra for å
dra til byen

The day I left home for the city



✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula
✉ Brian Wambi
📄 Espen Stranger-Johannessen
📖 3
🌐 norsk / English en



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Den lille busstasjonen i landsbyen min var travel og stappfull av busser. På bakken var det flere ting som skulle lastes. Medhjelpere ropte navnene på stedene dit bussene gikk.

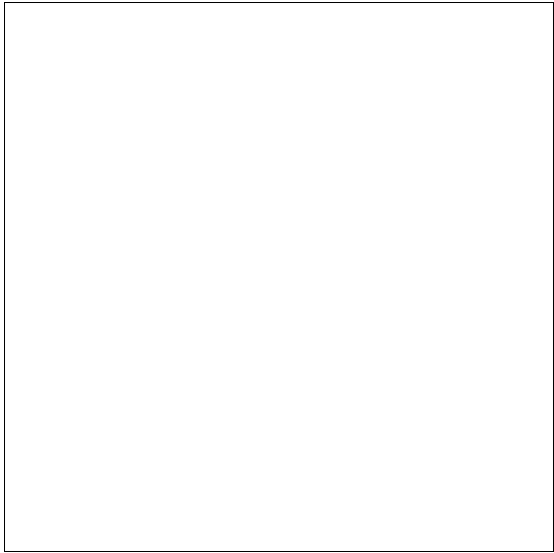
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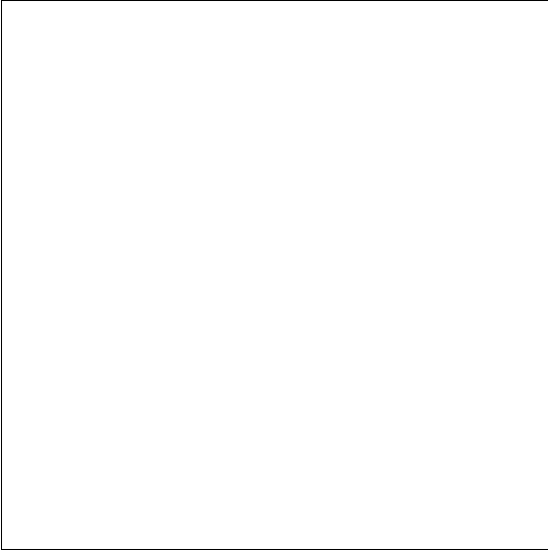
The small bus stop in my village was busy with people and overloaded buses. On the ground were even more things to load. Touts were shouting the names where their buses were going.

«Byeni Byeni Vestover!» hørte jeg en medhjælper
rope. Det var bussen jeg måtte ta.

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

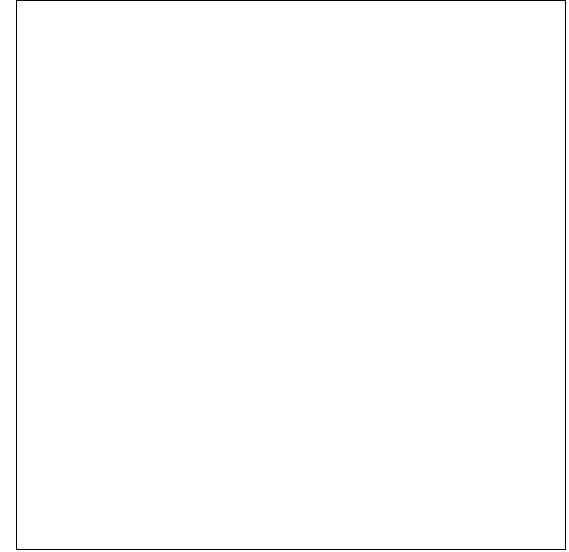




Bussen til byen var nesten full, men flere folk dyttet for å komme om bord. Noen plasserte bagasjen sin i bagasjerommet under bussen. Andre la den på hyllene inne i bussen.

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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.



Bussen som skulle tilbake, ble fylt opp fort. Det viktigste for meg nå var å begynne å lete etter huset til onkelen min.

...

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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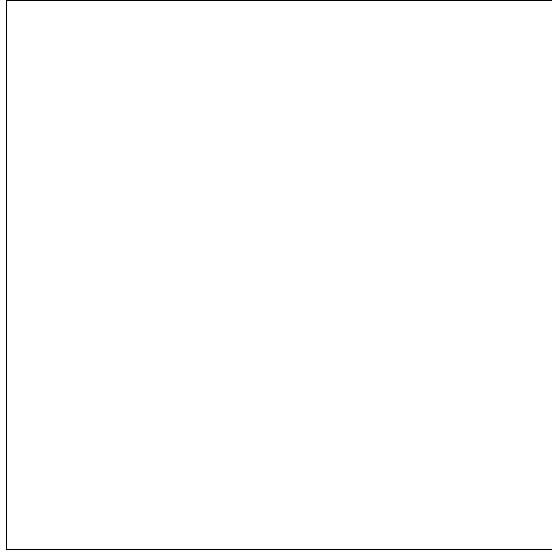
Nye passasjerer klemret seg til billettene sine mens de så etter et sted å sitte siden det var trangt om plassen. Kvinner med unge barn la til rette for dem så de skulle få det behagelig under den lange reisen.

