




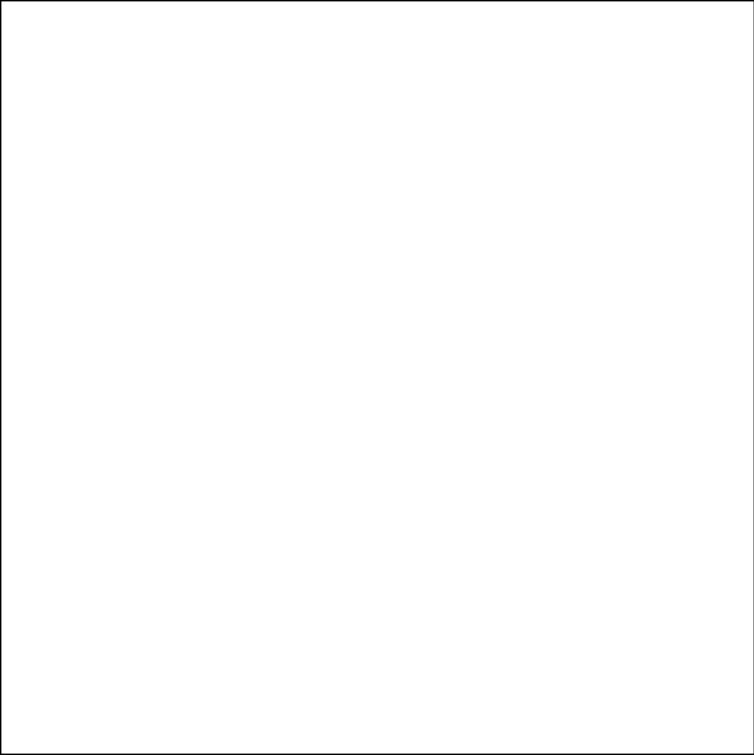




Magozwe

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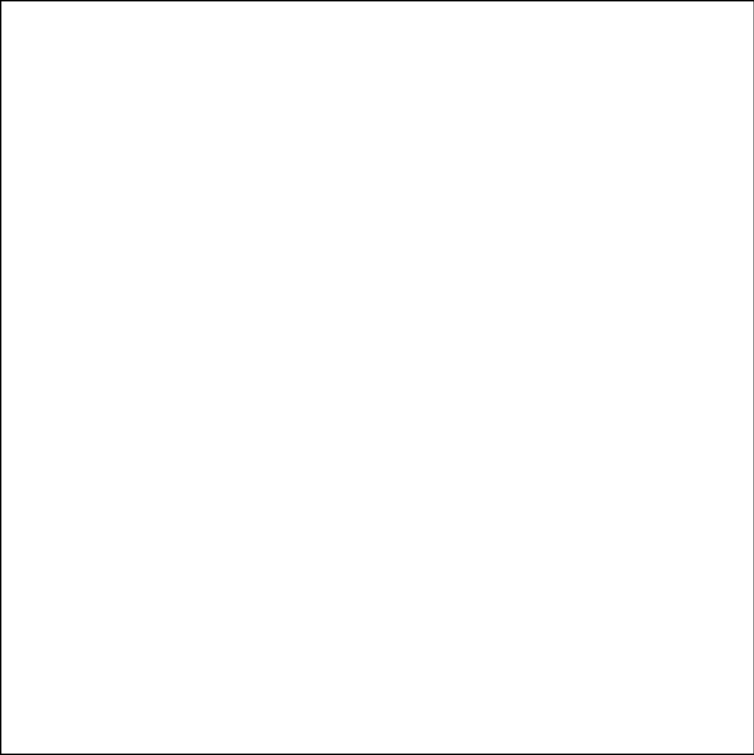
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-  Amos Mubunga Kambere
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-  Olukonjo koo / English en



Halihali okwamiyi yabandu, omwa kibugha kikulhu ekya Nairobi mwabyamwikere abalhwana abatawithe miyi. Abalhwana bakakwama erilindirira ekiro erira nerikya. Kiro kighuma, omwangyakya bakanza erithibitha okwambeho, mubahemba omuliro erikolesya ebithi eby'okwakasasiro. Omwabalhwana bano mwabya mughuma kandi iya mulere mubo, inyakahulhawa mwa Magozwe.

