



Magozwe

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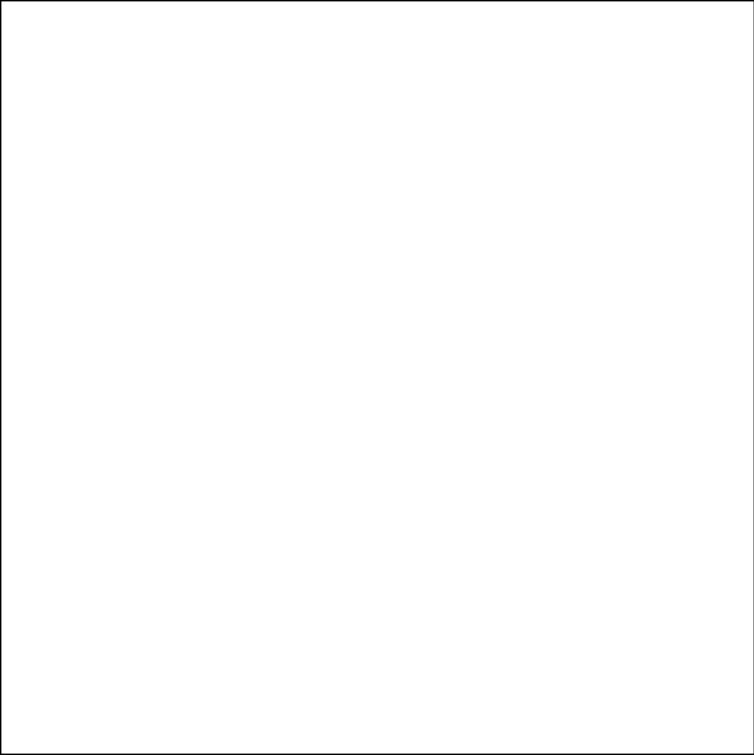
 Lesley Koyi

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I den travle by Nairobi, langt fra det trygge liv derhjemme, boede en gruppe hjemløse drenge. De tog imod dagen, som den kom. En morgen var drengene ved at pakke deres tæpper sammen efter at have sovet på det kolde fortov. For at jage kulden væk tændte de et bål med affald. I gruppen af drenge var Magozwe. Han var den yngste.

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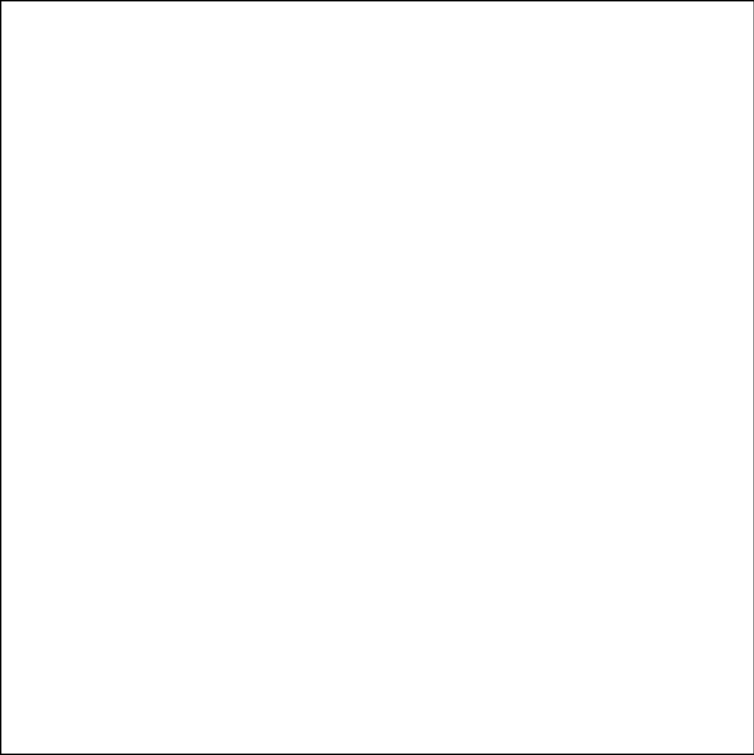
In the busy city of Nairobi, far away from a caring life at home, lived a group of homeless boys. They welcomed each day just as it came. On one morning, the boys were packing their mats after sleeping on cold pavements. To chase away the cold they lit a fire with rubbish. Among the group of boys was Magozwe. He was the youngest.



