

Magozwe
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nyorsk (nn) / English (en)



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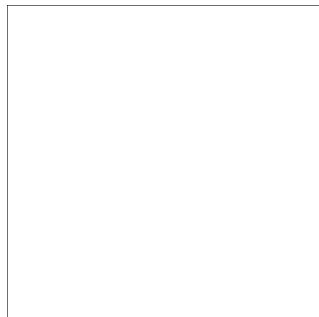
Magozwe / Magozwe

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Magozwe
Magozwe



I den travle byen Nairobi, langt frå det trygge
livet heime, budde det ein gjeng heimlause
gutar. Dei tok kvar dag akkurat som han kom.
Ein morgen pakka gutane saman mattene sine
etter at dei hadde sove på det kalde fortauet.
For å fordriva kulda laga dei eit bål av søppel.
Ein av gutane i gjengen var Magozwe. Han var
den yngste.

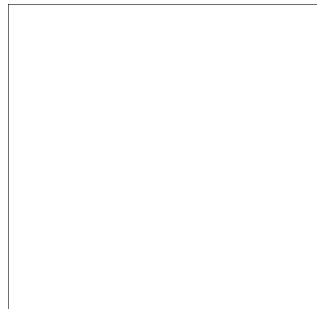
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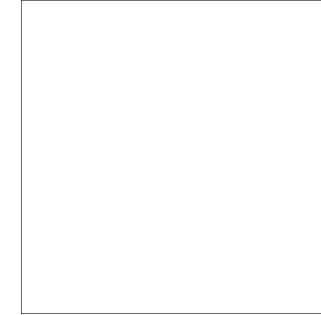
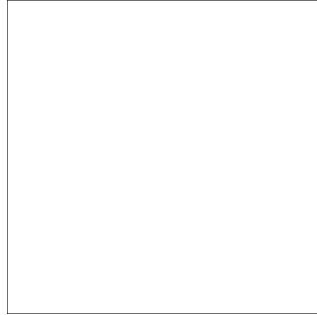
In the busy city of Nairobi, far away from a
caring life at home, lived a group of homeless
boys. They welcomed each day just as it came.
On one morning, the boys were packing their
mats after sleeping on cold pavements. To
chase away the cold they lit a fire with rubbish.
Among the group of boys was Magozwe. He was
the youngest.

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.

...

Då Magozwe sine foreldre dødde, var han
berre fem år. Han drog først til en med onkelen
sin. Denne mannen brydde seg ikke om barnet.
Han gav ikke Magozwe nok mat. Han tvang
gutten til å jobba hardt.





Viss Magozwe klagar eller stilte spørsmål, slo onkelen hans han. Når Magozwe spurde om han kunne gå på skulen, slo onkelen hans han og sa: «Du er for dum til å læra noko som helst.» Etter tre år med denne behandlinga rømde Magozwe frå onkelen sin. Han byrja å bu på gata.

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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 sat på tunet ved huset med det grøne taket og las ei barnebok frå skulen. Thomas kom og sat seg ved sida av han. «Kva handlar forteljinga om?» spurde Thomas. «Ho handlar om ein gut som vert lærar», svara Magozwe. «Kva heiter guten?» spurde Thomas. «Han heiter Magozwe», svara Magozwe med eit smil.

...

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 hadde mykje å ta att. Av og til ville han gje opp. Men han tenkte på piloten og fotballspelaren i barnebokene. Som dei gav han ikke opp.

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.

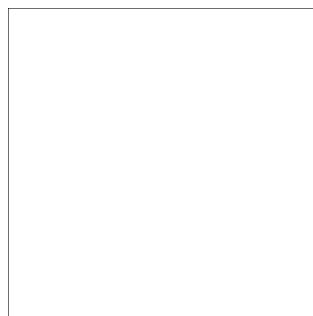
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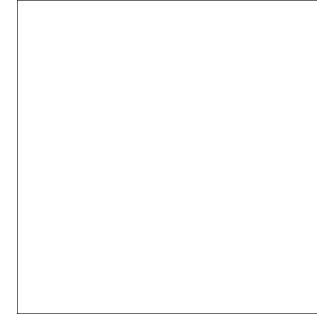
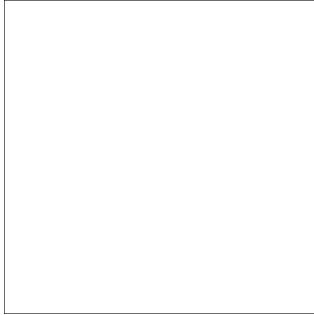
Street life was difficult and most of the boys were arrested, sometimes they were beaten. When they were sick, there was no one to help. The group depended on the little money they got from beggery, and from selling plastics and other recycling. Life was even more difficult because of fights with rival groups who wanted control of parts of the city.

