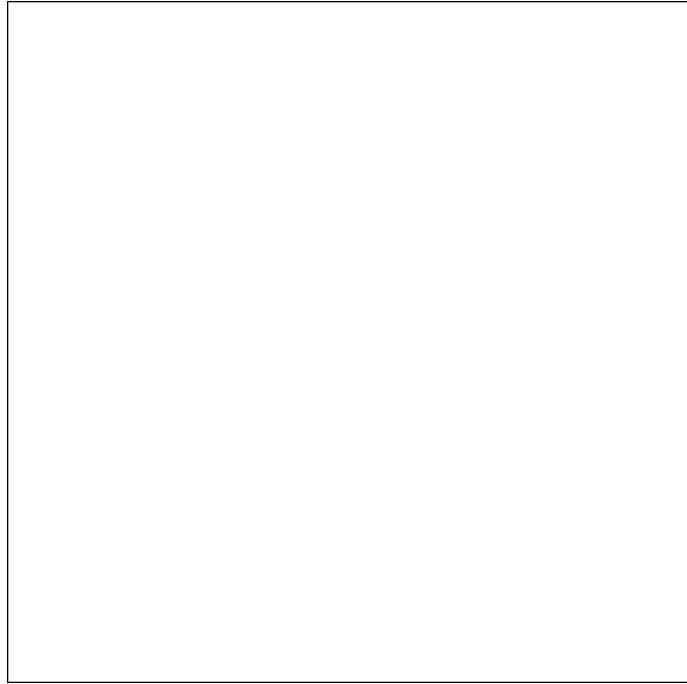


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The day I left home for the city



✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula

✉ Brian Wambi

🗉 Daniel Berhane Habte

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# Global Storybooks

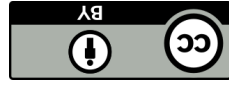
[globalstorybooks.net](http://globalstorybooks.net)

እታ ሆተፎ ገዲፈ ንካተግ ዝወጸኡላ ዕለታ /  
The day I left home for the city

✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula

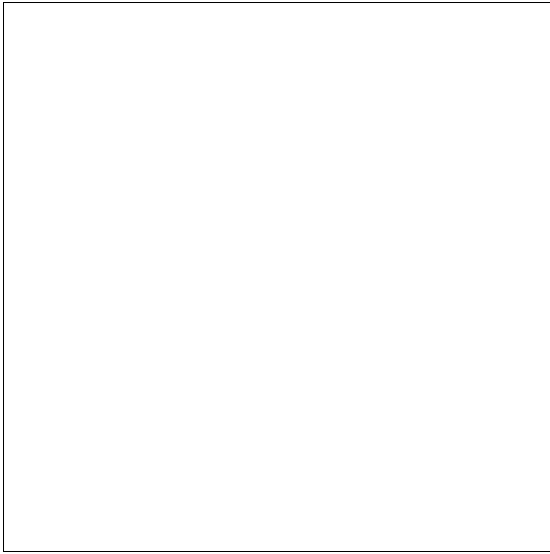
✉ Brian Wambi

🗉 Daniel Berhane Habte (ti)



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እታ ኣብ ዓድና ዘላ ንእሽቶ መዕረፍ ኣውቶቡሳት ብህዝብን ልዕሊ ዓቕመን ብዝጸዓና ኣውቶቡሳትን ኣዕለቕሊቓ ነበረት። ዋላ ኣብ ባይታ ኻኣ ዝጸዓን ተወሳኺ ንብረት ነበረ። ተመትቲ ኣስማት ናይቲ ኣውቶቡሳቶም ዝኸድኦ ቦታታት ይጭድሩ ነበሩ።

...

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.

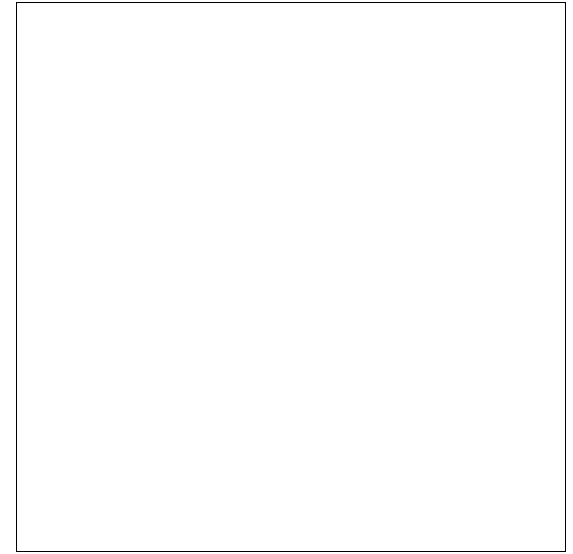




እታ ኣውቶቡስ ከተማ ዳርጋ መሊኦ እያ ኔራ፡ ግን ጌና ተወሰኽቲ ሰባት ንክኣትዉ ይደፋፍኡ ነበሩ። ገሊኣቶም ንብረቶም ኣብ ትሕቲ እታ ኣውቶቡስ ጸዓንዎ። ካልኣት ድማ ኣብቲ ኣብ ውሽጢ ዘሎ መጻፍጻፊ ኣእተዎዎ።

...

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.



እታ ኣውቶቡስ ንክትምለስ ብቕልጡፍ ትመልእ ነበረት። ብተሎ ናብ ምብራቕ ክትምለስ እያ። ሕጂ እምበኣር እቲ ንዓይ ኣዘዩ ዘገድሰኒ ነገር፡ እንዳ ኣኮይ ሃሰው ክብል ምጅማር እዩ።

...