Da Magozwes forældre døde, var han kun fem år gammel. Han flyttede ind hos sin onkel. Denne mand kunne ikke lide barnet. Han gav ikke Magozwe nok mad. Han satte drengen til at arbejde hårdt.

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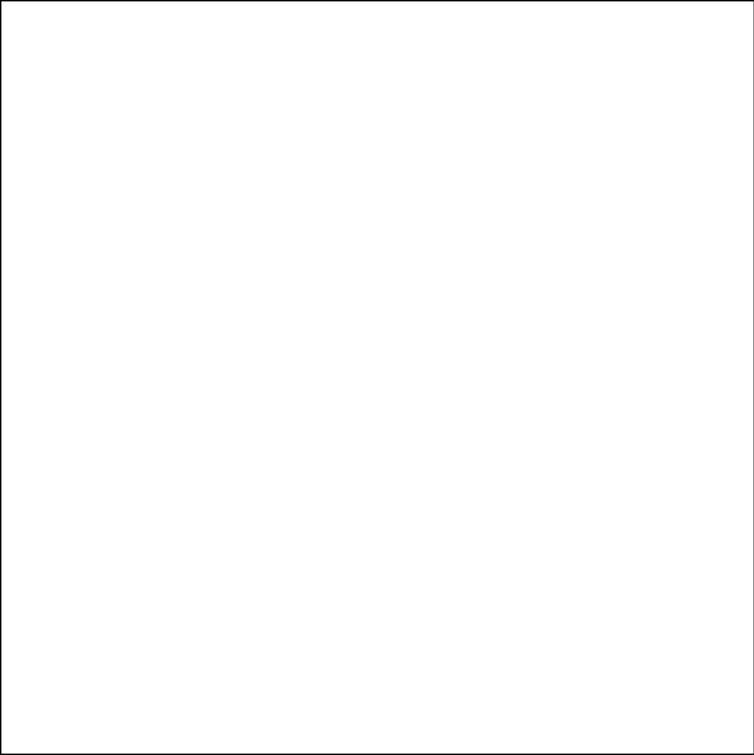
When Magozwe's parents died, he was only five years old. He went to live with his uncle. This man did not care about the child. He did not give Magozwe enough food. He made the boy do a lot of hard work.



Hvis Magozwe klagede over noget eller satte spørgsmålstegn ved noget, slog hans onkel ham. Når Magozwe spurgte, om han måtte gå i skole, slog hans onkel ham og sagde: "Du er for dum til at lære noget." Efter tre år med denne behandling løb Magozwe hjemmefra. Han begyndte at bo på gaden.

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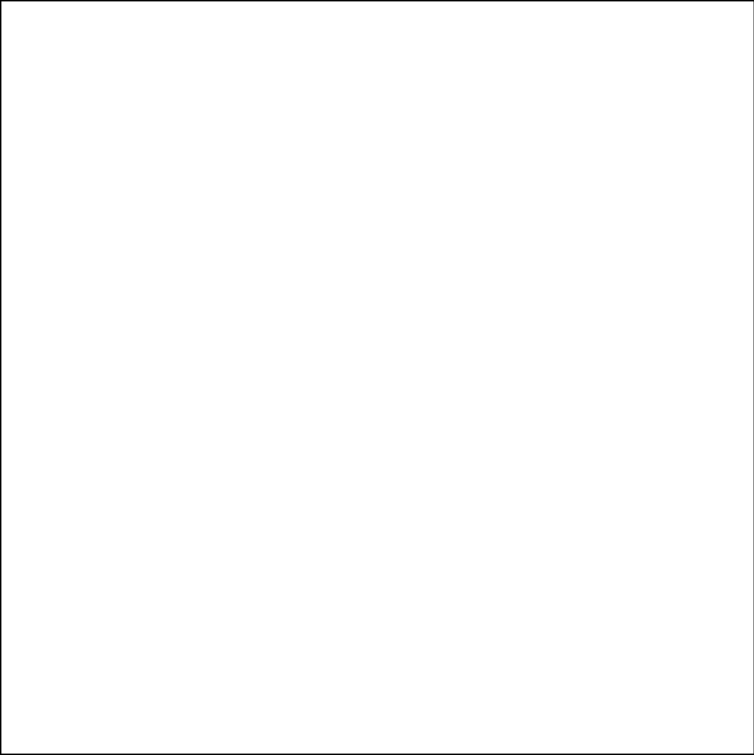
If Magozwe complained or questioned, his uncle beat him. When Magozwe asked if he could go to school, his uncle beat him and said, "You're too stupid to learn anything." After three years of this treatment Magozwe ran away from his uncle. He started living on the street.