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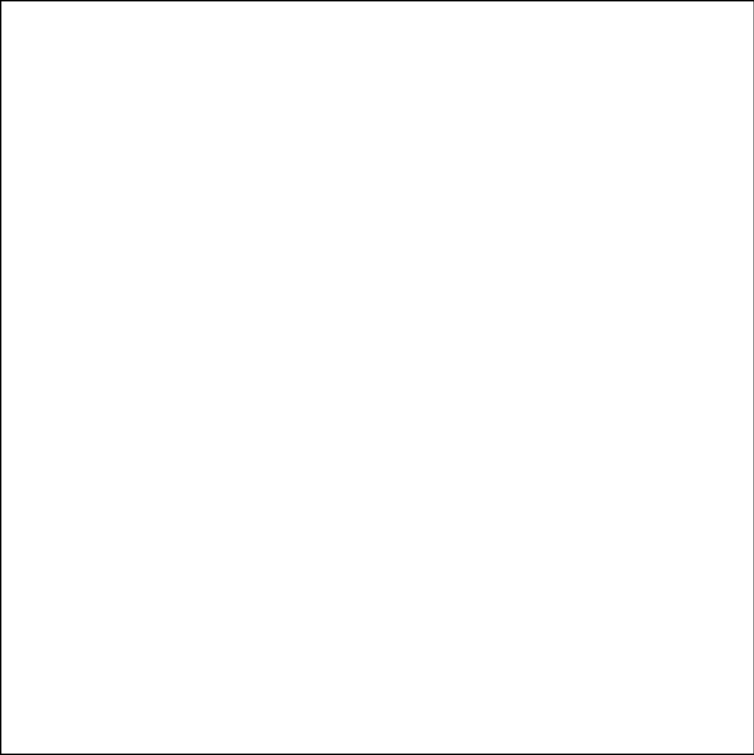
In the busy city of Nairobi, far away from a caring life at home, lived a group of homeless boys. They welcomed each day just as it came. On one morning, the boys were packing their mats after sleeping on cold pavements. To chase away the cold they lit a fire with rubbish. Among the group of boys was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



Ababuthi ba Magozwe mubaholha inyali myaka ithano.
Neryo mwaghenda eriyikalha nasomulere wiwe.
Omulhume ono mwathafayo kutsibu okwamwana ono.
Isialimuha ebyalya ebikaghunza kandi ibwa inyakakolesaya
Magozwe yemibiri minene.

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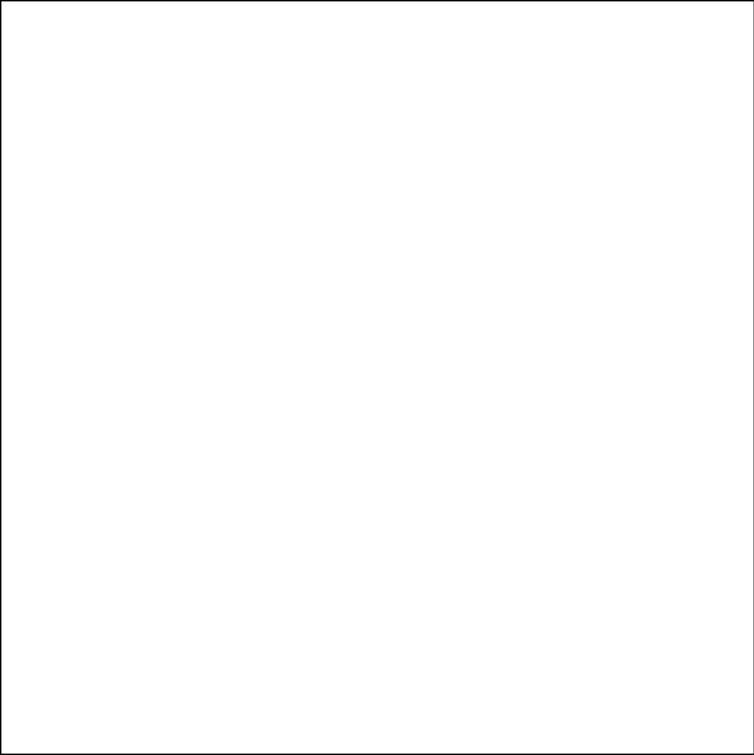
When Magozwe's parents died, he was only five years old.
He went to live with his uncle. This man did not care about
the child. He did not give Magozwe enough food. He made
the boy do a lot of hard work.



