

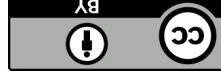


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**Letsatsi! je ke duleng mo gae ka
ya toropong / The day I left home
for the city**

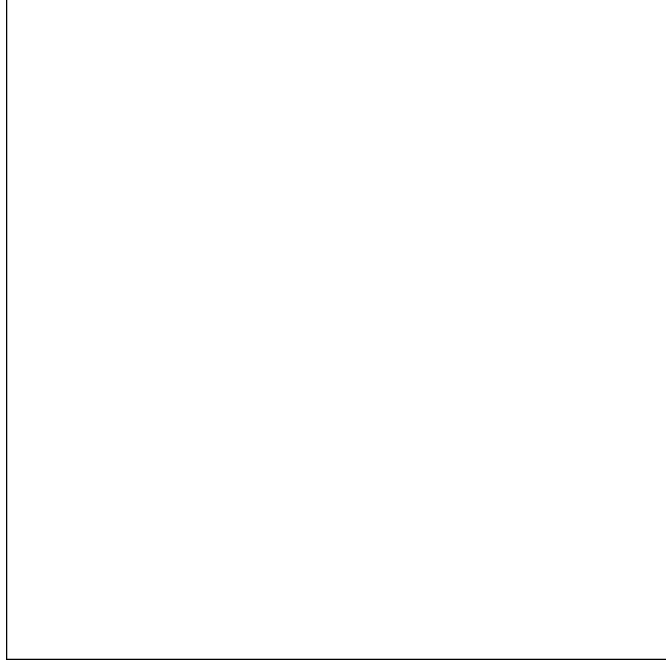
✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula
☑ Brian Wambi
📖 Antonia (tn-na)



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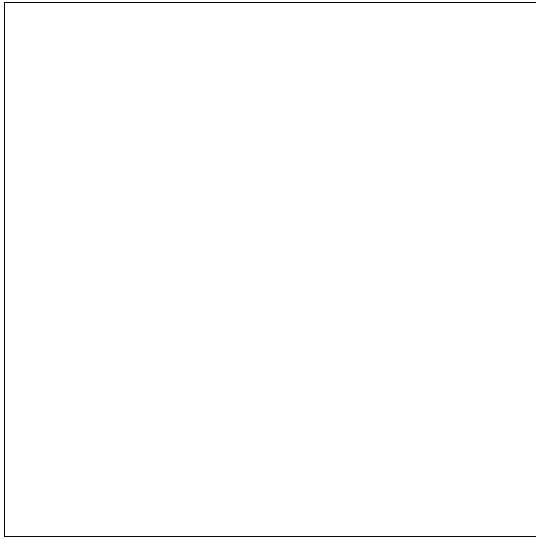
**Letsatsi! je ke duleng mo gae ka ya
toropong**

The day I left home for the city



✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula
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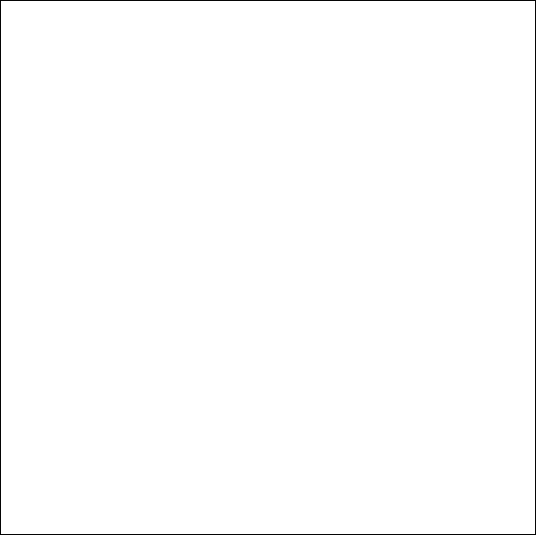
🗨 Setswana tn-na / English en



