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Paluwas sa malaking lungsod / The day I left home for the city

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Paluwas sa malaking lungsod

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Tagalog tl / English en

Siksikan ang tao at punung-puno ang mga bus sa terminal. Sa labas ng bus, mas madami pang hindi naikakargang mga gamit. Sinisigaw ng mga konduktor kung saan sila papunta.

. . .

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.

“Lungsod! Lungsod kayo riyan! Mga pa-kanluran, dito na!” sigaw ng isa. Doon ako dapat sumakay.

. . .

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

Halos puno na ang bus pero marami pa rin gustong sumakay. Nilagay ng iba ang bagahe sa ilalim ng bus. Ipinatong naman nung iba ang mga gamit nila sa mga lalagyan sa loob.

. . .

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.

Mabilis na napupuno ang bus na pabalik sa nayon. Maya-maya lang tutulak na ito pa-silangan. Pero ang mas mahalaga ngayon, mahanap ko ang bahay ni tiyo.

. . .

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.

Pagkatapos ng siyam na oras, nagising ako sa mga kalabog at sigaw ng konduktor. Nagtatawag na siya ng mga pasahero pabalik sa nayon. Tumalon ako palabas ng bus dala ang bag.

. . .

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.

Hawak ng mga bagong pasahero ang tiket nila habang naghahanap ng upuan. Hinahanda ng mga nanay ang kanilang mga anak para sa mahabang biyahe.

. . .

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.

Sumiksik ako malapit sa isang bintana. Mukhang kinakabahan ang katabi ko. Hawak niyang mahigpit ang berdeng plastic bag. Luma na ang kanyang damit at tsinelas.

. . .

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.

Isinaulo ko na lang ang address ng tiyo ko sa siyudad. Nakatulog akong bumubulong bulong.

. . .

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.

Pero laging lumilipad ang utak ko pauwi. Magiging mabuti kaya ang kalagayan ni nanay? Mabibili kaya ang mga kuneho? Maaalala kaya ng kapatid kong diligan ang mga punla?

. . .

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?

Tumingin ako sa labas. Iiwan ko na ang aking nayon, kung saano ako lumaki. Luluwas ako papunta sa malaking lungsod.

. . .

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.

Nakaupo na ang mga pasahero at naikarga na ang mga bagahe. Pero marami pa ring mga manlalako sa loob ng bus. Sinisigaw nila ang kanilang binibenta. Nakakaaliw ang mga ginagamit nilang salita.

. . .

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.

Habang kami ay bumibiyahe, naging maalinsangan sa loob ng bus. Pinilit kong makatulog.

. . .

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

Pagtulak ng bus, dumungaw ako sa bintana. Babalik pa kaya ako dito?

. . .

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.

May bumili ng inumin. May bumili ng kakanin at nagsimulang kumain. Tulad ko, may iba na nanood lang dahil walang pambili.

. . .

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

Napatigil ang lahat ng bumusina ang drayber. Pinalabas ng konduktor ang mga naglalako dahil aalis na ang bus.

. . .

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.

Nagtulakan sila palabas. Nagsukli ang iba pero meron pa rin nagpupumilit makabenta.

. . .

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.