




Iha loron ha'u husik ha'u nia uma ba sidade

The day I left home for the city

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 Tetun / English



Bis nia para fatin ki'ik iha ha'u nia suku okupadu ho ema no bis sira ne'ebé nakonu. Iha rai, iha sasán barak liu-tan atu hatama. Konjak sira hakilar naran destinu bis sira atu ba.

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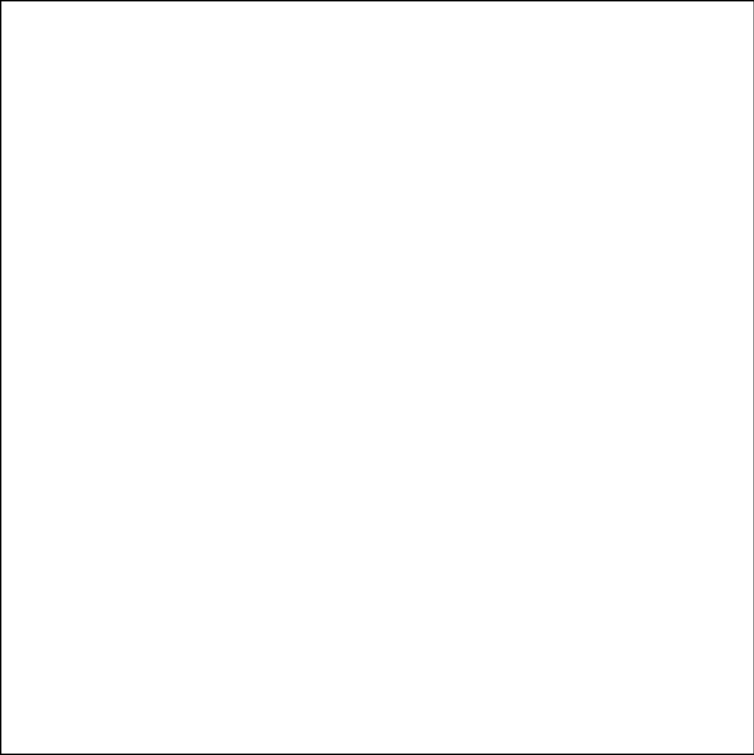
The small bus stop in my village was busy with people and overloaded buses. On the ground were even more things to load. Touts were shouting the names where their buses were going.



“Sidade! Sidade! Ba Oeste!” Ha’u rona konjak ida hakilar. Ne’e mak bis ida ne’ebé ha’u presija atu foti.

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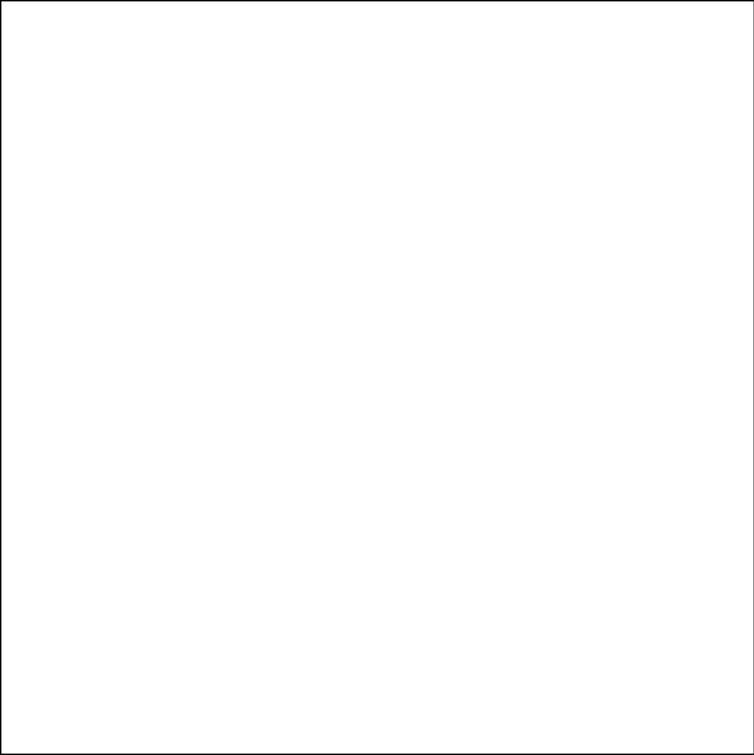
“City! City! Going west!” I heard a tout shouting. That was the bus I needed to catch.



Bis sidade nian besik atu nakonu, maibé ema barak mós sei dudu malu atu sa'e bis ne'e. Balun arruma sira nia mala iha bis nian parte okos. Balun seluk tau mala sira iha raga sira iha bis laran.

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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.



Pasajeiru foun sira kaer didi'ak sira nia tikete metin no buka dadaun fatin ba sira atu tuur iha bis ne'ebé nakonu. Feto sira halo sira nia oan ki'ik sira konfortavel ba viajen ne'ebé naruk.

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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.



