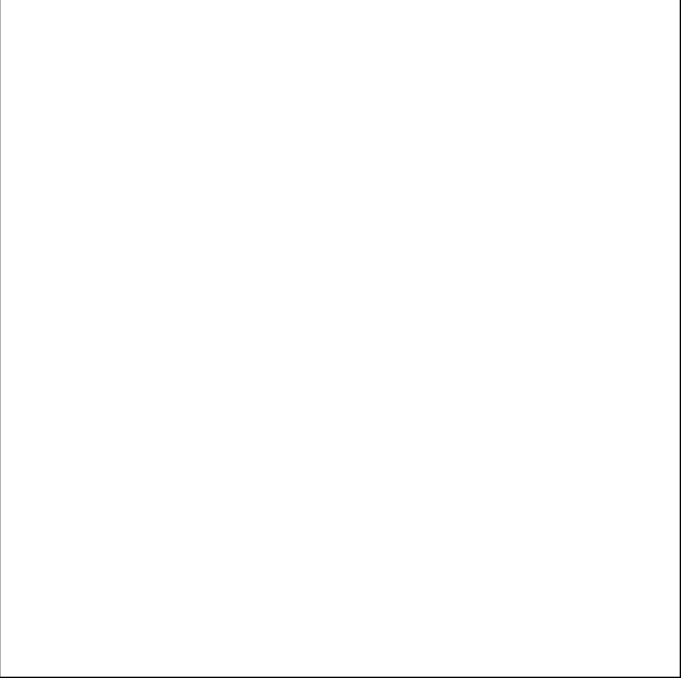


Iha loron ha'u husik ha'u nia ma ba  
sidade

The day I left home for the city



✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula  
✉ Brian Wambi  
📧 Aurelio da Costa  
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🗨 Tetun / English / en

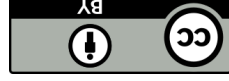


# Global Storybooks

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Iha loron ha'u husik ha'u nia ma  
ba sidade / The day I left home for  
the city

✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula  
✉ Brian Wambi  
📧 Aurelio da Costa (tet)



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Bis nia para fatin ki'ik iha ha'u nia suku okupadu ho ema no bis sira ne'ebé nakonu. Iha rai, iha sasán barak liu-tan atu hatama. Konjak sira hakilar naran destinu bis sira atu ba.

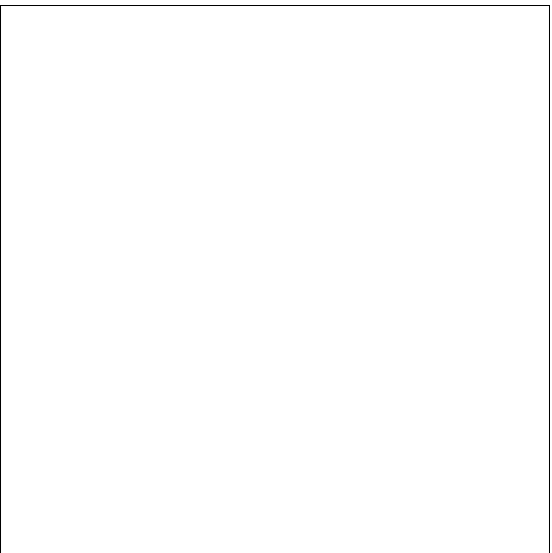
...

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.

...

“Sidade! Sidade! Ba Oeste!” Ha’u rona konjak ida  
hakilar. Ne’e mak bis ida ne’ebé ha’u presija atu  
foti.





Bis sidade nian besik atu nakonu, maibé ema barak mós sei dudu malu atu sa'e bis ne'e. Balun arruma sira nia mala iha bis nian parte okos. Balun seluk tau mala sira iha raga sira iha bis laran.

...

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 ne'ebé atu fila nakonu lalais loos. Lakleur nia sei fila ba fali leste. Buat ne'ebé importante tebes ba ha'u agora, mak atu buka ha'u nia tiu nia uma.

...