Lefelo le le nnye kwa dibese di emang gone mo
motseng wa me go tletse batho le dibese tse di
tletseng batho. Fa fa fatshe gone go tletse dilo tse
di tshwanetsweng go olelwa. Mooleledi o ne a
itsise maina a mafelo a kwa dibese di teng. gone

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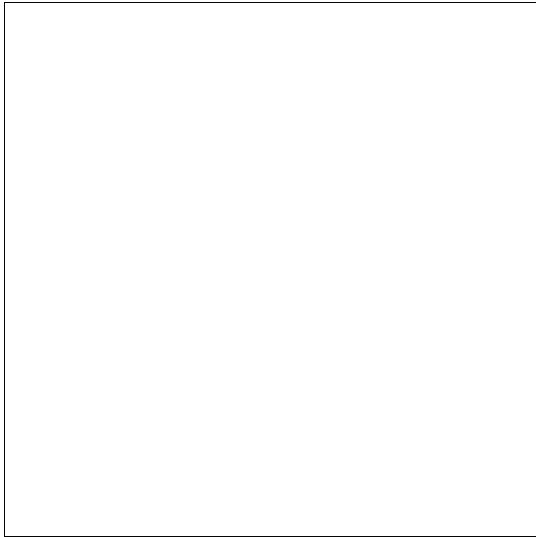
The small bus stop in my village was busy with
people and overloaded buses. On the ground were
even more things to load. Touts were shouting the
names where their buses were going.



“Toropo!Toropo!” E ya bopriririma! “ka utlwa
moitsise a goa. E ne e le bese e ke tshwanetseng
go e palama.

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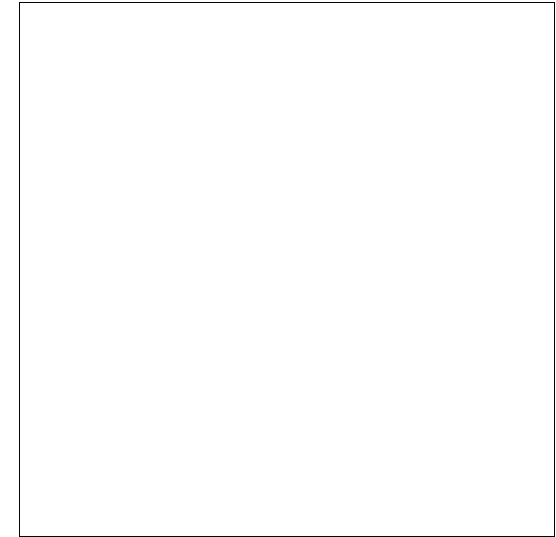
“City! City! Going west!” I heard a tout shouting.
That was the bus I needed to catch.



Bese ya toropo e ne e setse e tletse, mme batho ba sa ntse ba leka go tsena mo teng. Bangwe ba beile dithoto tsa bone ka fa tlase ga bese. Bangwe ba di beile mo di rakeng moteng ga bese.

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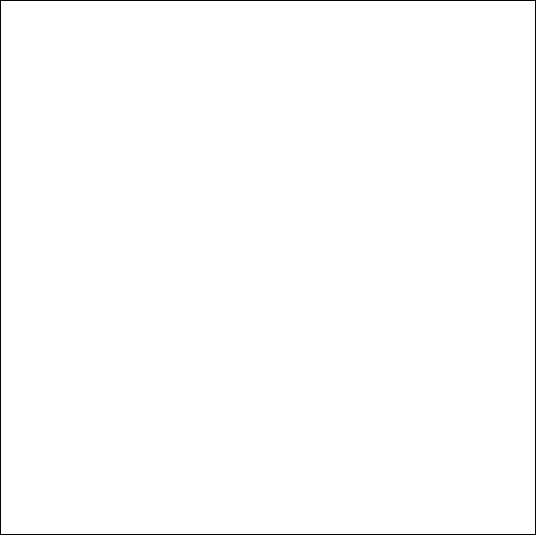
The city bus was almost full, but more people were still pushing to get on. Some packed their luggage under the bus. Others put theirs on the racks inside.