Ha'u tur besik ba janela. Ema ne'ebé tuur iha ha'u nia sorin kaer metin hela plastikú kor matak ida. Nia hatais sandalla tuan ida, jaketa tuan ida, no nia sente nervozu.

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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.



Ha'u haree ba liur no realiza katak ha'u husik ha'u nia suku, fatin ne'ebé ha'u moris ba. Ha'u atu ba sidade boot.

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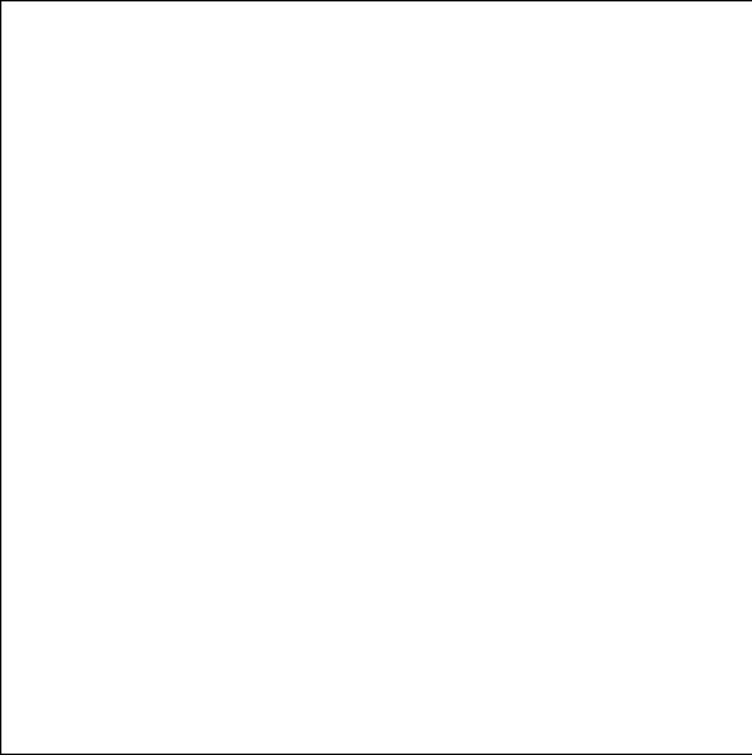
I looked outside the bus and realised that I was leaving my village, the place where I had grown up. I was going to the big city.



Ema sa'e kompleta ona no pasajeiru sira tuur hotu ona. Vendedor ambulantes sira sei dudu sira nia aan tama ba bis laran atu fa'an sasán ba pasajeiru sira. Ema sira hotu hakilar naran sasán saida de'it mak disponivel atu fa'an. Sira nia liafuan sira komik ba ha'u.

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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.



Pasajeiru balun sosa bebida, seluk sosa snek ki'ik no komesa nata. Ba sira seluk ne'ebé laiha osan, hanesan ha'u, so haree de'it.

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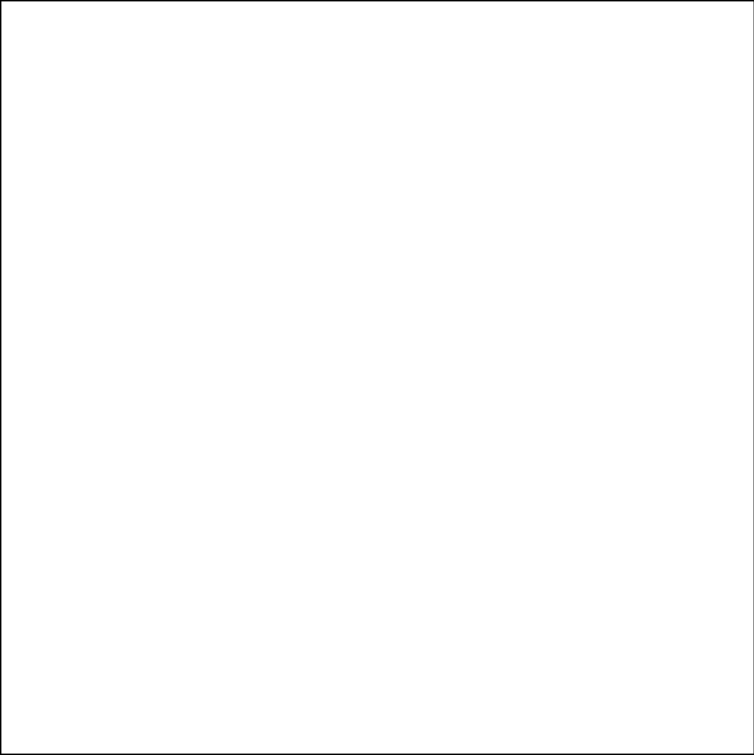
A few passengers bought drinks, others bought small snacks and began to chew. Those who did not have any money, like me, just watched.



Atividade sira ne'e interrompe husi bis ninia lian, sinál ida katak ami prontu atu viajen. Konjak hakilar ba vendedor sira atu sai husi kareta.

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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.



Vendedor sira dudu malu atu sai husi bis. Balun fó
fila osan restu ba vianjante sira. Seluk koko atu
fa'an sasán balun tan iha momentu ikus.