Magozwe anabya amayibughanganisya neryo somulere wiwe inyakamuswiraya. Anabya amabugha athi akanza eriyasoma, neryo omulhume inyakamuswiraya, athi iwe “siwangathoka kisomo ulimudoma”. Habere hahwa myaka isathu, Magozwe mwathibitha erilhwa okwa mulhume ono, neryo atsuka erikesya okwasyambalho.

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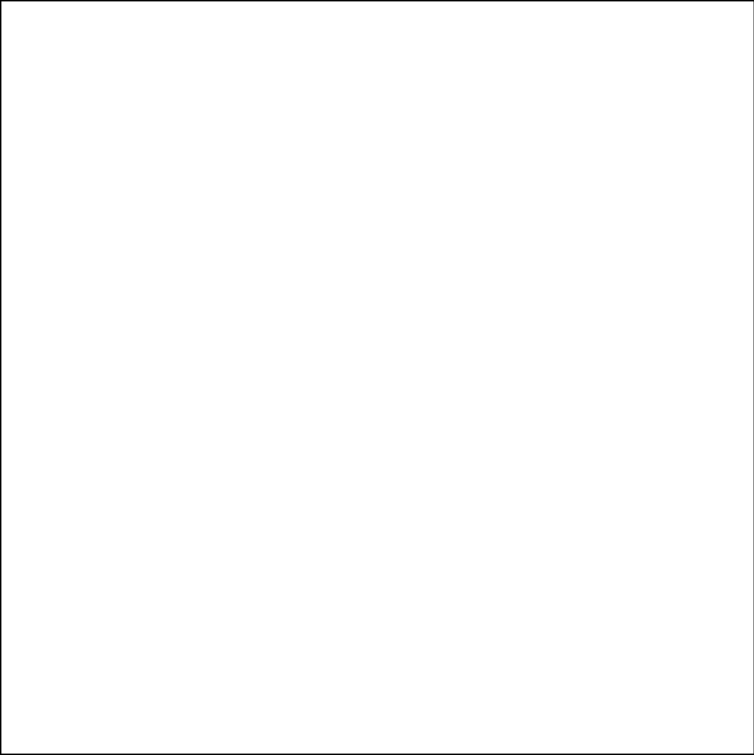
If Magozwe complained or questioned, his uncle beat him. When Magozwe asked if he could go to school, his uncle beat him and said, “You’re too stupid to learn anything.” After three years of this treatment Magozwe ran away from his uncle. He started living on the street.



Erikalha okwasyambalho abya mwatsi akalire. Ebiro ebinene sibalithunga ebyerirya. Obuthuku obundi bakahambawa nabanyabuthoki, neryo ibanyamurwa. Obundi buthuku bakalhwalha, sibalithunga buwathikya. Othusente othwabakalhusaya omwiwulya obukopo, nerisabirirya thothukabawathikaya. Kandi ibwa kundi hane ebikundi ebindi omwakibugha ebikalhwira ebipindi ebyerikoleramu.

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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.



Kiro kighuma Magozwe abere animutakura omwakasasiro, mwalhangira mw'ekitabu ekiri mw'othwatsi nebisosano. Neryo mwimyako amahira omwa sakira yiwe. Bwanakya bulikiro inyasamalira ebisosano, kusangwa abya isiasi erisoma.

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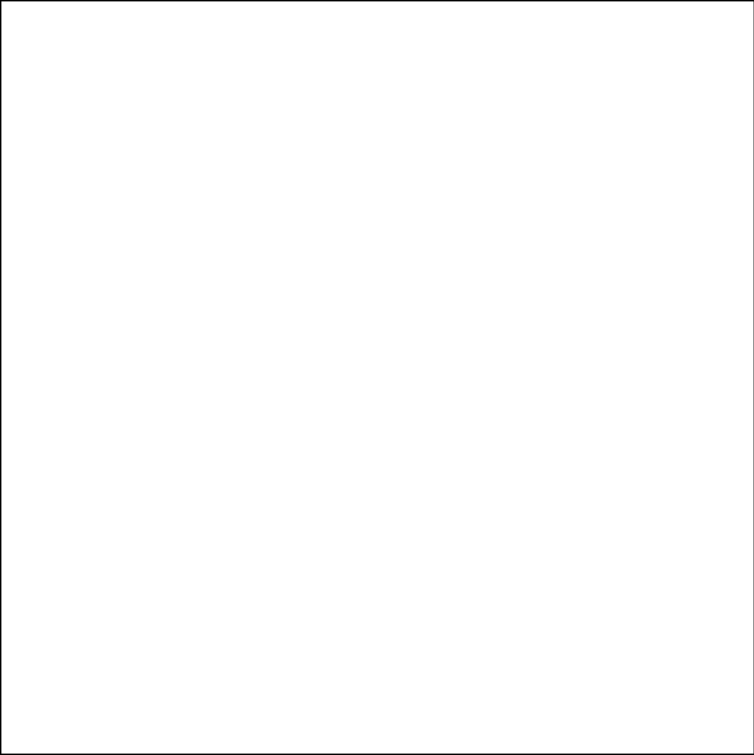
One day while Magozwe was looking through the dustbins, he found an old tattered storybook. He cleaned the dirt from it and put it in his sack. Every day after that he would take out the book and look at the pictures. He did not know how to read the words.



