



ከቀየዬ ወጥቼ ከተማ ስገባ

The day I left home for the city

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<<ከተማ! ከተማ! ልንወጣ ነው፤ የሞላ!>> እያለ ወያላው ሲጮህ ሰማሁ። አዎ ልሳፈርበት የምፈልገው አውቶብስ ይሄ ነበር።

...

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



የከተማ አውቶብሉ እየሞላ ነው፤ ነገር ግን አሁንም ሌሎች ሰዎች ለመግባት ይጋፋሉ። የተወሰኑት እቃቸውን አውቶብሉ ኪስ ውስጥ ይጫናሉ። ሌሎቹ ደግሞ በአውቶብሉ ውስጥ።

...

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.



አዲስ ገቢ መንገደኞች ትኩታቸውን ቶሎ ቶሎ አየት እያደረጉ አውቶብሱ ውስጥ መቀመጫ ቦታ መኖሩን ያያሉ። ህጻኖቻቸውን ያቀፉ ሴቶች ለረጅሙ መንገድ ተመቻችተው ተቀምጠዋል።

...

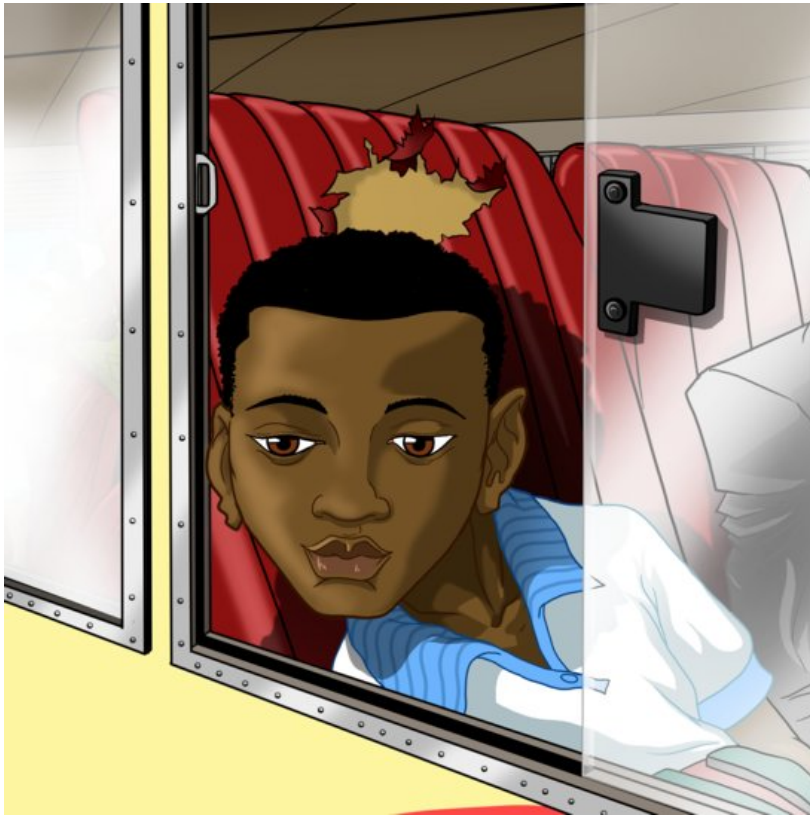
New passengers clutched their tickets as they looked for somewhere to sit in the crowded bus. Women with young children made them comfortable for the long journey.



በመስኮቱ አጠገብ ጥብቆ ገብቼ ተቀመጥኩ። ከኔ አጠገብ የተቀመጠው ሰው አረንጓዴ የላስቲክ ሻንጣ ይዟል። አድጌ ነጠላ ጫማ ተጫምቷል፤ ልባሽ ኮት ለብሷል፤ የተበሳጩም ይመስላል።

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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.



በመስኮቱ አሻግሬ እየተመለከትኩ ወዲያው ያደኩበትን መንደሬን እየለቀኩ መሆኑን አስተዋልኩ። ወደ ግዙፍ ከተማ እየተጓዝኩ ነበር።

...

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.



መኪናው ሞልቷል፤ ሁሉም መንገደኞች ቦታ ቦታቸውን ይዘዋል። ሻጮች አሁንም እየተጋፉ ሸቀጦቻቸውን ለመንገደኞች ለመሸጥ ወደ አውቶብሱ ይገባሉ። ሁሉም ሰው የሚገዛው ነገር ፍለጋ ይህን ስጦኝ ያን ስጦኝ እያለ ይጫጫህ ጀመር። የሚያደርጉት ነገር ሁሉ ግን እኔን ያዝናኝ ይዟል።

...

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.



ጥቂቶቹ ተጓዦች የሚጠጣ ነገር ገዙ፣ ሌሎቹ ደግሞ የሚበሉ ነገር ገዙት ይበሉ ጀመር። እንደኔ ምንም ገንዘብ የሌለን ደግሞ ዝም ብለን እንመለከታለን።

...

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



ይህ ሁሉ ድርጊት አውቶብሱ የመነሳት ጩኸት ሲያሰማ ረገብ ይለል፤ ሻጮችም ለመውጣት እየተጣደፉ እግረ መንገዳቸውን ፈጠን ፈጠን እያሉ እየተጫጫሁ ይሸጣሉ።

...

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.



ሻጮቹ ለመውጣት እርስበራሳቸው ይጋፋሉ። አንዳንዶቹ መንገደኞቹን «አንዴ ልለፍ» እያሉ ሲወጡ ሌሎቹ ደግሞ ለመሸጥ የመጨረሻ ሙከራ ያደርጋሉ።

...

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.



አውቶብሱ ሲነሳ እኔ በመስኮት በኩል ወደ አፈጠጥኩ።
እንደው ወደቀየዬ ዳግም እመለስ ይሆን እያልኩ
ተደነቅሁ።

...

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.



መንገድ ላይ እየተጓዘን የአውቶብሱ ውስጥ በጣም
ይሞቃል። ለመተኛት አስቤ አይኔን ጨፈንኩ።

...

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



ሃሳቤ ሁሉ ግን ወደቤቴ ነበር። እንደው እናቴ ደህና ትሆን ይሆን? እንደው ጥንቸሎቼስ ገንዘብ ያወጡ ይሆን? ወንድሜስ አስታውሶ ቸግቶቼን ውሃ ያጠጣ ይሆን?

...

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?



በመንገዴም አጎቴ በዛ ትልቅ ከተማ የሚኖርበትን ቦታ ስም አስታወስኩ። ሳንቀላፋ ሁሉ ይህን ስም አነበንባለሁ።

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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.



ከዘጠኝ ሰዓታት በኋላ ወያላ ወደመጣሁበት መንደር ተመለሽ የሚጓዝ ሰው እየጮኸ ሲጣራ ነቃሁ። ትንሽ ቦርሳዬን ይዜ ከአውቶብስ ወረድኩ።

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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.



ተመለሹ አውቶብስ በፍጥነት እየሞላ ነው። ወዲያው ፊቱን ወደምስራቅ አዙሮ መመለስ ጀመረ። አሁን ለኔ እጅግ አስፈላጊው ነገር አጎቴ የሚኖርበትን ሰፈር ማፈለግ መጀመር ነው።

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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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The day I left home for the city

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