Livet på gaden var svært, og de fleste drenge kæmpede hver dag for at få noget at spise. Nogle gange blev de arresteret, nogle gange fik de bank. Når de blev syge, var der ingen hjælp. Gruppen var afhængig af de få penge, de kunne få ved at tigge og ved at sælge plastik og andet genbrug. Livet blev endnu sværere på grund af de kampe, der var med de rivaliserende grupper, som ville have magt i denne del af byen.

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Street life was difficult and most of the boys struggled daily just to get food. Sometimes they were arrested, sometimes they were beaten. When they were sick, there was no one to help. The group depended on the little money they got from begging, and from selling plastics and other recycling. Life was even more difficult because of fights with rival groups who wanted control of parts of the city.



En dag da Magozwe rodede i skraldespandene, fandt han en gammel, laset historiebog. Han børstede skidt af den og puttede den i sin pose. Siden da tog han hver dag bogen frem og kiggede på billederne. Han kunne ikke læse ordene.

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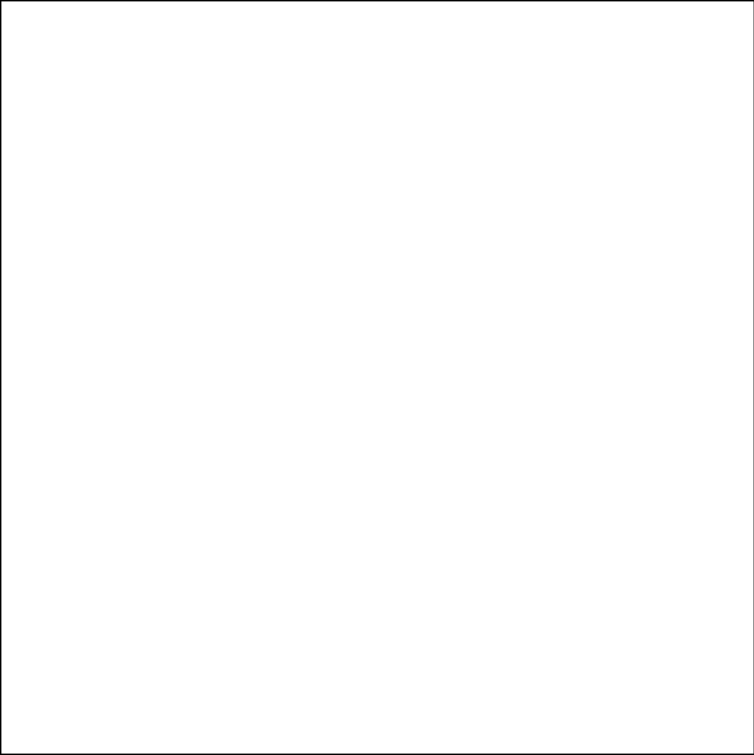
One day while Magozwe was looking through the dustbins, he found an old tattered storybook. He cleaned the dirt from it and put it in his sack. Every day after that he would take out the book and look at the pictures. He did not know how to read the words.



Billederne fortalte en historie om en dreng, der voksede op og blev pilot. Magozwe dagdrømte om at blive pilot. Nogle gange forestillede han sig, at han var drengen i historien.