Ebisosano by'abya byomwatsi ow'omulhwana oyowabya anzire erikulha nerisoma eribya omufughi w'erisu. Obuthuku obundi Magozwe inyakalengekanaya athi ambi niyo mulhwana omwabisosano.

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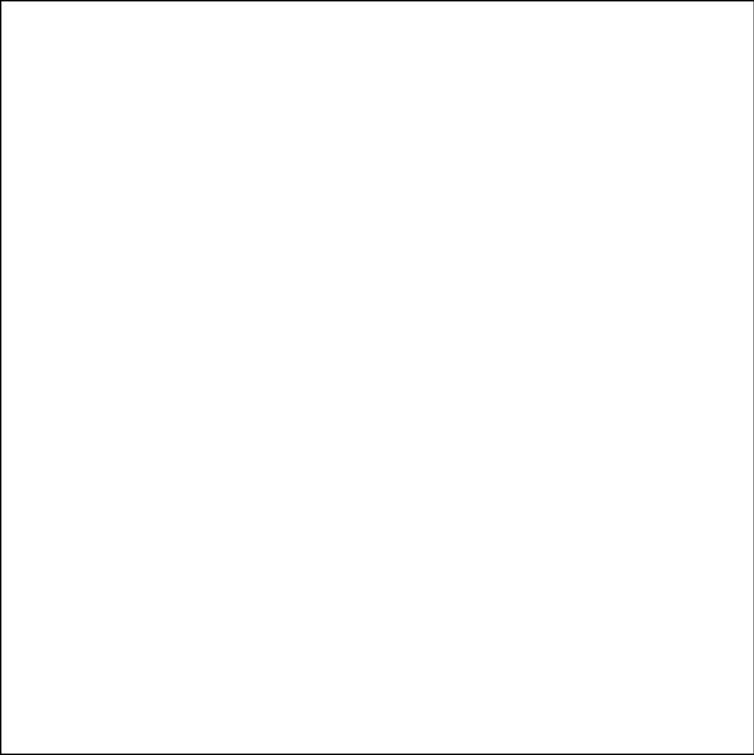
The pictures told the story of a boy who grew up to be a pilot. Magozwe would daydream of being a pilot. Sometimes, he imagined that he was the boy in the story.



Omwambeho Magozwe abya inyanimene okwanzira akasabirirya. Omulhume mughuma mwasa hakuhi nayo, “Kuthi, Ningye Thomas. Ngakolera hakuhi nahawanganathunga ekyerirya, “Wamalhangira enyumba/ekyumba eyekisande halya” Thomas amakangirira omulhwana. “Ngalengekanaya wanganaghenda iwayathunga hekyerirya.” Magozwe mwasamalira omulhume, amasamalira n’enyumba, “Mbino” neryo amayinghendera.