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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.



Iha momentu bis ne'e husik fatin para nian, ha'u hateke ba liur husi janela. Ha'u hanoin karik ha'u sei fila fali ba ha'u nia suku aban-bainrua.

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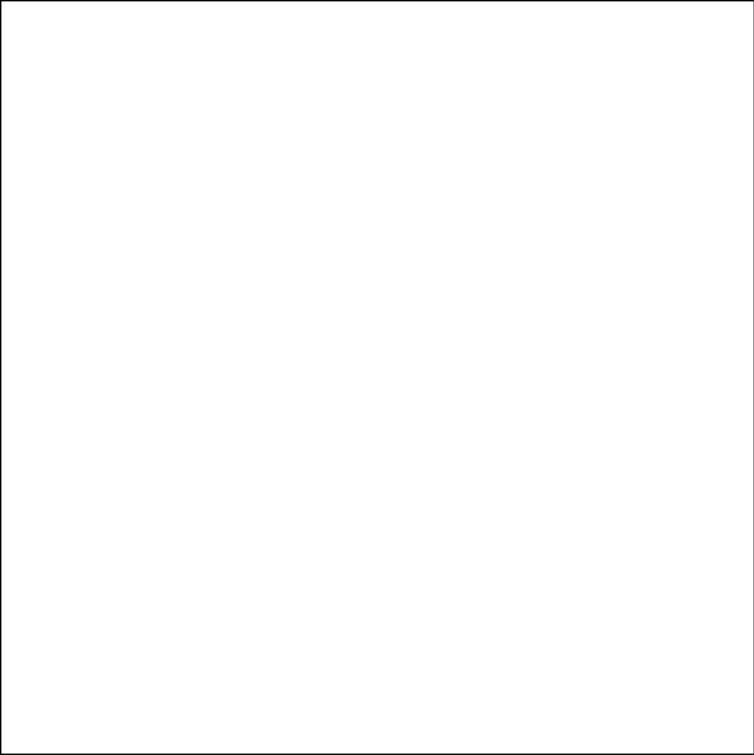
As the bus left the bus stop, I stared out of the window. I wondered if I would ever go back to my village again.



Bainhira viajen lao dadaun, bis laran sente manas
loos. Ha'u taka ha'u nia matan espera atu toba.

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



Maibé ha'u nia hanoin fila fali ba ha'u nia uma. Karik ha'u nia mama sei seguru? Karik ha'u nia koellu foti osan ruma? Karik ha'u nia maun hanoin hetan atu rega ha'u nia ai-oan sira?

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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?



Iha dalan, ha'u hanoin hetan naran fatin ne'ebé

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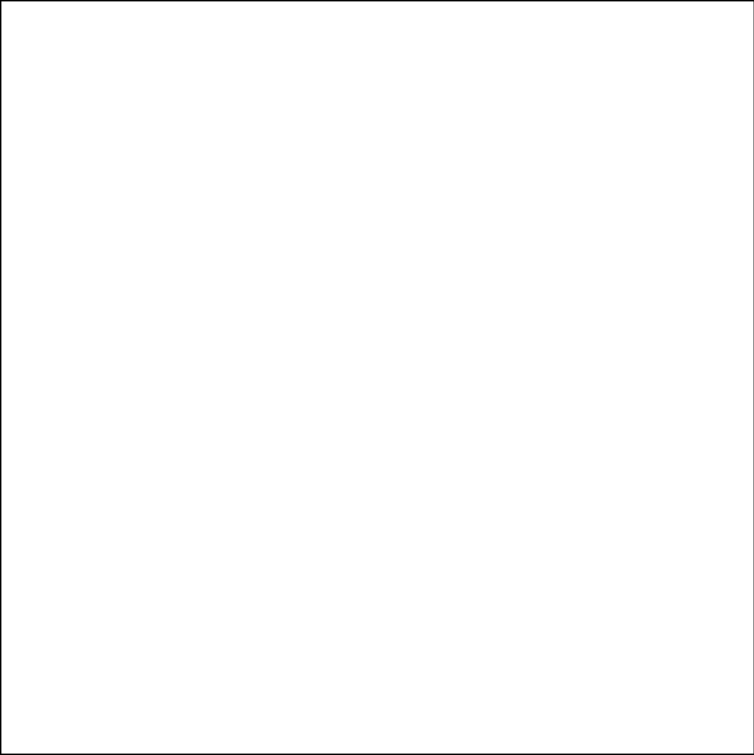
On the way, I memorised the name of the place where my uncle lived in the big city. I was still mumbling it when I fell asleep.



Oras sia depois, ha'u hadeer tanba iha lian maka'as no bolu pasajeiru sira atu fila ba ha'u nia suku. Ha'u kaer ha'u nia pasta ki'ik no haksoit sai husi bis.

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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.



Bis ne'ebé atu fila nakonu lalais loos. Lakleur nia sei fila ba fali leste. Buat ne'ebé importante tebes ba ha'u agora, mak atu buka ha'u nia tiu nia uma.

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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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