




Ekiro Nalw'eka ingaghenda omw'akibugha

The day I left home for the city

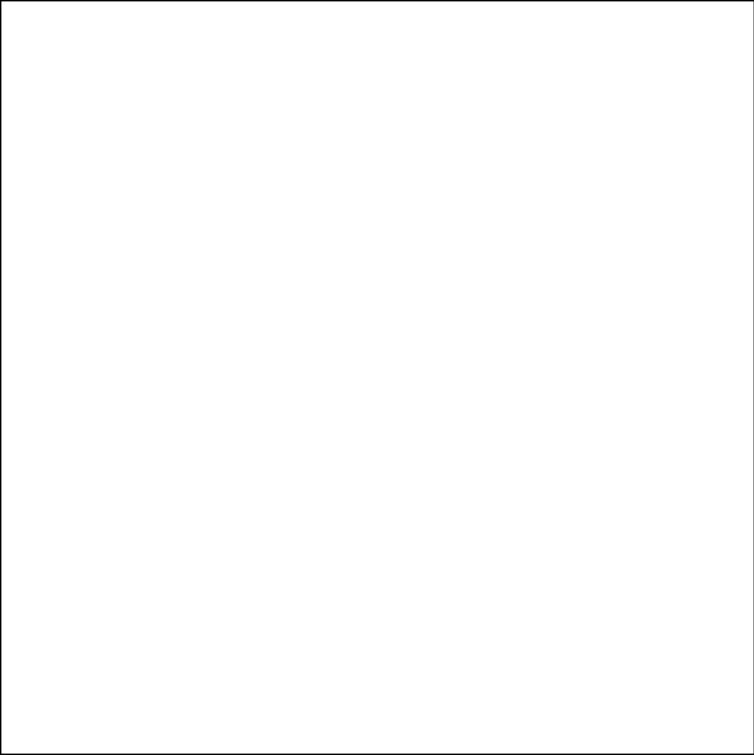
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 Olukonjo / English



Ah'ebbasi yikimana omwakyalo kyethu hakusulha abandu haima n'esya'bbasi esihekire abandu banene erirenga ekipimo. Ahisi okwakithaka naho hanuswire ebindu. Abalebesya bakabirikira n'erithulha ah'esya'bbasi sikaghenda.

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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.



“Kibugha! Kibugha! oyukaghenda ebulengera lyuba”
omulebesya akabirikira. Eyo y’ebbasi
eyikendindwalha omw’akibugha.

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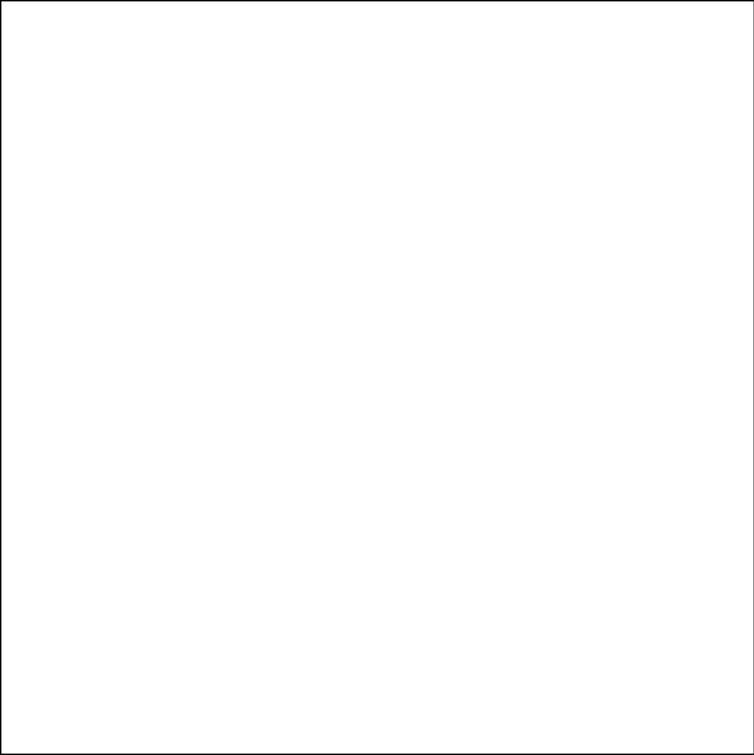
“City! City! Going west!” I heard a tout shouting.
That was the bus I needed to catch.



