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Magozwe / Magozwe

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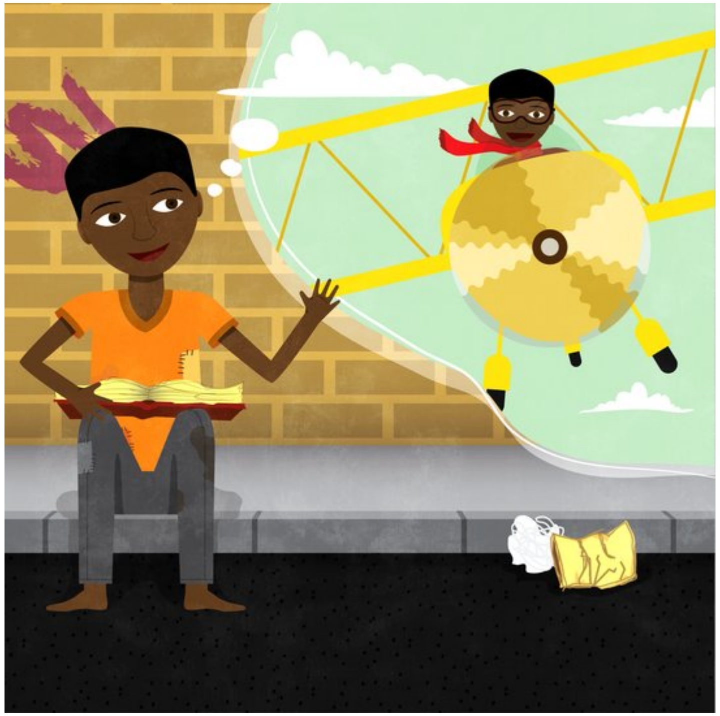
Magozwe

Magozwe



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Level 5

Gudaha magaaladda mashquulsan ee Nayroobi, ee ka fog daryeel nolol ee guriga, waxaa ku noolaa koox wiilal ah oo hoy la’aan ah. Waxay soo dhaweeyeen maalin kasta sidii ay u timid. Subax subxaha kamid ah, wiilasha ayaa darimahooda laablaabanayay ka dib ku seexashadi wadada qaboow qarkeeda. Si aay isaga kiciyaan qabowga waxay shiteen dab qashin lagu shiday. Kooxdan wiilasha ah waxaa ka mid ahaa Magozwe. Wuxuu ahaa kan ugu yar.

...

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.

Markii waalidkii Magozwe dhinteen, wuxuu ahaa shan sano jir. Wuxuu aaday adeerkii si uu ula noolaado. Ninkani ma daryeeleyn ilmaha. Ma uusan siin Magozwe cunto ku filan. Wuxuu ka yeelay wiilka in uu qabto shaqo badan oo adag.

...

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.

Haddii Magozwe uu ka cawdo ama su’aalo, adeerkiis ayaa garaaci. Markii uu Magozwe weydiistay inuu iskuul aadi karo, adeerkiis ayaa garaacay oo ku yidhi, “Aad ayaad nacas u tahay in aad wax barato.” Saddex sano oo loola dhaqmayay Magozwe waa uu ka cararay adeerkii. Wuxuu bilaabay in uu ku noolaado waddada.

...

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.

Magozwe wuxuu fadhiyay deyrka gurigii saqafka cagaara, akhrisanayo sheeko buug oo dugsiga. Thomas baa u yimid oo soo ag fadhiistay isaga. “Maxay sheekada ku saabsantahy?” waxaa weydiiyay Thomas. “Waxay ku saabsan tahay wiil yar oo macallin noqday,” ayuu yiri Magozwe. “Waa maxay magaca wiilka?” waxaa weydiiyay Thomas. “Magaciisu waa Magozwe,” ayuu yiri Magozwe isaga oo dhoola cadeynaya.

...

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.

Magozwe wuxuu bilaabay dugsiga, waxayne ahayd mid adag. Waxaa u yaalay wax badan in uu la qabsado. Mararka qaar wuxuu doonayay in uu iska daayo. Laakiin wuxuu ka fekeray duuliyihii iyo ciyaaryahankii kubadda cagta ee buugta sheekooyinka. Sida iyaga oo kale, ma uusan is dhiibin.

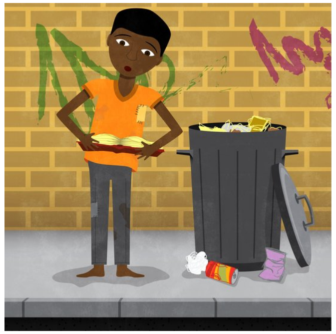
...

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.

Nolosha waddadu way adkayd, badankoodna wiilasha waxa ay maalin walba la halgamayay si ay cunto u helaan. Mararka qaarkood waa laxiraayay, mararka qaarkood waa la garaacaayay. Markii ay xanuunsadaan, ma jirin cid caawisa. Kooxdu waxay ku tiirsanayd lacagta yar ee ay tuugsiga ku soo helaan, iyo iibinta caagadaha iyo dib-u-warshadaynta kale. Noloshu waxa ahayd mid sii adag sababtoo ah dagaalo lala galo kooxo cadow ah oo rabo in ay maamulaan qeybo kamid ah magaalada.

...

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.