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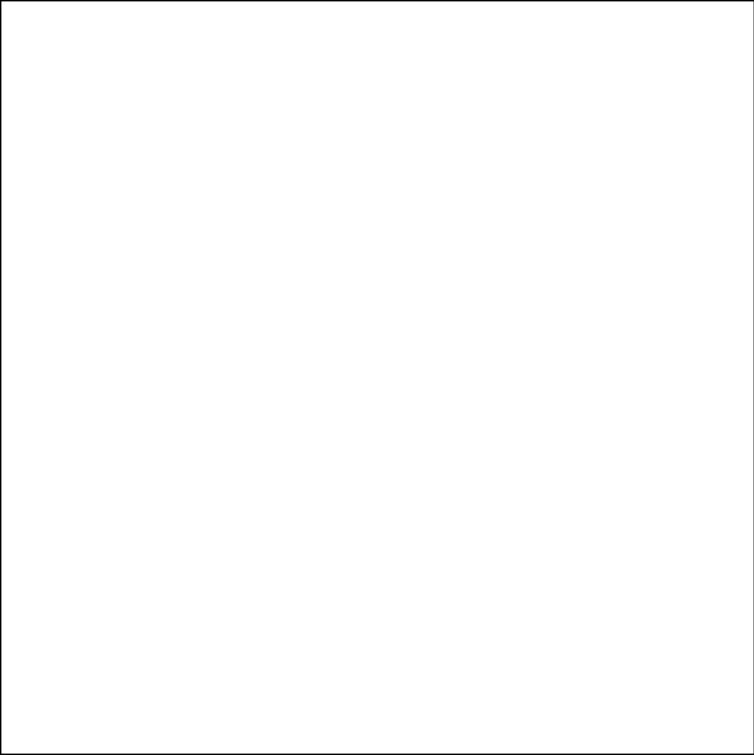
It was cold and Magozwe was standing on the road begging. A man walked up to him. “Hello, I’m Thomas. I work near here, at a place where you can get something to eat,” said the man. He pointed to a yellow house with a blue roof. “I hope you will go there to get some food?” he asked. Magozwe looked at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



Emighenda yabere yalhaba minene, omulhwana Magozwe mwabya inyanemulholha kwa Thomas. Aby'anzire eribya inyanemukania nabandu kulhabirirya abw'okwanzira. Thomas anzire erihulikirira emyatsi yabandu, kandi enyasikire bulimundu. Sikabya saha mukagha, abaghuma okwa bathabana bamatsuka erighenda omwa nyumba eyerangi y'ekisande eriyalyayo okwakalyo.

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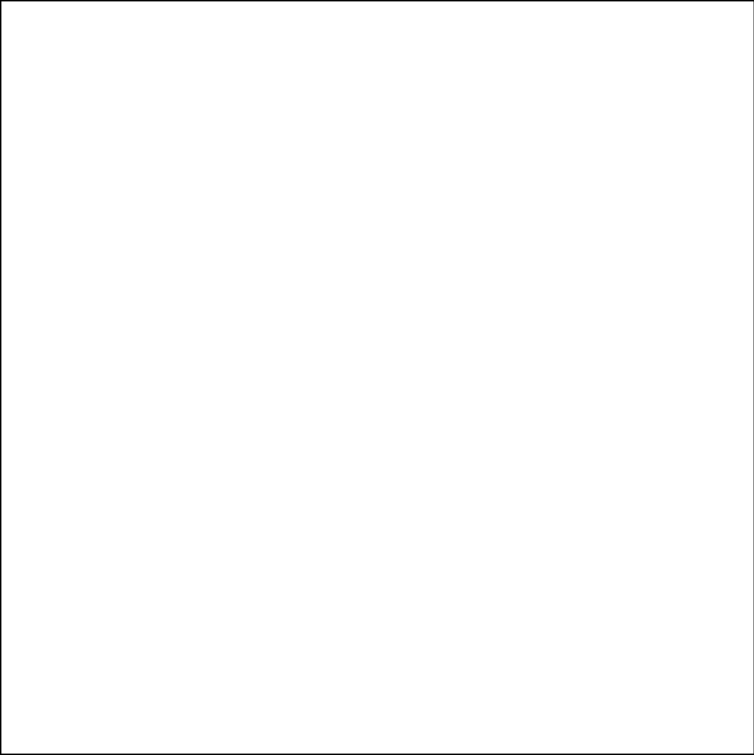
Over the months that followed, the homeless boys got used to seeing Thomas around. He liked to talk to people, especially people living on the streets. Thomas listened to the stories of people's lives. He was serious and patient, never rude or disrespectful. Some of the boys started going to the yellow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



Magozwe abere anikere okwa kathumbi inyanemusamalira ebisosano by'omwakitabu kiwe, Thomas mwasa amikalha hakuhi nayo. Thomas mwabulya, “ibwa ebisosano bikathula mwatsi ki?” Magozwe mwamusubirya athi, “bikabugha okwa mulhwana oyowasoma eribya mufughi w'erisu.” Thomas mwamubulya, “omulhwana erina liwe ngayandi?” Magozwe mwasubamo, “singasi, kusangwa singasi erisoma”.