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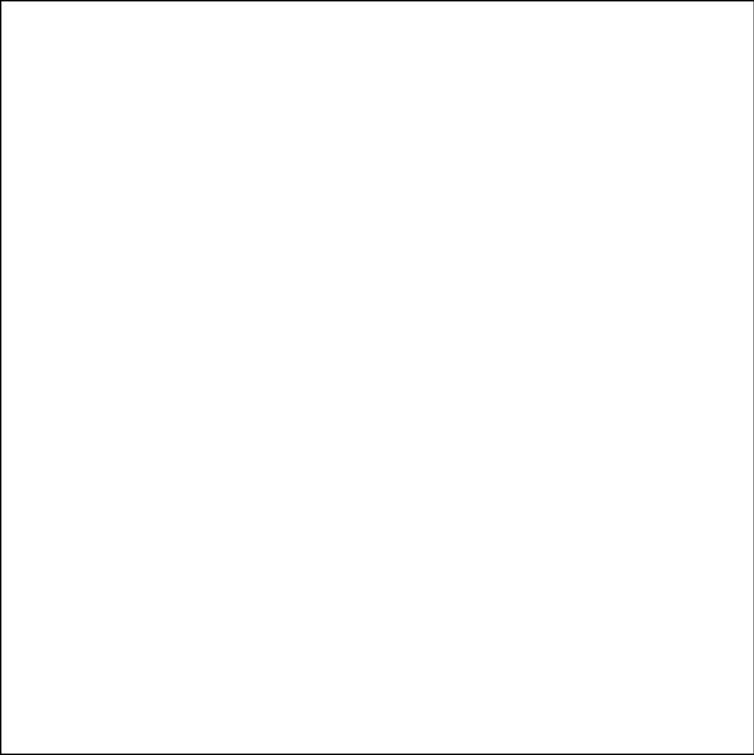
The pictures told the story of a boy who grew up to be a pilot. Magozwe would daydream of being a pilot. Sometimes, he imagined that he was the boy in the story.



Det var koldt, og Magozwe stod ved vejen og tiggede. En mand kom hen til ham. "Hej, jeg hedder Thomas. Jeg arbejder på et sted her i nærheden, hvor du kan få noget at spise," sagde manden. Han pegede på et gult hus med et blåt tag. "Jeg håber, du vil gå derhen og få noget at spise?" spurgte han. Magozwe kiggede på manden og så på huset. "Måske," sagde han og gik væk.

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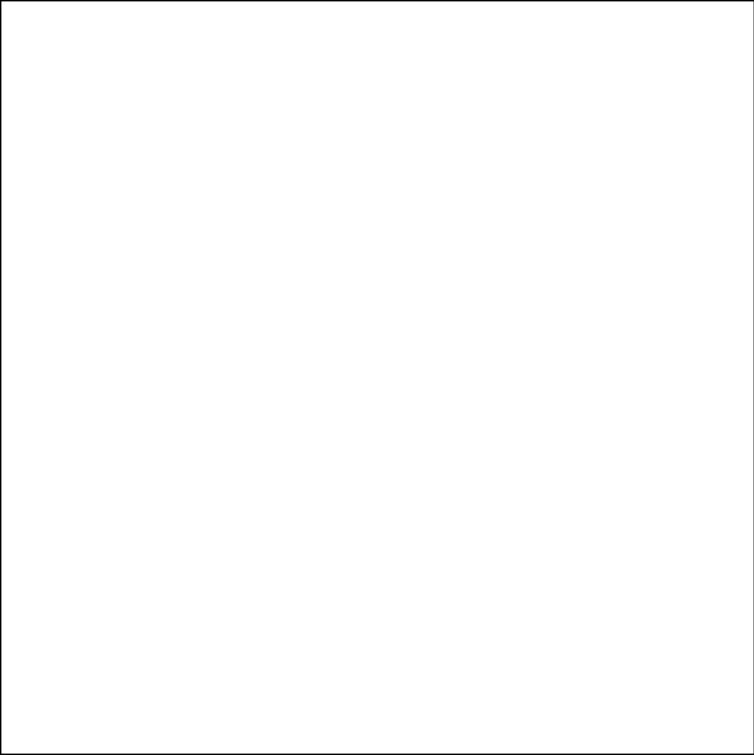
It was cold and Magozwe was standing on the road begging. A man walked up to him. "Hello, I'm Thomas. I work near here, at a place where you can get something to eat," said the man. He pointed to a yellow house with a blue roof. "I hope you will go there to get some food?" he asked. Magozwe looked at the man, and then at the house. "Maybe," he said, and walked away.



