ئەو رۆژەي ماڵەوەم بە جێھێشت بۆ مەبەستى چوونە شار

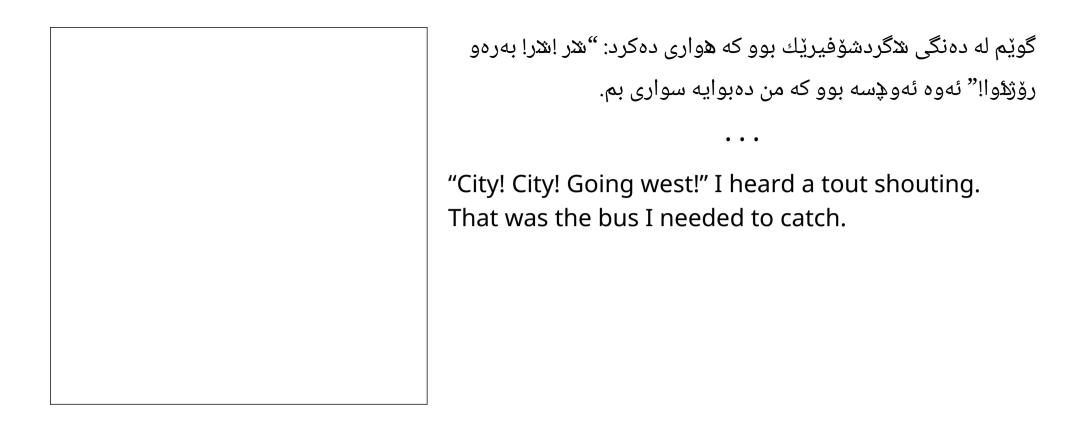
The day I left home for the city

- Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula
- ☑ Brian Wambi
- Agri Afshin
- ul 3
- 💬 کوردی / English (en)

وێستگهی بچووکی ﴿ سَی گونده کهی ئێمه، قهرهٖڵۼ و پڕ له ﴿ سِ بوو. له سهر زهویه که شتی زوّری لێ بوو که دهبوایه ﴿ کَرلان، هُکُردی شوفێره کن به دهنگی بهرزهٔوی ئه و شوێلانهێن دهگوت که ﴿ سهکن بوّی ده چوون.

. . .

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.



ئەوچسەى بۆ شر دەچوو خەرىك بوو پر بى، بەلام خەلكەكە ھەرچلان بە يەكترەۋە دىلا بۆ ئەۋەى بىنە ژۇۋر ۋ سۋار بن. ھەندىكى خۇلان خستەھۇ سىدۇۋقى ژىرچسەكە. ھەندىكىشلان ھىلانەھۇچسەكە ۋ لەسەر رەڧەى ژۇۋرەۋەلان دلا.

. . .

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.

گەشتىرە نوێيەكن بڵيتەكنىن بە توندى لىفو دەستىن گرتبوو و لىفوچسە قەرىبلغەكەدا بە دواى شوێنێكدا دەگەران كە لە سەرى دانىشن. ئەو ژذنەى كە منداڵى چكۆلەين پى بوو، ھەوڵين دھدا شوێنێكى گونجو بۆ منداڵەكنىن دروست بكەن بۆ گەشتە دوورەكە.

. . .

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.

من به زۆر شوێنی خۆم له تەنیشت پەنجەرەیەكەوە كردەوە. ئەو كەسەی لە تەنیشت منەوە دانیشتبوو، كیسەیەكی لایلۆنی سەوزی بە توندی لعنو دەستدا گرتبوو. ئەو نەعلەكی كۆنی لە پێدا بوو، ﴿كەتێكی كۆنی لەبەردابوو، ئەو پەشۆ∡ ى≼ر بوو.

. . .

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. تههشی دهرهوهی پسه کهم کرد و زانیم خهریکه دیّیه کهم به جیّ دیّلّم. ئهو جیّگیهی که تیّیدا گهوره ببووم. من دهچوومه شریّکی گهوره. . . . 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. ههموو کهلوپهلهکن هر کران و گهشتیرهکنیش له شوینهکنین دانیشتن. دهستفروشهکن هیشد به چلهپهستو ده هتنه خوچسه که، بو نهوهی شتهکنین به گهشتیرهکن بفروشن. ههمووین خوی نهو شدنهین ده گوت کرد که بو فروشتن پیین بوو. من پیموابوو نهو وهنهی گویم لیبوون، زور سهیر بوون.