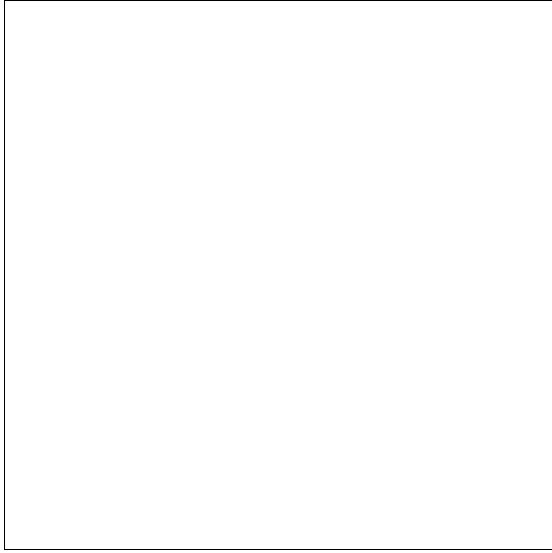
The return bus was filling up quickly. Soon it would make its way back east. The most important thing for me now, was to start looking for my uncle's house.



Pasajeiru foun sira kaer didiak sira nia tikete  
metin no buka dadau fatin ba sira atu tuur iha  
bis ne'ebê nakonu. Feto sira halo sira nia oan  
k'irik sira konfortavel ba viajen ne'ebê naruk.

...

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.



Oras sia de pois, ha'u hadeer tanba iha lian  
maka'sas no bolu pasajeiru sira atu fila ba ha'u  
nia suku. Ha'u kaer ha'u nia pasta k'irik no haksoit  
sai husi 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.



Ha'u tur besik ba janela. Ema ne'ebé tuur iha ha'u nia sorin kaer metin hela plastiku kor matak ida. Nia hatais sandalla tuan ida, jaketa tuan ida, no nia sente nervozu.

...

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.



Iha dalan, ha'u hanoin hetan naran fatin ne'ebé uluk ha'u nia tiu hela ba iha sidade boot ne'e. Ha'u sei nafatin temi naran ne'e kuandu ha'u atu toba dadaun.

...

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.



Ha'u haree ba liur no realiza katak ha'u husik  
ha'u nia suku, fatin ne'ebê ha'u moris ba. Ha'u  
atu ba sidade boot.

...

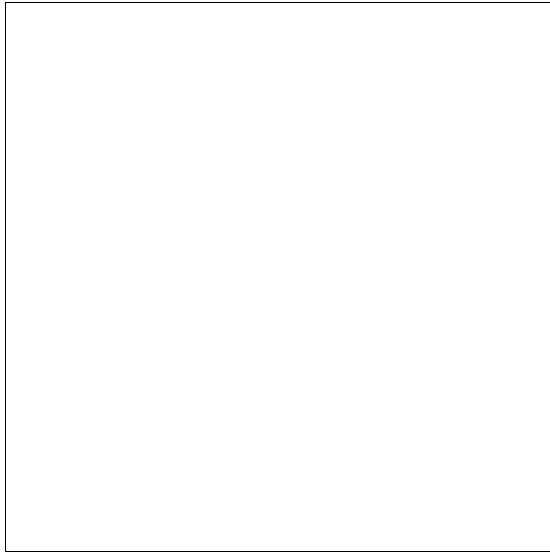
I looked outside the bus and realised that I was  
leaving my village, the place where I had grown  
up. I was going to the big city.



Maibê ha'u nia hanoin fila falli ba ha'u nia uma.  
Karik ha'u nia mama sei seguru? Karik ha'u nia  
koellu foti osan ruma? Karik ha'u nia maun  
hanoin hetan atu rega ha'u nia ai-oan sirá?

...

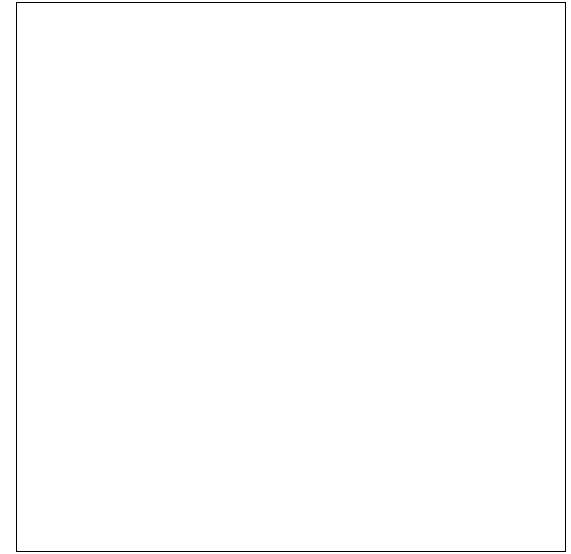
But my mind drifted back home. Will my mother  
be safe? Will my rabbits fetch any money? Will  
my brother remember to water my tree  
seedlings?