Ebbasi eyikaghenda omwakibugha yabya iyabiryosulha, kyonga abandu abakinayisoka muyo. Abandi ibanemuhira emighughu yabo yahisi y'ebbasi. Abandi bakasambiraya emighughu yabo okwa ndatha y'ebbasi.

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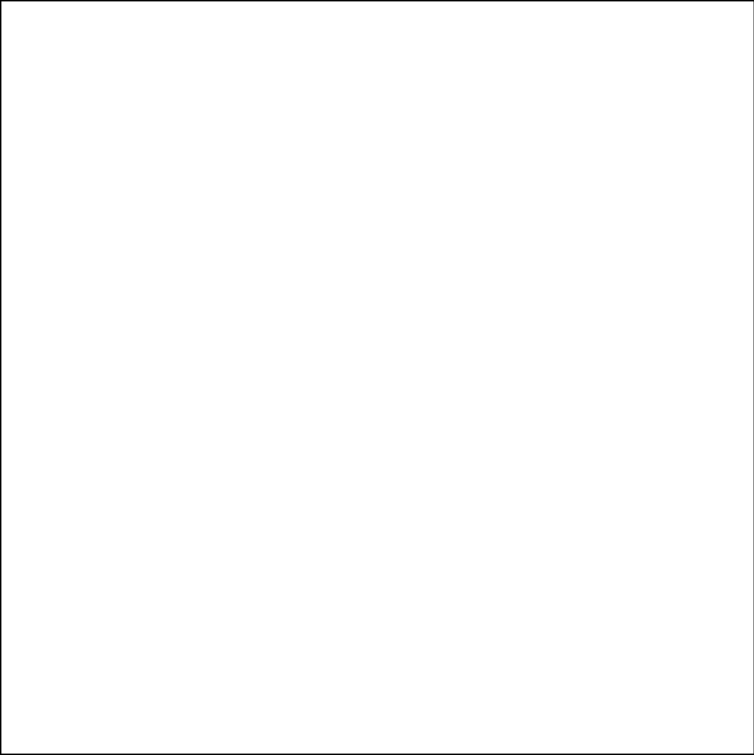
The city bus was almost full, but more people were still pushing to get on. Some packed their luggage under the bus. Others put theirs on the racks inside.



Abalhambayiri abandi bakahamba esya tighiti
syabo sy'omwabyalha banemusondia aheryikalha
omwabbasi eyiswire. Abaghole abali n'abana balere
mubalhangira bathi bakabalembere ndeke,
kusangwa olhughendo nilhuli.