Livet på gata var vanskelig, og dei fleste gutane sløtt kvar dag berre for å finna mat. Nokre gonger vart dei arrestert, andre gonger vart dei slått. Når dei vart sjukke, var det ingen som kunne hjelpe dei. Gjengen var avhengig av dei få pengane dei fekk fra å tilgå og fra å selja plast og anna til resirkulering. Livet var enda vanskeligare på grunn av slåsskamper med rivaliserande gjengar som ville ha kontroll over delar av byen.

...

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 beggery, 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.





Ein dag medan Magozwe leitte i nokre søppelbøtter, fann han ei gammal fillete barnebok. Han fjerna mørkka frå ho og la den i sekken sin. Kvar påfølgjande dag tok han ut boka og såg på bileta. Han visste ikkje korleis han skulle lesa orda.

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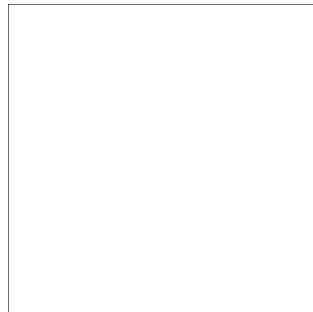
One day while Magozwe was looking through the dustbins, he found an old tattered storybook. He cleaned the dirt from it and put it in his sack. Every day after that he would take out the book and look at the pictures. He did not know how to read the words.

Dermed flytta Magozwe inn i eit rom i eit hus med grønt tak. Han delte rommet med to andre gutter. Til saman var det ti born som budde i det huset. Saman med tanta Cissy og mannen hennar, tre hundar, ein katt og ei gammal geit.

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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.

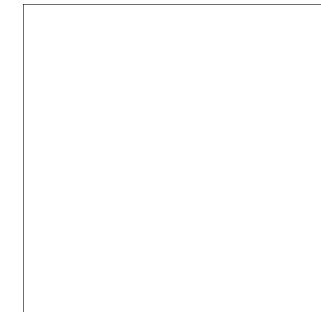
Han snakka om det han var redd for med
Bileta fortalde forteljinga om ein gut som vok
opp til å vera pilot. Magozwe brukte å
dagdrøyma om å vera pilot. Nokre gonger
innbilete han seg at han var guten i forteljinga.



Thomas. Med tida forsikra mannen guten om at
livet kunne vera bedre på den nye staden.
He shared his fears with Thomas. Over time the

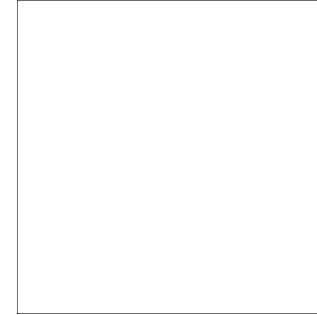
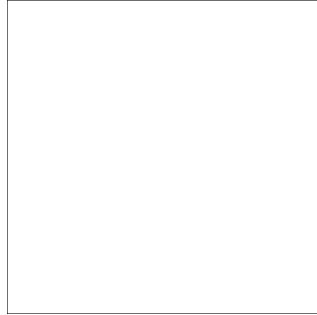
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to be a pilot. Magozwe would daydream of
being a pilot. Sometimes, he imagined that he
was the boy in the story.



man reassured the boy that life could be better
at the new place.

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.