I de følgende måneder vænnede de hjemløse drenge sig til, at Thomas var i nærheden. Han kunne lide at snakke med folk, især med dem, der boede på gaden. Thomas lyttede til historierne om andres liv. Han var alvorlig og tålmodig, aldrig uhøflig eller respektløs. Nogle af drengene begyndte at besøge det gule og blå hus for at få middagsmad.

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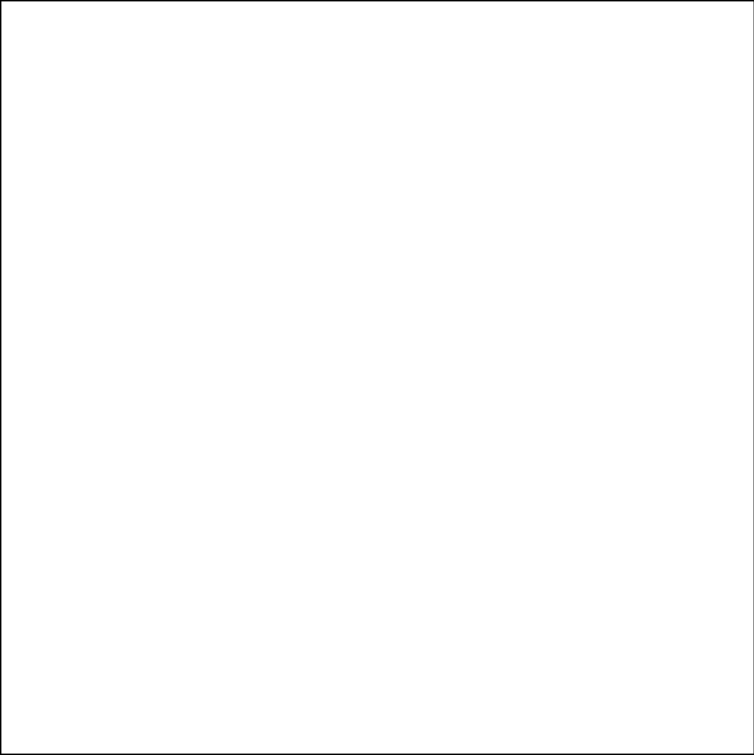
Over the months that followed, the homeless boys got used to seeing Thomas around. He liked to talk to people, especially people living on the streets. Thomas listened to the stories of people's lives. He was serious and patient, never rude or disrespectful. Some of the boys started going to the yellow and blue house to get food at midday.



Magozwe sad på fortovet og kiggede i sin billedbog, da Thomas satte sig ved siden af ham. "Hvad handler historien om?" spurgte Thomas. "Den handler om en dreng, der bliver pilot," svarede Magozwe. "Hvad hedder drengen?" spurgte Thomas. "Det ved jeg ikke. Jeg kan ikke læse," sagde Magozwe stille.