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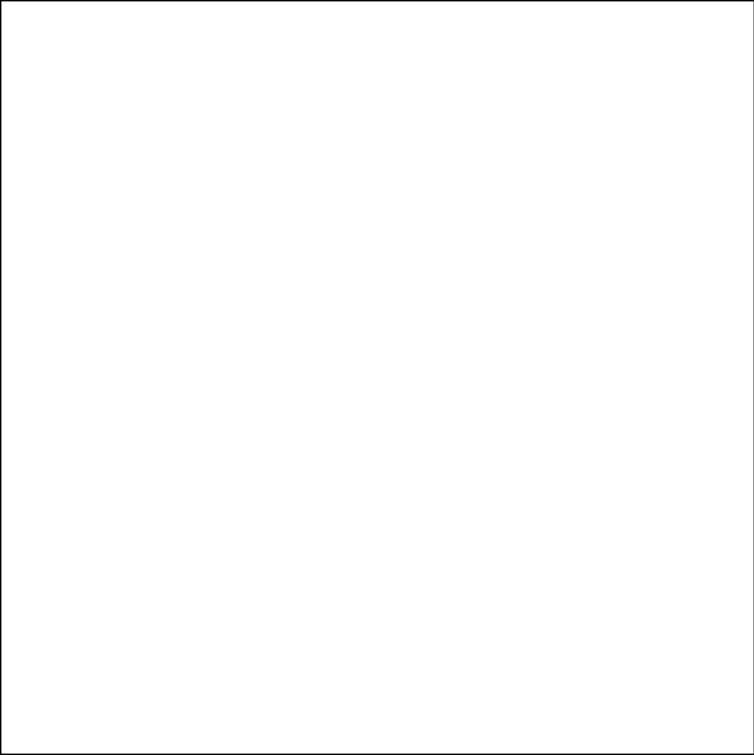
New passengers clutched their tickets as they
looked for somewhere to sit in the crowded bus.
Women with young children made them
comfortable for the long journey.



Neryo munayihathathania hakuhi neridirisa. Oyuwabya ikere hakuhi nayi mwahambirirya okwakyikapa kiwe ekyamatsitsi. Abya ambere esyakyapali, n'ekabuthe eyikulire kandi mwalhangirikana ngali mwobuba.

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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.



Nabere nawusa ameso weyihya, mwanalhangira
kunamasigha ekyalo kyethu, ahanabuthirawa
nerikulhira, obo ngaghenda omwakibugha.

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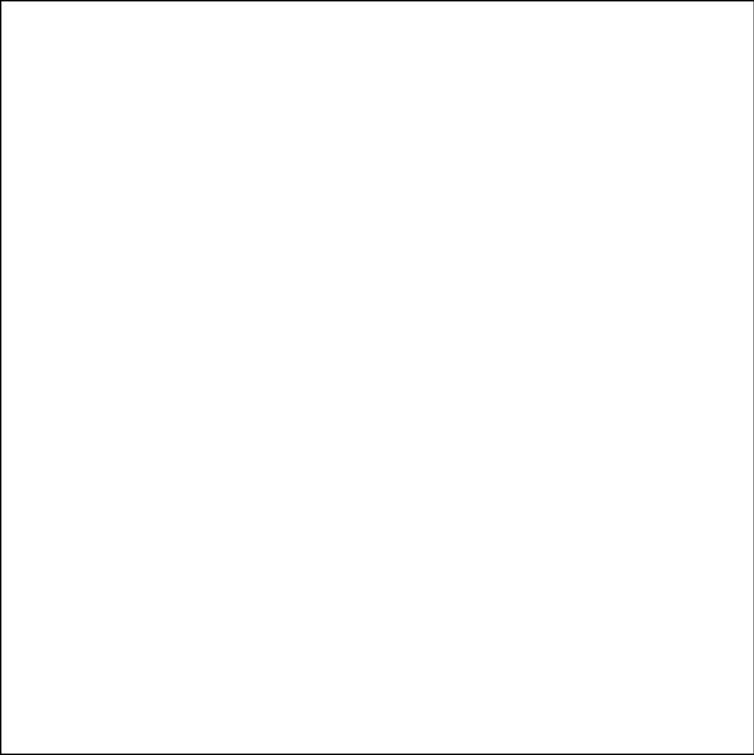
I looked outside the bus and realised that I was
leaving my village, the place where I had grown up.
I was going to the big city.



Eripakira mulyahwa nabulimundu mwikalha omw'abbasi. Abatembeyi aliryo bakabya ibakinayiyiseseraya eriwulia ebindu byabu. Buli mutembeyi akabirikira ebiri okwabeyi ngokwakaghulhaya. Ebindu mubyanzobera bakathabirikira.