Det var kaldt og Magozwe stod langs vegen og tagg. Ein mann gjekk bort til han. «Hei, eg heiter Thomas. Eg bur i nærleiken, på ein stad der du kan få deg noko å eta», sa han og peikte på eit gult hus med blått tak. «Eg håpar du dreg dit for å få deg litt mat?» spurde han. Magozwe såg på han, og deretter på huset. «Kanskje», sa han og gjekk.

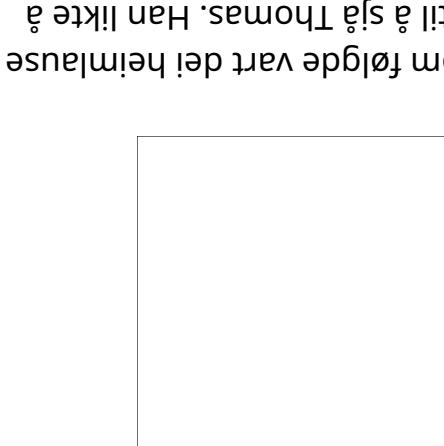
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It was cold and Magozwe was standing on the road begging. A man walked up to him. "Hello, I'm Thomas. I work near here, at a place where you can get something to eat," said the man. He pointed to a yellow house with a blue roof. "I hope you will go there to get some food?" he asked. Magozwe looked at the man, and then at the house. "Maybe," he said, and walked away.

Magozwe tenkte på denne nye staden og på å gå på skulen. Kva om onkelen hans hadde rett, og han var for dum til å læra noko? Kva om dei slo han på denne nye staden? Han var redd. «Kanskje det er betre å bu på gata», tenkte han.

...

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.



I månadenne som følgde var det dei heimlause gutane vande til å sjå Thomas. Han likte å snakka med folk, spesielt dei som budde på folk. Han var serios og tolmodig, aldri frekk eller respektlaus. Nokon av gutane byrja å dra til det gule og blå huset for å få mat midt på dagene.

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.

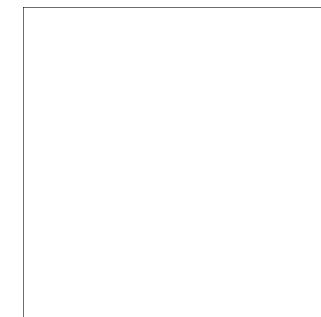
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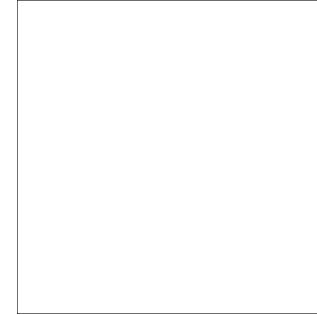
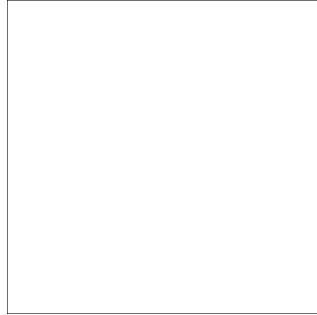
Omkring Magozwes tiande fødselsdag gav Thomas han ei ny barnebok. Det var forteljinga om ein landsbygut som voks opp til å vera ein berømt fotballspelar. Thomas las den forteljinga for Magozwe mange gonger, heilt til han ein dag sa: «Eg synest det er på tide at du går på skulen og lærer å lesa. Kva synest du?» Thomas forklarte at han visste om ein stad der børn gule og blå huset for å få mat midt på dagene. 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.

...

Kunne bu og gå på skule.

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Magozwe sat på fortauet og kika i biletboka då Thomas kom og sette seg ved sida av han. «Kva handlar forteljinga om?» spurde Thomas. «Ho handlar om ein gut som vert pilot», svara Magozwe. «Kva heiter guten?» spurde Thomas. «Eg veit ikkje, eg kan ikkje lesa», svara Magozwe lågt.

...

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.

Då dei møttest, byrja Magozwe å fortelja si eiga historie til Thomas. Det var historia om onkel hans og kvifor han rømde heimanfrå. Thomas snakka ikkje mykje, og han sa ikkje til Magozwe kva han skulle gjera, men han lytta alltid oppmerksamt. Nokre gonger snakka dei saman medan dei åt i det gule huset med det blå taket.

...

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.