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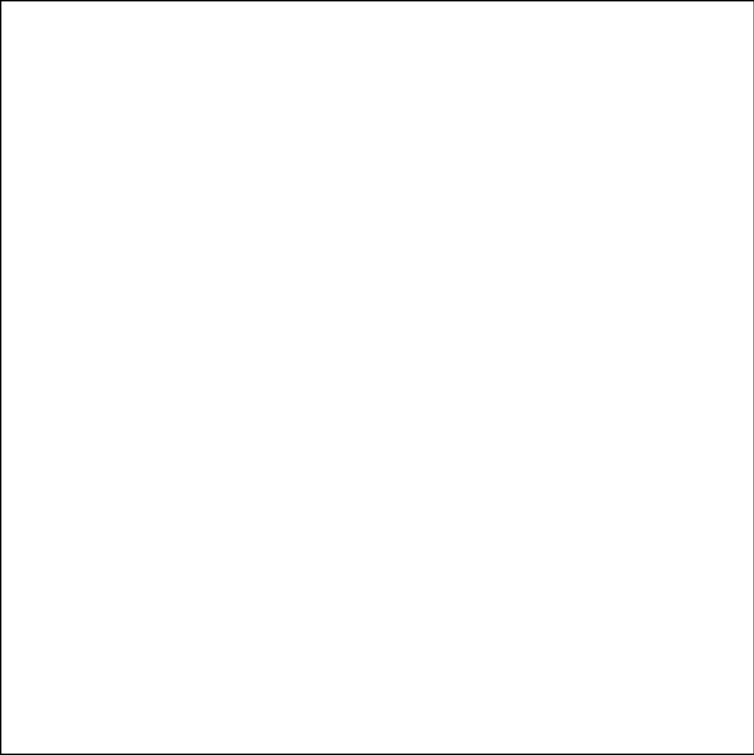
Magozwe was sitting on the pavement looking at his picture book when Thomas sat down next to him. “What is the story about?” asked Thomas. “It’s about a boy who becomes a pilot,” replied Magozwe. “What’s the boy’s name?” asked Thomas. “I don’t know, I can’t read,” said Magozwe quietly.



Neryo Magozwe amatsuka erithulira Thomas ebiritho alhabamo na somulere wiwe, ekyaleka inyathibitha omwa kibugha. Thomas mwathakania, aliriryo mwakwamakyahulikirira. Obundi buthuku ibakahanulha ibanemulya omwanyumba y'erangyi ey'bbururu.

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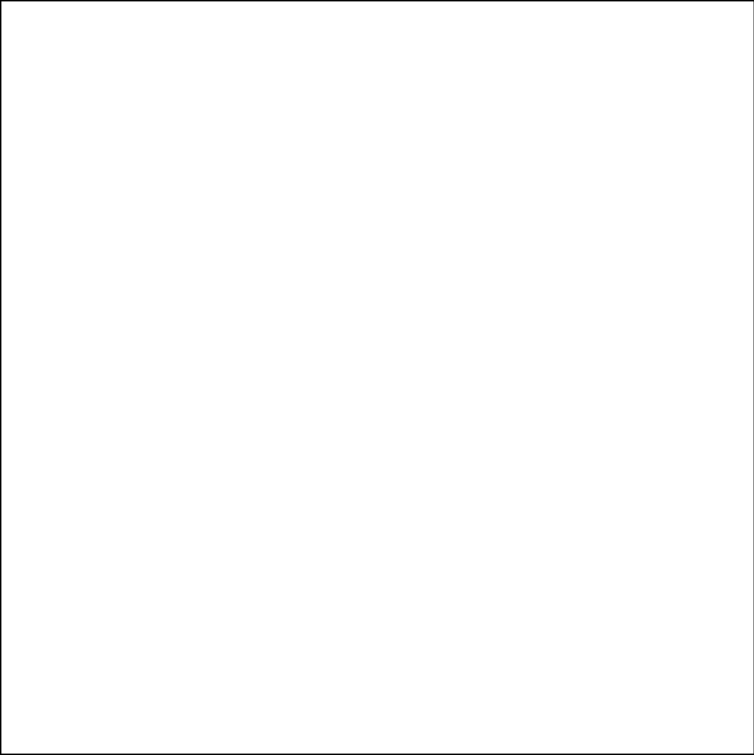
When they met, Magozwe began to tell his own story to Thomas. It was the story of his uncle and why he ran away. Thomas didn't talk a lot, and he didn't tell Magozwe what to do, but he always listened carefully. Sometimes they would talk while they ate at the house with the blue roof.