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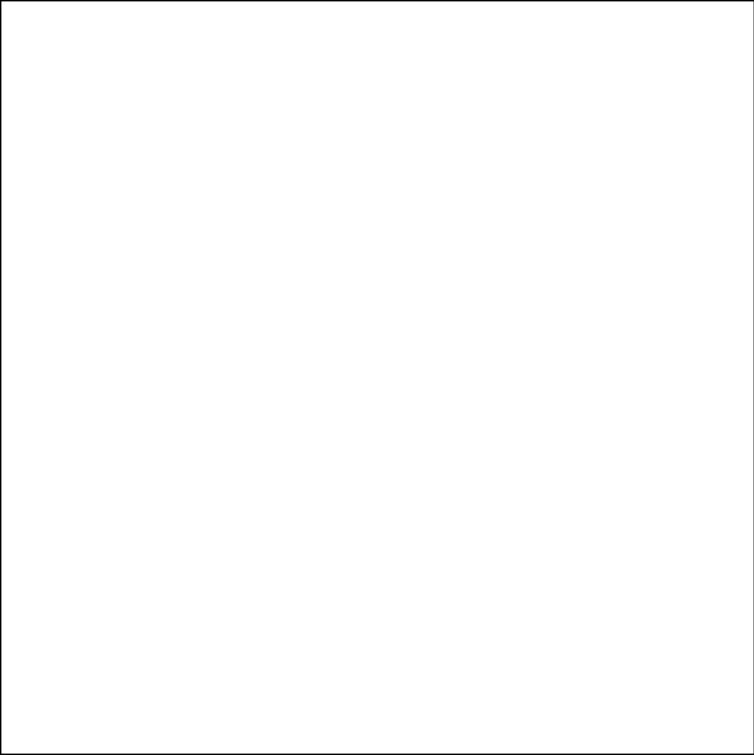
The loading was completed and all passengers were seated. Hawkers still pushed their way into the bus to sell their goods to the passengers. Everyone was shouting the names of what was available for sale. The words sounded funny to me.



Abandi mubaghulha o'kwebyerinywa, abandi mubaghulha okw'abyalya eby'eritakunya. Abo abathabya bawithe sente, ngangye, mubakwama kyathungerera.

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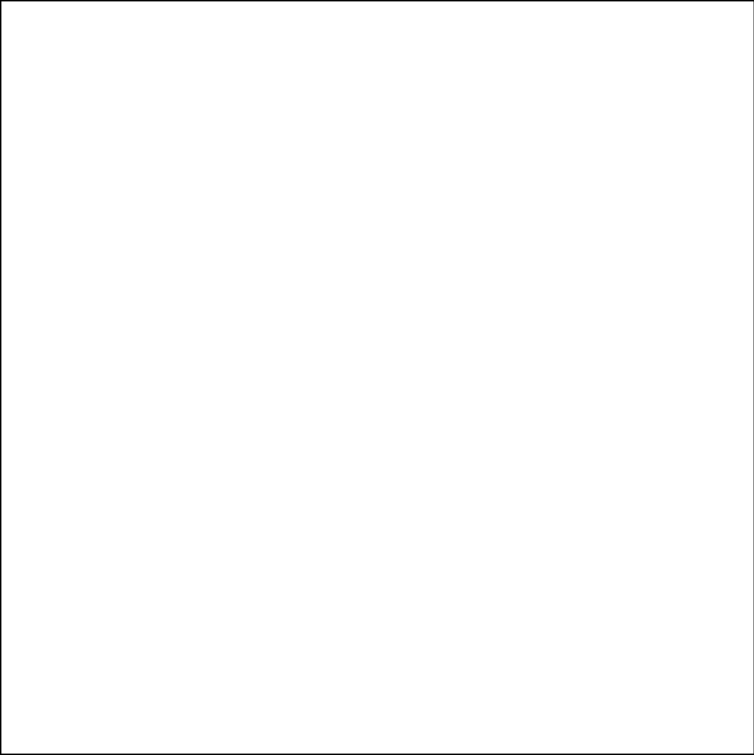
A few passengers bought drinks, others bought small snacks and began to chew. Those who did not have any money, like me, just watched.