Emá sa'e komplete ona no pasajeiru sira tuur hotu ona. Vendedor ambulantes sira sei dudu sira nia aan tama ba bis laran atu fa'an sasán ba pasajeiru sira. Emá sira hotu hakilar naran sasán saida de'it mak disponivel atu fa'an. Sira nia liafuan sira komik ba ha'u.

...

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.



Bainhira viajen lao dadaun, bis laran sente manas loos. Ha'u taka ha'u nia matan espera atu toba.

...

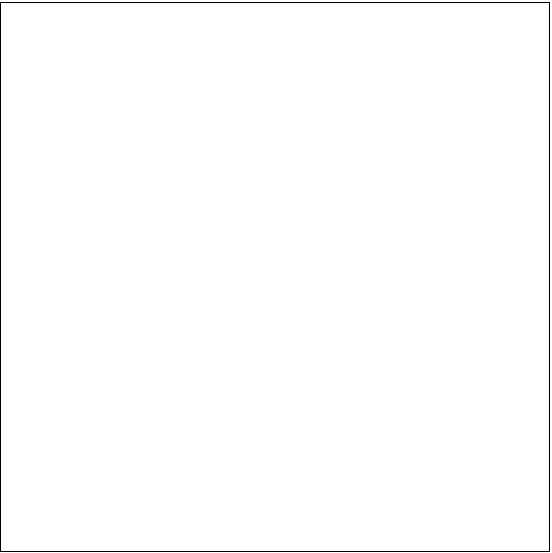
As the journey progressed, the inside of the bus got very hot. I closed my eyes hoping to sleep.



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

...

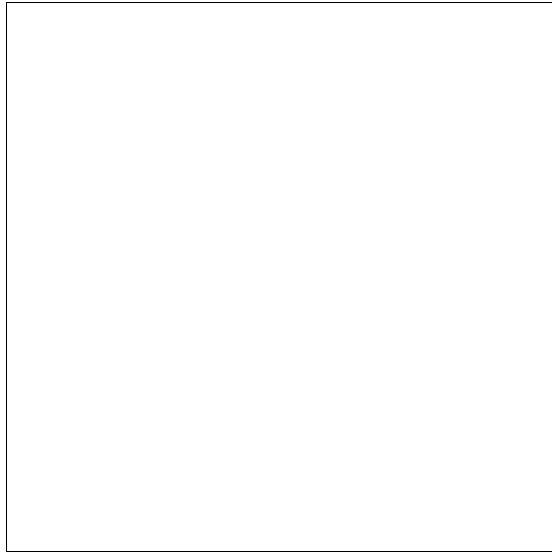
Pasajeiru balun sosa bebida, seluk sosa snek kr'ik no komesa nata. Ba sira seluk ne'ebê laiha osan, hanesan ha'u, so haree de'it.



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.

...

Iha momentu bis ne'e husik fatin para nian, ha'u hateke ba liur husi janela. Ha'u hanoin karik ha'u sei fila falli ba ha'u nia suku aban-bainrua.

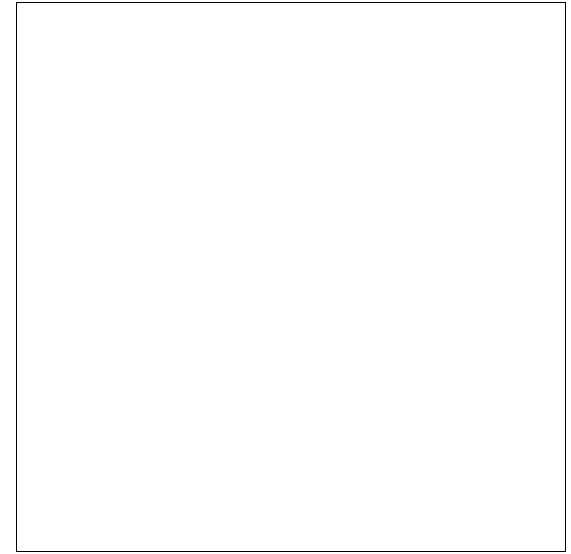




Atividade sira ne'e interrompe husi bis ninia lian, sinál ida katak ami prontu atu viajen. Konjak hakilar ba vendedor sira atu sai husi kareta.

...

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.



Vendedor sira dudu malu atu sai husi bis. Balun fó fila osan restu ba vianjante sira. Seluk koko atu fa'an sasán balun tan iha momentu ikus.

...

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.