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.

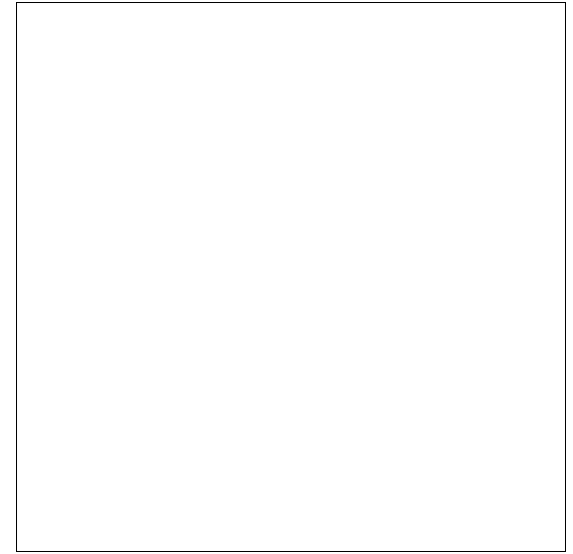




እነ አብ ጥቋ መስኮት ተጨባቢጠ ኮፍ በልኩ። አብ ጌነይ ኮፍ ዝበለ ሰብ ሓንቲ ቀጠልያ ሳንጣ ቀጠው ኣቢሉ ሓዙ ነበረ። ብላይ ሳንደል ሳንንን ዝኣረገ ካቦትንዮ ወድዮ፡ ዝተጨነቐ ድማ ይመስል ነበረ።

...

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.



አብ መንገደይ፡ ስም ናይቲ ኣኮይ ዝነብረሉ ኣብቲ ዓቢ ኸተማ ዘሎ ቦታ ሸምደድክዎ። ጌና ደቂሰ ከለኹ ነቲ ስም ብትሕቲ መልሓሰይ ይደጋግሞ ነበርኩ።

...

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.

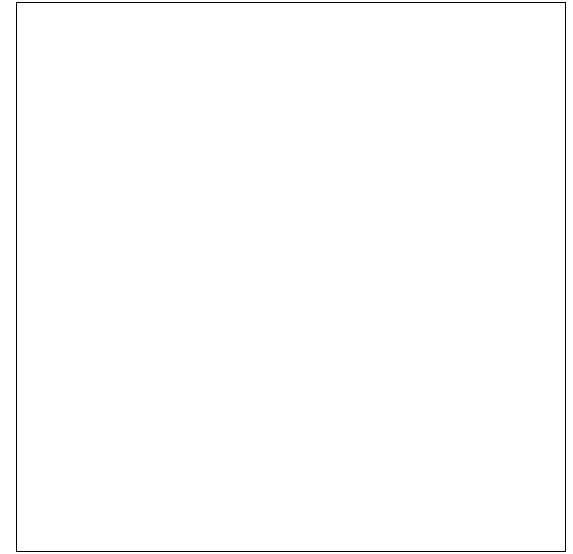




እቲ ምጽዓን ተወዲኦ እዩ ኩሉ ተሳፋሪይ ድማ ኮፍ በለ። እናዞሩ ኣቐሉ ዝሸጡ ሰባት ንብረቶም ናብ ተሳፋሪቲ ንምሻጥ ጌና ናብታ ኣውቶቡስ ተዳፍኡ። ነፍስወከደም ስም እቲ ንመሸጥ ዝቐረብዎ ንብረት እናጠቐሱ ይጭድሩ ነበሩ። እቲ ቃላት ንዓይ ኣስሒቐኒ።

...

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.



ኣብ ጉዕዞና ምስገስገስና፡ እቲ ውሽጢ ኣውቶቡስ ኣዝዩ መቐ። ክድቅስ እናተተሰፈኹ ዓይነይ ዓመትኩ።

...

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



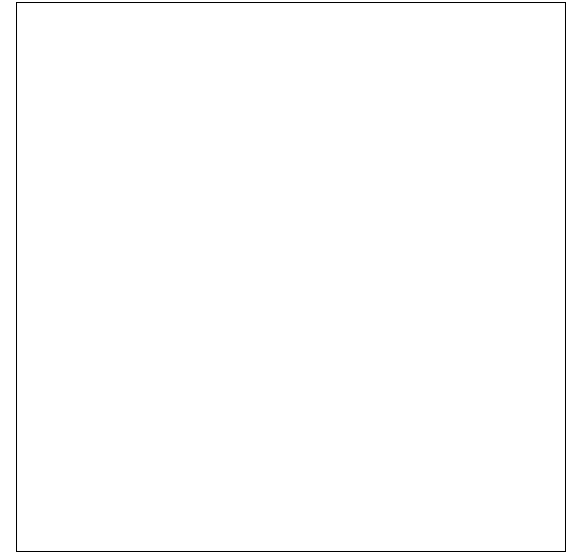




እዚ ንጥፊታት በቲ ክንብገስ ምኃ'ና ዘእንፍት ድምጺ ጥሩምባ  
 ናይታ ኣውቶቡስ ተቋረጸ። እቲ ተማቲ ነቶም ሸያጦ ንኸወጹ  
 ኣዕበርበረሎም።

...

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.



ሸያጦ ካብታ ኣውቶቡስ ንምውራድ ንጥድሕዶም ተደፋፍኡ።  
 ገሊኡም ነቶም ተሳፈርቲ ማልስ ሂቦም። ካልኣት ድማ ተወሳኺ  
 ነገራት ንምሻጥ ናይ መወዳእታ ፈተነ ኣካየዱ።

...

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.