Neryo ebbasi muyathera engombe yikamanyisya yithi thwamayahongoka. Neryo abalebesya mubabirikira abatembeyi erilhwamu kusangwa ebbasi yikayahongoka.

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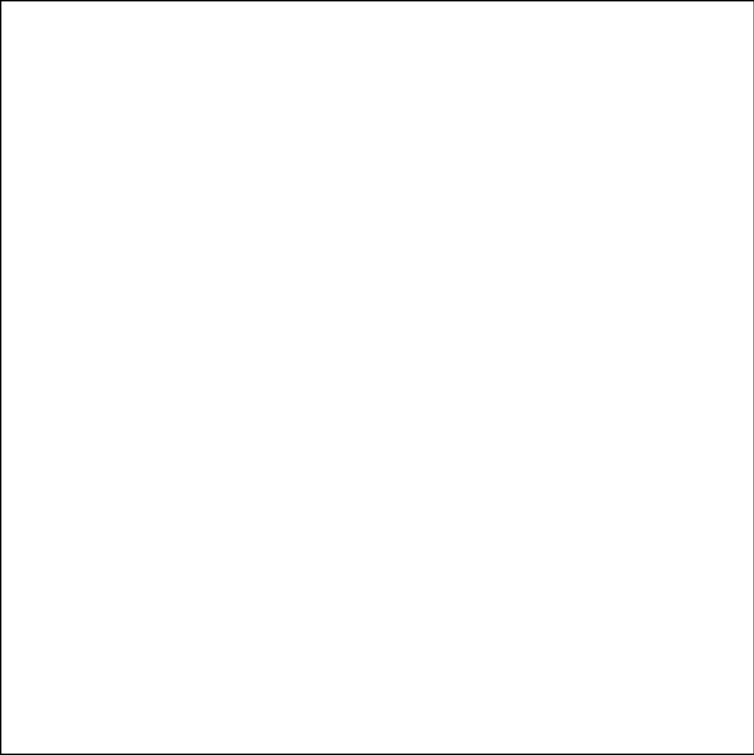
These activities were interrupted by the hooting of the bus, a sign that we were ready to leave. The tout yelled at the hawkers to get out.



Neryo abatembeyi mubasukumana bakarondia enzira yerihulhuka omw'abbasi. Abandi mubasubulya okwasyambulho syabalyaghulha. Abandi mubalengesya erithasyaghulia esyomwiso.

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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.



Ebbasi yabere yikatsimbulha munalebererya omwadirisa. Munayibulya indi obo mbwino nganemwesathasasubulha erisuba omwakyalo kyethu.

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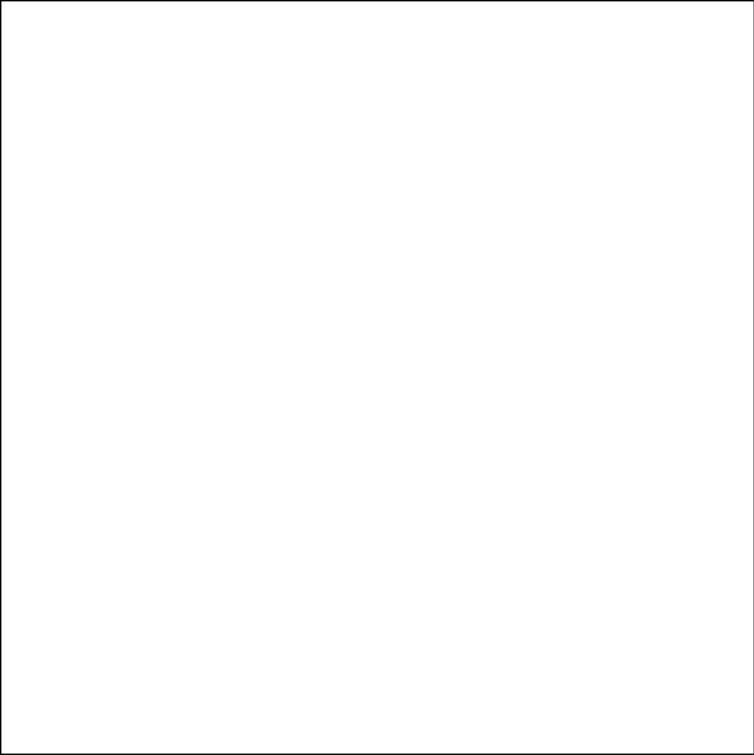
As the bus left the bus stop, I stared out of the window. I wondered if I would ever go back to my village again.