Bese e e boang ya tlala ka bonako. Ka bonako ya leba botlhaba. Se se botlhokwa mo go na jaanong ,ke go simolola go senka ntlo ya ga malome.

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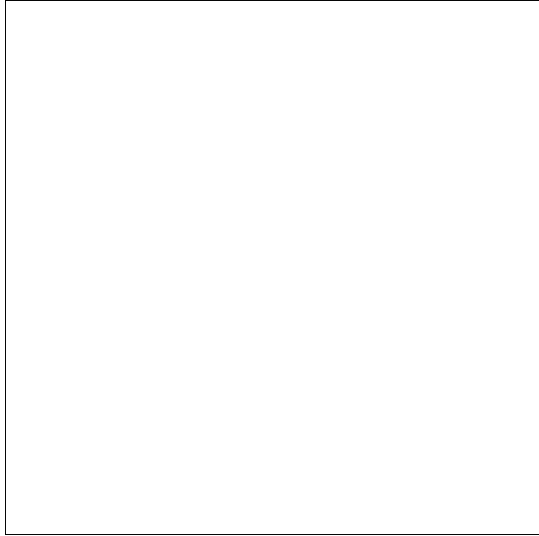
The return bus was filling up quickly. Soon it would make its way back east. The most important thing for me now, was to start looking for my uncle's house.



Baete ba basha ba punya di karata tsa bone ba
ntse ba senkang fa ba ka duhang gone mo beseng
e e tleseng. Basadi le bana ba banye ba
ipaakanyetsa loeto lo le leele go dula sentle. Ka
itshekela go bapa le letlhabapheto.Motho yo o
dutseng go bapa le letlhabapheto o ne a tshageditse
kgstese ya polasetiki e e mmala o motala.A rwele
dithako tsa disandale tse di tshofetseeng, jase e
gagogileng,mme a mo lebile ka thwaafalo.

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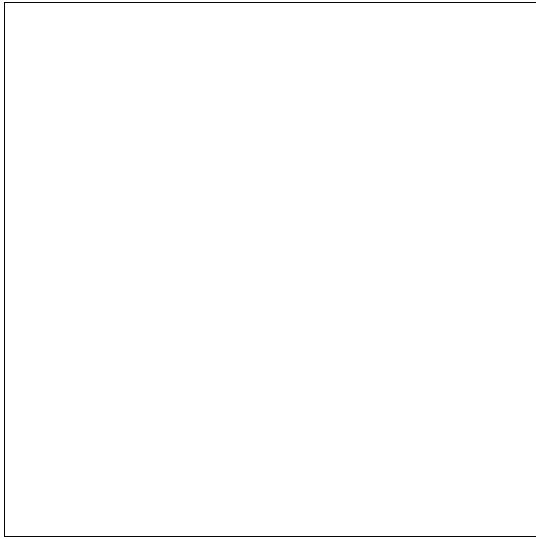
New passengers clutched their tickets as they
looked for somewhere to sit in the crowded bus.
Women with young children made them
comfortable for the long journey.



Morago ga diura tse robongwe, ke ne ka tsosiwa
ke modumo o mogolo ke bitsa baeti ba ba boelang
kwa motseeng wa rona. Ka phamola kgetse ya me
ka tswa mo beseng.

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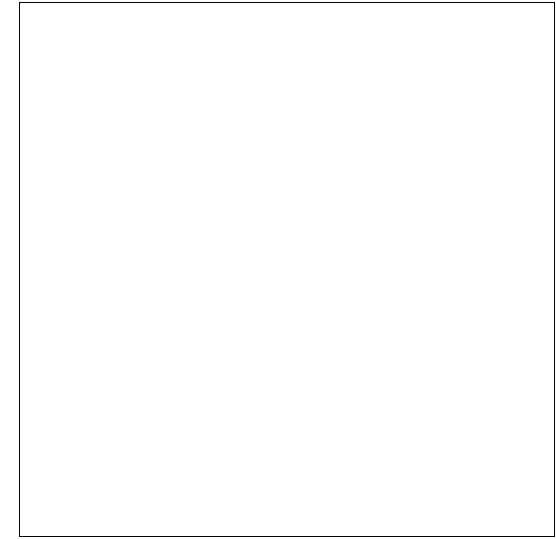
Nine hours later, I woke up with loud banging and
calling for passengers going back to my village. I
grabbed my small bag and jumped out of the bus.



