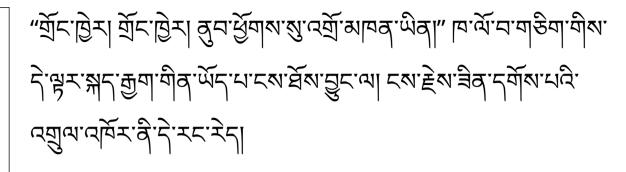
. . .

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.

. . .

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.

तर.री.रट.रट.ची.परीची.साचरे.चू.चचू.चचुच.परीची परीची.जी चुकाना.चच्चेट.चयु.चीर.श्रेर.क्षेत्रस्य जीका.पचीता.चचिर.सुट.तू.रेपु. चि.चेबा.ग्रीका.पहूचचिट.चच्चेट.क्षे.श्रेट्या.जातूर.चेट.ची.भीच.क्षेचोका.पक्ता.ग्रीच.

. . .

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.

. . .

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.

रटा ब्रीटा ब्रिट क्षेत्र स्वीता ता तर्बी क्षेत्र प्राप्त स्वार्ष स्वीत स्वार्थ स्वार्

. . .

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.

क्रीताब्रश्नाचित्राग्नीव तरीव त्यात्त्री त्वा व्रित्या व्याप्त त्या व्याप्त त्याप्त त्या व्याप्त त्याप्त त्या व्याप्त व्याप्त त्या व्याप्त व्याप्त त्या व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्य व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्य व्याप्त व्याप्य व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्य व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्य

. . .

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.

च्रायाः ग्रीयाः भ्रीत् । स्त्रीयाः व्याः भ्रीतः व्याः भ्रीतः स्त्रीः व्यायाः स्त्रीः व्यायाः स्त्रीः व्यायाः व वित्रायाः वित्राः भ्रीयः अर्थे । व्यायः स्त्रीः विष्याः वित्राः स्त्रीः व्यायः स्त्रीः व्यायः स्त्रीयः वित्राः विद्याः विद्या

. . .

A few passengers bought drinks, others bought small snacks and began to chew. Those who did not have any money, like me, just watched. $\frac{1}{2} \int_{\mathbb{R}^{2}} \frac{1}{2} \int_{\mathbb{R}^{2}} \frac{1}{2$

. . .

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.

. . .

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.

च्रेचा.लु.लूट्.श्रेश्व.तपु.चु.कूश.कुी.पूँ.लुचा.क्वट.श्रेश रूजा.ज.कुर.लुटा। ट.बु.हुर.रट.कु.जूट.वाश्चा.पट्टे.ज.लूट.बैच.तपु.टेश. पर्वीज.पर्वूर.ट्रे.पचच.ळ्वाय.टट.लेब.कुश.कुश.कुश.कुश.कुश.विर.ब्य.हु.

. . .

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.

हुव.त.नुव। मुटी टक्ष.चु.मट.धुट.वाधुट.विवा.लु.घीटा.पक्षभ.चक्रभ.घुवा.वाधुक्ष.प्रद्भभ.वक्ष. पवीज.पर्विट.मुट.वक्ष.मुट.टि.हुव.श्रेपक्ष प्रमाणव्रम्मची.वट.टि.क्.प.ह.कु.

. . .

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

र्मा स्वायक्ष्यात्त्रः स्वित्तः स्वाय्याः स्वायः स्व स्वायः स्वयः स्वयः

. . .

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?

८४१.४१८.८े.वि.व४१.भेर.भेर.२.भ्रेंर.पधुव.लूरी ४५४.४१८.८े.ध्रें.५१.भेर.वे.भेर.प.लुवी ८.४८.वि.५१.५५.भेप४१.शेउट. ५४१.४१८.८े.व्रि.१५.केव.त्.ट्रे.५१.वट.लूर.तद्र.४८.वी.८१.छिर.

. . .

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.

. . .

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.

र्ज्यान्तर्भेत्र्त्व व क्ष्यां व क्षयां व क्ष्यां व क्ष्यां व क्ष्यां व क्ष्यां व क्षयां व क्ष्यां व क्ष्यां व क्षयां व क्षयां

. . .

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.



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८. मूर्यात्राचे वार्यो ट. मिराया ही वार्या हो वार्या

The day I left home for the city

Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula

Brian Wambi

🗗 प्र्पः रूप Dabtruk, धूतः रैपा ह्विंग Patrick Dowd, कुः कॅर पर्शेर् व्ययः रेवः केवा Chusang Sonam Rinchen (bo)