Olhughendo lhukahika ahakathikathi, neryo omwakathi k'ebbasi mumwahisya. Munaliba ameso ingarondya othulho.

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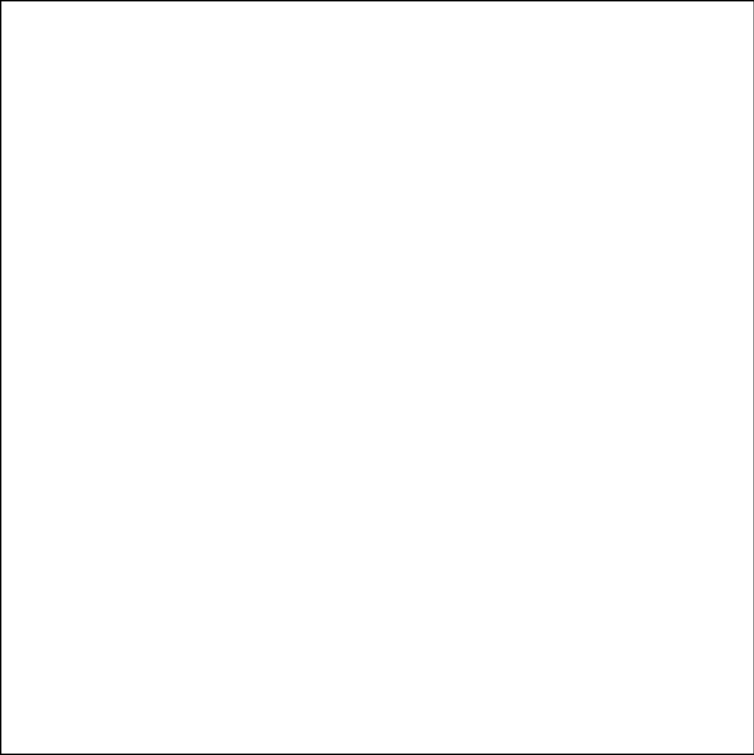
As the journey progressed, the inside of the bus got very hot. I closed my eyes hoping to sleep.



Ebilengekanio byaghe mubyabya ibinemusuba eka.
Munayibulya ibwa iya mama anemwendibya ndeke?
Esyambanya syaghe sinemwendisyaghulha?
Mughalha wethu anemwesyabya akaseserera
emithi yaghe?