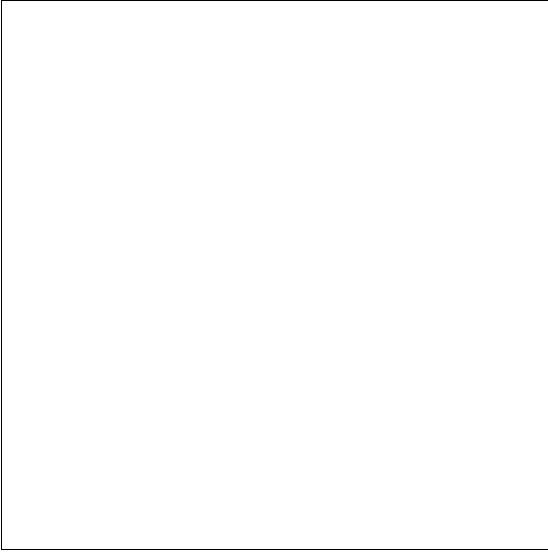


Nine hours later, I woke up with loud banging and calling for passengers going back to my village. I grabbed my small bag and jumped out of the bus.

...

Ni timer senere våknet jeg av høylitt banking og roping etter passasjerer som skulle tilbake til landsbyen min. Jeg grep fatt i den lille veska mi og hoppet ut av bussen.

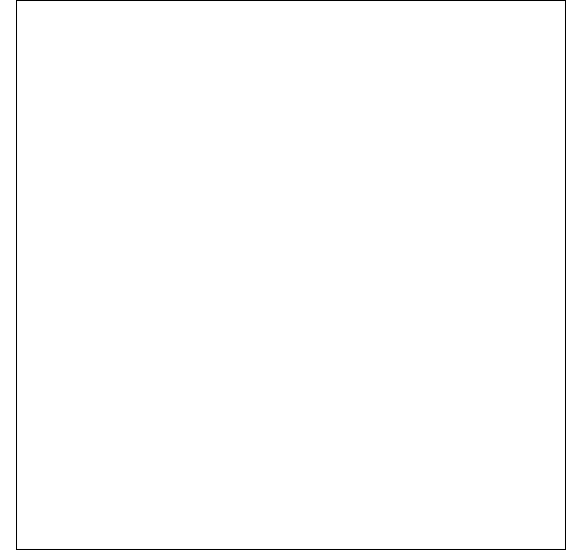




Jeg presset meg inn ved siden av et vindu. Personen som satt ved siden av meg, holdt hardt om en grønn plastpose. Han hadde på seg gamle sandaler, en utslitt frakk, og han så nervøs ut.

...

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.



På veien lærte jeg meg utenat navnet på stedet i den store byen der onkelen min bodde. Jeg mumlet fortsatt da jeg falt i søvn.

...

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.



Jeg så ut av bussen og innså at jeg var i ferd med å forlate landsbyen min, stedet hvor jeg hadde vokst opp. Jeg skulle dra til den store byen.

...

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.



Men tankene mine vandret hjem. Kommer moren min til å bli trygg? Kommer kaninene mine til å innbringe noen penger? Kommer broren min til å huske å vanne de nyutsprungne trærne mine?

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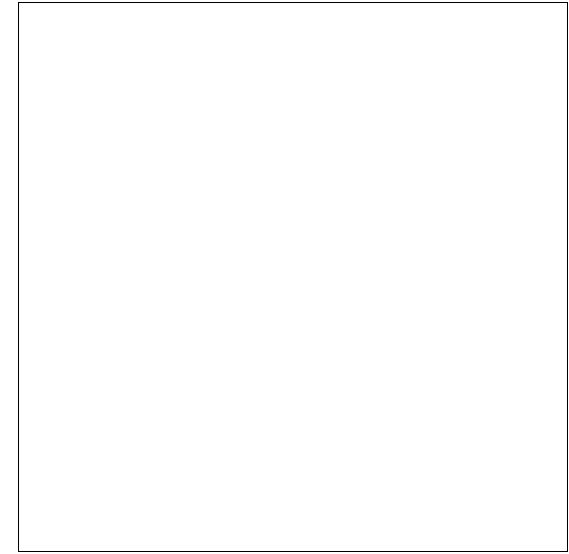
But my mind drifted back home. Will my mother be safe? Will my rabbit's fetch any money? Will my brother remember to water my tree seedlings?



