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離開屋企去城市嘅日子 / The day I left home

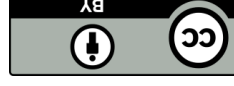
for the city

Written by: Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula

Illustrated by: Brian Wambi

Translated by: (yue) dohliam

This story originates from the African Storybook (africanstorybook.org) and is brought to you by Storybooks Canada in an effort to provide children's stories in Canada's many languages.



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離開屋企去城市嘅日子

The day I left home for the city



✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula
👤 Brian Wambi
🗣️ dohliam
🗣️ Cantonese / English
📖 Level 3



我條村有個細細嘅巴士站，嗰度車水馬龍，非常之熱鬧，地下仲擺滿要搬上車嘅貨物，售票員會將巴士嘅目的地大聲嗌出嚟。

...

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.



我聽到售票員叫「入城啦！入城啦！向西行！」呢架就係我要乘坐嘅大巴。

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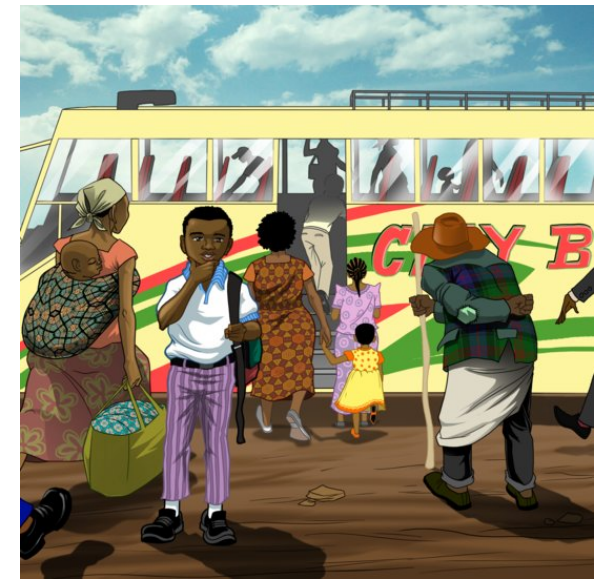
“City! City! Going west!” I heard a tout shouting. That was the bus I needed to catch.



去城市嘅大巴幾乎坐滿，但係仲有大把人不停嘅想擠入嚟。佢哋就將行李擺喺車頂，仲有啲人將行李擱喺車廂嘅行李架上。

...

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.



回程嘅大巴好快就坐滿晒，好快佢就會開返去東邊嘅村莊喇。對我嚟講，而家最緊要嘅就係要搵我叔叔間屋。

...

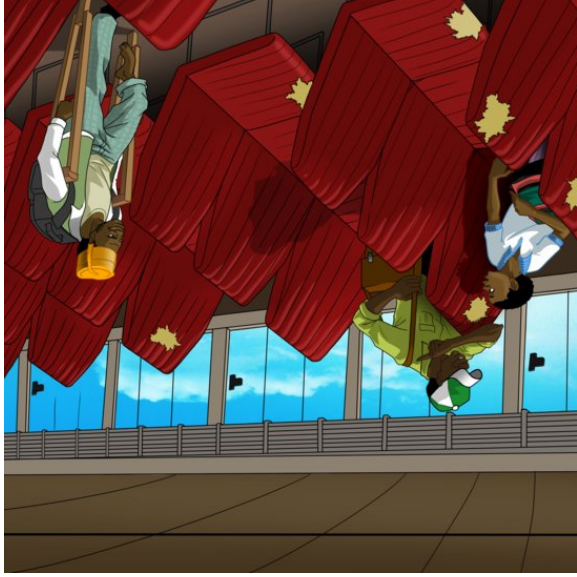
The return bus was filling up quickly. Soon it would make its way back east. The most important thing for me now, was to start looking for my uncle's house.



啱唔上車嘅乘客緊緊攞實自己嘅車飛，喺擠逼嘅車廂入面搵位坐，而啲婦女就安頓好自己嘅細蚊仔，準備開始漫長嘅旅程。

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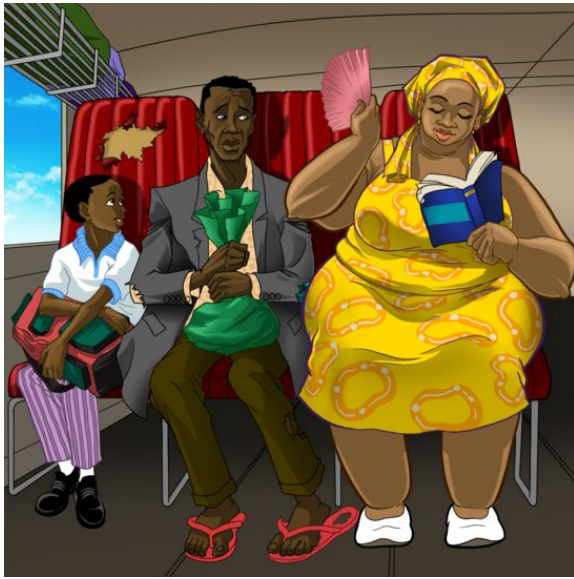
New passengers clutched their tickets as they looked for somewhere to sit in the crowded bus. Women with young children made them comfortable for the long journey.



過咗九個鐘，我被售票員嘅叫聲嘈醒，佢喺度嗌要坐車返條村嘅乘客。我拎返我個袋，跳咗落車。

...

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.



我就搵到個窗口位擠埋去。隔離嘅乘客緊緊揸實個綠色膠袋。佢著住對舊人字拖同埋件霉霉爛爛嘅外套，睇嚟好緊張。

...

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.



喺路上，我努力記住我叔叔住喺城市度嘅地址。我一路迷迷糊糊嘅講住個地址，一路瞓著咗。

...

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.



我望向窗外，先至意識到要離開培育我成人嘅村莊，要去大城市喇！

...

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.



但係我嘅思绪飄咗返屋企。我媽咪安唔安全呀？我養嘅兔仔喜唔喜到錢呀？我細佬記唔記得幫小樹苗淋水呀？

...

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?



啲貨物終於搬晒上嚟，而乘客亦都坐好晒。有小販仲係噉擠入架車度，對住乘客大聲叫賣。我覺得佢哋講啲嘢好好笑㗎。

...

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.



旅程漸漸展開，車入面慢慢熱起上嚟，我睇埋雙眼想瞓一陣。

...

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



大巴慢慢離開咗車站，我望住窗外，唔知道今後會唔會有機會返嚟喇。

...

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.



有啲乘客買咗飲品，而有啲就買咗零食，佢即刻拆開嚟瞧添。我呢啲冇錢嘅人就淨係可以睇住佢咁食。

...

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



司機擦咗幾次喇叭，要出發囉。售票員大聲嗌，叫啲小販快啲落車。

...

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.



班小販推推搡搡噉落車，有啲仲忙住找錢俾人，而有啲就想把握最後一分鐘做生意。

...

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.