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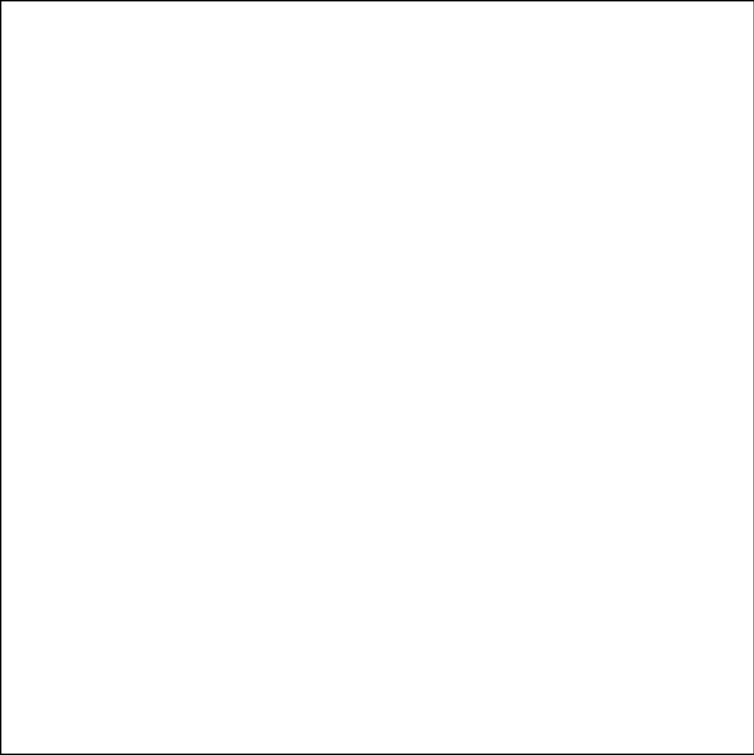
Magozwe was sitting on the pavement looking at his picture book when Thomas sat down next to him. "What is the story about?" asked Thomas. "It's about a boy who becomes a pilot," replied Magozwe. "What's the boy's name?" asked Thomas. "I don't know, I can't read," said Magozwe quietly.



Når de mødtes, begyndte Magozwe at fortælle sin egen historie til Thomas. Det var historien om hans onkel, og hvordan han løb hjemmefra. Thomas snakkede ikke meget, og han fortalte ikke Magozwe, hvad han burde gøre, men han hørte altid godt efter. Nogle gange snakkede de, mens de spiste i huset med det blå tag.

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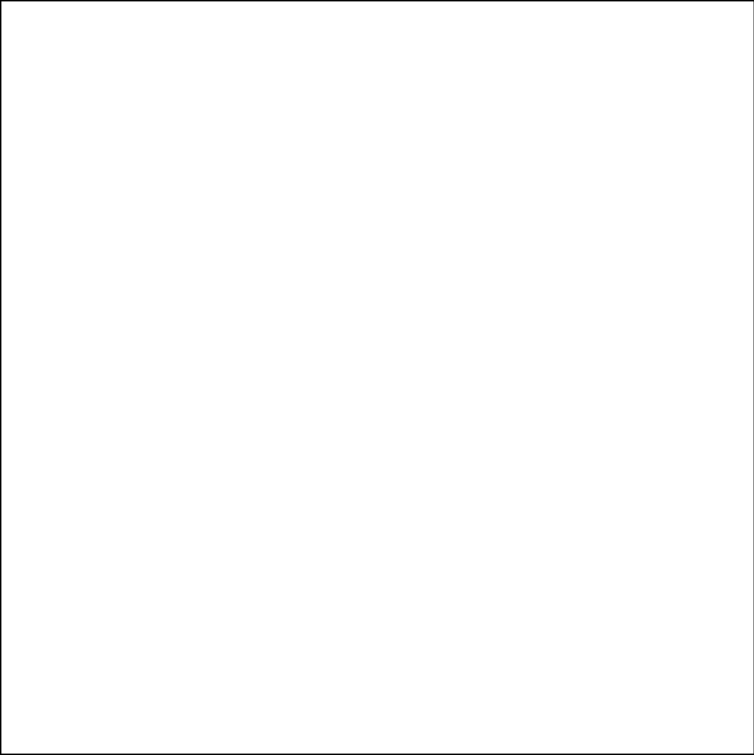
When they met, Magozwe began to tell his own story to Thomas. It was the story of his uncle and why he ran away. Thomas didn't talk a lot, and he didn't tell Magozwe what to do, but he always listened carefully. Sometimes they would talk while they ate at the house with the blue roof.



Da Magozwe fyldte ti, gav Thomas ham en ny historiebog. Det var en historie om en landsbydreng, der voksede op og blev en kendt fodboldspiller. Thomas læste historien for Magozwe mange gange, indtil han en dag sagde: "Jeg tror, det er på tide, at du går i skole og lærer at læse. Hvad siger du til det?" Thomas forklarede, at han kendte et sted, hvor børn kunne bo og gå i skole.