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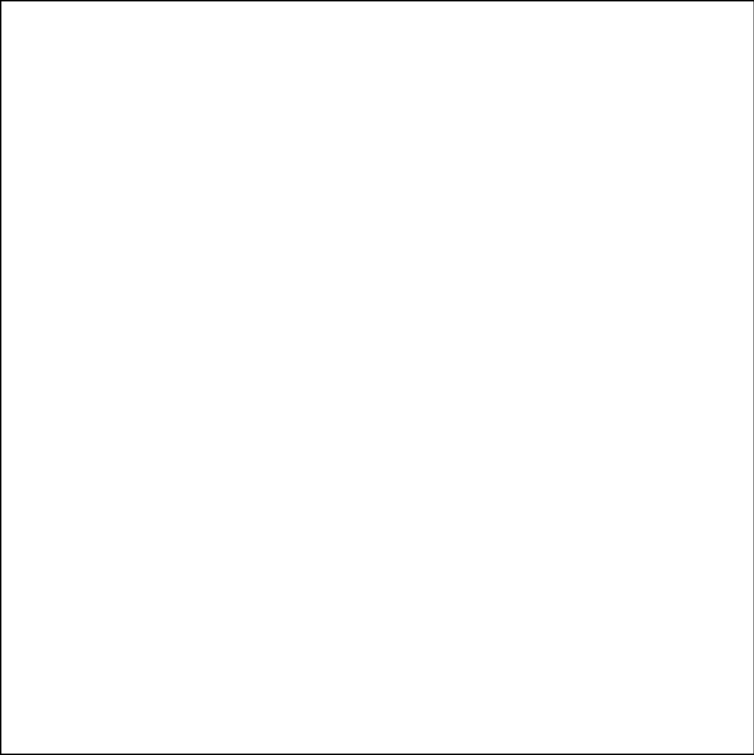
But my mind drifted back home. Will my mother be
safe? Will my rabbits fetch any money? Will my
brother remember to water my tree seedlings?



Omwanzira munatsuka eribya ingasuba omwalina
ly'ekikaro ekya somulere waghi ikeremu.
Ngakyinalengekanaya, neryo munahambwa
othulho.

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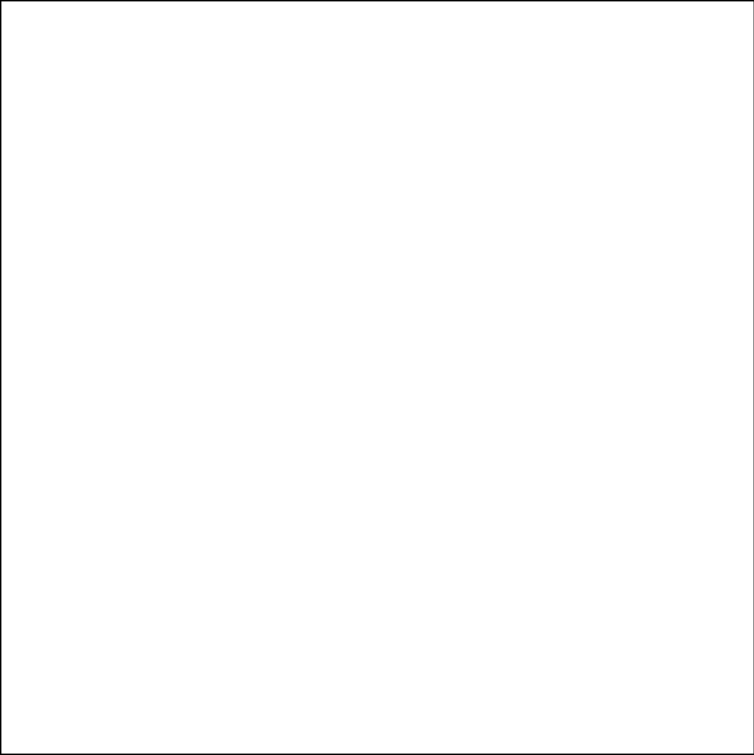
On the way, I memorised the name of the place
where my uncle lived in the big city. I was still
mumbling it when I fell asleep.



Habere hahwa saha mwenda, munabuka ingowa eribirikira lyabalebesya bakabirikira abandu abakaghenda omwa kyalo. Neryo munabakulha esakira yaghe, nerihulhuka omw'abbasi lhubalhuba.

...

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.



Ebbasi eyikasuba omw'akyalo neryo muyanguha eryosulha. Obo yikayasubayo ewethu, naghi namasighalira erirondekania ahasomulere waghe ikere.

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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.




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