K itshukela fa mothong yo o ne a bapile le letlhabaphefo. Motho yo o ne a dutse go bapa le nna le letlhabaphefo o ne a tshegeditse kgetse ya polasitiki thata. A rwele mpapheetshane ba ba tshofetseng, jase e e gagogileng, a bonala letshogo.

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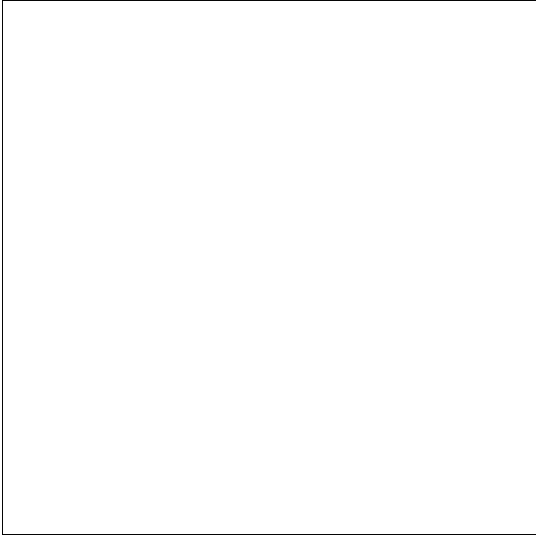
I squeezed in next to a window. The person sitting next to me was holding tightly to a green plastic bag. He wore old sandals, a worn out coat, and he looked nervous.



Mo tseleng, ka ithuta leina la lefelo le malome o nang teng mo toropong e kgolo. Fa ke ntse ke e biletsa kwa tlase ka robala.

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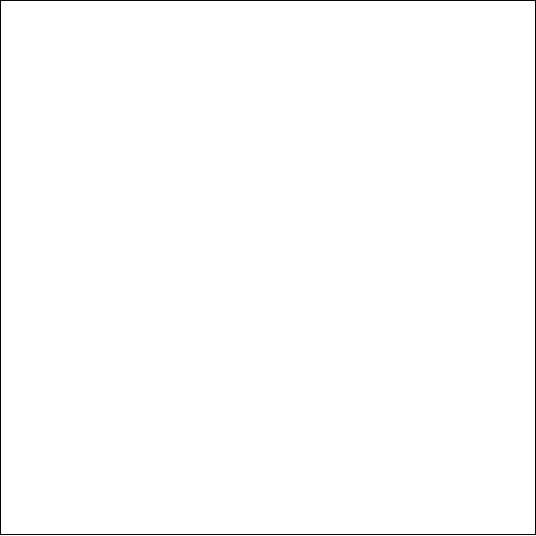
On the way, I memorised the name of the place where my uncle lived in the big city. I was still mumbling it when I fell asleep.



Mme mogopolo wa me wa mpusetsa kwa gae. A
mma o tla sireletsega? A mmutla wa me o tla tsaya
madi mangwe? A nkgonne o tla gakologelwa go
nosa ditlhare tse dinye?