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Around Magozwe's tenth birthday, Thomas gave him a new storybook. It was a story about a village boy who grew up to be a famous soccer player. Thomas read that story to Magozwe many times, until one day he said, "I think it's time you went to school and learned to read. What do you think?" Thomas explained that he knew of a place where children could stay, and go to school.



Magozwe tænkte over det nye sted og over at gå i skole. Hvad nu hvis hans onkel havde ret, og at han var for dum til at lære noget? Hvad nu hvis de slog ham på det nye sted? Han var bange. "Måske er det bedre at blive boende på gaden," tænkte han.

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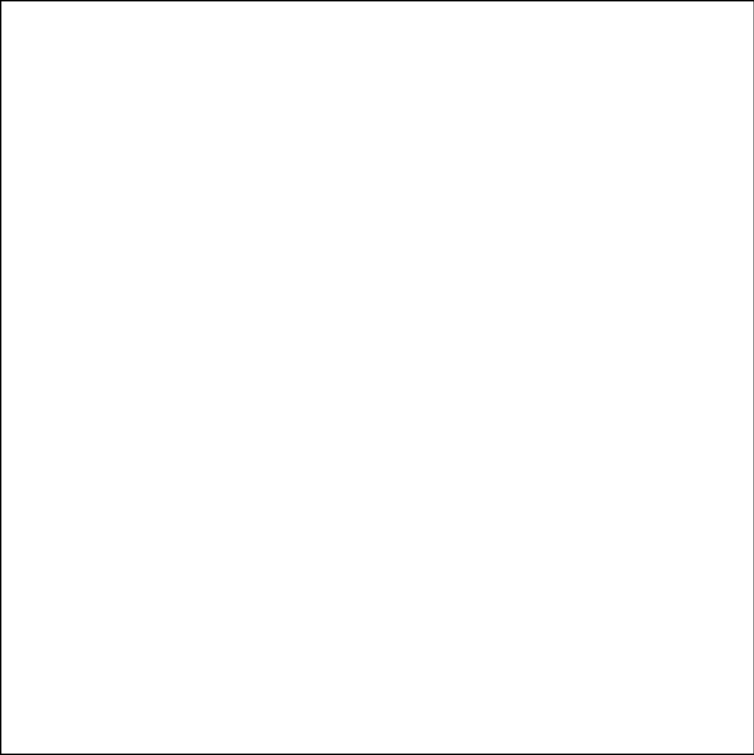
Magozwe thought about this new place, and about going to school. What if his uncle was right and he was too stupid to learn anything? What if they beat him at this new place? He was afraid. "Maybe it is better to stay living on the street," he thought.



Han fortalte Thomas om sin frygt. Det tog manden tid at forsikre drengen om, at livet kunne blive bedre det nye sted.

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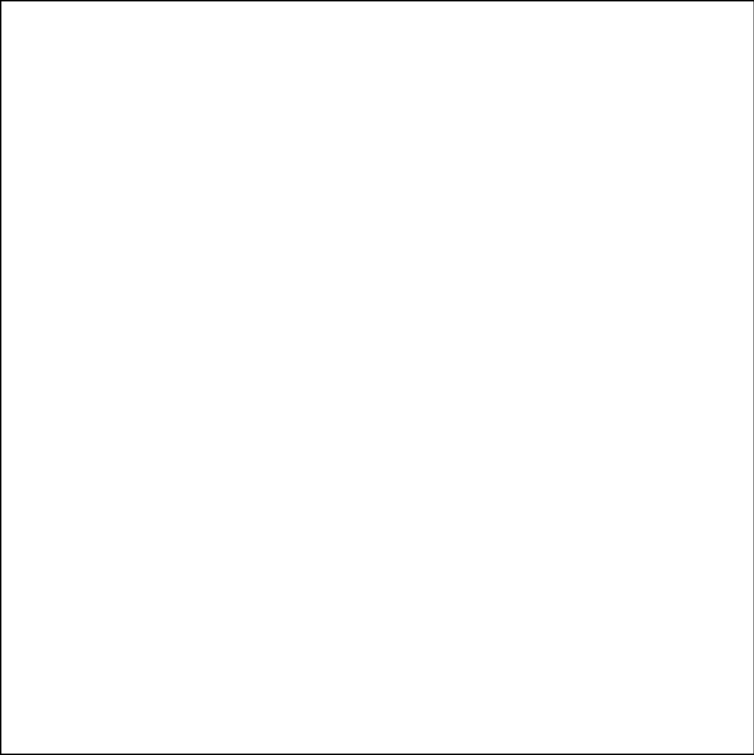
He shared his fears with Thomas. Over time the man reassured the boy that life could be better at the new place.