Magozwe abere akabya myaka ikumi, okwamabuthwa iwe, Thomas mwamulethera ekindi kitabu. Kino ikabugha okwamuthabana w'omwakyalo oyowakulha eribya musathi wakupira. Thomas mwasomera Magozwe emirundi minene, neryo kiro kighuma mwabugha athi, “ngalengekanaya utholere erighenda omw'asukuru wanghigha eriyisomera.” Thomas mwabugha athi anasi ahali esukuru nahabana bakikalha eriwotsera ndeke ibanemughenda okwasukuru.

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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 mwalengekana kutsibu okwabirengekanio bya Thomas. Mwalengekana athi “obundi somulere wiwe abyahikire akabugha athi nimudoma siangathoka kisomo. Kandi amalengenia athi obundi banganamuswira okw’itendekero lino”, Neryo amathasialengekana athi “obundi erikwamakyabya okwa mbalho nerisabirirya kyangalenga eriyasoma.” mwalengekana ebyosi ebyo.

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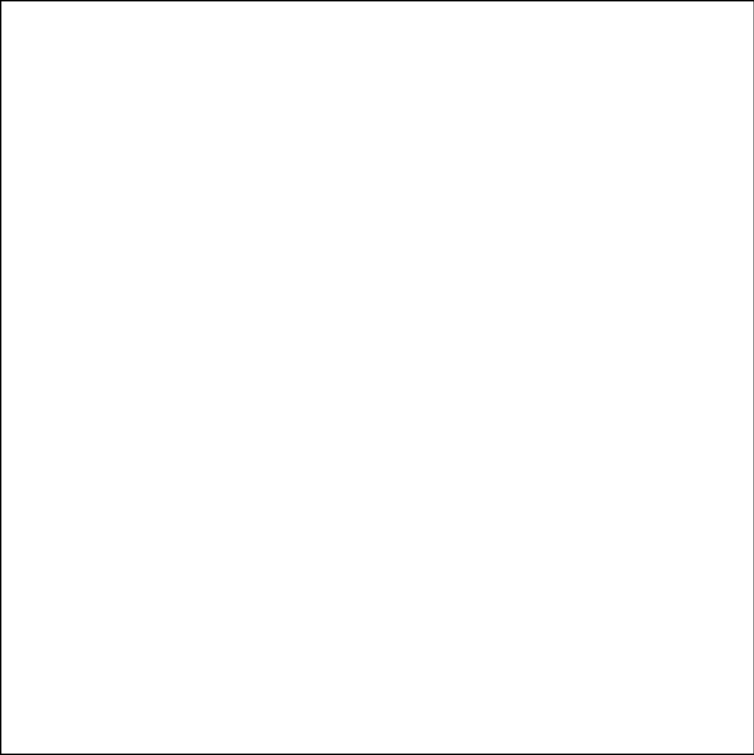
Magozwe thought about this new place, and about going to school. What if his uncle was right and he was too stupid to learn anything? What if they beat him at this new place? He was afraid. “Maybe it is better to stay living on the street,” he thought.



Neryo Magozwe mwakanirya Thomas erimubwira obulengekania bwiwe. Kyonga iyo mwamusikya athi ebindu bikendisiwana omwabwikalho buhyaka.