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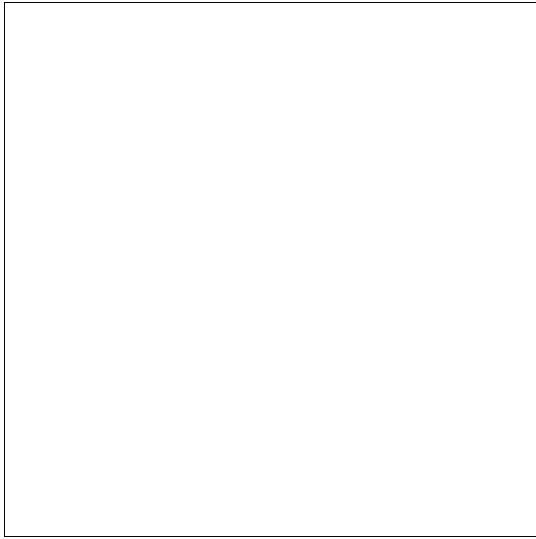
But my mind drifted back home. Will my mother
be safe? Will my rabbits fetch any money? Will my
brother remember to water my tree seedlings?



Ke ne ka leba kwa ntle ga bese mme ke ne ka
gopola ke tswa mo motseng wa me, lefelo le ke
goletseng mo go lone. Ke ne ke ya kwa toropong e
kgolo.

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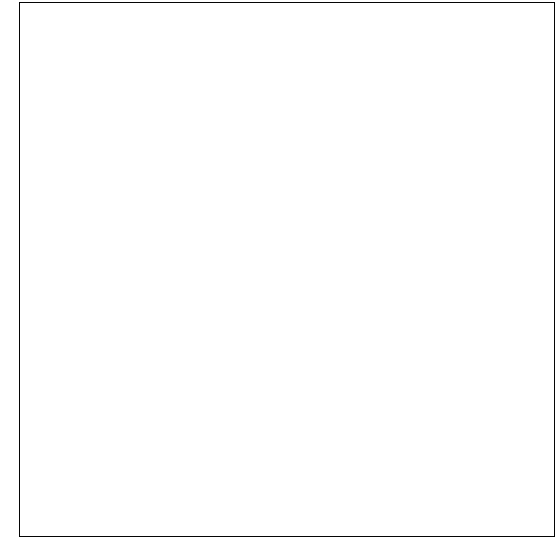
I looked outside the bus and realised that I was
leaving my village, the place where I had grown
up. I was going to the big city.



Go ne go oletswe baeti ba dutse. Barekise ba sa ntse ba tsena mo teng go ya go rekisa dilo tsa bone kwa balaming. Mongwe lw mongwe o ne a goa maina go itsise se a se rekisang. Mafoko ao a ne utlwala a sa tlwaelega.

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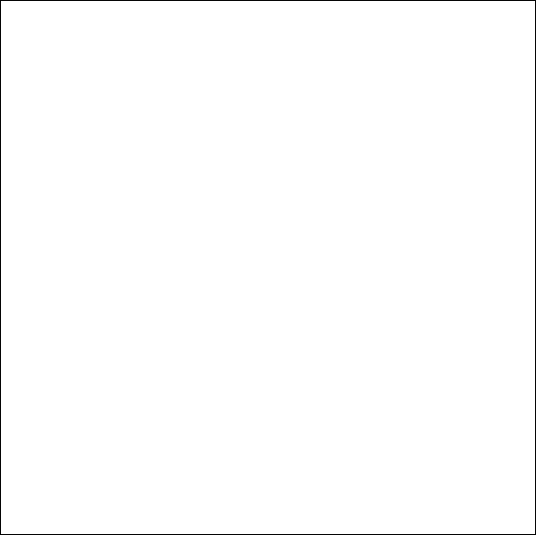
The loading was completed and all passengers were seated. Hawkers still pushed their way into the bus to sell their goods to the passengers. Everyone was shouting the names of what was available for sale. The words sounded funny to me.