Så Magozwe flyttede ind på et værelse i et hus med et grønt tag. Han delte værelset med to andre drenge. Alt i alt boede der ti drenge i huset. Sammen med Tante Cissy og hendes mand, tre hunde, en kat og en gammel ged.

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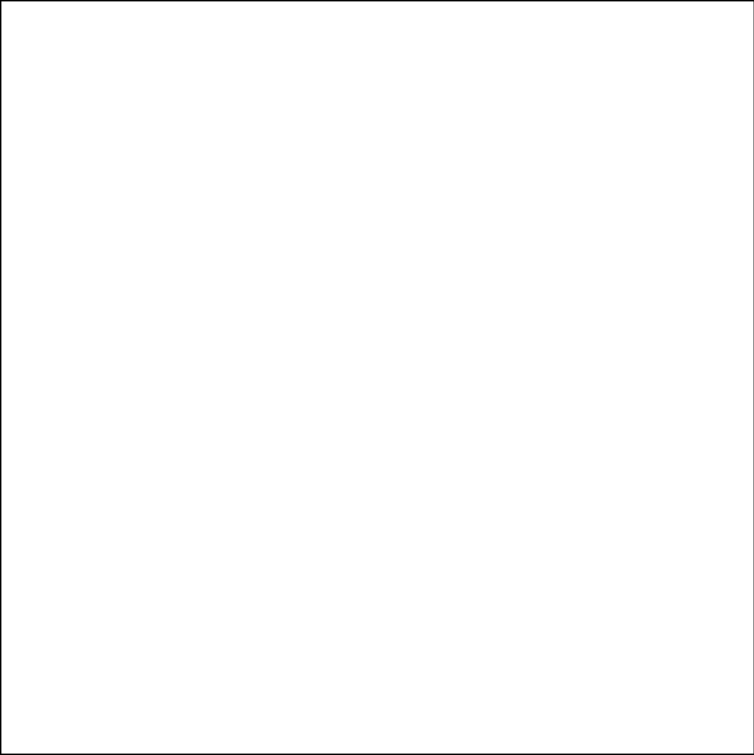
And so Magozwe moved into a room in a house with a green roof. He shared the room with two other boys. Altogether there were ten children living at that house. Along with Auntie Cissy and her husband, three dogs, a cat, and an old goat.



Magozwe begyndte i skole, og det var svært. Han meget at indhente. Nogle gange havde han lyst til at give op. Men han tænkte på piloten og på fodboldspilleren i historiebøgerne. Ligesom dem ville han ikke give op.

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Magozwe started school and it was difficult. He had a lot to catch up. Sometimes he wanted to give up. But he thought about the pilot and the soccer player in the storybooks. Like them, he did not give up.



Magozwe sad i haven uden for huset med det grønne tag og læste i en af skolens bøger. Thomas kom og satte sig ved siden af ham. "Hvad handler historien om?" spurgte Thomas. "Den handler om en dreng, der bliver lærer," svarede Magozwe. "Hvad hedder drengen?" spurgte Thomas. "Han hedder Magozwe," sagde Magozwe med et smil.

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Magozwe was sitting in the yard at the house with the green roof, reading a storybook from school. Thomas came up and sat next to him. "What is the story about?" asked Thomas. "It's about a boy who becomes a teacher," replied Magozwe. "What's the boy's name?" asked Thomas. "His name is Magozwe," said Magozwe with a smile.




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