• •

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.

ههندیّک له گهشتیره**ک**ن خواردنهوهین کړی، ههندیّکیشین چهرهستین کړی و دهستین به خواردن کرد. ئهوانهی پرهین نهبوو، وهکوو من، تهنی تههشین دهکرد.

. . .

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

ئەو جموجۆڵانە بە لێدانى ھۆرنى ﴿سەكە كۆڐىڍن پێ ھت، كە ئەوە ﷺدەيەك بوو بۆ ئەوەى كە ئێمە۩دەين بۆ رۆيشتنين. ۩گرد شوفيرێك ھوارى كرد كە دەستفرۆشەكن دەبێ برۆنە دەرەوە.

• • •

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. دەستفرۆشەكن چڵين بە يەكترەوە د بۆ ئەوەى لەچسەكە بچنە خوارەوە. ھەندێكين دۇكنين بە گەشتيرەكن دايەوە. ھەندێكيشين لە كۆلايىكت ھەوڵين دا شتى زير بفرۆشن.

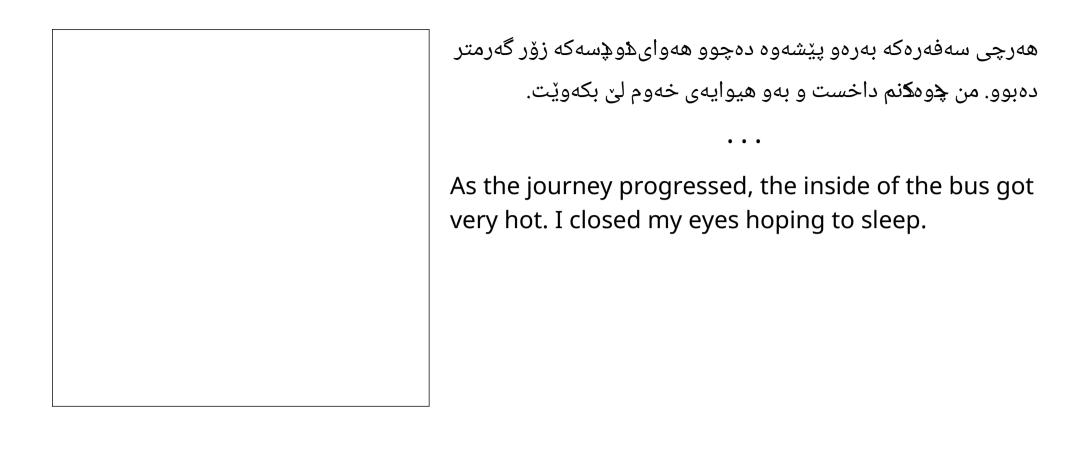
• • •

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.

کتیک که پسه که ویِّستگه کهی به جیّهیِّشت، من له پهنجه رهوه ته هشی ده رهوه م کرد. بیرم له وه ده کرده وه که هی جریّکی دیکه ده توانم بوّ گونده کهم بگه ریّمه وه.

. . .

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.



بهڵام بیرم ههر له لای هڵهوه بوو.هٔدایکم سهلامهت دهبیّ؟هٔددهتوانم هیچ قزانجیّك له کهرویّشکهگنم بکهم؟هٔد براکهم له بیری دهبیّ داره سواگنمهٔو بدات؟

. . .

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?

له ریّگ توانیم نیّوی ئهو جیّگیهی شره گهورهکه له بهر بکهم که همم لیّی ده ژد. له بهر خوّوه قسهم کردن، همر خهوم لیّکهوت.

. . .

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. نۆ کتژمێر دواتر، به دەنگێکی بەرز وەخەبەر ھتم کەۿڹنگی گەشتۗدەکىن دەكرد بۆ گەرانەوە بۆ گوندەكەم. منیش ﴿دَلَّ چكۆلەكەم ھەڵگرت و له چسەكە ھتمە خوارێ.

. . .

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.

ئەوچسەى دەگەرايەوە بە خێرايى پر بوو. گرنگترين شت ئێسڎ بۆ من ئەوە بوو كە بە دواى ۮڵى ۮممدا بگەرێم.

. . .

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.



Global Storybooks

globalstorybooks.net

ئەو رۆژەي ماڵەوەم بە جێھێشت بۆ مەبەستى چوونە شار

The day I left home for the city

Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula

Brian Wambi

Agri Afshin (ckb)