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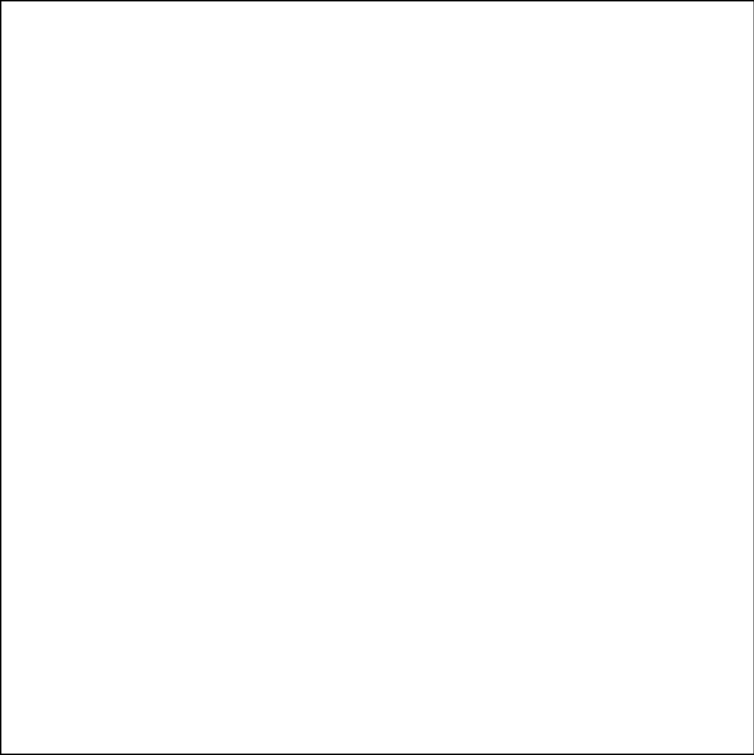
He shared his fears with Thomas. Over time the man reassured the boy that life could be better at the new place.



Neryo Magozwe mwahereribwa ekisenge omwanyumba eyerangi yekibabi. Mwikalha omwakisenge nabandi balhwana. Abosi hauma mubabya balhwana ikumi. Haima nasongali wabaana Cissy namwirawiwe, kandi nesyambwa isathu, akagyangwa n'embene ngulhu.

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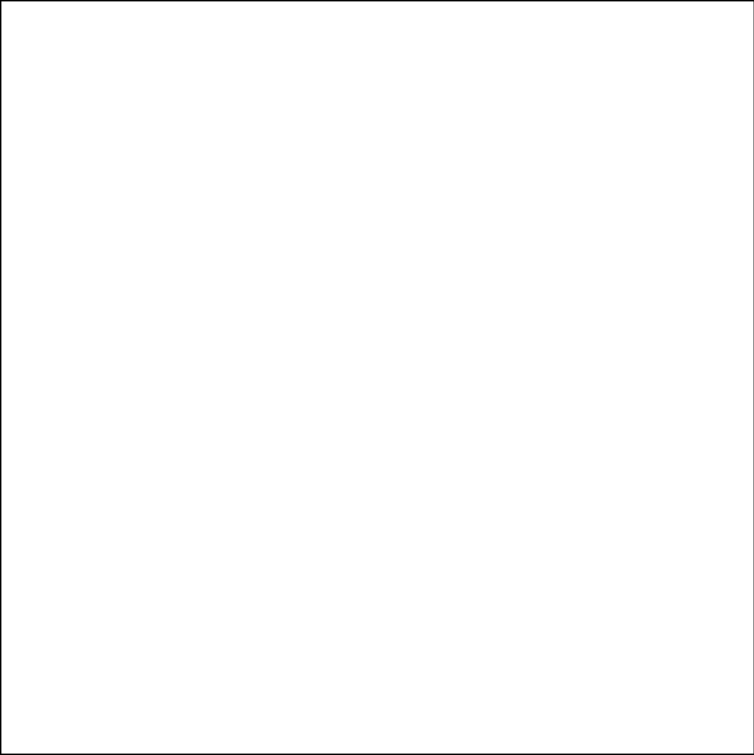
And so Magozwe moved into a room in a house with a green roof. He shared the room with two other boys. Altogether there were ten children living at that house. Along with Auntie Cissy and her husband, three dogs, a cat, and an old goat.



Magozwe mwatsuka ekisomo aliriryo ibwa mukitabya kyolho. Abya inyabirisighalira enyuma yakutsibu. Obundi buthuku inyakananza erihanika. Kyonga anabya amalengekania okw'amufughi w'endege, n'omusathi womupira, neryo inyakahiraho amani manene.

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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 abere anikere omwabalazi yenyumba eyekibabi, inyanemusoma ekithabu, neryo Thomas mwakabukalha amasa, nayo amikalha omwabalazi nayo. Neryo amabulya ati “ekitabu kikabugha kithiki?” Magozwe mwasubamo athi, “kikabugha okwamuthabana oyukendisyabya musomesya”. Thomas amathasyabulya, “omulhwana erinaliwe yandi?” “Erina liwe ya’Magozwe”, Magozwe mwasubamo inyanatsemire.

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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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Magozwe

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