Maalin maalmaha ka mid ah markii uu Magozwe fiirinayay weelka qashinka lagurido, wuxuu helay buug sheeko oo gaboobay oo dildilaaacsan. Waxuu ka nadiifiyey wasakhdii waxuuna ku ritay jawankiisa. Maalin walbo malintaa kadib wuxuu soo bixin jiray buugga oo eegi jiray sawirada. Ma uusan aqoonin sida loo akhriyo ereyada.

...

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.

Oo sidaas daraaddeed Magozwe wuxuu dagay qol guri saqaf cagaaran. Wuxuu qolka la wadaagay laba wiil oo kale. Guud ahaan waxaa jiray toban carruur ah oo ku noolaa gurigaas. Eedo Cissy iyo ninkeeda, seddex eey, bisad, iyo ri duq ah.

...

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.

Wuxuu lawadaagay cabsidas Thomas. Muddo ka dib ninkii ayaa ku booriyay wiilka in noloshu ku fiicnaan karto meeshas cusub.

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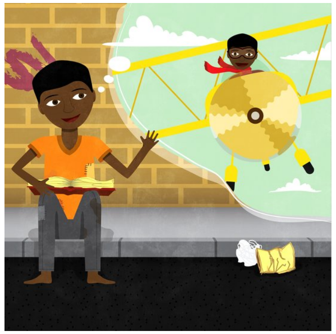
He shared his fears with Thomas. Over time the man reassured the boy that life could be better at the new place.



Sawirada waxay sheegi jireen sheeko wiil weynaaday sii u noqdo duuliye. Magozwe wuu maalin riyoon jiray isagoo ah duuliye. Mararka qaar, waxuu niyeysan jiray in uu yahay wiilka sheekada ku jiro.

...

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.

Waxay ahayd qabow, Magozwe waxa uu markale taagnaa wadada asagoo tuugsanayo. Nin baa xagiisa u soo dhaqaaqay. “Helo, waxaan ahay Thomas, waxaan ka shaqeyaa meel halkan u dhow, oo aad ka heli karto wax aad cunto,” ayuu yiri ninkii. Waxa uu tilmaamay guri jaale ah oo leh saqaf buluug ah leh. “Waxaan rajeynayaa in aad halkaas aadi doonto si aad u hesho cunto?” ayuu weydiiyay. Magozwe wuxuu eegay ninkii, ka dibna guriga. “Waa laga yaabaa,” ayuu yiri, wuuna ka dhaqaaqay.

...

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.

Magozwe wuxuu ka fakaray meeshan cusub, iyo aadista iskuulka. Maxaa dhacaya haddii uu adeerkiis saxsana oo uu ahaa asaga mid aad u nacas ah inuu wax barto? Maxaa dhacaya haddii ay ku garaacaan meeshan cusub? Wuu cabsaday. “Waxaa laga yaabaa in ay ka wanaagsan tahay inaad ku sii noolaato wadada,” ayuu ku fakaray.

...

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.

Maalintii tobnaad dhalashada Magozwe wuxuu Thomas siiyey buug sheeko oo cusub. Waxay ahayd sheeko ku saabsan wiil yar oo tuulo joogay oo koray si uu u noqdo ciyaaryahan caan ah. Thomas wuxuu sheekadaas u akhriyey Magozwe marar badan, ilaa hal maalin ayuu yiri, “Waxaan u maleynayaa inay tahay waqtigii aad tagtay dugsiga aadna baratay si aad u akhrido. Maxaad u malaynaysaa?” Thomas wuxuu sharxay inuu ogaa meel ay carruurtu joogi karaan, oo aadaan dugsi.

...

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.

Bilihii ka dambeeyey, wiilashii hooy la’aanta ahaa waxay la qabsadeen araga Thomas meelaha ka dhow. Wuxuu jeclaa in uu la hadlo dadka, gaar ahaan dadka ku nool wadooyinka. Thomas wuxuu dhageystay sheekooyinka nolosha dadka. Waxa uu ahaa mid aad u daneeyo una dulqaato, marnaba ma ahayn mid kibro ama ixtiraam daran. Qaar ka mid ah wiilasha waxay bilaabeen in ay aadaan guriga jaalaha iyo buluuga ah si ay cunto u helaan duhurnimadii.

...

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 wuxuu fadhiyay wadada qarkeeda isaga oo eegaya sawirka buugiisa markuu Thomas soo fadhiistay agtiisa. “Maxay sheekada ku saabsantahay?” ayuu Thomas weydiiyay. “Waxay ku saabsan tahay wiil yar oo noqday duuliye,” ayuu Magozwe ku jawaabay. “Waa maxay magaca wiilka?” ayuu Thomas weydiiyay. “Ma aqaan, ma aqrin karo,” ayuu Magozw si hoos ah u yidhi.

...

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.

Markii ay kulmeen, Magozwe wuxuu bilaabay in uu sheekadiisa u sheego Thomas. Waxay ahayd sheekadii adeerkiis iyo sababta uu ooga soo tagay. Thomas lama hadlin wax badan, mana u sheegin Magozwe waxa uu sameyn lahaa, laakiin marwalba wuxuu u dhageystaa si taxadar leh. Mararka qaark way hadli jireen markii ay ku cunaayan guriga leh saqafka buluugga ah.

...

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.