Lastingen av bagasjen var ferdig, og alle passasjerene hadde satt seg. Gateselgere presset seg fortsatt inn i bussen for å selge varene sine til passasjerene. Alle ropte navnene på det de hadde til salgs. Jeg syntes ordene hørtet merkelige ut.

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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.



Etter hvert som reisen fortsatte, ble det veldig varmt i bussen. Jeg lukket øynene og håpet å få sove.

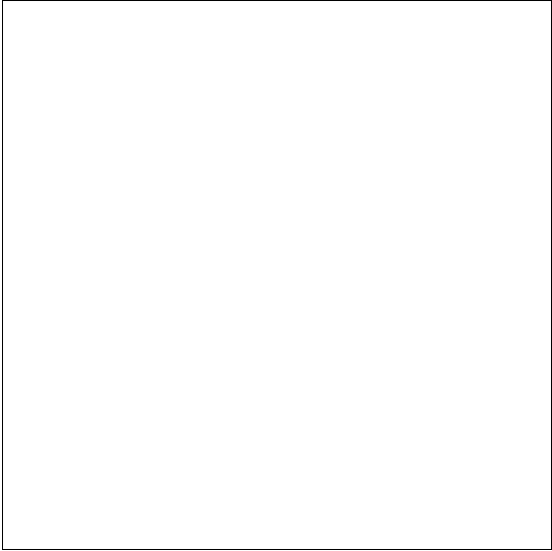
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As the journey progressed, the inside of the bus got very hot. I closed my eyes hoping to sleep.

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

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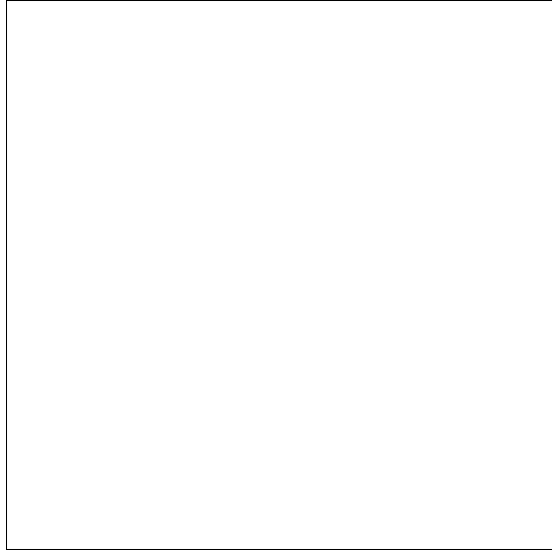
Noen få passasjerer kjøpte noe å drikke, andre kjøpte små snacks som de begynte å tygge på. De som ikke hadde noen penger, som jeg, bare så på.



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.

...

Idet bussen forlot busstasjonen, stirret jeg ut av vinduet. Jeg lurte på om jeg noensinne skulle komme tilbake til landsbyen min igjen.

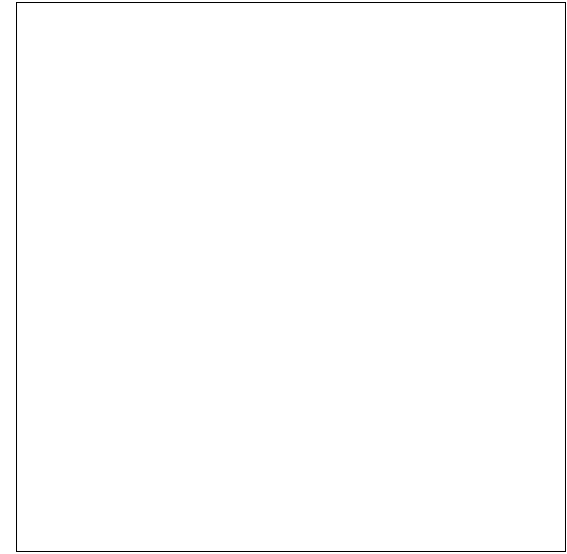




Disse aktivitetene ble avbrutt av tutingen til bussen, et tegn på at vi var klare til å dra. En medhjelper ropte at gateselgerne måtte komme seg ut.

...

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.



Gateselgere dyttet hverandre for å komme seg ut av bussen. Noen ga tilbake vekslepenger til de reisende. Andre forsøkte i siste liten å selge noen flere varer.

...

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.