Fa loeto le tswelletse, mo teng ga bese ga na mogote. Ke ne ka tswala matlho a me ka tsholofelo ya gore ka tla robala,

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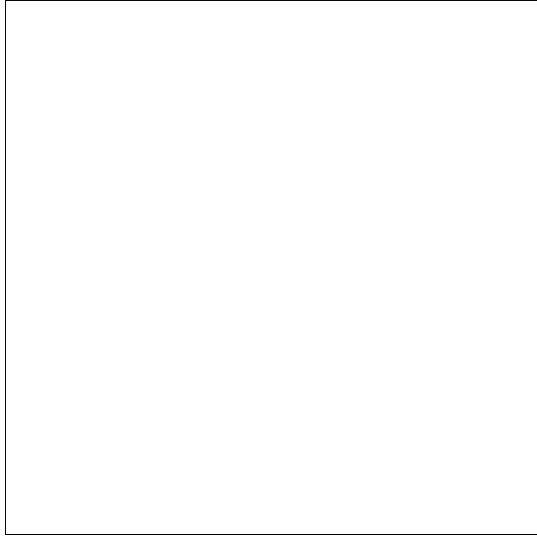
As the journey progressed, the inside of the bus got very hot. I closed my eyes hoping to sleep.



Bapagamo ba le mmaIwa ba ne ba reka
dinnotsididid, bangwe ba reka mo go nnye ba a ja.
ba ba se nang madi , jaaka nna, be ne ba lebeleitse
fela.

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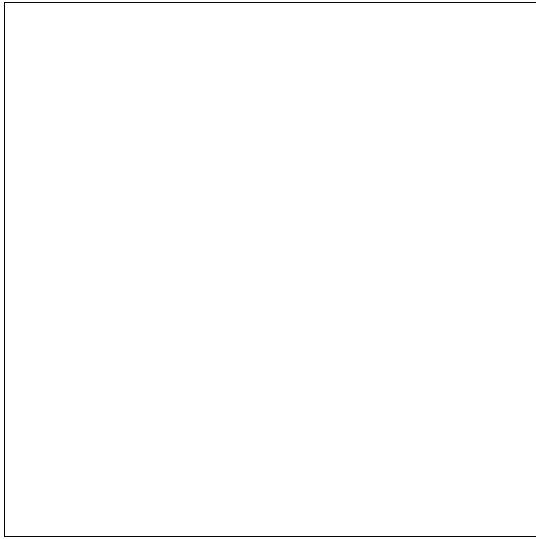
A few passengers bought drinks, others bought
small snacks and began to chew. Those who did
not have any money, like me, just watched.



Fa bese e tswa fa boemelong jwa dibese, ka leba
kwa ntle ka letlhabapheto. Ka hakgamaIa gore a ke
ka boela gape mo motseng wa me gape.

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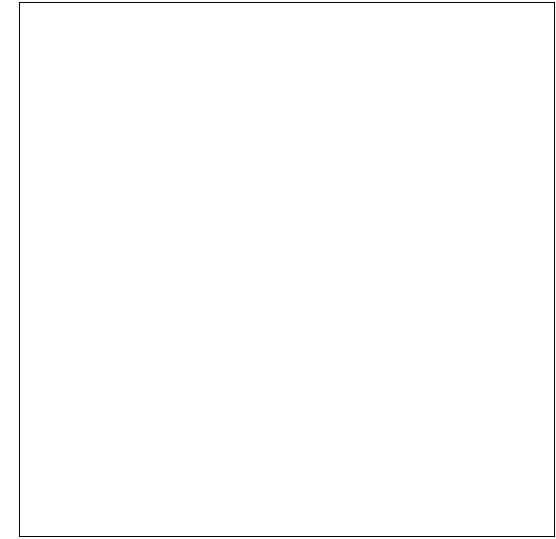
As the bus left the bus stop, I stared out of the
window. I wondered if I would ever go back to my
village again.



Ditiro tse di ne tsa kgorelediwa ke go hutara ga bese, sekao sa gore re ipaakanyeditse go kgoetsa. Moreki a goelela barekisi go tswa mo beseng.

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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.



Barekisi ba kgorometsana go tswa mo beseng. Bangwe ba busetsa baeti madi mangwe. Ba bangwe ba sa ntse ba leka go rekisa dilo tsa bone mo motshontshong wa bofelo.

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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.